

THE STORY TELLER

CARE AND WORRY.

You have heard of Care and Worry, dark visitors, they say,
Who stalks about familiar as Hamlet's ghost at play.
They come and tarry with you, unbidden and unasked
And flaunt their gaunt forms o'er you—add weight to every task.

They watch the rays of sunshine, and guard your open door,
Lest Light and Hope may enter and sing the song of yore.
Close friends are Care and Worry, they laugh and dance with glee,
And pile the fagots higher at each white lock they see.

They glory in the shadows their black robes fling about,
And while the cloud is o'er you they laugh and dance and shout.
They even walk before you, for should they fall behind
Their forms would vanish from you, like mist before the wind.

But over on the other side wait Love, and Hope and Joy,
Mother and wife and sister, and little Bob, your boy.
The robin sings in the willows, and the whippoorwill chants his lay,
And flowers blossom about you, from morn till close of day.

Fling back at Care and Worry their black robes of despair,
And know as the years pass swiftly God's hand hath rested there.
Smooth out the deep furrows cut wide on brow and cheek,
For trouble lies in the valley—you are nearing the mountain peak.

—Household Realm.

POLLINET'S DUEL.

BY J. C. HIGGINBOTHAM.

"I WAS indebted to my good friend Felix Depaille, professor of music in our town, for the following story, which happened in those bad old days, when scoundrels who were expert with weapons terrorized over a whole city, because the insane code of honor compelled an inoffensive citizen to go out to meet certain death at the hands of a ruffian who had wantonly insulted him.

"Ah, those days, mon ami," said Depaille, "so different from my life now! You love not the duello in England—you laugh at us, and beat a man with your brutal arms and fists when he insults you. That recalls to mind the Englishman who came to Dijon 50, 60 years ago, and fought a duel. Ah, but he was a drolle, that Englishman!"

"It is a good story, I can see," I said, glancing at Depaille's deep-set eyes sparkling.

"You will love it, mon ami; but in those days I was furious against your brutal ways. I have learnt better since. This Englishman, see you, came to Dijon. He was great and rich, and he was named Sir Evelyn Booth Baronet; but in those days we did not understand your English titles, and we called him Milor Sir Lord Booth. He was young and very rich, and he roamed about France with his attendant who was his secretary; perhaps remaining a day in one place, a month in another. He was a great, tall man, with powerful limbs; but he was lazy, oh, so lazy—when he seated himself, it was to sprawl on three chairs. He looked upon us as an inferior race, and was very insolent and arrogant, but spent lavishly. Also he disdained to speak our language, which he called lingo, and M. Pointon, his secretary, interpreted for him. Milor, I assure you, was well known in the city, where he stayed three weeks.

"Now, at that time Pollinet, one of the most infamous duellists, was residing in Dijon, where he had made himself feared; but when Milor Booth came to Dijon, Pollinet, to the relief of good citizens, was away in Paris, and there were many who hoped he might meet a better man than himself in the capital, and never return. But they were disappointed; Pollinet returned, more insolent than ever.

"You must understand that Pollinet professed to have the greatest hatred for the English, whom he declared were all brutal, ignorant, and clumsy, unfit for association with a refined race, and to kill whom was a duty and a service to humanity. At that time you were not popular amongst us—it is often so, my friend—and these sentiments were looked upon as highly patriotic, and were applauded by his friends. What more natural than that on his return to Dijon he was told of the rich English Milor who was, what you call, swaggering about the city in his insolent way?"

"Ah," said Pollinet, "one of that accursed race in this city? Well, we shall see, we shall see! If it be possible to force him to fight, there shall be one less of those insolent fools. Bah, but I doubt it! They are cowards, and will lick the dust rather than fight. Where is he to be found?"

"He is staying at the Hotel Lisbon, but he is often in the cafes," said Braconnier, a big-bellied, loud-voiced fellow, who looked up to Pollinet as his master.

