

OUR STORY TELLER

GABE TUCKER'S DEFECTION.

There were a good many pretty hard characters among the early-day Kansas cowboys, but it is doubtful if there was one who held any advantage over Gabe Tucker. Gabe often boasted that the one consuming ambition of his life was to become the champion tough and terror of the cattle range. I drank, gambled and fought, and was always ready to engage in a shooting scrape at a moment's notice, and on the least provocation. And swear! Why, he was simply eloquent in the use of profanity.

Gabe had no more respect for religion than he had for the dirt under his feet. He derided and scoffed everything of a religious nature, and some of his remarks were so bold and blasphemous that even his cowboy companions heard them with a creeping sensation of awe and fear.

One of Gabe's chief Sunday enjoyments was to come into town, fill up on whisky and proceed to break up religious services. He would charge up and down in front of the building where services were being held, yelling and cursing in the most horrible manner, and peppering the side of the house with bullets or shattering the glass from the windows. Frequently, when night services were being held, he would ride up to the door and proceed coolly and calmly to shoot out the lights, one after another, until the congregation was left in perfect darkness. Of course the people of the town did not approve of Gabe's style, and they were generally agreed that his devilry ought to be stopped, but when it came to stopping it, that was another matter.

Things went along in this way for a long time, but at last one Sunday a new minister occupied the pulpit. He was a young college graduate from somewhere east of the Mississippi, rash, impulsive and unacquainted with the manners of the untamed western cowboys. In the course of his sermon he took occasion to speak of Gabe Tucker's devilry, and he denounced it in no uncertain terms. His audience listened in astonishment and trembled with fear for his safety. Well, Gabe heard about the preacher's remarks, and the next Sunday he rode up to the church, tied his horse and went in and took a seat among the congregation, but well back from the pulpit. He sat quietly while the opening hymns were sung and a prayer was offered, but the congregation kept eying him suspiciously. The minister came forward, read a passage of Scripture, offered a few words of prayer and began to deliver his sermon. When he had spoken a dozen sentences Gabe suddenly arose and drawing his pistol began to plant bullets in the floor all around the preacher's feet. The audience yelled and screamed and crawled under the benches while the preacher cowered and dodged about, scared within an inch of his life. It was an exciting time and Gabe was the only person in the house who was calm and cool. He continued to fire his pistols until he had but two balls left and with those he cut a little bunch of hair from the side of the preacher's head just as a reminder of his profane marksmanship. Then he went out, mounted his horse, gave a series of whoops and dashed away across the prairie. The young minister went back east right away and for a long while there was no preaching in the town. Gabe's fame had spread abroad, and preachers were disposed to give him a wide berth. He boasted that he had broken up the church and that there would never be any more services in the town while he remained there.

In this, however, Gabe was mistaken, for services were again held in the town, and Gabe Tucker was one of the most regular, earnest and devout attendants. And it all happened in this manner. About three months after the episode just mentioned word came that a woman preacher was coming to the town to hold a protracted meeting. Then Gabe heard this news he vowed up and down that no woman would hold any meeting there.

Two or three days later Gabe was out on the range rounding up some calves. He was charging across the prairie after a refractory steer, when

she stepped into a prairie dog hole, pitched over on his head, rolled off and fell on top of him, fracturing a leg and severely spraining his back. It was impossible to give the injured man proper attention at the ranch, so he was conveyed to town and located in a room at a little hotel. Now at this hotel there was a lady boarder who had come only the day before. She was not exactly young and pretty, yet there was a wholesome freshness and an expression of goodness about her that made her very attractive. This lady took a great interest in Gabe from the moment when she first saw him, and when she found that he had no nurse she went to the doctor and offered her services. The doctor shook his head and hesitated.

"The man needs a woman's care," he admitted, "but he's not worthy of it. He is a terrible character."

"In what way?" she asked.

"He is a tough. He swears, drinks, gambles, fights."

The doctor went on to give a brief account of Gabe's life or devilry. The woman, instead of being frightened from her purpose, was all the more confirmed in it.

"If he is that," she said, "there is the more need of throwing kind influences about him. His soul is as precious as any soul on earth, and it is a Christian duty to reclaim it if possible."

From that day she visited Gabe, bringing him dainty little morsels of food and performing many small offices of awe and fear.



SHE ALWAYS BROUGHT A SMILING FACE.

to add to his comfort. She always brought a smiling face into the room, and she was unparagoned with kind, consoling words.

