

THE STORY TELLER

HARVEST.

I kin see the oxen amblin' down the shaded country road. An' kin hear the driver singin' and kin see him swing his goad. And kin hear the wagon creakin' with its heavy harvest load.

THE BACHELOR-MAID'S COURTSHIP

By SARA LINDSAY COLEMAN

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IT WAS April. Outside the rain fell in torrents; inside the Bachelor Maid and the Bachelor Maid sipped tea. The wood fire crackled, the bright little kettle's song was a cheery one.



SHE SWAYED IN A HAMMOCK.

High, indolent and graceful, a great crimson-shaded lamp shining down on her beauty. The flames leaped behind sparkling fire-dogs; the room was warm and still and fragrant with the faint breath of violets.

CARRIES HER OWN BUTTER.

Woman Railway Passenger Kept It Fresh During a Hot Ride.

A middle-aged woman, well gowned, carried a little parcel when she went in to breakfast on the dining car of a train which was approaching New York one morning lately. She sat at table, but the parcel in her lap and unwrapped it.

her own—so she's going down the hill with me." "I shall call, being your very old friend." The Maid couldn't have been anyone's very old friend. "I—when did she say yes?"

The Bachelor hesitated. The Maid was terribly wise for her 27 years. "Some girls are too eager," he parried. "They have yeses all prettily prepared and tucked away just out of sight. One has a suspicion—"

"Yes," said the Maid, with scorn, "one has—quite a suspicion."

"It isn't true," the Bachelor had departed, and the Maid stood, one foot on the fender, her strong, young eyes on the coals. "It isn't true, but it will be—some day. Perhaps—no," sternly, as if to an invisible culprit; "you'd be a caged bird—you'd be the starling that wanted to get out—to get out. And," dimpling, "he'll still drink your tea."

The first of May found the Bachelor Maid in the country. She swayed in a hammock and gazed at an orchard that was a white and perfumed mantle flung on the hillside's shoulder. Marriage was not for her. If she had been meant for marriage she wouldn't have stayed content through 27 years. She found it good to be young, strong, beautiful, and as free as the air she breathed.

At the end of the first week a telegram came from the Bachelor. It read: "Too busy to come down."

Much of the Maid's second week at the farm was spent in the hammock. She didn't sway it, though. She was thinking hard, and she wanted it still. One couldn't keep from thinking when one's very best man friend was going to get himself married—such a dear, dear fellow, too; one couldn't help from wondering if the girl would prove the right girl.

At the week's end another telegram. It said: "Very much Engaged."

The Maid got restless. It is, oh, a very serious thing to get restless when you are bordering on 28, and a woman. She deserted the hammock and took to tramping the country over—long, lonely walks.

The Bachelor came the last week in May. He was as cordially glad to see the Maid as a man very full of himself, his own plans and his coming happiness, of which he talked at tiresome length, could be. The Maid rose to the occasion with exaggerated cheerfulness. They discussed houses and their furnishings, floors and their fillings, servants and their failings.

The moon's round wavered on the hill when the Bachelor said good-by. He whistled as he went down the lane, and past the fragrant orchard.

The Maid couldn't deceive herself—she wanted a pillow. There was one in the deserted hammock. It smelled like smoke, and, with something not far from a sob, she buried her face in its deep. Down through the ages a pillow has been a woman's Gethsemane.

The Maid sat up to find the moonman's an evil thing; the shadows were creepy, and, by some mysterious Alice-in-Wonderland process, the glowing, sumptuous Bachelor Maids all over the land had shrunk and shriveled. From the little corners that didn't belong to them they looked out—pale, patient, hungry-eyed, The Maid shivered. She was having a bad half-hour. And suddenly the Bachelor stood beside her. He said his train was late; the Maid said nothing.

"Shall we go in?" his voice was solicitous. He extended his hand; no woman can get out of a hammock alone with any show of grace, and said: "The dew is falling. Isn't it just a little imprudent—young people have rheumatism earlier than they once did."

The Maid buried her face in the friendly hammock and laughed hysterically. The Bachelor fell to his knees.

