

OUR STORY TELLER

A MIRACLE OF THE STORM.

Sunday after Sunday the same demure little creature sat in the last pew on the right-hand side of the center aisle in St. Matthias Church, and Sunday after Sunday the young minister in charge looked down over his congregation and caught the wistful look of a pair of dark-brown eyes that were solemn and pathetic at once. Before the last amen of the recessional had ceased to vibrate on the ears of the kneeling worshippers the little creature had each time made her way out of the church unnoticed. After awhile Rev. John Grimshaw, who was six and twenty, and impressionable at that, began to feel the influence of that benign expression, and of those solemn dark eyes, and decided to speak with the girl if an opportunity presented itself, and the opportunity did come one Friday night on a saint's day when there was a special service at the church in the evening.

She had never been into the church before except on Sunday, and what was his surprise and pleasure when the young minister lifted his eyes that night and saw the face that was beginning to interest him sitting before him quite near the front. During the singing of a hymn he approached her and asked her to remain after the service, as he wished to say a few words to her. She did not reply, except with a mute appeal in her splendid dark eyes. He mistook her silence for embarrassment, and returned to his place at the lectern. At the close of the service he hurried to the side of the girl who was just in the act of leaving her pew, and spoke a few words to her. He was inviting her, in that calm, deliberate way that characterized him, to come to church often, to consult him, to become a regular worshiper at the church; but as he talked in low, persuasive tones, and no response came from the girl, he began to wonder at her extreme bashfulness, and when she began to shake her head, to make rapid signs with her deft fingers, in an instant he realized that the appealing eyes that followed him in his dreams and in his waking moments, and the pretty but sad face, were those of a deaf mute, and so swift and sudden was the surprise that swept over him, that he could have cried out in his anguish. A chill came over his heart, but only for an instant, and in the next he communicated as best he could by nods and smiles and expression that he understood her and was sorry for her. He tried to make her understand that he would like her to continue to come to church and be a good Christian, but whether she comprehended him or not he did not know. He walked to the door with her, and as she went slowly down the stone steps he nodded a pleasant good-night as she looked back.

When he was alone that night the young preacher gave way to his emotion. He realized that he was deeply in love with the little being who had never spoken a word to him, and whom he did not know would never speak to him. He should never know that sound of her voice, which in his fancy was low and soft and musical. And now, on!

True there were other girls in the parish who would gladly accept him if he would make the offer, but he did not love one of them as he now realized that he loved this girl who had occupied that rear seat in the church Sunday after Sunday, always attired in a neat black dress, a bit of soft white lace falling over her collar and setting off her pretty throat. She might be 18 or 20, he thought, and was just tall enough. He had noticed that she came to his shoulder as he walked down the aisle with her that night. Her hands were so pretty, too, when she made a few hurried signs, and he should never be able to hold them between his two large palms.

At last sleep pulled the curtain before these precious, yet bitter, thoughts and Rev. Mr. Grimshaw fell into a deep slumber, and dreamed that he was sailing the sea with this beautiful girl, that he held her in his arms, that he called her "Ruth." When he awoke it was with the bitterest disappointment, for he was alone, and the bright sun was streaming full upon his face. He remembered that the King's Daughters of the parish were to enjoy an excursion down the bay that day, and as he had many little affairs of importance to attend to before 2 o'clock, the hour of sailing, he bustled himself about them, saying the name Ruth softly to himself in the meanwhile, and wondering if her name were really Ruth.

The excursion steamer was in waiting at the dock, and one by one the young girls stepped aboard, each smiling her sweetest as she noticed the young minister standing on the wharf. He returned their salutations with a serious countenance, and with dignity slightly lifted his hat; but his eyes were strained to the little narrow street beyond, watching and waiting for her, hoping, yet not knowing, that she would come. It was only one minute of the hour, and anxious ones aboard the little excursion steamer were calling to Mr. Grimshaw to come aboard and not get left. If he heard he heeded not, and just as he was about to give up hope of

her coming, just as they were about to pull in the gangplank, a slight figure in a neat-fitting black dress with white lace at the throat and a small black hat set upon a shapely little head crowned with a wealth of chestnut-brown hair, approached the wharf. Calling to the sailors to wait a moment, John Grimshaw sprang forward and, taking the girl by the arm, forgotful that she could not hear a word he said, explained to her that she was late and must hurry to get aboard in time. She only smiled and his heart swelled with a feeling undefinable, for he thought that he perceived love in her looks.