"To-night, then," said Pollinet, with a meaning smile. This Pollinet, I must

tell you, was a great fellow of nearly six feet, broad and plump, and a very good liver. He must have the best and plenty of it, and he daily increased in embonpoint, though he lost little of his activity. With rapier or pistol he was supreme, and it was said that he had already killed his 21st. He had served in the army as a colonel, so he declared, though there were some who could take an oath that he began life as a baker's apprentice, and was afterwards valet to Col. de la Tournies.

"That evening Pollinet sent three of his friends out into the city to obtain news of the Englishman, and presently Braconnier returned breathless to say that Milor had just entered the Cafe Grande Monarque, in Rue Pelissier.

"Come, then, my friends," said Pollinet, with a laugh, "let us call on this terrible Englishman. You shall have good sport on the word of Pollinet, unless he is a coward. And even in that case I shall terrify him."

"Laughing gleefully, Pollinet and six of his friends set out for the cafe. They were in luck. Milor was there, sprawling as usual. He was seated with a bottle of wine at one of the tables near the door, with a chair for each foot, and he disdained to raise his head when the party entered. M. Pointon, in appearance a gentleman, was sipping wine with him, and they only spoke in monosyllables at long intervals.

"Pollinet smiled significantly at his companions, and they took the nearest table to the Englishman, but still Milor did not deign to raise his head.

"Pollinet called for wine for the party, and then remarked loudly: 'Pah! surely I can smell an Englishman! There must be one of those island-pigs near me.' The rest laughed loudly, and all turned their eyes to Milor, but he did not even raise his eyes, though the secretary cast one searching glance in Pollinet's direction.

"Ah," resumed Pollinet, "there are English yonder, and the smell nauseates me. Look at that man's bulk and his boorish pose! Those barbarous islanders!"

"Again the party laughed, and Pointon whispered something to his master, who yawned, and made some curt reply.

"The attack was not succeeding so well as Pollinet had expected; and it was like throwing stones at a wooden figure, and he became angry, and sent a waiter for Blanc, the proprietor.

"What do you mean, Blanc," said Pollinet, raising his voice so that he could be heard all over the room, "by allowing pigs of Englishmen to defile your establishment which we honor by our custom? Turn them out instantly."

"Sh—sh, monsieur," said the unhappy Blanc, in a whisper. "I beg pardon, but it is an English milor and his attendant."

"As I know, and I tell you to turn them out, unless you want to lose our custom."

"Poor Blanc, afraid of offending either party, was white and perspiring at every pore. 'But, monsieur,' he stammered, 'forgive me, but he—he pays well. Likewise, he is terrible, and I—I dare not.'

"Obey instantly, insolent," said Pollinet, arrogantly, "unless you seek ruin. Where is your patriot?"

"Before he could reply there came a providential intervention for the cowardly proprietor. At that moment Pointon approached the party, with an insolent smile on his face. 'A thousand pardons, messieurs,' he said; sweetly, 'but monsieur, my master, is annoyed by your loud tones—especially yours, monsieur,' indicating Pollinet with a bow. 'He begs of you either to moderate your voice, keep silence, or leave the room,' and he bowed to them again.

"Pollinet's friends could not help smiling at this courteous but effective counter-thrust, and the bravo sprang up, livid and dumb with fury. The secretary had not waited for his reply, but returned to his seat, and Pollinet followed close on his heels and planted himself before Milor, who did not change his posture, but looked on the passion-inflamed face of the bravo with lazy contempt, as one might look on a snarling mongrel.

"You island pig!" said Pollinet, his voice thick with passion. 'You dare order me to be silent, insolent! scum! barbarian! Go back to your filthy island, go before I whip you,' and he took Milor's hat from his head and flung it towards the door. 'Follow your hat,' said he, dancing round the table in his rage.

"The Englishman yawned, slowly raised himself, and looked at Pollinet with unmoved countenance. 'Ask him,' he said, to his secretary in English, 'if he is a clown, or if he means it for an insult.'

"An insult," screamed Pollinet. 'Yes, yes, he shall go back to his barbarous island a corpse.'