"It's beastly dull down here; it's got you nervous, dear. Come away with me, dear. I know just the place for a honeymoon," he pleaded.

Silence. "Won't you—my beloved," The Bachelor's voice was past recognition.

Silence. The Bachelor's face paled.

"You are—you are—" came in a choked voice from the pillow.

A flash of triumph was in the Bachelor's eyes. "At it again, as usual," he said, in very humble tones. "Say yes, dearest; and I'll quit it."

The Maid sat up. "Isn't there anybody?" she asked, angrily.

"There's you, and you again—just you in the whole wide world," more humbly.

"I—I ha—hate you—that is—I—I love—you— You dear, a-bom—abominable—thing, you," wailed the Maid.

The Bachelor drew her up into his arms. "And you have acted abominably! You know I always meant to say yes—that is—if I was ever asked decently. I wanted to say yes; I wanted to be woo—wooed in a beau-tiful—old-fashioned—way. I—I ha—hate—hate—new ways."

The Bachelor, having wisdom straight from the gods, held her close and said nothing.

"I've had her before," whispered the waiter, responsive to an inquiring look from a man across the aisle. "What puzzles me is how she keeps the butter during this hot ride from Chicago."

The porter explained it. The woman had a stateroom and kept the butter on ice in the private washbowl. Few persons when traveling go to such pains to get palatable butter.

Depends on the Rut. Bacon—I hate to see a man get into a rut and stay there, don't you? Egbert—No; if a man gets into a rut making money I like to see him continue there.—Yonkers Statesman.

CAMPFIRE STORIES

THEY OBEYED "OLD JACK"

Sonewall Jackson's Control Over Men Illustrated by an Ante-Bellum Incident.

The power which was in the personal presence of "Stonewall" Jackson and his influence over those with whom he associated is well illustrated by an incident which happened early in 1861. The convention which was to decide the attitude of Virginia in the coming conflict was in session in Richmond. As is well known, both the union and the secession parties were strong in the state, and the delegates to the convention were correspondingly divided in sentiment, says Youth's Companion.

The students and professors of the Virginia military institute, situated in Lexington, Va., were almost unanimously in favor of secession. At Washington college, now Washington and Lee university, in—

the mud. The students suspected that the students of the Virginia military institute were responsible for the outrage, but having no proof, contented themselves with cleaning the flag and replacing it.

It was not long before a group of students from the Virginia military institute stopped on their way by, and, in the light of open day, undertook to haul the flag down. This time the Washington boys were on the alert, and, falling upon the deprecators, handled them somewhat roughly and beat them from the grounds.

The report that a number of Washington men had braten one cadet without provocation threw the institute into an uproar, and the whole corps immediately turned out to avenge their comrade. Arming themselves with whatever they could lay their hands on, they formed in battle array and proceeded toward Washington college. Their adversaries, although not so well drilled, armed themselves in like manner, and awaited the attack.

Jackson, then a major, was in church, but an excited whisper from a frightened citizen who had hurried in appraised him of what had happened. He calmly rose and passed out, to find his whole corps coming up the street in much disorder, but with battle in their faces. One glance at the scene, and his decision was made.

As quietly as he had left the church, he placed himself at the head of the corps, and began to give commands, looking to the better order of the column. The boys were roused to the highest pitch of enthusiasm by the leadership of "Old Jack," and were quite ready to kill every Washington boy who opposed them. Promptly came the necessary commands for their forward movement, and the citizens stood aghast. Little by little the cadets fell into perfect order, and little by little their obedience to command became automatic.



BEAT THEM FROM THE GROUNDS.

Tramp! tramp! on they went to battle for the southern confederacy, and to avenge the comrade who had suffered in its cause.

The consternation of the citizens increased. The corps would soon be in sight of Washington college, and blood would suddenly be shed. But suddenly, "Halt!" rang out Maj. Jackson's curtest tones. "Right wheel! March!" came in quick succession, and the corps was marching in another direction. At the next street corner the commands were repeated, and instantly obeyed, and the faces of the cadets were toward the institute, to which they marched in perfect order.

They said afterward that they had been so intent on obeying Old Jack's commands that they did not realize what was happening until he dispersed them at the institute.

