The Teller of Tales.

His friends' true hearts beat low, and their strong limbs were a-weary,
Their hands grew chill in his, on their kind eyes death lay veils,
On their faces carven cold, the noonday sun was dreary;
"I will tell men this for their tears," said the pitiful teller of tales.

His hopes grew sear and faded, and his eyes were heavy with weeping;
His was the hot shamed brow of the strong, brave man who fails;
His were the hunger and toil while the sated world lay sleeping;
"I will tell men this for their laughter," said the pitiful teller of tales.

His light little love grew weary, and ran to a newer lover,
And left him the purple sorrow that creeps where the sunset pales;
His heart's blood dripped its scarlet, and he smiled at its brimming over—
"I will tell men this for their joyance," said the pitiful teller of tales.

But men at last beheld how he stripped his soul for their pleasure,
And they brought him their gold and their laurels, and the loving that most avails,
And he knew the taste of a hope fulfilled, and the joy no niggard may measure—
"They shall have this, too, for their heartening," said the pitiful teller of tales.

—Gertrude E. King in Detroit Free Press.

The train from the city, due at 5:23, was more than half an hour late when it finally drew up at Wayside Junction. As it jerked to a standstill an extremely pretty girl descended from the chair car, and, after dropping a heavy suit case upon the platform, walked rapidly toward the waiting-room.

Among the other passengers who alighted was a young man, who, following immediately behind the girl, deposited his suit case likewise, and then disappeared in the direction of the news-stand.

The two suit cases were left standing side by side within a yard of each other. Both were almost new; both were constructed of a superior grade of leather, and both bore on one end, in neat, black lettering, "M. H."

A strident whistle signaled the approach of the way train for Compton Park. Miss Marion Holland emerged from the waiting room, picked up a suit case, and stood ready to enter the car as the train pulled in.

The young man was evidently fastidious in his choice of cigars, for he had barely time to appropriate the other suit case and scramble up the steps of the smoker.

Miss Holland was soon comfortably established with her suit case safely stowed away beside her. She was to attend the wedding of her dearest chum that evening, and incidentally to countenance the occasion by appearing in the role of maid of honor, and the dainty raiment upon which she had expended much time and thought in choosing was far too precious to be intrusted to the baggage car.

The journey from the Junction was not a long one, and on her arrival at Compton Park a carriage whirled her rapidly away to the Kneelands' country house, some distance out.

The young man also left the train at Compton Park. He was met by a fellow of his own age, and together the two tramped along the village street toward the hotel. The suit case with its label of "M. H." followed in their wake in the grasp of a porter.

"That was a stunning girl who came down in the train with me," observed the new arrival. "I noticed her before we left the city. Shouldn't wonder if she had some part to play to-night. Rather late for a woman to be arriving, though. She'll have to hustle to get dressed."

"Very likely it was Miss Holland," replied his companion. "She's Molly's most intimate friend, and is to be maid of honor. The others are all here, I believe, but she couldn't get through any earlier. Too bad you could not meet her before the show.

"Great Scott!"

But it is Molly's scheme that we see each other first at the church. You and the ushers are to have supper here with me, and there will be just about time to get into our togs afterward."

After a very lively meal, which was shared with the other masculine and therefore wholly unimportant—members of the prospective wedding party, the best man, Maurice Hoyt, sought his room at the hotel and unlocked the leather suit case marked "M. H."

His first careless glance within its depths gave way to an expression of the most intense surprise.

A cloud of gleaming, rose-colored stuff had burst upon his vision as he lifted the lid. Two high-heeled shoes elbowed one another saucily, and a pair of elaborately wrought silk stockings were close neighbors. Below them lay a froth of dainty lingerie, into whose mysteries Hoyt did not penetrate.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed again.

On her arrival at the Kneelands', Miss Holland was rapturously greeted by the bride-elect, and then hurried into the dining room to snatch a very hasty lunch. The bridesmaids were already dressing, and the maid of honor glanced anxiously at the clock as she, in her turn, unlocked a suit case marked "M. H."

"It's no use! I can't go!"

A moment later Molly Kneeland was dragged from the hands of her maid and forced along the corridor to the maid of honor's room.

"Look at that!" exclaimed that lady, tragically.