"Very well, then. We have choice of weapons, I believe?" said Pointon to his master.

"Yes, yes, swords or pistols, as you choose, at any time. I will kill you," cried Pollinet.

"It shall be now," said the secretary, coolly, and called for the proprietor, who came, as obsequious and craven as ever. 'Yes, if messieurs needed it, he had a large room, very retired. But messieurs would recollect that he was a poor man.'

"At a sign from Milor, Pointon cut him short. 'Lead the way,' he said. 'Messieurs,' to Pollinet and his friends, 'follow, please.'

"Blanc led him to a deserted room at the back of the house, got water and sponges at Pointon's orders, and then the door was closed upon him. The baronet locked it and stood with his back against it, looking intensely bored.

"Monsieur," said Pointon, addressing Pollinet, and speaking very coldly, 'my principal has choice of weapons, and he ordains that the duel shall be fought in this room, and immediately. Please to nominate your second.'

"My friend, M. Georges, will act for me," said Pollinet, drawing himself up arrogantly. 'Allow me to remark you betray ignorance of etiquette, monsieur, in calling us all here.'

"Perhaps so, but I had a purpose. I wished you to hear my arrangements with your second. My principal has chosen his weapons; he elects to fight with nature's weapons—his naked fists. So you will prepare yourself at once, monsieur."

"Pollinet sprang forward, but Georges was before him. 'What!' he screamed, 'is this an insult? Fists! Outrageous! Have you no notions of honor, you English? Name your weapons, I say.'

"I have already done so, said Pointon, with a grim smile.

"And we refuse," cried Georges. 'Your suggestion is an insult.'

"My principal has been insulted," said Pointon, coolly; 'he demands satisfaction, and has chosen his weapons.'

"The Frenchmen were instantly a jabbering, jesticulating group. It was monstrous! Outrageous! An unheard-of insult! Pollinet would, of course, refuse so insulting a business, and so on.

"Milor, at this juncture, made some remark to his secretary, who, raising his voice above the hubbub, said:

"My principal has been insulted, he demands satisfaction, and if monsieur is not ready in five minutes, he will thrash him."

"Again there was a confusion of tongues. They would not stay to be insulted any longer, they would leave the room and publish the Englishman's baseness to the world. But Milor stood with his back against the door, with a



FLOORED THE FRENCHMAN.

grim smile on his lips, and there was not one of them who cared to ask him to move.

"Presently Milor glanced at his watch, and then began to divest himself of his coat and vest. 'Is your principal going to defend himself like a man, or be whipped as a coward?' asked Pointon of Georges.

"Again there was a torrent of speech, especially from Georges, and Pollinet made no preparation. 'Very well—time,' said the secretary, and Milor squared up to his opponent, who was livid, and touched him lightly on the cheek.

"I warn you," said Pointon, politely, to Georges, 'that monsieur will find it difficult to fight in his coat. Once more—are you ready?'

"A moment," said Georges, and there was a hurried consultation among the six, who were thoroughly cowed, after which Georges spoke. 'We protest against this,' he said, 'but M. Pollinet will fight. But we shall demand satisfaction for the outrage.'

"You shall have it," said Pointon, gayly. In silence Pollinet was divested of his coat and vest, and faced the Englishman with far less confidence than one would expect from such a hero.

"Time," called Pointon again, and the encounter began. Milor's ennuï had gone, he was no longer a drawing, blase aristocrat, but an athlete. He began by dealing a light blow on his opponent's nose, which drew blood, and brought such a comical look of surprise on his face that Pointon could not restrain his merriment. But the next moment the bravo broke into a fury and rushed on Milor, his hands going like windmills. The baronet played with him, contenting himself with warding off the blows, and only occasionally dealt one himself, till at last he floored the Frenchman with a left-hander on the jaw.

"His friends crowded round Pollinet, helplessly gesticulating and chattering, and Pointon had to sponge his face and fan him.

"Brutal! Brutal!" exclaimed Georges, in a state of fiery indignation.

