

THE STORY TELLER

WHAT UNCLE HENRY THINKS.

"See here, you boys that's settin' round and findin' fault because this here old world is different just now from what it was—say, ain't you just a bit ashamed? I'd be if I was you! Look up there at the sky; I guess it's still the same old blue; The leaves a-flutterin' on the trees are just as nice and green As any one from Adam down, I'll bet, has ever seen."

"Say, ain't the breeze that's fannin' you as sweet, I want to know, As any breeze that for your dads or their dads used to blow? The days are just as long and bright as when the land was new; Man's done a lot of things, but laws! there's lots still left to do— Why, Alexander thought he'd done the whole thing slick and flat, But Aleck left us quite a batch of jobs to tinker at."

"You think you haven't any chance? Well, back in Caesar's day I reckon there were lots of chaps looked at it just that way. But you can bet old Jule himself wa'n't growin' round because the state of things had happened to be just the way it was! Say, ain't you just a bit ashamed to set there lookin' blue, When every day some new thing's done that you'd like to do?"

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

WHY DORSEY REMAINED.

By Gwendolen Overton.

THERE was not much excuse for Dorsey. He had horrible warnings under his very eyes. He had, time and again, said what he thought about any American who would marry a Mexican girl. He knew quite well enough that it was a sin against common sense, which carried its own sure punishment. But he married a Mexican; and the best that can be said for him after that is that when the punishment came he took it like a man, and no one, not even his wife herself, ever heard him complain. He had shaken the dice himself, and he abode by the throw.

She was pretty; he was lonely—at least he thought, then, that he was, but later on he discovered what real loneliness is, the loneliness a *deux*. To be sure, there were American girls in the town, but they were totally impossible, and whatever else was to be said of Candalaria Soubieta, at least she was uncommonly well-born. Race was in every feature of her pretty little face.

Dorsey had always cherished unmitigated contempt for the Mexican way of making love. Candalaria had not. So Dorsey made love in the Mexican way—and to the uttermost. In his time he had scoffed at youths who would go to the opera and never look once at the stage, in order that they might nearly cut their necks off on their high collars, twisting their heads around to gaze at a *novia* seated in her parents' box. He did not now. It was *flechando*, a tribute to his lady, which was expected of him. He had to practice it everywhere, in the plaza, in the cathedral, in the portales. He had to stand on the sidewalk and talk to her through the gratings of a window, or, worse yet, up to her balcony. All the world might both see and hear, but she broke him to the acceptance of that. It was *haciendo furso*, and a custom of the land. Dorsey opined at first that it was a fool costume, but Candalaria did not understand. She explained that he must see her that way or not at all.

"But I called at your house," he objected, "before we were engaged."

"It is because we are engaged," said Candalaria, "that you may not call now."

A wit has observed that when the irresistible meets the immovable, if the immovable be a woman, the irresistible retireth from business. But only one who has observed a Mexican woman and her ways can get the full force of that. Dorsey relinquished his Anglo-Saxon prejudices against advertising sentiments and affections to an unfeeling world. He made love through the gratings and by twine-graph for the passers-by to see.

Candalaria went upon the principle that experience has taught the woman of her people, and believing that it was well to get quite all she could in the way of devotion out of a man while he was yet her *novio*, since none would be forthcoming from a husband, she put Dorsey through the paces very thoroughly. She quarreled with him for no other purpose than to make him sue for her favor and eat humble pie. She was sweetness itself one moment, and abominable the next. She broke the engagement half a dozen times. Dorsey was not a simpleton. He had more than ordinary ability and good sense. With an American girl for a sweetheart he would have put up with no nonsense at all. But he was putty in Candalaria's little hands. If you doubt the consistency of that, just go to Mexico and watch a similar case for a while.

It was, however, after the *Senorita Soubieta* had condescended from the glory of her high estate to wed a mere Gringo, and had become the *Senora Dorsey*, that Dorsey's real pleasures began. To start with, he found that he had a family made to his hand. The sisters and the cousins and the aunts of "Pinafore" were

nothing to his acquired ones. They came singly, like the animals two by two, in knots and groups. They were without end. All day long they sat about the patio of the little house where he had hoped to have Candalaria to himself, crouched upon low cowhide-and-wicker chairs, wrapped in black shawls, chattering, giggling, gossiping.