At first Gabe resented the woman's visits, and she got little from him except dark scowls and a few mumbled words in reply to her questions. She took no notice of his ungracious conduct, or at least appeared not to, and continued to treat him with the same uniform consideration.

After a while her kindness began to tell on him, and she saw it, though he tried to keep it secret. She saw that his face brightened when she came in to the room, and that he listened eagerly to her words, however much he pretended not to.

At last there came a time when Gabe could not mask his real feelings no longer, and in his rough, brusque way he poured out his gratitude to his nurse. She blushed and smiled and said it afforded her the greatest pleasure to learn that she had been a help and comfort to him.

"I have often wondered," he said, "who and what you are. Won't you tell me?"

"I am afraid I should lose your esteem if I did that," she replied.

"Why?"

"I belong to a class of people that you don't like, so I have heard."

"I don't care what you belong to, you are an angel, and I will never think less of you than I do now."

"Then I'll tell you. I am a preacher."

Gabe was staggered for a moment, then he rallied to his promise and kept it. More than that, when he was able, he attended the protracted meetings the woman was conducting. Attended because she asked him.

The result over it all was that he got religious and fell in love, or perhaps it would be more proper to say that he fell in love first and that led to the other. The curious thing was the preacher loved him and married him, and that he became her helpmeet in her ministerial work.—Utica Globe.

The Force of a Word.
She was a maiden
Of Boston's elite,
Exceedingly homely,
But very correct;
Visiting auntie,
While in New York
Tried to improve on
Everyone's talk.

He was a chappie,
Plenty of money,
Often by accident
Said something funny;
"What's that you said?"
Hated the shopping?
Oh, by the way,
Where are you stopping?"

A sneer on her face,
A look of disgust;
"I'm staying with auntie,
Not stopping, I trust;
Pray, what could I stop?
The meaning you hide."
"Perhaps I was thinking
"Of clocks," he replied.
—From a Book of Columbia Verse.

Character from Walleets.
An observing young man with a Sherlock Holmes touch in his moral make up says that the age and character of a woman may general be determined by the contents of her pocket-book. The business woman always has a number of receipts bills and a quantity of cash in her pocketbook. The mother of a family usually has many uncollected bills, little cash and the sides bursting with samples and bargain advertisements while the average young lady has a favorite poem stowed away in a corner and invariably a souvenir of something bordering on the superstitious.

Italian Works of Art.
Last year Italy exported 21,000 antique and modern works of art, valued at \$600,000. More than half of them went to Germany.

The Dog in the Bible.
The dog is mentioned thirty-three times in the Bible.

A headstrong man is as apt to be wrong as he is right.

When sick, the best thing you can take is rest.

FOIBLES OF RICH PEOPLE.

Some Think It Degrading to Ride in Common Street Cars.

"That one-half of the inhabitants of New York has no conception of the manner in which the other half exists goes without saying," remarked a society woman recently, "but I never realized how differently the lives, habits and occupations of the rich of our own differ from those of 'nous autres,' who are only moderately well off, until the other day, at a sort of drawing room debating club that we started this winter the various methods of transit were under discussion. When Mrs. Midas, who was my neighbor, said to me:

"I cannot speak from experience in any of the matters, for I have never been in a public conveyance in my life, except, of course, the railroads."

"Do you mean to say," I exclaimed, "I could not realize that a woman of 50 years of age, living in New York all her days, could, whatever might be her condition, really live so far apart from the great mass of her fellow creatures, that you have never been in an omnibus or a street car?"

"Never," she answered.

"But the elevated railroads, I persisted. 'What do you do when you wish to go a long distance?'"

"I drive," she replied, looking mildly astonished. "Surely you do not climb those stairs and go into those awful things?"

"No wonder that these people feel as if they were made of different clay from the rest of humanity. No aristocrat in Europe could hold herself more proudly aloof from the hol polloi than do such women who by the power of money and the money alone are thus alienated from their kind. Such class distinctions between those who have and those who have not, based upon nothing but sordid considerations, are undoubtedly widening the breach between the rich and the poor in this country."