"That" was a precisely-folded dress coat, which, in company with all the other paraphernalia of a severely correct masculine evening garb, reposed contentedly in the interior of the suit case marked "M. H."

"Whatever shall I do?" moaned Miss Holland. "This is my case, I know, but how in the name of miracles did these things get inside? And it's after 7 o'clock, and I've nothing to put on! My walking suit is out of the question, and I certainly can't wear these!" She laughed hysterically. "It's no use—I can't go. You'll have to be married without me!"

"The question is, What became of your things?" said the bride, practically. "One might think it was a joke, but who would play it? But you must get a dress somehow. I should not feel properly married unless you saw me through. I'll go and see——"

A light knock interrupted her. Her maid was standing in the hall outside.

"I beg pardon, Miss Molly," she said, deferentially, "but Mr. Tom has sent a man from the hotel with this. He says they got mixed coming up on the train somehow, and Mr. Tom thought it might belong to some of the ladies here. If there's one to go back, the man will take it." Here she lifted into the room a suit case marked "M. H."

At precisely 8:20 the chorus from "Lohengrin" pealed forth and the bridal procession swept up the church aisle. The ushers were a set of fine young fellows, and the six bridesmaids as pretty girls as one could wish to see.

But none of all the party, not even excepting the shimmering white-robed bride, attracted more admiring attention than did the maid of honor, who was a radiant vision in rose-colored crepe.

Maurice Hoyt's eyes expressed the utmost admiration as he handed her into the carriage that was to take them back from the church. He lifted cautiously a fold of the rosy cloud that swept against his knee.

"One can form very little idea of the effect of these creations until one sees them worn," he mused, as if to himself. "Really, I should never have guessed that this was half so lovely," he added, smiling shyly.

Several months later an immaculately attired young couple went scurrying down the walk which stretched in front of a handsome house in a Baltimore street.

As they sprang into the carriage that awaited them a negro porter swung jauntily down the walk. He was grinning from ear to ear, and in each hand he bore a heavy leather suit case. Both were marked "M. H." in neat black letters and both were lavishly adorned with knots and festoons of white ribbon.—Lucy Mayo, in Boston Globe.

BALD SPOT CAUSED SUFFERING.

Girl Suffered Because Her Ideal Was So Disfigured.

"What I would like to do," she said, folding her hands above her head, "is to succor bald headed men! You never hear anything about a man's hair being his crowning glory, but it's a sad, sad thing to see it falling like leaves in November and not be able to lift a hand.

"Now, at our boarding house there is a man—rather a handsome man—who sits at a table in front of me. At the back of his god-like head is a place as large as a butter plate that I watch, day by day, with fascinated eyes, as the thatch becomes thinner and thinner.

"I wouldn't allow a work of art to be defaced if I could help it," she went on, warmly; "and I consider a human being, especially a good-looking male one, far more beautiful than any picture or statue. So, imagine my feelings as I see him supinely allowing himself to be defaced by time, or a derby hat, or whatever it is that does it!

"The worst of it is," she continued, hurried, as one of her companions made as if to speak, "that I know a remedy. What what can I do? I can't go up to a strange man and say: 'Mr. So and So, for the love of beauty, apply warm castor oil to your scalp vigorously each night, and be saved!' So there I sit, meal after meal, and suffer vicariously! It's harrowing!"

"Why don't you write an anonymous letter to him?" inquired one of her listeners.

"I never thought of that," replied the girl. "That's a good idea."

BELIEVE MANY STRANGE THINGS

Innumerable Superstitions Prevalent Among the Sicilians.

People of Sicily are vastly superstitious. The Sicilian believes—to give a few examples—in the existence of a double-tailed lizard which condescends to take in its mouth the winning numbers of the lottery. He believes it is unlucky to marry or begin a journey on a Tuesday or a Friday. He believes in the power of maledictions and of the evil eye and attempts to defend himself against them by wearing amulets—such as the corno, a coral imitation of the horn of the goat—by spitting three times on the ground while pronouncing a magic formula, or (in certain districts) by invoking the name of Virgil, who somehow acquired, during the middle ages, a bizarre reputation as a magician. He believes in sorcerers, of whom a goodly number practice professionally on his island, selling to him, among other wonder-working charms, grotesque colored images of St. Paul to be attached to barren fruit trees and barrels in which wine has soured. He believes that a person born on a Friday is able to predict the future, and that a person born on June 29 (the fete of St. Paul, who was unharmed by the viper which encircled his hand) is able to do both these things and to charm serpents besides.