Dorsey had an unhealthy feeling that it was very like a harem. But they had to be treated with respect. They were of his wife's family, and it was a family that was little less than sacred in the land. Her male relatives came too. Dorsey loathed them—worse, even, than he did the females of the tribe. (He called them that to his inmost self.) They were as irreproachable and immaculate in appearance as the females were slovenly. But if they were good for any practical thing, Dorsey had yet to discover it. It annoyed him to know that they were disporting themselves in elegant leisure about his house, drinking copas of his brandy and good wine, while he was at the office toiling for a modest livelihood. And the worst of it was that he might not even indulge in a thorough-going contempt for them. They were much better educated than he was, and not one of them but had two or three languages and accomplishments. Dorsey himself had been developed along other lines, and he was perfectly well aware that they thought him material and crude.

Now, just as Dorsey was in danger of doing something rash and asserting himself, the way was opened to him. It was the chance of his life. He knew it was, the one knocking of fortune at his door. Dorsey was in the railroad and the railroad was, of course, an American affair. He had taken the place of a native youth who had no notion of letting business interfere with the serious matter of *perlando pavo*—otherwise, parading beneath his sweetheart's balcony.

The place was a good enough one, but it offered no prospects. That which he now saw afar off did. There was a Great Man at the head of things in the railway, who had had his eye on Dorsey for some time. He wrote at this juncture, that he was going down to the town where Dorsey was to have a look at things, and he hinted at promotion and change, and at a billet in the City of Mexico. Dorsey knew, very well, what the billet would probably be. It required other qualities besides business ability—social qualities, as the advertisements say. It meant making one's self universally agreeable, and entertaining a good deal. And it was a very desirable thing.

The heart of Dorsey was filled with joy. So far as he knew there were not more than a dozen or so members of his wife's family in the City of Mexico. And the city was large and cosmopolitan and alive. He dreamed rosy dreams and told them to Candalaria. She was not so pleased as he had expected her to be. She would have to have papa and mama, the *primos* and *primas*, and all the rest. But Dorsey dwelt tactfully upon the shops of the Calle de San Francisco, the drives in the paseo, and the theatre and opera, and she was cheered.

Then the Great Man came. He brought with him his young wife. Dorsey looked at her. He had a sickening sense, as he did so, that his own birthright had been something such as she, and he began to have a proper understanding of what he had done. He told the Great Man that he had a wife himself—that he had married a Mexican. There passed a shadow across the august brow. Dorsey saw it. That night, however, he took Candalaria to call at the hotel. There was trouble about it. Candalaria did not want to go. Why should she bother about a Gringa who was nothing to her. She wished to go to the plaza instead, and to hear the band. They would go to the plaza afterward, Dorsey compromised. "With the Gringa? Poes not!" What would her family say to her for picking up any excursionists that came along? Which—knowing Candalaria—was not a promising frame of mind. Dorsey foresaw trouble. And it duly came.

Candalaria took one look at the Great Man's wife, and decided, out of hand, that Dorsey was in love with her. She did not make a scene then and there, but she took what was very nearly as unpleasant a course. She could speak English very passably, but she shut her little crimson lips now and refused to say a word. When the Great Man or his wife spoke to her, she smiled sweetly and shook her pretty head. "No speak English," was the uttermost she would consent to say. Dorsey's rage was—naturally enough, in view of the situation—very great. But it did not blind him to many things, to the contrast for instance, between the smooth brushed locks of the Great Man's wife, and the frizzled strands of those of his own; between the former's supple grace, and the latter's undeniable chunkiness; between the former's chic, and the latter's dowdiness. Candalaria's feet had never looked so like twin flat irons, and never had her waist seemed so square and her skirt so hitched up in front and dragging behind. In the matter of features and of hands, however, Candalaria had the advantage, unquestionably. Only—Dorsey looked at the face which changed and lighted with every thought; and then he looked at the pretty placid one. He looked at the large, firm fingers, and palms, and then at the little, white flat ones.