"They mean well, these rich women," said a hard-working philanthropist who had devoted years to the people and their needs, not merely bodily, but socially and intellectually. "And we greatly need the money that they give, but I do wish they would not drive down to our clubs with their carriages and footmen. I do not like to say that it was inappropriate and tended to destroy rather than foster the feeling of friendship and self-respect that we are trying to have established, but I tried to suggest to Mrs. Croesus, who has taken so much interest and donated such a large sum to our library, that it would save her so much time if she came down in the 'L'."

"My dear Mr. T.," she exclaimed, "I would not go into one of those stums for the world without John and Thomas to protect me," a remark which showed how hopelessly ignorant she was of the real meaning and scope of our work."—New York Tribune.

Will Say "Madam."
Henceforth the employees of an Eastern railroad company who have occasion to address women patrons of the road will use the word "Madam," instead of "Lady," a change that educated persons will appreciate, whatever the reasons that dictated it. One of the company said by way of explanation: "It has become a growing and very noticeable evil—among the conductors particularly—of late that women patrons of the road were addressed as 'Mrs.,' sometimes as 'Miss,' not infrequently as 'Lady,' and occasionally as 'Madam,' and it was often the case that the person addressed as 'Miss,' if strict propriety were observed, and vice versa, and individual complaints of such cases have been reported. By the adoption of a uniform greeting, such as 'Madam,' it relieves the conductor and motorist of the responsibility of distinguishing between 'Mrs.' and 'Miss,' and at the same time prevents any possible offense being given."

Me a Fly Look Twelve Miles Long.
Prof. Elmer Gates, of Washington, says he has worked out a process by which objects can be magnified to a size 300 times greater than by any of the microscopes now in use. His invention, he claims, will revolutionize microscopy, and will advance science to a point hitherto unheard of. His discovery, he says, will be of special value in bacteriology and the study of the cellular tissues. The professor declares that he has succeeded where all other scientists have failed—in discovering a way by which the magnified image projected on a lens can be magnified by a second as if it were the original object. To do this has been the aim of scientific photographers and microscopists for many years. Prof. Gates does not take the public into his confidence sufficiently to divulge the details of his invention, but he says he will be ready to give it to the world in a few weeks. The power of the new instrument is mentioned as 3,000,000 diameters.—Washington dispatch to Indianapolis Journal.

Blind People.
So far as the most recent statistics go, the known proportion of blind people is about one in fifteen hundred, which would give a total of one million blind in the world. The largest proportion is found in Russia, which has in Europe 200,000 blind in a population of 85 millions, or one in 430. Most of these are found in the northern provinces of Finland, and the principal cause is ophthalmia, due to the bad ventilation of the huts of the peasantry and the inadequate facilities for treatment. There is a great deal of blindness in Egypt due to blowing sand.

CAPTURED THE HIGHWAYMAN.

A Cool-Headed Scotsman Turns the Tables on His Assailant.

A good story is told of a Scotsman residing in San Francisco, who had all his wits about him, says the Indianapolis Sentinel. He was the most argumentative and the calmest of men. They use firearms rather inopportunistly at times out there, and early one morning when the Scotsman (whom we will call Mr. McGregor) was returning home he was accosted by an American citizen, suddenly holding up a pistol:

"Throw up your hands!"

"Why?" asked Mr. McGregor, calmly.

"Throw them up."

"But what for?"

"Put up your hands," insisted the footpad, shaking his pistol. "Will you do what I tell you?"

"That depends," said Mr. McGregor. "If you can show me any reason why I should put up my hands I'll do so, but what I will, but your mere request would be no justification for me to do so absurd a thing. No, why should you, a complete stranger, ask me at this hour of the morning, on public street to put up my hands?"

"Dash you!" cried the robber. "If you don't quit gassing and obey orders I'll blow the top of your head off!"

"What! Faith, mon, ye must be not a yer heed. Come, now, poor body," said McGregor, soothingly, coolly snatching the pistol and wrenching it with a quick twist out of the man's hand. "Come, now, an' I'll show ye where they'll take care o' ye. Hech! Dinna ye try to fecht, or, eod, I'll shoot ye. By the way, ye might as well put up yer ain hands an' just walk ahead o' me. That's it. Trudge awa', now."

And so Mr. McGregor marched his man to the city prison and turned him over to Capt. Douglas.

"It wdna be a bad idea to put him in a strait-jacket," he said, serenely to the officer. "There's little doot but the budy's daff."

And he resumed his interrupted homeward walk.

NECESSITIES COSTLY IN PARIS.

