

THE STORY TELLER

MY LITTLE BOY.

When my little boy is gone,
House so lonesome all the day,
I can hardly stand the quiet
And I want to get away.
Silence seems like something real
And it settles like a stone
On my heart until—God help me!
When my little boy is gone.

When my little boy's away,
Everything seems kind of blue;
And his playthings in the corner
Act as if they missed him, too.
Hold their little hands to me,
Like there's something they would say—
Mutely calling for their master—
When my little boy's away.

But I thank God for this,
Is only for a while
Till I'll hear his happy prattle
And will see his dimpled smile,
With a heart of gratitude
For the hope I thus enjoy.
Do I pray the common Father
To protect my little boy.

I would rather see his face,
Hear his happy laughter ring,
Have him tell me that he loves me,
Than to be a sceptered king.
And I ask no boon but this:
Just to hear him at his play;
That the child who came from Heaven
May abide with me always.

When my little boy comes back,
He'll drive out this beastly quiet;
He will fill the still, old house
With his happy, childish riot;
All his playthings will be glad,
And there won't be any lack
Of the sweetness of the sunshine
When my little boy comes back.
—J. A. Edgerton, in Lippincott's.

Told by the Valet.

By Celia Myrover Robinson.

I AM an old man now, but I remember it as if it were yesterday that it happened. Sir Lionel was a young fellow then, full of life and vigor, the only son and the apple of the old master's eye. My lord had set his heart on bringing about a marriage between his son and the Lady Elizabeth Staunton. Her estate was in an adjoining county, she was a haughty woman, cold and proud, and, in spite of her station and wealth, no one could call her a beauty. Sir Lionel had no mind to settle down and the wooing lagged. Now and again he would grow restive at the dull routine of a country gentleman's life and he would up and away, always taking me with him.

In one of those wanderings he went to the south of France, and it was there he met Madelon Deschappelles. She was the most beautiful woman that I had ever seen. Her mother had been an actress, and a noted beauty in her day, and it was said that the daughter was even more beautiful than her mother before her. Sir Lionel seemed to fall under her spell the moment he set eyes on her; he was like somebody daff and she returned his love. And one had only to look into those deep, dark eyes of hers to know how she could love. Sir Lionel for a time seemed to forget all else; he forgot the woman in England, to whom he was all but bound; he forgot the wishes of his father, the noble lineage of his house. He thought only of this slight girl, with all her beauty, and romance, and poetry of France, embodied in her.

This state of affairs went on for some time. Often I longed to remonstrate with him, as I saw him falling more and more surely under her spell, but who was I to speak to him of his duty? It grieved me, however, to think of the sorrow of my old master if this, his only son, should fail him in his old age. There was an old and honored name, and I well knew, and Sir Lionel knew, that he would never be permitted to take her beneath his father's roof. One night Sir Lionel received a letter from England telling him of the illness of his father. "We will go to-morrow," he said.

But to-morrow came and went, and other to-morrows, and still he lingered. About a week later there came a telegram with the news that the master was dying. Sir Lionel was like one mad, with his love, and sorrow, and self reproach. He bade the girl good-bye, down by the river, on a June night, with the soft, white moonlight wrapping them round, and the heavy fragrance of roses in the air.

When he reached the station at 8—they told him that there was only one chance in a thousand that he could reach the Hall in time to see his father alive. I shall never forget that drive. I feared for my master's reason, and the distance seemed interminable.

On his knees that night, with his shaking fingers grasping the master's, now growing cold in death, he promised to marry the Lady Elizabeth Staunton. After the funeral he shut himself out from the world and would see no one, not even Lady Elizabeth. He lived the life of a hermit, closeted with his books and his long and deep thoughts. Not even a servant was allowed to penetrate his seclusion, with the exception of myself; he was used to having me about, and noticed me no more than had I been a faithful dog.