Cheerful in Spite of Bolts. When Admiral Farragut's health was suffering from the continued strain of his labors and anxieties, and from the climate of the Mississippi valley and Mobile bay, he wrote: "I am as well as a man can be who can neither sit, walk nor stand five minutes at a time on account of Job's comforters. But, thank God I have so much to be thankful for that I am thanking Him all the time), I am otherwise in pretty good condition."—Chicago Post.

Cause of the Disturbance. The Farmer (in the sidewalk, looking around in alarm)—Gosh! where's all the rattlesnakes? The Lecturer—Don't be alarmed, my friend. It's only our living skeleton, who is suffering from the ague, you hear.—Judge.

TOUCHING WAR INCIDENTS.

Enemies in Battle Join Hands and Go Out of Life Together as Friends.

Incidents of the first battle are remembered and recorded, simply because it was the first great fight, although every battle during the conflict had its share of touching incidents, says the American Tribune.

At Bull Run a young Floridian lay with a fearful shot wound in his side, which tore out two of his ribs. With every beat of his heart the poor fellow's life blood was spurting out, and he begged piteously for water.

A member of the New York Fire Zouaves was in the act of handing the wounded confederate a drink from his canteen, when a shot struck him and he fell mortally wounded.

The confederate recognized the foe's uniform, and saw that he was partly hurt while in the performance of an act of mercy.

Holding out his feeble hand and



"LET US DIE FRIENDS."

clasping that of the union man, he said: "Enemies we came into this battle, let us die friends."

"In the name of God," said the other, "so let it be."

So one who lay near them related the story, and said that he left them with their hands clasped in death.

In the same battle Maj. Colburn, of the Second Connecticut, captured a German who had been a member of the Eighth South Carolina regiment. The prisoner, with tears in his eyes, said that his brother lay dying a short distance off, and asked to be permitted to see him. The major not only consented, but went with the man to a log hut but a few yards away.

On the north side of the hut lay a confederate soldier with his eyes closed and the gray pallor of death on his face.

The prisoner spoke to him, and with an effort he opened his eyes. The prisoner fell on his knees beside him, and, kissing him, cried out in German: "My brother! Oh, my brother! What will our poor widowed mother do when she hears that you are dead and I am a prisoner?"

"It is God's will. Let us pray—as when we knelt—beside—her knee."

And clasping hands, the brothers prayed in whispers till death came to one, and the thunder of artillery and the bursting of shells made it necessary to send the other to the rear.

It was at Bull Run that a stalwart Irishman brought in three prisoners, and when asked how he managed to capture so many single handed, he quickly replied: "Be jabbers, I surrounded 'em!"

Nothing can better illustrate the power of first impression than the experience related to me by a soldier who was for the first time under fire at Bull Run, but who subsequently distinguished himself as an officer of unsurpassed gallantry. He said: "I must confess that I was thoroughly frightened, though I stayed in the ranks until we were ordered back. After the first great fire of the enemy upon our troops, a great many men fell wounded all around.

"And from many of them the cry went up: 'Oh, God, have mercy on my soul!' So earnest was the cry, and so contagious, that I found myself making almost unconsciously to myself the same prayer over and over again, as I was fighting: 'Oh, God, have mercy on my soul!'"

"For two or three nights after the battle, though I had the opportunity, I could not sleep. Ringing through my ears at all hours of the day and night, for weeks afterward, was the impassioned, earnest cry, which I cannot describe, but never can forget: 'Oh, God, have mercy on my soul! Only men entering into eternity could utter it!'"

Gen. Logan's Retort. A man who knew John A. Logan in southern Illinois before the civil war recently told me that on a certain occasion young Logan found it necessary to doubt the veracity of a man considerably older than himself, and told him so without any circumlocution.

"Don't you call me a liar, sir," said the man, excitedly. "I have a reputation to maintain, and I mean to maintain it if I have to do it at the point of a pistol."

"Oh," said Logan, calmly, "that won't be necessary. You maintain your reputation all right every time you tell a lie."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Uncomproising. "What do you think of these experiments in aerial navigation?" asked the progressive citizen.