When the situation begun to get

memorable Dorsey, in reckless despair, decided to brave his wife and all her family, and to take the Gringos to the plaza anyway. Candalaria saw in that not only open disregard of her wishes, an open affront and humiliation, but a ruse to enable him to walk with the Gringa, with whom he was in love, and to exploit her before the town. While the Great Man and his wife went for their hats, Dorsey gave Candalaria a piece of advice.

"You talk to him," he said; "You can do it, and I want you to."

"It is not," he contradicted. "It's charming, and I insist that you talk to him."

"Muy bien," acquiesced Candalaria, "very well."

He should have mistrusted that complacency, Dorsey should. They walked in the plaza. Then they went to the pasteleria for an iced cake. Then Dorsey invited them to luncheon the next day. They accepted, and he spent the rest of the night and all the morning devising means and pretexts for getting the black-shawled females out of the way. As for the men, however much he might dislike, he was not ashamed of them. He succeeded so well that there were only two aunts and as many male cousins at the board, and the luncheon went off auspiciously. Dorsey wished the Great Man to see his qualifications as a host, as such were of importance in the post in view. There was only one drawback, which was that Candalaria—having decided that her husband was talking to the Gringa a great deal too much—forgot her English again, and sat in smiling and shrugging stolidity.

After the luncheon, the Great Man drew Dorsey aside, as they smoked their cigars. Dorsey felt that the moment had come.

"Charming little home you have," said the Great Man, glancing about the flowered patio. "A charming wife, and a charming home. What fellow could ask more?"

Dorsey hazarded the opinion that the town, however, was rather dead. The Great Man was a student of the poets as well. He resorted to poetry:

"Death is the end of life; ah, why Should life, all labor be?"

And by way of illustration he puffed lazy whiffs of smoke at the flowers of the jasmine vine.

"A man could not ask for nearer heaven than this," he said.

Dorsey wondered if this were just bluff—or— He whipped himself up to the scratch, and said something about the ineradicable American love of work for its own sake.

"When," observed the Great Man, "you have reached my age, you will be content enough to rest."

Then he drew out his watch. They were leaving on the afternoon train for the city, his wife and he. The *senora* would excuse their haste.

When they had gone Dorsey took Candalaria into the house. He stood in front of her with his fists clenched and his jaws set.

"What," he asked, "did you say in the plaza last night?" It was the only chance she had had. "Don't lie to me. I'll ask him if you do."

Candalaria's crimson lips parted and curled up in a sneer. "Why should I lie? I told him that I would never live in the city because there were too many political people and vulgar Americans there."

Dorsey's jaw was not set now. It dropped. "When you knew that he had come to ask me to go! When you knew that I wanted to—" he said. The lips curled a little more.

"When I knew," she mocked, "that you wanted to be near your Gringa love—"

She threw back her head with a laugh. Dorsey stood and looked at her for a moment. He was a little dazed. Then he went out of the room.

He was down at the station to see the Great Man off. A mazo followed him, bringing a tribute of flowers. The Great Man stood on the rear platform of his private car—the private car of which Dorsey himself might, with another ending, have had the use. As the train pulled off he waved his hand, and there drifted back to Dorsey amid the rattle and the noise, as the very voice of Opportunity itself, a faint "Good-by."—Gwendolen Overton, San Francisco Argonaut.

The Khehive and the Rascal.
Even to the adventurers and downright swindlers who hung about his court at Cairo, and afterward pursued his wanderings, Ismail extended a good natured, half contemptuous patronage. He liked a rogue far better than a fool. Once, when he had formally forbidden his door to a flagrant offender, the man who knew his character, got a ladder and climbed into the viceroys' room, remarking, "I have obeyed your highness' commands, and have crossed your threshold by the window, and not by the door." The humor of the thing at once appealed to Ismail, and the offender was reinstated in his favor.—Athenaeum.

Food for Repentance.
Queen Alexandra, when Princess of Wales, came one day upon a tiny mite of a boy crying piteously. He was in charge of a fat and comfortable old lady, who seemed quite unmoved by his grief.

