



OUR STORY TELLER

"IT."

I WAS called "It." Try as I would, I could find no patron saint in the calendar who answered to that name...

I never knew my mother. She died soon after I opened my blue eyes to the world. Perhaps if she had lived my name would not have been so slightly treated...

"Your name is what?" asked the teacher, when my turn came in a long line, stretching from the foot of her desk to the last bench in the room.

"It Johnson," I answered promptly. "It Johnson?" she repeated, with a doubting shake of the head. "Little girl, you must have forgotten your name."

"No," I gasped, for a lump in my throat almost choked me. To be the first in the whole room who had any difficulty about her name was mortifying even to a little 6-year-old.

"Yes, my big brother is in No. 3." "Go upstairs and bring him down to me." I trundled off, perplexed, to find "Brother" up to the top floor...

"All right, little girl," he said, with a kindly glance from his handsome brown eyes. "I'll forgive you this time!"

As I turned to go to my place I saw Rosina at my elbow. She had heard the foreman's remark. An evil expression spread over her darkly beautiful countenance.

"Mr. Parkinson's been arrested," said Becky. The blow he dealt the scapegrace who insulted me was more effective than he had meant.

Even now I cannot bear to dwell on the miserable days that followed. Joe Parkinson languished in prison, while the victim of his gallantry slowly recovered.

He must have read it in my eyes, for his glances grew warm when he spoke to me, and his hands often lingered around mine as he placed the work in my outstretched arms.

table were all friendly but one. Somehow a silent antagonism had sprung up from the first between Rosina Frevell and me.

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"There goes 'It' Joe Parkinson's 'It' I'll pay de fine! There it goes!" And the rudest of the quartet picked up a handful of mud and plastered my back with it.

"The foreman knocked him down!" whispered the excited Becky, "I'm glad of it!" And we took to our heels and made good time in getting home.

THE FOREMAN KNOCKED HIM DOWN. kept me awake many hours. When I slipped into dreamland at last it was with his face bending over me, his lips whispering that he loved me, me—poor, nameless, insignificant "It."

A PLOT FOR A NOVEL.

One Offered Ready Made for the Desperate Litterator. A novelist in Boston—do not laugh, there are novelists in Boston, yes, and actually living there—said to me the other day, "If only I could find a plot."

In 1739 a lady—a real lady—came into Birmingham, England, with a handsome equipage, and desired the landlord of the inn to get her a husband, being determined to marry somebody or other before she left the town.

Truly a noble dame, one worthy of a full-length portrait in the gallery constructed by Thomas Hardy. Why did this noble dame offer herself to the first comer? And why were the respectable males of the town so backward?

STATUE WITH A WARDROBE. Figure of a Nude Boy in Brussels Has Nine Different Suits. One of the most curious things in Brussels, a thing that must be characteristic to some extent of the temper of the people, is the little manikin statue and fountain.

Food from the Water. It has been demonstrated that an acre of water may be made to yield more food, with less labor, than an acre of land.

Vegetarian Cats. At the vegetarian jubilee in London recently some remarkable exhibits were made. One was a vegetarian cat, who, having been brought up in a vegetarian family, had not only learned to love vegetable food, but had forgotten the feline taste for mouse flesh.

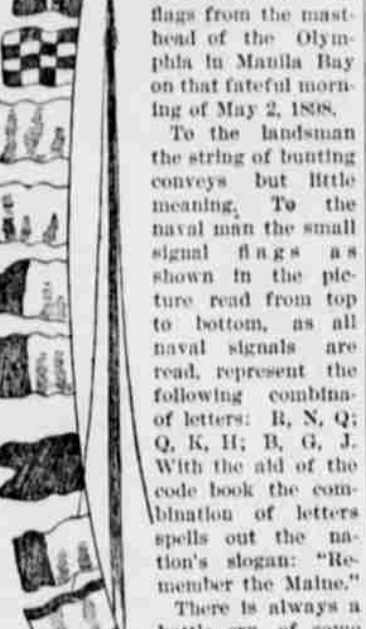
A Hasty Conclusion. Attorney—"You say you had called to see Miss Billings and was at the house at the time the burglary was committed?" Witness—"Yes, sir."

World's Largest Carpet. The largest carpet in the world is in Windsor Castle. It is forty feet in breadth and contains 58,840,000 stitches. The weaving of it occupied twenty-eight men fourteen months.

Grafting Tomatoes on Potatoes. A remarkable experiment has just been successfully tested at Troyes, France. Tomato plants grafted on potato stalks just above the ground have been proved to do better than on their own roots, while the potatoes under the ground were not impaired in quality.

"REMEMBER THE MAINE!"

Signal Under Which American Ships Went Into Action at Manila. A naval message that is destined to go ringing through the ages with that of Nelson's "England expects that every man this day will do his duty," is "Remember the Maine."



There is always a battle cry of some sort displayed at the mast of the commander of the fleet when a squadron goes into action. It has been the custom ever since the adoption of marine flag signals for suddenly communicating intelligence to distant objects at sea.

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MEN ALSO AFRAID OF MICE.