"I regard them," said the man who doesn't approve of anything, "merely as renewed efforts on the part of the human race to make itself ridiculous. After we have learned to fly, I suppose we will be expected to perch on a limb and try to warble."—Washington Star.

IN THE REALM OF POESY.

Clearly. Now you, John Henry, ain't no use to stand up dahn an' make no sense. You needn't think you foolin' me. I s'umma has got eyes to see! Oh! s'umma slatah, yes, dat's true, But den what good's dat gine to do? Day ain't no use in tellin' lies. You look right aheapish 'om yo' eyes!

Let's see yo' han's—uh huh, I knowed You washed 'em, but de traces show'd. Let's see yo' movin'; hit looks lak ink! Yo' slatah can't tell 'serves, you think! Oh my, but yo's a naughty chile! I has to look at yo' one white; You needn't twis' in all dem curves. To tink yo' stole yo' ma's pussesives.

Ef I tol' ma I guess you'd git The fines whuppin' evah yit; But guess I'll keep it to mysef; Erbout dat jah erpon de shef; Case ma's des awful w'en she stahts, An' my oh, how a whuppin' smahhts! So you clomb up? Oh, she'd be madder! Say, tell me whan you put de ladder. —Paul Laurence Dunbar, in Good House-keeping.

The Summer Shower. They were grimy and dusty, the wayside flowers. And even the grass lay brown and dry. The hot sun beat on the distant towers. And they seemed a part of the lurid sky. And the brooklet loitered and seemed to bear The furnace heat of the August air.

Then out of the east a cloudlet rose. And over the sun a haze was spread; The robins wook from their noon repose And the blossoms stirred in the garden bed; A roll of thunder, a dash of hail, And lightning flashes that cleft the sky. Then raindrops beating the hill and dale And bending the towers as they passed them by.

Beauty and fragrance east and west, The song of birds in each wayside tree. A child that crooned on its mother's breast, And stream and meadow a joy to see— For, born of a cloud's caressing hand, Glory and grace had blessed the land. —Luisa Mitchell, in Farm Journal.

The Ecstasist. I'm truly and honestly sorry for him; The lines of his life seem excessively grim. When the weather is measuring 90 or so, He takes it to heart as a personal woe. It seems nothing less than a mortal disgrace That he should be warm like the rest of the race.

And your own tribulations seem trifling and dim. So busy you're kept feeling sorry for him. When some of his money has wandered away, You forget all the losses you meet day by day. It seems even unjust that his soup should be cold. Though your own has been so on occasions untold.

It's lucky to be just an everyday man. Who's not put up on the sensitive plan. His chances for comfort are always so slim, I'm truly and honestly sorry for him. —Washington Star.

Night Of Hatterens. We saw the lightning winnowing the west With its thin fan of flame, and from afar A beacon glimmered like a ruddy star Across the ocean's undulating breast. Here in this haunt that harbors storm for guest, Where currents join with roaring reach and jar, There was no sign of tumult, naught to mar The night's blue vastness and the sense of rest.

Peace lay upon the waters; o'er the sky Peace spread the visible aura of its wings; It was as though the warring winds were awed; We felt that from the void's immensity, The brooding mystery that round it clings, Leaned the inscrutable whom we name —God.

His Greatest Glory. His greatest glory was not in his years— His many years—nor in what he had done, Nor in the world's respect, the people's tears. As lying there, he watched the last sands run; His greatest glory was not in the love That nations yielded to him, but above, And grander than his greatness, more sublime Than all he wrought and all he hoped to do, Far greater, as the last sands tricked through His long-used, long-enduring glasses of Time.

Was that sweet faith that, as the darkness fell, Permitted him to whisper: "All is well." —S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

When the Bright Days Come. When the bright days come, with the splendor of their light, We'll forget the solemn darkness of the long and lonesome night, And brighter heavens shall bless us, with brighter dreams in sight, When the bright—when the bright days come!

When the bright days come we'll forget a world of sighs And the tears that were a tempest over human hearts and eyes, And we'll see the angels beckon from the windows of the skies When the bright—when the bright days come! —F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

Hope. No wintry silence—be it'er so long— But springtime wakes it with the bird's sweet song. No day so drear but after frost and snow, 'E'en in far north, the sweetest reason blow, No night so long but daylight comes at last, And the pink dawn forgets the darkness past.