He wrote one letter to Madelon Deschappelles after his father's

death. I posted it. He waited in a fever of impatience for an answer, but it never came. Not long after this there dawned on Paris a new actress who took the city by storm with her grace and her beauty. This actress was Madelon Deschappelles. Of course my master heard of it through the newspapers, and it was like wormwood and gall to him. But he used to search with trembling fingers, for news of her. After a while he took up his burden of active life again, and, a year after his father's death, he married Lady Elizabeth.

And it was not a week after the marriage that the world was riving with the news of the strange disappearance of Madelon Deschappelles. Several days later the body of a young woman, supposed to be that of the actress, was found in the morgue. It had lain in the water so long, and the countenance was so mutilated, as to be unrecognizable, but from the richness of the apparel and the fact that the date of the disappearance of the actress corresponded so nearly with that of the finding of the body, the theory of self-destruction was given out. And, after a nine days' marvel, Madelon Deschappelles was forgotten by the world. What my master's feelings were at the news I do not know. In that struggle after his father's death, the fight had been so hard and long and bitter that he had come out of it a changed man.

Things did not run smoothly at the Hall. A marriage under such circumstances gave little promise of happiness and the breach seemed to widen between him and my lady-day by day. She was fond of gaiety and filled the house with company, and there was junketing going on from morn till night. He found this hard to bear in his moody sorrow, and so, gradually, they drifted apart, each living the life preferred. Sir Lionel had not lost his fondness for travel and now and then, when the gayeties of the Hall became insupportable, he would leave it all, and taking me with him, would wander about from place to place.

It was at Monte Carlo that he met Monsieur Montigny. He appeared at the Casino the very first evening of our arrival. My master was wild over his winnings; he had no luck, as a usual thing, but to-night he had won four thousand francs. He lost it all as quickly as he had won it. But before the evening was over Monsieur Montigny had broken the bank. His luck was phenomenal and never seemed to desert him, and, as the days went by, he became the wonder of the place. One night, as my master walked out of the Casino, the Frenchman joined him. That was the beginning of an intimacy between the two men. There was something winning about the young fellow, there's no denying. But, somehow, I never took to him overmuch, though he was free enough with his money, and always a pleasant word to throw to you. He and my master seemed to find one another vastly companionable. He had a wonderful influence over Sir Lionel and was the only person I ever saw who could break down the barrier of reserve which, since his marriage, seemed to shut my lord away from the rest of the world. Sometimes, over his wine, or after a night of unusual good luck at the gaming table, Sir Lionel would talk, drawn out by questioning, of much of his past life. One night the Frenchman drew my master out to speak to him of what I thought he would never speak to any man; something of the story of Madelon.

One night he came in from a long walk and called for a time-table. The next morning, before dawn, we were on our way to the little village where his romance had been lived, and where he had left his youth. He left a note for the Frenchman, telling him that he would return shortly.

On the day after our arrival Monsieur Montigny made his appearance in the village. He put up at another inn, however, and kept himself out of my master's way. Once or twice I thought to tell Sir Lionel, but it was no affair of mine, and the Frenchman had as much right in the town as any other man, so, fearing a reprimand, I kept my own counsel. Sir Lionel spent his time roaming about the old haunts, often going out at night and remaining until nearly day. I would follow him sometimes at a distance, for a strange sense of uneasiness possessed me. On the night of the 30th of June, the anniversary of the night two years before, when my lord had bidden Madelon Deschappelles good-bye, in the grove near the bend of the river, he wandered out after dinner, and, as usual, I followed. Once or twice, as we walked through the village, I thought I saw a figure skulking in the shadows, but I could not be sure.

Sir Lionel walked along by the riverside for a while, and then, retracing his steps, paced back and forth under the arching trees, with his head bowed and bared to the night breeze. Once I heard him groan like a man in mortal pain and my heart grieved at the agony of spirit I knew to be his. I doubt not, as he paced back and forth, with the same song of the river in his ears, and the same heavy fragrance of roses about him, that had come to him on that moonlit night, just two years before, that he was recalling in travail of soul her every word and gesture.