It would occupy an hour and a half to reach their destination, and he took

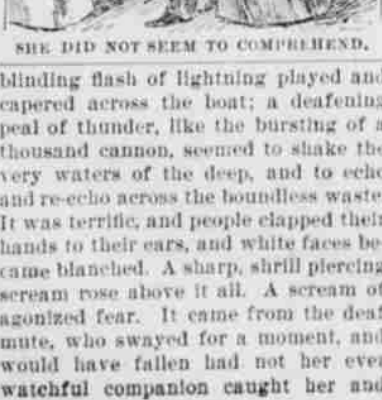


HE EXPLAINED THAT SHE WAS LATE.

her under his special charge. It was a merry crowd. It was jolliest in the stern of the boat, where people were packed like sardines on the deck seats and on camp stools. John Grimshaw and the mute little creature he loved were sitting together. Their arms touched as they leaned on the railing and looked out upon the water—the yachts, the smacks, the sailing vessels, the rowboats that passed and repassed them. Suddenly he felt what seemed to be the spray against his face. Another instant, and without warning, big drops of rain began to fall and an ominous black cloud covered the blue of the sky. Sheets of water rained and blew from the northeast. Big green waves that afterward became yeasty lashed themselves angrily against the sides of the little steamer that rolled and pitched in its efforts to upright itself against their fury. Thunder rolled and blinding and zigzag streaks of lightning played across the sky. The rain poured in torrents and swept over the deck, wetting everything in its path, and driving the now thoroughly frightened people to the opposite side of the boat, which, with its uneven weight, leaped and tipped in that direction. Water rushed in upon the lower deck. The captain shouted: "Some of you go to the other side of the boat. Don't all rush to one side, or you will have us overboard." The women became excited, and a general rush to the cabin began, until the order was given that no more should come down into the cabin. Women grew frantic, children cried and those filled with bravado laughed at the almost calamity. Young men who tried to be funny put on life preservers and walked about exhibiting themselves, announcing: "The boat will sink in fifteen minutes; get your life preservers." But a warning look from the minister soon quieted them.

The fury of the tempest in the meantime never abated. The steamer was shrouded in a mist of wind and rain, and the erstwhile jolly crowd was now panic-stricken ones. Lunch baskets and boxes that were carefully placed under the seats were saturated with salt water. Meanwhile the young minister had laid a firm grasp upon the girl's arm, and half lifted, half dragged her to a passageway leading to the cabin, that was inclosed by glass windows and doors, and thus protected her from the rain. She did not seem to comprehend the extent of her danger, and looked on at the movements of the panic-stricken crowd like some curious, wild-eyed child. Mr. Grimshaw was white to the lips, and as he lifted his eyes to heaven, one could see that his lips were moving in prayer. He prayed that the fury of the wind and waves might be abated, and the vessel should not be lost, that the boat should anchor in safety, and "Oh, Lord," he prayed, "if it be Thy will that I sink to a watery grave, let her speak to me once, let me hear her voice just once upon earth, as in heaven I shall hear it as she sings with the angel choir."

The sky became inkly black. Nothing could be discerned on the open deck but the terrific sheets and gusts of rain, made gray by the blackness. Just then the heavens seemed to open, and a



SHE DID NOT SEEM TO COMPREHEND.

blinding flash of lightning played and capered across the boat; a deafening peal of thunder, like the bursting of a thousand cannon, seemed to shake the very waters of the deep, and to echo and re-echo across the boundless waste. It was terrific, and people clapped their hands to their ears, and white faces became blanched. A sharp, sharp piercing scream rose above it all. A scream of agonized fear. It came from the deaf mute, who swayed for a moment, and would have fallen had not her ever watchful companion caught her and

supported her in his arms. What had caused her to scream? Fright, perhaps, he thought, as she witnessed the battle of the elements. Surely she had not heard that thunderbolt as it hurled itself from on high. "Pshaw! Was she not deaf, and how could she hear? It made him almost glad to know that she had been spared that peal that caused many a heart to stand still for an instant.