"What is the matter?" inquired the princess, who is very fond of children. "Is he ill?"

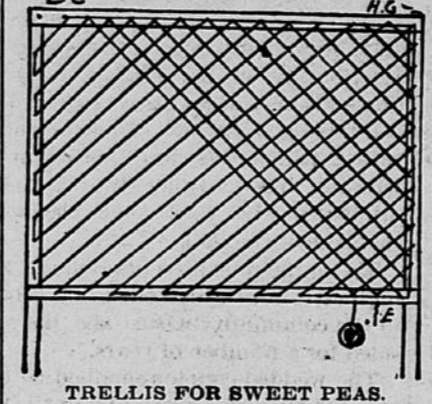
"Wall, ma'am," said the comfortable old lady, "he isn't hexactly ill, but no tomach can't stand nine buns."—Good Words.

HORTICULTURE

AN EXCELLENT TRELLIS.

One of the Best and Cheapest Devices of the Kind for Sweet Peas We Have Ever Described.

The diagram shows construction of the best and cheapest trellis we have ever used for sweet peas. Posts are of 2x4-inch stuff, each eight feet long, set two feet in the ground and 16 feet apart. Narrow boards (1x2 inches) are nailed to top and bottom of posts after setting. Small wire nails are driven part way in six inches apart the entire length of the boards. The work is easier done if nails are driven in before nailing



TRELLIS FOR SWEET PEAS.

boards to posts. Let the nails in top strip slant upward and those in bottom one slant downward, to prevent the slipping of netting from nails. Nail top strip on first; measure down on post driving in nails every six inches; then nail on bottom strip. Have a ball of gardeners bunching twine (cost, five cents); tie end of twine to nail at left upper corner; cross diagonally to B; wind twine once around nail, and go to C; then to D, etc. Draw the twine snug, always wind once around each nail. Fill the entire frame ending at E. Tie the twine very securely, and break off; this is the warp.

For the filling, tie end of twine to nail marked F, cross to G then to H, then to I, etc. Weave the filling into the warp by passing the ball alternately over and under the threads of warp. Peas do better on a trellis of this kind than on brush or wire netting. We have no difficulty in coaxing them to climb to the top or beyond; the vines never burn on this trellis as they will on a wire one, during the heated term. When the frost puts them out of business, cut the strings loose at the four corners of frame, pull the vines and the entire mass of vines and twine can be slipped off the frame in two minutes and carried away to be burned on the rubbish heap. Anyone who has tried to clear the old vines from wire netting will appreciate this easier way of disposing of them.—J. E. Morse, in Rural New Yorker.

ENLARGE THE GARDEN.

Some Reasons Why Farmers Should Raise All Kinds of Small Fruits as Well as Vegetables.

The old-fashioned plan of a garden which had to be spaded up every spring and planted in beds, represents a vast amount of back-aching labor and the vegetables raised do not pay for the drudgery. I know of several farmers who have abandoned their gardens or left them to the care of the already overworked women folks. Better change your plans a little and have an up-to-date garden with all kinds of small fruits as well as vegetables.

I have enlarged my garden and changed its shape as shown in the diagram, and find that by using a one-

WATERING THE TREES.

Moisture Should Reach the Roots from Some Other Direction Rather Than the Surface.

Unless the owner of trees understands some of the more important principles of growth, there is danger that he will, when applying water, do more harm than good. To apply water in small quantities through the droughty season is to cause the roots in the ground to turn toward the surface and grow in that direction. Then when the watering is discontinued for any reason the roots dry out much more quickly than if they had not been watered at all. When water is applied to trees it should be in sufficient abundance to soak the ground to a depth of several feet. The roots will then not turn up to get moisture. If it is necessary to apply but little water at a time it should not be put on the surface of the ground. Dig a hole and put a large piece of drain pipe so that the water being thrown into this pipe will soak deep into the ground. In case of not having a drain pipe or piece of tile, a hole can be made sufficiently deep to act as a reservoir. Let the water soak into the ground from this hole. The idea is to get the water to the roots from some other direction rather than from the surface of the ground.—Farmers' Review.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

Spray the currant bushes with paris green to destroy the worm that eats the foliage.