The clock struck ten. Suddenly, on the very stroke, a figure emerged from the shadows and stepped out into the open space where my lord

stood. It was Monsieur Montigny. Moved by a foreboding of ill, I stole nearer. The Frenchman held a couple of light rapiers in his hands. He went quickly up to my master and touched him on the shoulder. My lord turned with an exclamation of surprise. The Frenchman's face was white as death in the light of the moon. He began to speak, in a slow, distinct way, and I could hear every word.

"You told me your story once, my lord," he said, "now I will tell you mine. You loved Madelon Deschappelles; so did I. Ah, you may well start. I have sought you out and won your confidence for a purpose. I do not acknowledge any dishonor attached to this. You deceived her and broke her heart; for her sake I have played you false. You did not tell me all of your story, but I know it all—from her. And I have sworn to avenge her. This night, two years ago, you left her, with what vows you know. In this hour you or I shall die. I have seen you use the foils; I have fenced with you. We are well matched. Defend yourself!"

My master had not uttered a word. He took the sword and a slow smile lit his face. I do not think, in that hour death held any terror for him, his life had become of so little moment to him. It was a strange scene; the grove of arching trees, the soft moonlight; there the glancing river, here the two men, face to face, their coats thrown on the ground, heads bared, standing with swords in position. Then there was a clash of steel and they fought. My lord stood still as I watched them. I had seen them fence many times before, and, as the Frenchman had said, they were well matched. But this was different—that was play, this was real. Back and forth, back and forth across the grass they moved. Even above the ripple of the steel I could hear their heavy breathing. As I watched them, it seemed to me my master was gaining the advantage of his adversary, when on a sudden, the Frenchman's weapon leaped out like a thing of life. After that it was easily seen that my master was in Montigny's power. I think my lord knew it, too. He looked surprised when the man showed his real skill, and set his lips grimly, and fought doggedly, as a man will, in the face of death, even though it be plain that in the end he must fall. Suddenly the Frenchman laughed, and, in another moment, my master stood defenseless, disarmed.

Montigny set his foot on the fallen sword, and, for the space of a moment, they stood facing one another still, breathless. Then I saw the Frenchman lift his hand to his head and drop something to the ground. I heard my master cry out, and then Montigny made a step forward and ran his adversary through the body. Sir Lionel fell backward like a log. I sprang up, infuriated at the cowardly turn things had taken, but, before I could move forward, the Frenchman had placed the point of the rapier against his own heart and thrown himself upon it. He fell prone beside the body of Sir Lionel. As I bent over my master I saw his eyelids flicker. There was still a little life left in his body and his bloodless lips were smiling.

As I leaned over him, the eyes opened for an instant. "Madelon!" he whispered. Then he died.

The Frenchman had fallen face-downwards. In my grief I had scarcely noticed him. Now I raised one of his hands; it was cold. He was quite dead.

At first I thought it was a beardless boy, but as I looked upon the beautiful dead face, I saw again the old, sweet smile of Madelon Deschappelles. Beside her, on the grass, lay the wig, the little waxed mustaches, and the pointed beard of Monsieur Montigny.—Town and Country.

The Letter R in Massachusetts.
One of the things a westerner misses in Massachusetts is the letter R. A teacher in one of the schools near Boston was conducting a class in spelling. The exercise consisted in writing down sentences read aloud by the teacher. "Mistah Mo'se went to Bawtown," said the teacher. The little girl from the west set it down, "Mr. Moss went to Boston," and couldn't understand why she was credited with an error in the marking of her paper later in the day. The little girl has been all but mobbed by her schoolmates—in the cheerful way of these young savages everywhere—for using the short O, the final G and the round R, and she doesn't know whether to surrender for peace, or to stand for her American right to give correct utterance to the language of the country. One of the teachers did try to assimilate the R. She even insisted that her pupils should use it. You must say "mother," she urged. "Mother," lisped the urchin addressed. "Theah, that's proph," said the teacher, approvingly.—National Magazine.