He held her fast in his arms and softly spoke the name "Ruth." She lifted those eyes with a glance as sweet as an angel's. Her heart fluttered. She smiled with a smile of recognition, as if she had heard. Intuitively he felt that she had heard his voice. He had read once of such a miracle—that a volley of thunder so dense and so terrific as to deafen a person of ordinary hearing had in some miraculous and divine way restored the hearing of a man who had been deaf from birth. And, perhaps, this precious gift had been restored to the girl he loved. He spoke once more the name he had spoken in his dreams, and she gave a gasp that he heard. It was too true. It was a miracle of the storm, and he bowed his head and thanked God.

If he could but hear her voice. But that inestimable pleasure was to be denied him. And yet his dream was coming true, for he dreamed that he sailed the sea with her in his arms, and was she not now in his arms? O, gentle dream! O, destiny!

It was not long before the storm ceased as suddenly as it came, and the heavy black clouds receded, and the blue in the sky was as bright as when they started out. The little steamer cut pluckily through the water, and in half an hour the party, now in excellent spirits, had reached the cool, shady grove. The miracle wrought during the storm was the talk of the day, and not less talked about was the devotion of the minister to the happy unfortunate who knew now that she loved him, and, with an unfathomable intuition given to creatures like herself, knew, also, that John Grimshaw loved her. He did not love her less because she could not speak, else the bans would not have been published, and the marriage that took place at St. Matthias Church, six months after, would never have occurred. She never spoke to him with her voice, but her eyes and her lips and her hands spoke to him always, and Sunday after Sunday as he looked over his congregation, the same little figure, with a face of sweetness rather than sadness, looks up into his eyes, intelligently, and hears the blessed words as they fall from his lips.—Lillian Lewis.

KISSING THE HOLY BIBLE.

Origin of the Custom Prevalent in Courts is Involved in Mystery.

It is generally assumed that "kissing the book" is, or at any rate was until recently, a necessary part of the legal ceremony of oath taking. This assumption is, however, probably not justified. It would appear that the most ancient form of swearing in the Christian church was to lay the hand upon the Gospels and say, "So help me God and these holy Gospels." This seems to have been the usual ceremony accompanying a judicial oath until, at all events, the end of the sixteenth century, for Lord Coke says: "It is called a corporal oath because he (the witness) toucheth with his hand some part of the Holy Scriptures." Coke says not one word about kissing the book.

When the practice of kissing the book began is, says the Law Journal, undetermined. It has been stated that this form was first prescribed as part of the ceremony of taking the oaths of allegiance and supremacy. It is interesting and may be significant to note that Shakespeare only once alludes to the practice of kissing the book, and on that occasion turns it into ridicule. Whatever the origin of the practice, there can be no doubt that kissing the book was the ceremony that usually accompanied the taking of an oath in an English court of justice in the seventeenth century. But in 1657 there occurred a case which is of some importance. It appears that on a jury trial Dr. Owen, vice chancellor of Oxford University, being called as a witness, refused to be sworn in the usual way, by applying his right hand on the book and afterward kissing it, but he caused the book to be held open before him and he raised his right hand. The jury, doubting what credit they ought to give to his oath, the matter was referred to the chief justice, who ruled that Dr. Owen "had taken as good an oath as any other witness." And then the chief justice added an observation which in "Cowper's Reports," in "Machell on Evidence" and elsewhere is misquoted as follows: "If I were to be sworn I would kiss the book." Now, that is not at all what the chief justice said. The words in Siderfin's report are these: "It did sit full drede Jure ille rolli deponer sa main dexter sur le liver mesme. Thus the chief justice says not one word about kissing the book.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Peculiar Funeral.
A funeral without a corpse was the queer spectacle which the people of Williamsburg, N. Y., witnessed recently. The way it came to occur was this: Henry Miltack, a resident of that town, sent his wife to Germany for her health, and on Sunday received a cable message to the effect that she was dead, and that she would be buried on Tuesday. Of course her husband could not get across the ocean in time for the funeral, so he resolved to have a contemporary funeral in Williamsburg, minus the corpse. An undertaker was engaged, who arranged for the affair in the usual manner. Announcements were put in the papers and friends of the family notified. At the appointed hour the house was filled with mourners, and the minister preached a funeral sermon. Every detail was carried out the same as if it were an ordinary funeral, until it came to going to the cemetery, and there, of course, it had to stop.