Water the Most Precious and Exclusive Drink in Paris Is Very Expensive.

"Water is the most precious and exclusive drink you can order in Paris," writes Lillian Hell in a letter from the French capital to the Ladies' Home Journal. "Imagine that—you who let the water run to cool it! In Paris they actually pay for water in their houses by the quart. Artichokes, and truffles, and mushrooms, and silk stockings, and kid gloves are so cheap here that it makes you blink your eyes. But eggs, and cream, and milk are luxuries. Silks and velvets are bewilderingly expensive. But cotton stuffs are from America, and are extravagances. They make them up into costumes, and trim them with velvet ribbon. Never by any chance could you be supposed to send cotton frocks to be washed every week. The luxury of fresh, starched muslin dresses and plenty of shirt-waists is unknown."

"I never shall overcome the ecstasies of laughter which assail me when I see varieties of coal exhibited in tiny shop windows, set forth in high glass dishes, as we exploit chocolates at home. But we'll they may respect it, for it is really very much cheaper to freeze to death than to buy coal in Paris. The reason of all this is the city tax on every egg, chicken, every carrot, every egg brought into Paris. Every mouthful of food is taxed. This produces an enormous revenue, and this is why the streets are so clean; it is why the asphalt is as smooth as a ballroom floor; it is why the whole of Paris is as beautiful as a dream."

Is a Tumbler Garden.
A very pleasing effect may be produced by setting a wet sponge in a glass bowl and sowing it over with flax, grass or mustard seed, or all three flax mixed. Before long it will be covered with a thick growth of tender green, and if it be judiciously watered every day the mustard will in time put forth its tiny yellow blossoms. Children and invalids may derive delight from watching these seeds growing in still another way.

Fills common tumbler or goblet with water, cut out a round of cotton batting, or of soft, thick flannel, of just the size to cover the top surface, and lay it gently upon the water. Upon this scatter the seed—grass or flax or mustard, or all mixed—and gently set the tumbler away in a dark place.

In a few days the seed will start; soon the roots will begin to penetrate the cotton or flannel, their delicate white fibers to the bottom of the vessel, while the top will be covered with a little thicket of green.

Meanwhile, after the first thirty-six hours, the vessel must be kept in a warm, light place, and two or three times a week carefully replenished with water by means of a teaspoon, siphon or syringe inserted beneath the edge of the flannel. The great charm of this little tumbler garden is that the roots can be plainly seen through the glass.

Water-cresses may be grown in the same way, and, like the mustard plant, afford a pleasant relish when eaten with bread and butter. We know of a little girl who kept her invalid mother supplied all winter long with water-cresses grown in this way upon wet flannel.—The Watchman.

MR. DOLE OF HAWAII.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE REPUBLICAN'S PRESIDENT.

He Is a Hercules in Size and as a Young Man Was a Wonderful Athlete—His Mind Is Judicial Rather than Executive.

Personality of a President.
The visit to this country of Sanford B. Dole, President of the Hawaiian republic, centers attention on this remarkable man and in the Chicago Times-Herald H. S. Canfield discusses in a very entertaining manner some of his characteristics. The first thing about him, says Mr. Canfield, is his size. The President of the Hawaiian republic is six feet two inches in height. He is about 60 years of age, but he has not taken on flesh. He is as trim as a man of 30. He is admirably proportioned—broad-shouldered, deep-chested, thin-flanked and long of limb. One cannot help thinking in looking at him that such tone and sinew were wasted on the supreme bench. A weak man can sit still and think as well as another. Dole would have made an ideal head for a boarding party. Properly trained, he could have attained international reputation in the prize ring. He is, or rather has been, a giant of a man. Twenty years ago his strength must have been enormous. So far as physique goes, he is not the largest living President, he is the biggest President the world ever saw. Spare of flesh as he is, he weighs more than 200 pounds.

Those who knew him as a boy, youth and man tell many tales of his prowess. The Kanakas of unimpaired race are finely proportioned and well grown, but Dole was swifter of foot than any



SANFORD B. DOLE.

man on the islands. He handled with-out effort weights that others could not stir. As a mountain climber he was unsurpassed. Like the natives of the little group that lies lonely but smiling in the heart of the Pacific, he was as much at home in the water as on the land. As a swimmer, diver and shark fighter he held his own with the best of them. His skill in aquatics made him remembered at Williams College, Massachusetts, for many years. He was supreme judge of the Hawaiian Islands, but his former college mates and those who came after him thought of him only as a mighty swimmer, runner, climber, walker and fighter.