"Time," said Pointon, looking at his watch, and unwillingly the bravo was made to rise and face his antagonist. The duellist's attack was more feeble this time, and Milor punished him a little more severely, finally sending him to the ground again, moaning and

groaning. Again hands and voices were raised in horror.

"Georges bent over him, and then turned to Pointon. 'Monsieur,' he said, getting his words out with difficulty, 'honor is satisfied; my principal acknowledges defeat.'

"No, no," said Milor, condescending to speak French for the first time, 'this is a duel to the death, you must remember. Monsieur, who has sent so many men to death, will not appreciate an encounter in which neither his antagonist nor himself is killed.'

"A groan of utter indignation went through the group. The brutality of the Englishman! Was it not incredible? They would publish the affair all over the city, all over France.

"As you like," said the baronet, with a grim delight that made their hearts sink. 'I did not begin the business, remember, and what I call brutality is to insult an inoffensive man and then assassinate him. Come, pig,' addressing the prostrate bravo, 'get up.'

"There was more protest, but the baronet was inflexible, and again Pollinet had to face him. And the Englishman fought to punish this time. He delivered his blows with strength and science, till the bravo made no attempt to retaliate, but with his hands before his face, and groaning at every blow, sought to escape his antagonist. But it was useless. Milor meant to teach a stern lesson, and with his antagonist screaming for mercy, he finished with a terrific blow between the eyes, that sent Pollinet crashing to the floor, where he lay senseless.

"The baronet stood over him. 'As this is a coward,' he said, in tones of the greatest contempt, spurning the body with his foot; 'as this is a coward, I refuse to soil my hands any longer on his cowardly carcass. But I give you to understand that, if I meet him again in this city or elsewhere, I shall claim to finish our duel. Pointon, assist me to dress.'

"In dead silence the baronet put on his coat, and with a polite 'Bon soir,' they left the room and returned to the public room to finish their wine, as if nothing had occurred.

"The next day 'The Duel of the Mad Milor' was in the papers and on everybody's tongue, and, though wonder was expressed at the barbarian eccentricities of Messieurs les Anglais, there was rejoicing at the punishment meted out to the bravo, who had long been a terror to the city. Pollinet was invisible; his features had been terribly battered, and he quietly left Dijon without leaving his address with any of his friends.

"You English," said Depaille, in concluding his story, "do not understand the niceties of the field of honor, but you are overwhelming in the brutal game of 'le boxe.'"—Tit-Bits.

How Elephants Keep Cool.

The elephant, in a wild state, is a nocturnal animal, rarely, if ever, stirring in the daylight from its haunts in the shady forest, and when domesticated and compelled to work or travel in the daytime, his enormous size and dark color cause him to be a great sufferer from heat. To relieve himself the animal has contracted the habit of withdrawing from his stomach a quantity of water by means of his trunk, which he then squirts over his back and sides, in order, by its evaporation, to cool his skin. As this process is repeated, on an average of once in every five minutes, and as the elephant's aim is not good, his efforts to keep cool cause considerable inconvenience to his riders, who are frequently sprinkled by the water; though the fluid is quite clear and has no offensive odor. The habit is acquired in domestication, for it is not known to be practiced by elephants in the wild state, and is altogether one of the most singular in natural history. — Golden Days.

Truly Famous.

During a geography lesson which I was giving to a third standard class we came to Stratford-on-Avon. As the boys were usually anxious to give any information they might possess about the places mentioned, I asked whether they knew anything about Stratford-on-Avon. Only one hand went up, and after waiting vainly for more, I never doubting but that he was about to speak of the immortal bard, said: "Now, Johnnie, you may tell us about the most famous Englishman who ever lived." Imagine my horror when Johnnie's clear voice replied: "Please'm, my Uncle John once went there to fly a pigeon."—Answers.

Gladstone and the Astrologer.