Senator Lunches on Pie.

Senator Platt of Connecticut comes honestly by his devotion to pie. He was born in a section where pie is a favorite and has lived there most of his long life. When his lunch hour arrives he enters into no detailed explanations. The Connecticut senator calls his colored messenger.

"James," he says, "bring my lunch."

A visitor happened in the room of the committee on Cuba when this daily message was delivered to James. In a few minutes the messenger returned from the resturant, bearing two choice cuts of custard pie.

"Perhaps you think two pieces of pie are a big lunch for a man of almost four score years," said Mr. Platt in light conversation.

The visitor protested, but Mr. Platt added with calm philosophy:

"Well, I have eaten as many as three pieces."

Case of Tempting Fate.

Superstititions of actor folk generally have evidently no place in the mind of Julia Marlowe. Some one asked her recently if she believes in ill omens.

"That question reminds me," said the actress, "of an incident that occurred during rehearsals of 'When Knighthood Was in Flower.' One of the actors opened his umbrella on the stage.

"'Oh, you mustn't do that!' said my stage manager.

"'I'd like to know why?' was the response.

"'Simply because it's bad luck. The owner might see it and take it away from you!'"

After which no further exposition from Miss Marlowe seemed necessary.—New York Times.

A Type.

As Nature's perfect day is blessed,
Start thou life's way in eager quest
Of what within thyself is best.

And as thy morn to eve is brought,
With such sweet grace as thou hast sought,
The fabric of thy soul is wrought:

Thy feet are sure; no conflict mars,
No cloud obscures, nor lurking bars
The way unto thy goal, the stars.

—Miriam Ormonde Smallwood.

IS EASY TO FORGET

HINTS TO EDITORS AS TO THEIR OPPORTUNITIES.

President of the New York State Republican Editorial Association Tells His Brethren of the Press That They Must Keep Vital Issues in the Foreground.

Due appreciation of the importance of the issue to be decided in the campaign of 1904 was shown in the annual address of William A. Smyth, of the Owego Times, as president of the New York State Republican Editorial association, at the meeting of April 13. Rightly President Smyth admonishes his brother editors of the grave and far-reaching consequences of the questions to be decided this year; rightly he warns them that Republican editors of the state must be prepared to do their share of the fighting if we are to keep in power "the party of protection, honest money and prosperous times." There is no question of honest money involved in this year's struggle. The Democratic party will not again overload itself to the sinking point with any "16 to 1" foolishness. That issue is dead, forever dead. But the issue that is alive to-day, as much alive as at any previous period in the country's history, is protection and prosperous times. In his address President Smyth said:

"This year, the fifty-four anniversary of the founding of the Republican party, promises to be a memorable one. During the past year, an off year in politics, there has been but little work for this association to do. We are now on the threshold of a very important campaign, and probably none that have preceded it have been so important and far-reaching to the American people as this promises to be.

"You can always trust the Democratic party to have a 'paramount' issue. When this association was formed the Democratic issue was free trade, eight years ago it was free silver, and four years ago militarism and imperialism, with free silver as a side issue. This year the paramount issue has not been sharply defined as yet, but you can rest assured that our Democratic friends will have one.

"It looks now as if the brunt of the fight will be in the state of New York; that the two opposing candidates will be sons of the Empire State, and that we are to meet a united Democracy, though not united on principle, but simply for the spoils of office. It will be no easy campaign; the battle will be fast and furious, and the Republican editors of this state will have to do their share of the fighting. The voters, especially those in the country districts, will have to be educated and aroused to the necessity of keeping the grand old party in power, the party of protection, honest money and prosperous times. Our people forget easily. Many of them have already forgotten the condition in which the Republican party found the country seven years ago, when they returned to power. Soup houses were popular then, but they soon gave way to the march of good times. The merchant, the farmer, the manufacturer took on new courage; the closed manufactories were opened and running on full time; the promises of the martyred McKinley were quickly fulfilled, and prosperity was again an actuality."

