

**THE STORY TELLS**

**THE DREAMER IN THE CITY.**

As down the busy street I pass,  
Avoiding trucks and drags,  
In fancy I can hear sweet songs  
I heard in other days;  
I smell the apple blossoms, and  
I taste the daisies,  
As some one sings a familiar song,  
And I say: "Look out, you chump!"

In tender fancy I once more  
Looked a maiden's eyes;  
I see the blushes on her cheek,  
And I hear her happy sighs;  
I see the smile in which she smiled,  
I breathe the fragrant air,  
And I say: "You fool, stop living there!"

Ah, good old days of long ago!  
Once more I seem to hear  
The school bell ring across the fields,  
In mellow tones and clear;  
I see the path that winds away  
Down to the swimming pool,  
And I see the one who yells: "Can't  
You see the car, you fool!"

The creek is flowing on out there,  
And there the town boys still  
Go whiffing where the head is at  
The bottom of the hill,  
And I see the fancy heart them shoot,  
As here I fare alone,  
In luck to dream and not be killed  
By anything with a song,  
—S. E. Kier, in Chicago Record-Herald.

**The Man Who Found Himself.**

By R. Henry Malner.

OSIAH JAMIESON was a self-made man, and it was the boast of his old age. Twenty years had elapsed since he had entered the limits of the little hamlet where lay buried the golden egg of his future successes, and which as time passed some railroad official had designated as Black Rock.

In making himself Josiah Jamieson had fathered the upbringing of the town, and with the instinct of a far-seeing speculator had possessed himself of the lion's share of it. He had also founded the business which had set him above the ordinary cares of living and comfort.

His stores were very cosmopolitan in their lines of merchandise, comprising mill supplies, mining outfits, groceries, and articles of wear for the inhabitants. He also dabbled somewhat in lumber and the solitary saw-mill on the neighboring river bank was embodied in his deeds of ownership.

As his age crept upon him he realized that his interests needed the hand of one more skilled in the matter of books and figures. So it was that one bright morning found a stranger poring over the dusty ledgers, and Josiah standing idly by, puffing his pipe with the self-consciousness of a man who has known prosperity.

Besides this goodly share of worldly possessions, Josiah had an only child, a daughter, and his intentions regarding her were in accordance with what he considered his heir should require. To this end her home training was all that a doing hands could devise. When she had turned 17 he sent her east, where, under the strict eye of a maiden aunt, she was to be schooled in the accomplishments necessary to a lady of culture.

The new bookkeeper had spent a half-year of work within the precincts of the little black office, and certainly he had brought remarkable order and system out of the chaos into which the affairs of the firm had drifted. This gave Josiah much satisfaction, and he had remarked to a friend in a burst of confidence, that "The fellow is a rare one at figures and very obliging to boot for an ordinary collegian."

A letter arrived at this time from his daughter, bringing the announcement that she had completed her term of education and also a trip across to the seats of fashion in the old world, and that she was returning home for a well-earned holiday and rest. As usual, the proud father made the morning call at his office, and was forced to precede to inspect the work of his secretary, adding a few words of commendation or praise as the case demanded. Then he slipped to the door of his visit.

"I want you to take the cart and go to the station to meet my daughter Josiah whom I am expecting on the ten o'clock train. I think the drive would be good, and I will keep the dog until you return."

So it came about that Tom Burrows met Jean Jamieson.

Monday later Tom Burrows reviewed the past with no small amount of disquieture as he sat in his room smoking his pipe in reflection. In some inexplicable manner the course of his life had gone wrong. He had already passed the age of 35, when, according to his opinion, every man should have the channel, into which the waters of life should be directed, well grooved to the accomplishment. His easy days had been spent in thoughtlessness and ease; these included three years at college where he had intended to graduate a full-fledged D. D. However, circumstances often can plan for the future. When he suddenly discovered that it was cramped by his father's waning income and a seriously blinding the chances of which he had a goodly number, he determined to utilize his

abilities in a more practical and less expensive sphere. His decision had been a severe blow to his mother, who held him, her old boy, as a cherished ideal who should at a trifling cost enter a law office and make her what the sacrifice. But so it was that he accepted the position under the worthy magnate of Black Rock.