First Principles.
Zerega—Do you know, I once saw a colored ghost?
Plaze—Nonsense! How could you tell it was a colored ghost?
Zerega—It was chasing after a chick-en.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Old maids were born in the wrong time of the moon. There was no man in it.
Some girls get married just to let others know that they can.

HOMEOPATHIC HOSPITAL FOR SAN FRANCISCO.



The homeopathic hospital which the citizens of San Francisco are to build is designed to be one of the finest institutions of its kind on the continent of North America. The University of California having refused to include the homeopaths in the allied college, the homeopaths and their friends set to work to get even, and the result will be a magnificent medical and surgical hotel, which, it is hoped by the new school of treatment, will make the "regulars" green with envy. The institution has already been endowed by Mrs. Phoebe Hearst with a ward for children, and some of the most prominent citizens in California are deeply interested in the enterprise.

COUNT'S WICKED SCHEME.

Would Unite Europe in a Commercial War on America.

Count Agener Goluchowski, the Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs who desires to unite Europe in a commercial war on the countries of America, has the reputation among European diplomats and statesmen of being a peaceful man. His speech, in which he almost violently advocated a concert of Europe for industrial warfare on the United States and the South American republics, would be startling were there any possibility of the Count's plan being put into practice. The Count is a man in the prime of life. He comes from a family which has been powerful in Austrian affairs for several generations, and he holds one of the three ministerial places within the gift of his country. His only associates of equal power and rank are the ministers of war and finance. He has been regarded as one of the most brilliant diplomats



COUNT GOLUCHOWSKI.

concerning it, of course; but this much may be said, at least: The girl who behaves well, dresses well, and rides well because she enjoys the pastime, and because she is in need of suitable outdoor exercise may be sure of calling forth respect and admiration wherever she goes.

in all the countries immediately concerned in the troubles over the Balkan States. It was his calm, decisive action in the last engagement between Turkey and Greece that kept the small provinces in a state of peace. His word is law on diplomatic matters covering the uncertain territory between his own country and the Bosphorus, he having served for years as head of the diplomatic corps at Bucharest, the capital of Rumania. It is to him that the nations have looked for a quiet adjustment of the Eastern problems. His utterances against the crushing competition of the transatlantic nations is looked upon with amazement. He claims all the countries of Europe must stand shoulder to shoulder against the encroachments made by the world across the ocean. His remarks are the more serious, when it is remembered that it is suspected that he made them with the full consent of the other powers which are trying to hold their own against the commercial activity of the Western world. The Austrian authorities declare that the Count's warning was more a desire than an expression of a program.

The Bicycle Woman.
A cycling magazine branches the burning question: "Do men like women who cycle?" The magazine declares it to be a question that is agitating both sexes much of late, and it makes bold to answer: "It all depends." There are many sorts of wheelwomen—too many sorts, undoubtedly. There is the mannish, hurriganish garbed individual in such frequent evidence, who boasts of being among the first women who ever rode the bicycle, and whose conversation is all of "century runs," and the "records," and "searching." Then there is the silly, weak-minded little specimen of femininity who only rides because her friends do, and because it is the fashion. Wheelwomen of these two sorts, it is pretty safe to say, are not admired by men, and what is an even sadder thing, neither are they by women. Did a girl but know it, there is, after all, no surer test of character than the way she rides her wheel. Not only the way she rides it, but the way she regards it, the position to which she relegates it among her other interests and activities. Bicycling brings to the surface all sorts of unendured possibilities in one's nature. It is a splendid gauge of personality. Not fast or hard rules can be laid down



CHASING THE FEATHER.