No Wonder.
A few years ago a rich merchant, as a reward for long service and faithful attention to duties, released his head clerk from his ordinary pursuits and sent him into the country to manage a large farm which had been neglected and the finances of which were in a bad way. The next morning in company with a friend, the new manager was looking about round the fields and meadows when he perceived one of the laborers sowing wheat. "Ah," exclaimed he, "no wonder Mr. W— complained of mismanagement and waste. There's that man actually throwing away corn. I shall have to put a stop to that."—London Tit-Bits.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

Hockey is still the favorite sport at Radcliffe and other eastern women's colleges.

The correspondent of a Liverpool paper tells of a wonderful pigeon that daily went to school with the children of the household and waited outside until the schooling was over, and accompanied them home, circling above their heads.

Two fine buildings will be added to Phillips Exeter academy. Alumni hall was planned a few years ago, but the funds in hand did not allow of its completion. It will be for special use at alumni reunions, and will have a model dining hall. It will be completed by the time of the general alumni reunion in 1903.

Dr. S. Schechter, of Cambridge university, England, who is soon to take up his duties as president of the Jewish Theological seminary of New York city, is considered the best living authority on Jewish literature. He brings with him to this country an important ancient Hebrew manuscript which was found by him not long ago in his explorations in Egypt.

The board of trustees of Columbia university has decided to omit Ash Wednesday from the list of academic holidays owing to the fact that Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays both occur in February. In the year 1903 the session at Columbia will begin on the fourth week in September, and there will be an Easter vacation. The new calendar shows 71 courses.

The Lutherans in New York city have increased ten per cent. a year for the last 20 years. In Greater New York they have 50,000 communicants and 500,000 souls under their care. Twenty years ago they numbered 7,000. Their English work is booming. They have 115 churches in Greater New York, and 40 on Manhattan island, with 46,000 communicants. Services are conducted in ten languages in these churches.

Dr. Parkhurst, of New York, has little sympathy with what he calls "the heresy-hunting proclivities" of some church people. Quoth he: "If that process of sifting had been adopted in those first Galilean days it might have shut out Judas, but Peter and John and some others would have shared the same fate. There is a big, wide way of taking men into and keeping them in the ministry and there is a quibbling, academic way of doing it."

SALORS OF THE LAKES.

Are of Different Type Than Salt Water Mariners—Their Contempt of Each Other.

New environments have developed a peculiar type, as different from the typical "salt" as the waters of the lakes are different from the seas, says the Outlook. One can understand how the ocean seaman might naturally look with contempt on the navigator of the "fresh water ponds," but it is surprising to find that the lake mariner expresses equal contempt for the "salt." And many a "salt," tempted by higher wages and better treatment, has come to the lakes only to have his seasoned stomach upset in the first sharp squall, much to the amusement of the lake men, and to find the work so much livelier than that of the ocean craft that he has been willing enough to go back to the sea. For storms on the lakes are sharp, short and violent, and the harbors, locks and rivers make a great diversity of work—and hard work, too. Instead of shipping for a voyage and standing the possibility of being "shanghaied" at ports, or abused during months at sea, the lake mariner, engaged for the season or by the month, reaches port often, is industrious and sober, has a family at the end of his run, and makes enough in nine months to permit him to enjoy his winter vacation if he cares to do so. The officers, while men of marked intelligence, have little knowledge of scientific navigation, such as is necessary to set a course at sea, their runs being short and never far from a lee shore; but they are past master pilots, deeply learned in the art of wriggling through crowded channels, making narrow harbors in high seas, and gliding up to docks and into canal locks with scientific accuracy. Also, they are fine fellows, bluff, hearty, full of stories, and fond of their life—and their pay is good. Over 40,000 men find employment in and about the ships of the lakes.

An Uncomfortable Experience.

An experience, likened by a London paper to being tarred and feathered, recently occurred to some cyclists near Birmingham. A barrel of molasses was broken open in the road. Unaware of the catastrophe, a party of cyclists dashed along the thoroughfare, and were soon in the middle of the black and sticky fluid. Some of them dismounted and waded through the stuff to dry land, but the machines of three less lucky individuals skidded and launched the riders right in the middle of the treacle, their efforts to get out of their entanglement causing a great deal of amusement to a crowd of people who witnessed the occurrence.