Then to think that this sprig of a girl had well-nigh upset his whole career. Full well his memory pictured that morning four months before when he had driven the hump-backed horse and carriage to the home of his employer, and how she had treated him with striking hauteur. She had even mistaken him for her father's coachman and yet her very prudishness seemed but to lend a glamour of romance to her, which had caught him in a veritable web! How often she had entered her father's store, accompanied by some of the youthful professionals of the place, and seemed to delight in spicing her superiority to the common office maid. True, her pettishness and affectations sat well upon her dainty figure, and a certain indefinable odor of perfume seemed to pervade the dressiness of the city when she entered. At times, he seemed to see beyond her outward nature, and at these rare intervals he caught a momentary glimpse of a character which, if allowed to assert itself, might have endeared her to the coarsest mortal. He often noted how old Josiah watched her every move, and how the staid, old-fashioned home of the Jamiesons became the center of the fashionable house parties and afternoon teas. Then as a crowning tribute to the witcheries, young Dr. Ames, voted by all the mothers of marriageable daughters as the swiftest match in the district, had quite lost his heart to this coquettish little flirt.

Since the day of their first meeting Tom had fought down his feelings by applying himself to his desk with redoubled vigor, endeavoring to convince himself that his opinion of her was much the reverse of favorable. On this night in question he had ceased to wrestle, and upon the eve of resignation to the hand of fate he had summed the whole matter up and voted himself one of the greatest fools that ever lived. A square pink envelope lay unopened upon his dresser, and after arriving at this fairly satisfactory conclusion he tore off the head and scanned the contents, although he could have guessed what it contained. It was an invitation which the youthful mistress of the Jamieson household had sent him, to spend the evening, no doubt prompted by the advice of her father. The weather had developed into one of those January blizzards which periodically sweep across the North-west prairie, almost overwhelming the town which lay within its circle, and Tom was loath to brave its fury for such a cause, and yet unconsciously he began to dress, and in time he had reached the home of his employer. To his surprise he found that but one guest besides himself had been bidden, none other than Dr. Ames, who of late had been almost a constant visitor.

Supper had been served. While Jean and the doctor conversed in low tones at one end of the long drawing room, Tom sat at the other with Mr. Jamieson and exchanged mutual condolences on the business aspect of the coming season. Yet he was not wholly indifferent to the scene before him. The little lady looked peculiarly bewitching and altogether disarming, and to his eye she was playing her cards with the young medical with a tact and grace which apparently absorbed his entire attention. The hour was wearing slowly along, to Tom especially, and then a hurried summons at the door brought Mrs. Jamieson from the regions of the dining-room in answer. A sudden noise, as of people scurrying past, followed, and Tom realized that the call of fire had been raised. Mrs. Jamieson cried out in a frightened voice that it was the mill, and then Tom had passed her in the hallway, and was out on the street.

Already the flames, caught by the storm that howled without, were lighting up the town like a new sun. A scene of indescribable confusion which ensued could never be forgotten by those more minutely concerned. The crude machinery which had been used for the purpose of conveying the frozen solid, raised to work, and as the red streamer wrapt about the mill and swept across the roof of the warehouse and stores adjoining, the people knew that Josiah Jamieson's worldly possessions were doomed.

Tom, looting out in the released merriment of a college athlete, had herculean efforts to stay the flames. Followed by a number of men he flung the hose, directed the streams of water, helped to throw out the roofs from the store, cleared the masses of its precious books and papers. In fact, for a covering female, wrapped in a mighty fur coat, had looked up into his grimy face through a mist of steam and said something. He never carried to hear what it was, but he went again into the battle royal.

In the early morning a smouldering mass of ashes and half-burnt woodwork alone marked the spot where Josiah Jamieson had stood, and around it in a jumbled-up mess was the merchandise which had been saved. Only one small building which had been used as an office often can plan for the future. When he suddenly discovered that it was cramped by his father's waning income and a seriously blinding the chances of which he had a goodly number, he determined to utilize his

at his home with two doctors in constant attendance, and to Tom fell the task of managing this almost insupportable condition. He had only from a quiet physician had assumed an air of general manager and gave his orders and went about his work as if it was his own. And how he strove. Two, three and four weeks passed and the insurance had been settled, a warehouse hastily erected, new goods bought, and plans for a much more pretentious store of brick considered and selected. As the work proceeded, Tom commenced and everything that could be done was done, and at this time Josiah Jamieson could not move hand or foot, but lay in his home and thanked heaven that such a man as Tom Burrows lived. In the office a new bookkeeper sat diligently fathoming the mysteries of the files of statements and sheets of figures, and when Tom came in after his day's work and examined the efforts of his junior, and of times when he studied severely corrected this or disintegrated that, Jean Jamieson blushed and held her face closer to the books. Thus they spent night after night.

Then a letter came to Tom from home, and it contained a note of much import to him. His father, by some lucky disposal of property, had tided over the depression and was again in a financial position to assist his son, and even dictated what that son should at once do. All day he moodily pondered over the contents which, strange to say, had brought no joy to him, but in the evening he threw his whole mind into the office work with such fervor that Miss Jean had to stand idly by in wonder. At last the task was completed and he turned about and looked his helper squarely in the face. With a woman's perception she read trouble in his gaze and her cheeks blanched to a whiter hue. The deep traces of the unaccustomed worry and toil were painfully apparent.