"Chasing the Feather" is one of the merriest of healthful parlor games. A large sheet or tablecloth is held by the participants, who sit on chairs, placed in a circle. A small feather is held by one person in a disc. One who is to catch it must do so standing. To blow, blow, blow just as hard and fast and furious as possible is the bounden duty of every player. The one in whose vicinity the feather is caught is elected to do the "chasing."

HUMOR OF THE WEEK.

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Old, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent World Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

A Clock to Order.
Visitor—I understand that you have a new phonograph clock which speaks the hours instead of striking them, and for an alarm it shouts "Get up!" etc., in a loud voice.
Mr. Edison—It is a great success.
Well, I want one, but instead of shouting "Get up!" etc., in a loud voice, I want it to yell "Fire! Murder! Thieves!" etc. You see, it's for the servant girl.—New York Weekly.

The Wrong Man.
"You are wasting your time, old man," said Fred to George. "You're courting the wrong girl."
"No, she's the right girl. I'm afraid the trouble is that I am the wrong man."—Tid-Bits.

Never Slept a Wink.
The Minister—How did you like my sermon last Sunday?
Deacon Parker (absently)—It was excellent. I sat where my glances met those of the Widow Durkin every time I looked up.

Quite High Enough.



"You gave your boys liberal educations, I suppose, squire?"
"Liberal? Why, it cost me jay's all I could rake and scrape to pay for cyclometers an' such things the boys had to have in their college studies. I couldn't be done any more without a mortgage 'on the farm."—Detroit Free Press.

Out at First.
She: Diamonds are not worn as much as formerly, are they?
He (an enthusiast)—Of course not. The base-ball season is ended.

A Wish.
Ann—Well, Bobby, what do you want to be when you grow up?
Bobby (suffering from parental discipline)—An orphan.—Tid-Bits.

A Serious Lung Trouble.
Zim—You say he suffers considerably from lung trouble?
Zam—Yes; his daughter sings.—New York Evening Journal.

Securing a Substitute.
Mattie—I'm so sorry, dear, to learn that death has robbed you of your favorite poodle. How can you ever console yourself for his loss?
Helen (sobbing)—I d-d-d don't know; but I s-s-s suppose I'll h-have to g-get m-married.

A Good Suggestion.
Editor of country weekly—I'm at a loss to know whether this article is intended to be humorous or otherwise.
Assistant—Well, why not run it in the puzzle column and let the subscribers guess?

His Failing.
Edith—I like to converse with Mr. Fleece—he pays such close attention.
Clara—Yes, Jack says that's the only thing that he does pay.—New York Times.

Traveling Repair Shop.
"G'wont heavens, Aggy. Do you always have a g'woom in attendance when you go wheeling?"
"He is not a g'woom, dear boy. I have the fellow along to make repairs."—Indianapolis Journal.

Neighborhood Charity.
Fond mother—Isn't the baby the very image of his father?
Neighbor—Yes; but you shouldn't mind that as long as he's healthy.

His Mistake.
When patrons of a small laundry in the upper part of the city failed to get their wearing apparel Saturday evening they found the place closed and this note pinned upon the door:
"Closed on account of sickness ill Monday. I'm not expected to live."—Utica Observer.



Real Aristocratic Touch.
"George met a duke while he was abroad."
"A real duke?"
"He must have been. George loaned him \$7."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

When a woman flies into a passion it's time for her to have her wings clipped.

In Kiple's Starry Realm.
Smiles—Blank has taken up the study of astronomy.
Giles—Why, I thought he was appointed police inspector recently?
Smiles—So he was. That's why he has become a star-gazer.