Home Rule for Iceland.

Iceland is about to obtain home rule. King Christian of Denmark has called for an extraordinary meeting of the althing next summer to consider a reform of the constitution. A plan to be submitted is the appointment of a minister for Iceland, who shall be acquainted with Icelandic and shall reside at Reykjavik instead of Copenhagen.—N. Y. Sun.

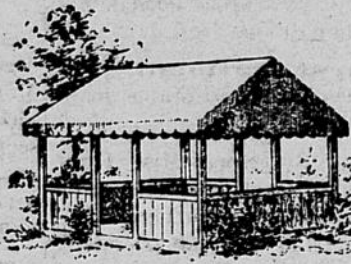
Pay of English Soldiers.
The English soldier's pay is \$7.50 a month. The soldier of no other country except the United States gets so much.—N. Y. Sun.

FARM & GARDEN.

SHADY RESTING PLACE.

An Arrangement That Adds to the Comfort of the Farmer's Family During the Dog Days.

Where the trees about one's house are small, or where there are none, this arrangement will be found pleasant in summer. The floor and framework of this shady resting place are made of wood, while the covering is either white duck or striped awning cloth, sold at all dry goods stores—the only fault to be found with the latter being its liability to fade. The



WELCOME RESTING PLACE.

board floor is very desirable, since it permits the use of this when the grass ground would be moist. The smooth floor also affords a splendid chance for children to play in wet weather, or indeed in any weather, since their clothing will become soiled much less easily when playing on such a floor than upon grass ground or gravel.

This place can also be made to shelter a hammock, stretching this from one corner to an opposite corner. The roof frame should, of course, be braced in the same direction as that occupied by the hammock, running a two by three strip of lumber from the top of one corner post to the top of the other; also placing a similar piece between the tops of the other two opposite corners. The cloth gables should be fitted to the frame and tacked in position, after which the roof, side and end flaps (all in one piece) can be stretched into position, and held in place either by tacking or by cords through eyelet holes and tied about the frame.—Country Gentleman.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

A haphazard, go-any way in farming is not going to bring a big profit this year.

Make the boy's interest in the farm so profitable that he will be anxious to make farming his life work.

The farmer as well as the business man who is going to forge to the front these times is the one who thinks and plans.

Broom corn should have frequent cultivation till the plants are two feet high. Then the cultivation may be stopped unless needed to retain moisture.

If one has been so unwise as to have gotten in more area of crops than he can cultivate properly it may pay him even now to abandon some of it and cultivate thoroughly the remaining portion.

Irrigation produces such large returns for the outlay that many farmers could well afford to invest in an irrigation plant of their own if not in an arid or semi-arid region where irrigation is carried on by means of great systems.—Farmers' Voice.

Brome Grass Beats Timothy.

Brome grass and timothy were grown at the North Dakota station to compare the yields of green grass and to study their relative value for hay, considering their yield and chemical composition. In five cuttings during the season brome grass yielded 5,537.6 pounds of green grass, or 1,628.3 pounds of dry matter per acre, and timothy 4,681.6 pounds of green forage, or 1,422.8 pounds of dry matter. The results were decidedly in favor of brome grass for permanent pasture. Brome hay contained about twice as much protein as timothy, and no more fiber than the average for timothy grown in different parts of the country. Owing to its larger root system, brome grass is considered a better humus producer and soil improver than timothy.

Ration for Young Turkeys.

Feed the young turkeys stale wheat and corn bread. A few hard-boiled eggs mixed in the bread with a little salt and pepper is good for the first week. Don't forget to give them plenty of grit in the way of sand mixed with their feed or broken shells, dishes or lime-rock. The main thing to keep turkeys healthy and growing fat is to keep them clear of lice. Commence on the old hen before they are hatched. Dust the hen twice a week with ashes and a few drops of coal oil added, grease the hen and young turkeys as soon as they are hatched with fresh butter or lard with a drop or two of coal oil to every teaspoonful.

Renovating Old Pastures.