Mr. Gladstone was asked a few years since by an astrologer to state at what hour on December 28 he was born. The G. O. M. answered politely that he did not know, but had heard that it was "about breakfast time." This information was slightly indefinite, but the seer inferred that the time must be about 8:30, and cast the then prime minister's horoscope accordingly. The learned astrologer discovered that the "oriental position of the sun" at the hour referred to "was very significant, showing great success and advancement in life." — Philadelphia Press.

Salmon have been seen to ascend the falls of the Mingau river, Que., by leaping as high as 15 feet, from break to break in the falls.

A sunfish weighing 488 pounds was recently captured near Nantucket, Mass. It was the largest ever seen in that vicinity.

Scrofula Cured

Face and Head Covered with Sores, but Hood's Has Cured Them.
"My face and head were a mass of sores, but since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla these sores have all disappeared. I believe Hood's Sarsaparilla has no equal for scrofula." IDA A. WEAVER, Palermo, Ill.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.
Hood's Pills cure liver ills, easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

Latest Bicycle Slang.

An awkward person is a "wabbler."
A gossip travels with a "loose sprocket wheel."
If your clothes are not in style you are a "75 model."
When a man's sweetheart jilts him he is the victim of a "broken chain."
Any rider abrading the skin by a fall merely "scrapes off some of his enamel."
He who looks upon the wine until his feet are entangled is a person whose "wheels do not run true."
A stupid individual, if there be any such on a bicycle, has "sand in his bearings."
A proud person, or one unduly haughty, "rides with his handle bars raised too high."
One who is disposed to be imaginative to the extent of romancing is "geared up to 100."

No Wonder He Objected.

A certain learned professor in New York has a wife and family, but, professorlike, his thoughts are always with his books. One evening his wife, who had been out for some hours, returned to find the house remarkably quiet. She had left the children playing about, but now they were nowhere to be seen. She demanded to be told what had become of them, and the professor explained that, as they had made a good deal of noise, he had put them in bed without waiting for her or calling a maid. "I hope they gave you no trouble," she said. "No," replied the professor, "with the exception of the one in the cot here. He objected a good deal to my undressing him and putting him to bed." The wife went to inspect the cot. "Why," she exclaimed, "that's little Johnny Green, from next door."—Chicago Tribune.

Shake Into Your Shoes.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous, hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package, FREE. Write to Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Not Surprising.

Forrester—How time does fly.
Lancaster—I don't blame it. Think how many people there are trying to kill it.—Harlem Life.

None So Good as Star Tobacco.

The consumption of Star plug tobacco is the largest in the world. No other tobacco is so good as Star plug in all respects.

A Pretty Pair.

Cholly—Why do you wear bloomers?
Carrye—Well, I have a perfect right.
"How's your left?"—N. Y. Journal.

Grocers and women are very unfortunate people—they are compelled to please through the stomach. The eye is pleased a dozen times where the stomach is pleased once.—Athenian Globe.

Sudden cold—soreness, stiffness. Promptly Use St. Jacobs Oil. Sudden cure. Sure.

When money talks we never pause to criticize its grammar.—Chicago News.

Sore all over and stiff. Cured all over by St. Jacobs Oil, and supple.

AN OPEN LETTER

From Miss Sachner, of Columbus, O., to Ailing Women.

To all women who are ill—It affords me great pleasure to tell you of the benefit I have derived from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I can hardly find words to express my gratitude for the boon given to suffering women in that excellent remedy. Before taking the Compound I was thin, sallow, and nervous. I was troubled with leucorrhoea, and my menstrual periods were very irregular. I tried three physicians and gradually grew worse. About a year ago I was advised by a friend to try Mrs. Pinkham's Sanative Wash and Vegetable Compound, which I did. After using three bottles of the Vegetable Compound and one package of Sanative Wash, I am now enjoying better health than I ever did, and attribute the same to your wonderful remedies. I cannot find words to express what a Godsend they have been to me.

Whenever I begin to feel nervous and ill, I know I have a never-failing physician at hand. It would afford me pleasure to know that my words had directed some suffering sister to health and strength through those most excellent remedies.—Miss MAY SACHNER, 248½ E. Rich St., Columbus, O.

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