True it is that "our people forget easily." They forget past ills escaped from; they forget alike the cause of those ills and the means whereby escape was made possible. Republican editors, not alone in New York, but in all the states of the Union, are exceedingly prone to forget. What wonder, then, that their readers should forget? How many of the members of the New York State Republican Editorial association are blameless in this regard? How many of them have in the past four years, for example, steadily, persistently, faithfully kept in the plain view of their readers the principles, the facts, the conditions, the underlying causes of our prosperous times? How many have constantly made plain the reasons for our prosperity and the dangers attendant upon any departure from safe, sound Republican policies? Not 10 per cent, we venture to say. They have had other things to think of, and they have thought and written of other things far more than they have thought or written about the elements and causes of prosperous times. "Our people forget easily." Undoubtedly they do. They forget "between elections," because they are permitted to forget. It is up to Republican editors to remember all the time, and not merely for a short three months once in every four years. If they will do this our people will not so easily forget, and disastrous lapses of memory like that of 1892 will not be so liable to occur.

A Most Pitiable Journal.

Says the Springfield Republican, referring to Controller Grout's proposed bond sale: "But it is quite possible that he (Controller Grout) should look for a slump in the money market because of the conditions of business which give no assurance of maintaining the level of the so-called prosperity under which the country is suffering. That slump is as much to be expected if Mr. Roosevelt is elected as if the Democrats by some fluke of fortune should defeat him."

"This so-called prosperity under which the country is suffering"—this of course, is a concentration of pessimism, sarcasm and a gangrenous condition of gray matter. Let us see under what "so-called prosperity" Springfield is suffering. In 1894, ten years ago, the bank clearings of Springfield and Holyoke were $63,000,000. Last year the bank clearings of these two cities amounted to $106,000,000, an increase of nearly 70 per cent. As the Republican well knows, the bank clearings of the whole country have more than doubled since a protective tariff displaced the free trade measure of the last Democratic administration.

The Republican seems to get madder and madder every day simply because its long predicted and hoped for panic does not come. That editorial under the caption "We Told You So" has been standing so long, and yet there are no signs that it can be used for months or perhaps years to come. What a comment upon pretended intelligence that a once great American newspaper will not be happy and satisfied till adversity takes the place of prosperity.

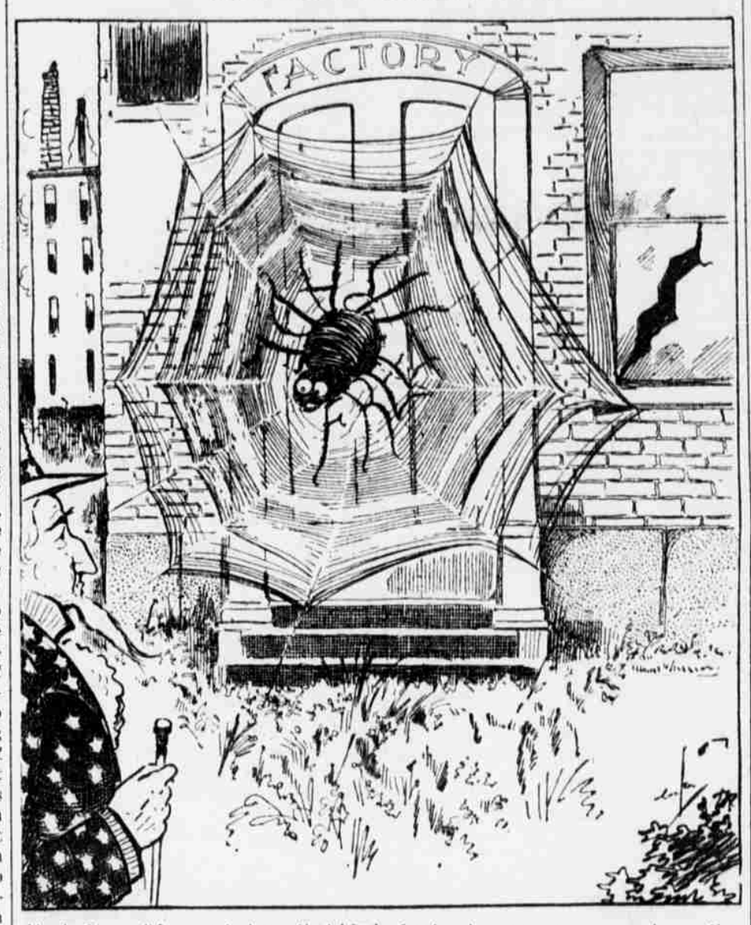
That Tariff Plank.