The old Puritans bred big, raw-boned, hardy men, and Dole is of Puritan stock unadorned. His ancestors lived down New Bedford way, where they believe in Bedford run and true religion. He possesses the more salient characteristics of the Puritan stock, modified by a long life spent in an easier clime and amid an easier people. He is direct, positive, earnest, personally abstemious, grave of demeanor, with little sense of humor, with a tendency to estimate observers above the thing observed; very straightforward, very moral, very honest and very reverent. He has lost the Puritan desire to force others to his way of thinking. He is not in any sense a missionary, or an evangelist, or an exhorter.

He is a handsome man even now. Understated cynics say that evolution is always more potent with the other sex than brain, and there may be something in it. Dole had both the size and the brain. His features are regular and well molded, his head is rather



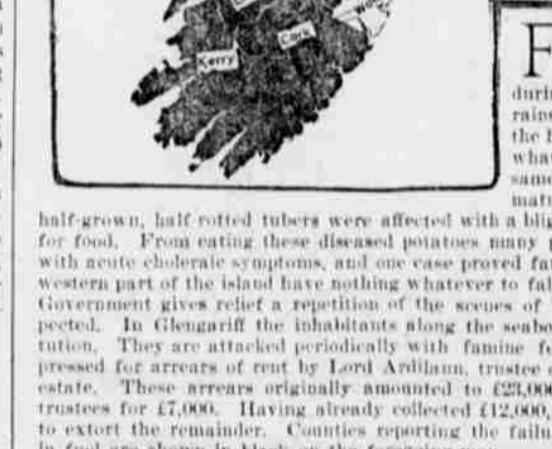
MRS. DOLE.

long, but well shaped; his eyes are a lustrous dark brown. They are much too soft for a man. Dole could never have been the loving and volitionally remorseful Lancelot, or the merrily jesting Gaius, or Tristan of the fiery heart and consciousness desire; but he could have been Arthur, who was handsome and good, and, with it all, something of a prig. It is Charles Reade who in one of his lesser stories, 'The Jilt,' makes his heroine faithless, charmed from her equipage by a magnificent beard which belonged to a man who should not have won her. When she came within the sphere of influence of that torrent of hair she was powerless. Dole's beard is splendid. It is silken and brown, slightly tinged with gray, and pours over his breast in masses.

With all of his personality, however, his reserved manner and suggestion of latent force, one cannot talk to the Hawaiian President without realizing that he was not, is not and can never be the real leader of the revolution and the forces which maintain the present form of government. He has the judicial, not the active mind. He can plan, but is not the kind which executes. All of his previous life had unfitted him to be

THE FAMINE IN IRELAND.

A PEASANT HOME.



ALDAR—A LOAD OF POTATOES ON THE WAY TO TOWN.

FULLY three-fourths of the counties in Ireland suffered from crop failures during the past season. Heavy rains, long continued, beat down the hay and rye crops and rotted what had been cut. From the same cause the potatoes failed to mature, and what there were of half-grown, half-rotted tubers were affected with a blight that rendered them unfit for food. From eating these diseased potatoes many persons have been attacked with acute choleraic symptoms, and one case proved fatal. The inhabitants of the western part of the island have nothing whatever to fall back upon, and unless the Government gives relief a repetition of the scenes of 1870 and 1847 may be expected. In Glengarriff the inhabitants along the seaboard are in a state of destitution. They are attacked periodically with famine fever, and they are being pressed for arrears of rent by Lord Ardillan, trustee of the late Earl of Bantry's estate. These arrears originally amounted to £25,000, and were bought by the trustees for £7,000. Having already collected £12,000, the trustees are now trying to extort the remainder. Counties reporting the failure of crops and a shortage in fuel are shown in black on the foregoing map.

the man to strike the decisive blow. He was the son of a school teacher and was educated in this country, where a respect for the established order of things was ground into him. He was a lawyer until called to the bench, and was on the bench until a short time previous to Lituokalani's overthrow. He was made President because of his lifelong reputation for an unwavering rectitude. No man could say aught against him. He was a representative of the purer and better life of Honolulu. He was known also to possess some administrative ability. He was, in the vernacular of politics in this country, a "safe man." Therefore he was honored and made famous.