Sometimes an old run-out pasture can be greatly improved by harrowing thoroughly two or three times in spring; then sow a mixture of seeds. One might simply sow on blue grass, timothy and alsike clover in moderate quantities. After the seeds are sown the ground should be rolled. It would increase the chances of success if some fertilizer containing rather a high percentage of nitrogen was applied. Sometimes one can find damaged cottonseed meal, which makes a good fertilizer for pastures, as do also wood ashes

CULTIVATION OF CORN.

Some Reasons Why It Should Have Exceptionally Intelligent Care This Season.

The small corn crop of last year has so affected the stock market as to prove very clearly the importance of this crop, and it is also evident that too much consideration cannot be given to the present season's crop, as a means of overcoming the shortage from last year. A butcher, deploring the high price of meats, said to the writer: "I will have to close out my business because people are buying as little meat as possible." He also said: "It is costing me twice as much for feed for my horse as it did a year ago." Thus it is evident that the supply of farm products very markedly affect all conditions of life.

Now, in view of these facts it is important that the corn crop have intelligent care. The experiments of progressive farmers in recent years show that no general crop returns so largely for cultivation; but the old rule of three times going over the corn field is out of date.

If the few weeks following the planting after the corn is up prove to be cool, after the weeds get a start. Weeds thrive, wet or dry, warm or cold, and they must be kept in check if the corn is to get a start. The weeder is the implement that will help the farmer to keep his corn clean, and it is coming into use more and more every year. A good farmer of our acquaintance has practiced going over the corn with the weeder each way and then following with the cultivator at each successive cultivation. A man with horse and weeder will go over more than twice the acreage that a man with double team and cultivator can. The weeder levels the ground and works through the hills just where the work is needed.

If there are doubts as to the profits of so much labor on a corn crop, select two corn fields and give one the old-time three cultivations and keep the other field well stirred, charging up to the latter the cost of extra labor expended and ascertain at corn gathering time if it pays.—Rural World.

AUTHORITY ON GOATS.

John Collins, an Arizona Breeder, Favors the World with the Result of His Experience.

Modern skill, necessity and ingenuity have made it possible to utilize every portion of the hog except its grunt and squeal, and it is asserted you can sell every part of a goat except its scent. The latter statement is made by Mr. John Collins, who manages an extensive goat farm in Arizona. The number of goats on his farm he could not for the life of him tell, he says. There may be 10,000, 20,000 or 30,000—he had no idea how many. He is considered an authority upon the uses and abuses of the goat. On his farm there is nothing but sage brush and cactus for the goats to live on, yet no man, he claims, ever saw a dead goat, unless he (the goat) came to a violent end. They will live and thrive where nearly every other living thing would starve to death.

He started with 150 common goats, deriving the profit from the sale of the hides. After a time these were crossed with Angora goats, and after two years the cross disappears and a perfect Angora goat remains. The long hair of this goat is made into plush for furniture, sleeping cars and similar uses. The hair next to the skin can be made into valuable shawls. The meat of the kids is delightful when fresh, and is canned and sent to Cuba, the Philippines, China and other foreign countries as canned lamb. One tablespoonful of the milk of it is equal to three tablespoonfuls of the purest cream. One great virtue of the milk is that it is a deadly foe to tubercula, and consumptives by drinking it are often-cured of the disease. In fine, no other dumb animal has more valuable qualities than the goat. No stables are required in which to house him. He takes care of himself, looks out for his own shelter if he needs any, and is altogether an independent, profitable, happy-go-lucky kind of an animal.—Wool Markets and Sheep.

GOOD PASTURE CROP.

Buffalo Grass Forms a Soft Sod and Provides a Nourishing Ration for Beef Animals.

The grass here illustrated is the well-known buffalo grass of the western ranges. It is a low growing grass.



BUFFALO GRASS.

The leaves are short and curly and the foliage has a characteristic gray color, rather common in plants adapted to dry regions. The plants form a soft sod and provide a very nourishing ration to the animals that feed upon them. They spread by runners or prostrate stems, which creep along the ground rooting at intervals.

There are poor farmers because their farming is poor.