It becomes more and more evident that the ingenuity of Democratic platform builders will be taxed to the utmost when it comes to fixing up the tariff plank at St. Louis. The people are rather used to free trade straddles, they have even been deceived two or three times, but not again so soon after the experience under the last free trade law. The best thing the Democratic party can do is to skip the tariff plank this time. By the way is Parker a Cleveland and Bryan free trader or a Hill and Murphy protectionist?

In Spite of All.

In spite of the free soup houses of 1893 to 1896, the smokeless chimneys, the closed factories, the idle workmen, the want and suffering of that period of depression, and in spite of the prosperity we are now enjoying, there is still a cry in the Democratic party for free trade. By what trick of logic or oratory the Democrats will attempt to persuade the people to adopt an anti-protection measure is at present not very clear, but there is no doubt that an effort will be made in that direction.—Kansas City Journal

WHAT WOULD SURELY HAPPEN.



Uncle Sam—"Are we to have that kind of cobwebs once more spread over the doors of American facto ries? Heaven forbid!"

JEST AND JOLLITY

Mere Suggestion.

"I believe I'll lay out a golf course on the farm, father," said the returned college youth, sweeping his gaze over the sloping pasture.

"All right, my son," responded the gray-haired man, "an' while you're about it let me suggest that you turn the old home into a clubhouse. Of course, I'm a leetle too old fer a caddy, but I could act as janitor, an' your mother could do the scrubbin'."—Indianapolis Sun.

The Mule's Placid Smile.

"Is that your mule?" asked the man who was going fishing.

"Yassir," said the colored man, who was sitting on a log by the road.

"Does he kick?"

"'Deed, mistuh, he ain't got no cause to kick. He's gittin' his own way right along. I'm de one dat's havin' de worry an' difficulty."

Not Beating His Way.

Indigent Ike—Dis housecleaning gag wounds me proud spirit in a new place every spring. Dis mornin' a lady asked me ter beat a rug for me breakfast.

The Retort Courteous.

Miss Bizzey—I notice you're cleaning house, Mrs. Newcome, and I was afraid you might be tempted to throw your rubbish out on the back lot. I just wanted to say that we don't do that sort of thing here.

Mrs. Newcome—I burned all our rubbish in the furnace this morning, Miss Bizzey, including an old book on "Etiquette" which I might have saved for you.—Philadelphia Press.

His Method.

"Your grandfather is nearly 100 years old. How did he manage to live so long?"

"Pure contrariness."

"Contrariness? How's that?"

"You know there are rules prescribed for people who want to live to be old. Well, he never follows any of them."

Rural Opinion.

Mrs. Crawoot—They do say that Fanny and her city husband have a comfortable parlor.

Mr. Crawoot—Nothing comfortable about it. Why, when I sat in my shirt sleeves and started to smoke Fanny objected.

No Malaria.

"Is there any malaria around here?" asked the tourist.

"Nope," was the prompt response "There's a heap o' chills an' fever, but if anybody gits to callin' it by high-toned names he's liable to git into difficulty.

Horrors of War.

Mrs Bossim Wright—My first husband died a hero in the war. If it hadn't been for that battle you wouldn't be here to-day.

Mr. Bossim Wright—War is, indeed, a dreadful thing.

Pretty Close to It.

"Now, that phrase," said the teacher, "is an idiom. Does any little boy know what an idiom is?"

"Yes'm," piped little Tommy Skrapps, "That's what pa is when ma don't want him to have his own way and he does."

Indispensable.

LaMontt—Some of the greatest writers tell us that matrimony blunts a man's imagination.

LaMoyne—Nonsense! Why a married man must have a superb imagination to get up excuses when he is absent.

Almost a Confession.

"Your husband seems to be getting bald very rapidly," said the family friend.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Naggsby, "there is scarcely a good handful left—— Hem! Er—yes, he certainly is."