Mr. Dole was not elected President as many suppose. He was proclaimed President and the proclamation was ratified by the "American party." By the Hawaiian constitution he holds office for six years. His term expires at 12 o'clock midnight December 31, 1900. If annexation fails, Thurston, it is thought, will be the next President of the islands.

SHE FOUGHT A WILDCAT.

A Brave Minnesota School Teacher's Experience with an Ugly Brute.

Miss Martha Culver, a school teacher who lives near Grand Rapids, Minn., is a heroine in the eyes of the residents of her section, and she is deserving of all the praise that has been lavished upon her. She had an experience with a wildcat recently which proves her to be a girl of uncommon nerve and pluck.

Miss Culver is obliged to walk five miles to and from her school every day through dense pine woods, and usually has no other companion than a small rifle, which she carries as much for sport as for protection. Timber wolves are very numerous in the vicinity of Grand Rapids and have caused the settlers great annoyance and considerable damage by preying upon their stock. Miss Culver is one of the few persons who have encountered the animals at close quarters and under desperate circumstances. Since October she has killed wolves, lynxes, wildcats, bears, moose, deer and rabbits.

One day while returning from school Miss Culver had a ruse with an ugly wildcat, which cost her a deep, painful wound upon her right arm and the ruin of a costly fur jacket which came in contact with the animal's wicked claws. She had heard the crafty step of some animal in the thicket. Presently it came—a big, hungry-looking wildcat, creeping stealthily over the tangled underbrush until it came to the clearing, where it stopped, looking cautiously about as if it expected an enemy. Miss Culver took deliberate aim and fired, but as she pulled the trigger the wildcat crouched down to the earth and the charge just grazed its back. The school teacher rushed forward to

finish the job with a blow of her gun barrel, but the wounded animal sprang into the air and landed with its fore-paws upon the breast and right arm of his fair antagonist, tearing the front of her jacket to shreds and cutting a deep scratch in the arm. Seizing the beast



SCHOOL TEACHER AND WILDCAT.

by the throat and forelegs she succeeded, by a desperate effort, in releasing herself from its grip, and another sweep of the gun put an end to the struggle.

This Was a Truly Wise Owl.
Owls are, by common consent, adjudged to be birds of ill omen; but there is an engineer on the Santa Fe road who thinks otherwise. One morning, as the east-bound overland was pulling through the mountains near Albuquerque, N. M., a big brown beaked owl dashed against the front window of the cab with such force as to break the glass, the bird dropping dead at the engineer's feet. The man was superstitious, like most railroad men, and immediately stopped the train and sent a workman ahead to see if the way was clear. The brakeman returned and reported a landslide across the track in the mountain pass, 200 yards ahead. Men were sent out to clear the track and in doing so they found another owl, no doubt mate to the first, caught in the crotch of an uprooted tree, crushed to death by the fall. The engineer had both owls stuffed and they now ornament his car, because he thinks they are mascots.

The Vice Druggist.
Youth—I would—er—like a bottle of some—er—good hair restorer.
Druggist—Want it for your mustache, I suppose?
Youth—Er—yes.
Druggist—I guess it's hair originator you want.

Instructors in elocution may teach a man how to talk, but unfortunately not what to say.

As a rule, the more successful a man is in love affairs, the less successful he is in business.

UNCLE SAM'S BUILDING AT TRANSMISSISSIPPI EXPOSITION.



The building which the United States Government is erecting for the Transmississippi and International Exposition at Omaha occupies the place of honor on the grounds. It fronts on the lake, facing the main group of buildings, and its colossal dome will tower far above all the other buildings. Apart from the advantage given it by its position, the building will rank well at the front on account of the beauty of its architecture and decorations. Like many of the other buildings, it partakes of the classic style, the Ionic order having been used. It will be built in three sections, the wings being separated from the central structure by colonnades, connecting with the agricultural building on one side and the fine arts building on the other side. The two finest features are to be the dome and the main entrance. The entrance, which faces the center of the basin, will be reached by a broad flight of steps and through a colonnade. On either side are to be placed pavilions furnished with richly decorated domes. The whole decoration of the entrance will be done in colors, and a very rich effect will in this way be secured. The great dome will be capped by a heroic figure modeled after "Liberty Enlightening the World," and the electric illumination of Liberty's torch will be one of the most striking features of the exposition grounds at night. The height of the torch above the ground will be 175 feet.