Weeds to be at their best should die young. See to it that those on your farm do.

The same treatment given worms on the gooseberry bushes as given the currant bushes will destroy the worms that eat the leaves.

It is said that canning of fruits and vegetables is the industry employing the largest number of people in the state of Maryland.

The land for raising cucumbers should be well manured and ordinarily rich, plowed well in the spring and the ground well pulverized before planting.

On account of last year's drought and the December frost many of the southern strawberry plants were destroyed and the output this season was only about half a crop.

Look after the trees—any sprouts starting where you do not want them to grow may be rubbed off with the hand when they are young. This is a good way to prune.—Farmers' Voice.

SOME PEACH POINTS.

R. Merrill, Famed Throughout the West as a Fruit Grower, Talks About His Business.

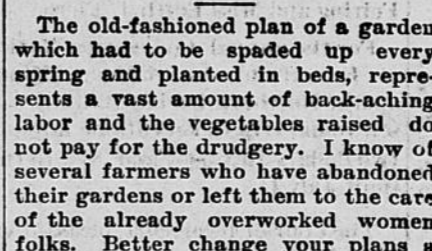
Following is only a small part of some terse talk on peach culture given by R. Merrill the famous fruit grower, before the Illinois society:

The man who can make a success of peach growing must love the business. He must understand the few essentials in selecting a location; he must know that elevation means everything to a peach orchard under trying conditions; he must understand the effect of temperatures on plant life and on peach buds particularly; he must know that the buds of the peach do not die as quickly in moving air as they do in still air, as, for instance, they may not kill on the top of a plateau and on the side of a hill, but kill at the lower level; he must know that there must be a proper balance maintained between root and top in the care of his trees.

I spoke about a proper balance between root and top. The balance must be preserved by a careful culture of the soil, at the proper time. The proper time is when growth commences. Begin your culture and hurry it forward, and keep at it. Then cease at a time which you must determine from your own conditions. On my soil, which is not nitrogenous soil, if a tree is bearing a heavy load, I will carry on that cultivation as long as I can get around that tree, until the branches begin to hang down. If it were a highly nitrogenous soil, I would stop a bit earlier, but stopping anywhere in the middle of the summer would be to put a check on the tree.

I would trim severely every peach tree; I would trim it for symmetry and to throw the balance of power with the root; I would trim it because I get better fruit; I would trim it because it is a method of thinning the peaches; I would thin the fruit of a good crop because the formation of seed is a draft on the tree and devalues it. It cannot mature a large crop of peaches. If it is compelled to mature a large crop of pits, it is in a state of semilethargy, and next year, perhaps, you will hear of the June drop. A tree carefully cultivated, fertilized, thinned and trimmed never suffers from June drop, and it will add from five to eight degrees to the ability of the tree to stand cold weather, and that frequently makes the difference between an immense profit, after a hard, trying winter, and nothing.

ARRANGEMENT OF GARDEN.



horse cultivator it requires but a fraction of the work that the old garden did besides getting a great deal more from it. Make it, say, twice as long as broad, and plant everything in rows all the way across, excepting a bed for such small truck as radishes. With a seed drill and wheel hoe for planting and the first weeding and one-horse cultivator for subsequent working, the garden can be made without missing the time. It should be near the house and have a high fence around it to keep out the chickens. It should be large enough to contain several rows of small fruits, grapes etc., which should be by themselves so that the balance of the land can be plowed deep with the two-horse plow early in the spring. A strip of sod should be left at each end for the horse to turn around on. After crops are gathered in the fall, it should have a heavy application of stable manure. If it has been well enriched with manure, the use of nitrate of soda alone will be found of advantage on the early crops. Scatter it around the young crops every two weeks. It is convenient to use and will have a wonderful forcing effect.—Grant Davis, in Ohio Farmer.

HINTS ABOUT RAISING CALVES.