No work so toilsome but the task begun On earth is finished with the Morning Sun, No way so rugged but the wanderer's feet Shall walk unwearied in the golden street, No parting ever but the God of Love Shall join the parted—in the land above. —J. S. Redmayne, in Chambers' Journal.

The Song Unsung. It lives in silence When the lips are mute, And loves lies shattered Like a broken lute. It lives in silence When, with weeping eyes, A nation gathers Where the poet lies.

It lives in silence When the many labor For a land where labor Makes life a song. —Charles W. Stevenson, in N. Y. Observer.

The Story of B and P. A swart of fat, lazy young BBB Set out to disturb the sweet PPP. When U asked them, "Y?" With a wink of the I, They said: "Oh, we're quiet at our EEE." I said: "If you harm those dear PPP, Or continue to swat the things to TTT. Then I happen to B That I happen to C Shall be banished straight over the CCC!" —Laura G. Woodberry, in Youth's Companion.

The Question Answered.

Estlin Springs, Tenn., Aug. 24th.—Many questions are being asked of Mr. C. D. Holt of this place in regard to his wonderful recovery. For two years he has been down with his back. He was so very bad that he could not even lace his shoes, and from this condition he suddenly appeared well and strong as ever.

It is no wonder therefore that his friends are asking him "How did you do it?" He tells them all: "Dodd's Kidney Pills did it," and adds "This remedy is a genuine good medicine and one that I can heartily recommend to everybody."

"Everyone around here knows how very bad I was. I was so weak in my back that I couldn't do anything that needed stooping or bending over, and three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills made me as you see, as well as ever I was."

"They certainly had a wonderful effect on my case."

People who tell you they would be great readers if they had the time are not lying about it. They are simply mistaken.—Washington (La.) Democrat.

Empire State Express in Foot-Ball.

The New York Central's Empire State Express is recognized as the swiftest and surest train operated by America's greatest railroad, and considered the very best means to cover the ground in the time required. It is for this reason that the Harvard University football team, the "Empire State" running only from New York to Buffalo, while the "30th Century Limited" makes the 980 miles between New York and Chicago in twenty hours every day of the year. Great is the New York Central, and great are the trains it operates—swift, safe and reliable.—From the Brooklyn Standard Union.

The mind that is much elevated and insistent with prosperity, and cast down by adversity, is generally alyet and base.—Epicurus.

An Historic Old Railroad Engine.

The Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway is distributing free of charge an attractive little booklet entitled "The Story of the 'General,'" which contains an exceedingly interesting account of the raid of Capt. James J. Andrews and men during the Civil War. It is profusely illustrated. The "General" has been sent to Chattanooga, Tenn., by the N. C. & St. L. R.; and is there to remain permanently. It can be seen at any time by travelers passing through Chattanooga, over this railway. Write to W. L. DANLEY, Gen. Supt., N. C. & St. L. Ry., Nashville, Tenn. Mentioning this paper.

"Jack told me that I was not like other girls." "That's what he told all of us. He's read somewhere that all women are different."—Louisville Times.

The Summer Bath.

Nothing is more refreshing or invigorating in summer than a daily bath. Use soft, tepid water and good soap. Ivory soap is ideal for the bath; it is pure, lathers quickly and leaves the skin soft and white. The bath should be taken early in the morning, or just before retiring at night. ELEANOR R. PARKER.

Nothing in the world is more haughty than a man of moderate capacity when once raised to power.—Wessening.

There's something Doing on the line of the M., K. & T. R'y., and we shall be glad to send you attractive pamphlets which convey to you the possibilities for money-making on receipt of two-cent stamp for postage. Address, "KATY," Suite C, St. Louis, Mo.

One cannot always be a hero, but one can always be a man.—Goethe.

Optim and Lignor Habits Cured. Book free. B. M. Woolley, M. D., Atlanta, Ga.

Good manners and good morals are sworn friends and fast allies.—Bartol.

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FACTS

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