Soothing the Way.
Superintendent—I shall have to think the matter over, for you are married, and, frankly, I should prefer to give the place to a single man.
Applicant—Oh, well, I can get a divorce!—Fliedger Blaetter.

The Cynic.
"We've got a woman living down our way who says she is 100 years old," said the enthusiast.
"Well, a woman never tells the truth about her age. She's probably only about 80," said the cynic.—Yonkers Statesman.

There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, but there is only one between a man and the sidewalk.
When marriage is not a success divorce is its successor.

Couldn't Come Out.
Mrs. Nuxdoor—I haven't seen your parents for ever so long.
Little Fannie—Mamma has got scarlet fever and cannot come out.
Mrs. Nuxdoor—And what has your papa got?
Little Fannie—He's got six months and he can't come out, either.—Tid-Bits.

Out of Place.
"That new cook from the country that the Blueberries have been toasting about insisted on sitting on the porch last night when they had company."
"Didn't she feel out of place?"
"She did afterward."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Natural Conclusion.



"What makes you think her diamonds are presents from some glue manufacturer?"
"Because they're all paste."

Short Suffering.
"She never complains of her husband's ill-treatment of her," remarked Squidly. "She suffers in silence."
"If she suffers only when she is silent," replied McSwilligan, "she doesn't suffer long at a time."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Nothing to Conclude.
"Tell me, doctor," said the father of the disabled football player, "do you think it is concussion of the brain?"
"No," replied the doctor, "there isn't any danger of that. It's merely a broken skull."

An Emergency.
"Why," he exclaimed, "I thought you said the last time you had the dressmaker that you wouldn't need another gown for three months!"
"I know I did, dear," she replied, "but in going through my trunk to-day I found a piece of ribbon that will make a lovely sash and I haven't anything to go with it."

Had Been There Before.
Lady (engaging servant)—I ought to tell you that we are all strict teetotalers here. I suppose you won't mind that?
Mary Jane—Oh, no, mum. I've been in a reformed drunkard's family before.—Punch.

A Possible Reason.
Johnny—Papa, why do they say smart people have long heads and level heads?
Papa—I guess it's because wheels are seldom found revolving in long or flat places.

Invariably.
Little Edgar—Papa, what are the silent watches of the night?
Papa—The policemen who ought to be on hand when burglars are in the house.

A Good Reason.



"Why are you crying, my little man?"
"That saucy—boo-hoo—little—boo-hoo—girl just caught me and—boo-hoo—kissed me!"—New York Journal.

Too Smart for Him.
"Yes," said young Soffeligh, "I like to see a smart, well educated woman, but I wouldn't care to marry one who knows more than I did."
"I'm very sorry," replied Miss Cutlin, "to hear that you have resolved to remain a bachelor all your life."

Drawing to a Head.
"My dear," remarked Mr. Grumpy, as he opened a letter at the breakfast table the other morning, and his wife's milliner bill dropped out, "my dear, this is the third bonnet you have had in less than six months. You must have millinery on the brain."
"Well, suppose I have," replied Mrs. Grumpy, "isn't that the proper place for it?"

Just the Place for Him.
"Say, Weary, I think th' Sandwich Island's the place for me."
"Why so, chappie?"
"Cause I'd be free from temptation."
"Wot kind o' temptation?"
"Why, the papers says th' climate's so enervatin' that there's no temptation to work."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Lynched by Swallows.
A successful lynching took place on the farm of Jerome Butler, south of Marlette, Mich., the other day. In the barn a swallow's nest was seen clinging to the side of a beam from which was suspended an English sparrow, hung by the neck with a hair from a horse's tail. While Franklin Butler and Orla Albertson were sitting in the barn they noticed a sparrow go into the swallow's nest, from which it began pitching the young birds. Three swallows, attracted by their outcry, immediately pounced upon the intruder. After confining him to the nest for a few minutes they threw him out. He dropped about a foot, there was a jerk, and Mr. Sparrow was hanged as nicely as though an expert hangman had been in charge. The hair was wound around his neck several times, and after a few ineffectual struggles he kicked his last. —Grand Rapids Herald.