If we did not have milk for calves until they are three or four months old we would not undertake to raise calves in competition with the fellow who has. There are limits to the calf-raising problem, and we state them as we see them. If you expect to grow a calf worth feeding with corn or other valuable feed, let it have the full milk until it is ten days old, then gradually change it over in the next ten days to separated milk, fed warm and sweet, with some ground oats, or, better still, ground flaxseed, to be fed after the calf is through drinking. For the next 30 days give it cornmeal and oats with its milk, and after it is 60 days old give it skim milk and shelled corn.—Wallace's Farmer.

MISS LAURA HOWARD,

President South End Ladies' Golf Club, Chicago, Cared by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound After the Best Doctors Had Failed to Help Her.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I can thank you for perfect health to-day. Life looked so dark to me a year or two ago. I had constant pains, my limbs swelled, I had dizzy spells, and never



MISS LAURA HOWARD, CHICAGO.

knew one day how I would feel the next. I was nervous and had no appetite, neither could I sleep soundly nights. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, used in conjunction with your Sanative Wash, did more for me than all the medicines and the skill of the doctors. For eight months I have enjoyed perfect health. I verily believe that most of the doctors are guessing and experimenting when they try to cure a woman with an assortment of complications, such as mine; but you do not guess. How I wish all suffering women could only know of your remedy; there would be less suffering I know."—LAURA HOWARD, 113 Newberry Ave., Chicago, Ill. —\$5000 forfeit if above statement is not genuine.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all women who are ill to write her for advice. Address Lynn, Mass., giving full particulars.

CURRENT TOPICS.

The best house coal costs \$6.50 a ton in England.

About 4,475,000 persons are employed in the world's mines.

Texas has a permanent school fund amounting to nearly \$8,000,000.

The weekly mail to the English army in South Africa is 204,000 letters.

Dogs are being trained for ambulance service in the Prussian army.

The final census returns show that the population of India is 294,266,701.

Pueblo Indians have proved good laborers on Colorado beet sugar fields.

Switzerland has 1,700 hotels—seven times as many for its size as England.

About 400,000 larks a year are sent from the continent to the London markets.

It is estimated that 787,636,200 tons of coal were mined the world over in 1900.

A cow's hide produces 35 pounds of leather, and that of a horse about 18 pounds.

Three-fourths of the people of Cuba depend for a livelihood upon the sugar crop.

Advices from Mexico state that scarcity of labor is retarding railroad construction.

Mayor Carter H. Harrison of Chicago recently completed his forty-second year.

The manufacture of sugar in Italy now suffices for two-thirds of the natural consumption.

Mails were first sent by railway in 1830 between Liverpool and Manchester, in England.

England is going to coin 2 pound pieces in gold. They will be about the size of our \$10 coins.

A man, walking day and night without resting, would take 428 days to journey round the world.

London's fashion papers predict that bell-crowned hats of straw will be worn there next summer.

American flour is increasing in popularity in Manchuria.

The mandarin duck is one of the most beautiful of aquatic birds.

COULDN'T STRAIGHTEN UP.

Breed, Wis., June 16th.—Charles F. Peterson, of this place, Justice of the Peace for Oconto County, tells the following story:

"For years I had an aching pain in my back which troubled me very much, especially in the morning.

"I was almost unable to straighten my back and the pain was unbearable.

"I did not know what it was, but seeing an advertisement of Dodd's Kidney Pills I concluded to try a box.

"I can only say that that one box alone has done me more good than anything else ever did.

"I feel as well now as ever I was.

"I have recommended Dodd's Kidney Pills to several others who are using them with good results."

Mr. Peterson is a highly respected man and one who would not so positively make a statement unless it was absolutely true.

OLD SORES CURED.

Aller's Ulcerine Salvo cures Chronic Ulcers, Bore Ulcers, Eczema Ulcers, Venereal Ulcers, Lactated Ulcers, Marginal Ulcers, White Swellings, Elix Leys, Scans, Salt Sores, Fester Sores, all old sores. Postoffice at Minneapolis, Minn. Standing. By mail, 50c and 90c. J. P. ALLER, St. Paul, Minn.

HAMLINS WIZARD OIL NEURALGIA ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

CURE WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. One in 10 times. Sold by Druggists.