One Particular in Which They "Take After" Their Mothers. A man never admits he is afraid of a rat or a mouse, and when he sees a timid woman flee from one of these undesirable rodents to a place of safety on top of a piece of furniture, or other handy elevation, he generally assumes an air of superiority, laughs at her timidity, scoffs at the idea of one of these creatures injuring anybody, and oftentimes gets disgusted at what he terms "cowardice."

Yesterday afternoon a big stalwart man, who looked as if he might face death without flinching, was passing along 4th street. When near the corner of Pearl street he emitted a screech that was terrifying and brought the pedestrians along the thoroughfare to a standstill. The man was clasping his leg with his hands and hopping across the street like a bucking broncho.

While out hunting with a friend some years ago, said one man, "I saw a stuller case. We were crossing a wheat stubble when a little mouse ran up his trousers leg. He screamed and I thought he had been bitten by a rattler. He dropped his gun and ran around in a frantic manner until I removed the rodent."

Don't Die That Way. There is sometimes more wit in the application to the business in hand of words already chosen for another purpose, than in the invention of an appropriate phrase.

CHARLES EMORY SMITH. Former Editor of the Philadelphia Press Now Postmaster General. The resignation of Postmaster General James A. Gary from President McKinley's cabinet was shortly followed by the naming of Charles Emory Smith.

The Book of Job. A story told of Carlyle in an English review forcibly recalls the days when in this land religious services were long enough to test the zeal of the worshippers.

City as a Pawnbroker. The Paris municipal pawnbroking establishment (Mont de Piete) a few years ago was authorized to make loans not exceeding \$100 on approved public securities at 6 per cent, with a fixed charge of 5 cents on each transaction.

A 700-Pound Sturgeon. A large crowd was collected at the Alder street wharf yesterday to view what many considered the largest sturgeon ever brought to this city.

The National Capitol. Dimensions of the capitol at Washington: Length, 751 feet 4 inches; breadth, from 121 to 324 feet; it covers 153,112 square feet. From base line of building to the tip of statue, 287 feet 11 inches. The height of the dome above the base line on the east front is 287 feet 5 inches.

HOLLOW MODERN BRICKS.

Sawdust Is Found to Be a Very Good Filler. The use of paper in the manufacture of high grades of bricks for interior housework, trimmings, facings and for decorative purposes is evidently much on the increase, says the Philadelphia Record.

When a solid body is heated, the temperature of the interior always varies from that of the outer portion at first, often resulting in an expansion of the outer that causes defects. For these reasons the plan of forming the bricks upon the hollow principle, plugging them afterwards, is recommended.

Riding Over a Cobra. Bicycling in southern India is attended by peculiar dangers. A wheelman, whose way led him across the Annamally Hills, was spinning along when suddenly he saw, lying directly in front of him, a large cobra.

Quick as lightning it struck at the front wheel, and as it struck it instinctively lifted both hands from the handle-bar, the thought flashing through his mind that shoes and hose gave my feet and legs a chance, but that my hands were naked.

Two herbivores in the field came to see what had happened, and with sticks helped me to remove the carcass from my wheel. I think there can be nothing more frightful than to have a cobra in the front wheel of one's bicycle, while one is pedaling for dear life!

Fighting Vegetarians. G. B. Shaw, in the London Vegetarian, says: "I regret to say that vegetarianism is a fighting diet. Ninety-nine per cent of the world's fighting has been done on farinaceous food. In Trafalgar square I found it impossible to run away as fast as the meat eaters did. Panic is a carnivorous specialty. If the army were fed on a hardy, fleshless diet we should hear no more of the disgust of our colored troops and of the Afridis and Puzuzuzias at the cowardice of Tommy Atkins. I am myself congenitally timid, but as a vegetarian I can generally conceal my tremors; whereas in my unregenerate days, when I ate my fellow-creatures, I was as patent a coward as Peter the Great. The recent spread of fire-eating fiction and Jingo war worship—a sort of thing that only interests the pusillanimous—is due to the spread of meat eating. Compare the Tipperary peasant of the potatoes-and-buttermilk days with the modern gentleman who gorges himself with murdered cow. The Tipperary man never read bloody-minded novels or cheered patriotic music hall tableaux, but he fought recklessly and wantonly. Your carnivorous gentleman is afraid of everything—including doctors, dogs, disease, death, and truth-telling."

May-Dusk Rain. To the morn, when the gold of the taper To melowed the east for a space, Is lost in the fold of the vapor That trails a torn banner of lace— To the grain-mingled musk of the daytime Its lilt and its laughter belong, But in the warm dusk of the May-time It comes like a sigh and a song.

Perfumed by the breath of the mazes Of flower-weeds, tangled and toosed, And sweet with the death of the daisies The season has lavished and loosed; In the cloud-wreath dusk of the daytime Its mild ministrations is best, But in the pure musk of the May-time At twilight 'tis rapture and rest.

Total Darkness Not Wanted. Mrs. Burlingame—How is it that your daughter never seems to have any steady company? Dear me! I wish it was that way with my Beatrice. Mrs. Sharpson—The mystery is easily explained. We use electricity in our house. You know you can't turn that down without extinguishing it. British Landlords in America. British landlords are said to own 20,000,000 acres of land in this country, an area larger than that of Ireland.