"Miss Jean," he began, looking away into space. "I have news from home to-day, and perhaps it is bad news for somebody, too. You can get Johnson from the store to take my place as he knows the affairs more clearly than any of the rest, and then as spring comes on and your father gains in strength, you can vacate this hotel and enjoy a well-earned vacation."

Burrows could not repress a feeling of humiliation almost akin to shame, as he repeated this last sentence, and also discerned a tear slowly gathering in those saucy blue eyes out of which the fire had well-nigh burnt itself.

"Perhaps we can get along without you, Tom—or Mr. Burrows I should say," she repeated absently. Then, with a sudden return of her old spirit, she stamped her pretty foot. "If I were only a man—just for one year; but I can't master those horrid books and my head aches and I'm sick, too."

A sob had broken in upon her speech and she laid her golden head upon her arm.

Tom felt as if he would appreciate a sound kicking. Instinctively he placed his hand upon her hair and in a fatherly way he stroked it soothingly.

A few minutes of silence passed, and then she was herself again, and as she regained her composure her angry eyes shot dangerous glances. "You may go away if you like, and we can live without you. We did so before you came and we will do so again as long as I can see to write."

A smile crept into Tom's face at the defiance and he almost whispered, "Do you want me to stay, Miss Jean?"

"No, you horrid beast of a man, a thousand times no." The words were strongly put, but the face belied the meaning, and Tom caught her in his strong arms and there after a momentary struggle she allowed herself to stay, while she asked her to repeat that again in his ear.

"Then you'll stay, Tom?" she asked, well-feigned surprise.

"Yes," he answered, and she kissed him then and there and that settled the bargain.

And so Tom Burrows had found himself a rich man. He had secured a position in the office of his employer, and he had secured a position in the office of his employer, and he had secured a position in the office of his employer.

He reasoned wrong. He knew how to reason, but he had a powerful way, and he had a powerful way, and he had a powerful way.

Not a bit of it. Tom in a clean thousand dollars' end of pocket for reading him out of it. The chap who had been his place had been his place, and he had been his place, and he had been his place.

It was a pity for the first time in his life that he had been his place, and he had been his place, and he had been his place.

And she, who had been his place, and he had been his place, and he had been his place.

She then'll play with her hand and you can play with the other—Harvard Lampoon.

**ROAD & FARM IMPROVEMENT.**

**HARNESS THE WIND.**

How the Farm Home Can Be Easily Supplied with an Abundance of Good Water.

For many years we have suffered serious inconvenience in obtaining a sufficient supply of water for house use, especially for the last 18 or 20 months. For more than 12 months of this time we have carried water for house use a distance of 476 feet and had to tramp up hill 42 feet. We have a spring of water discharging about one barrel of water every hour, winter or summer, wet or dry. This spring is 2 feet lower than the kitchen door, 476 feet distant. Last summer we built a reservoir or tank of stone laid in Portland cement, over and around the spring, holding about 15 barrels of water.

We then laid one-inch galvanized iron pipe (inside measure) 30 inches under ground from spring to kitchen door, and put a galvanized iron tank holding one barrel of water inside kitchen door; put an overflow pipe in tank and carried this pipe under ground 30 inches, half way to barn. Here we built a cistern lined up with brick and cemented, holding 50 barrels of water. We carry water under ground from this cistern to barn where we have a galvanized iron tank holding six barrels of water. We have a fall of ten feet from cistern to tank at barn. In tank at barn we have a float valve that regulates the supply of water, keeps the tank full at all times, and absolutely directs and manages this end of the business without any assistance on our part.

We put a force pump in spring and a steel tower 30 feet high, and an eight-foot wheel at kitchen door. The pump is operated with triangle and, when we have a fair wind and want water from the spring we simply raise lever and set the mill in motion, and the water (as pure as there is on earth) passes through our kitchen at the rate of one barrel every 30 minutes. The outfit and the wind does the work and don't stop to rest. While many of our friends and neighbors are suffering great inconvenience and hardship forced upon them by the unusual scarcity of water, we feel truly thankful that we have an abundance. It is a good thing to have a good credit at a good bank. The next best thing is to have a good spring of water on which we can draw at any time. Sam Jones says the poet was a prophet when he wrote:

"Death rides on every passing breeze  
And lurks in every flower,  
Each season has its own disease,  
Its perils every hour."

We realize that a passing breeze in many cases brings joy and gladness. A passing breeze in connection with well-directed ingenuity will force water a distance of 476 feet, elevate it 42 feet and put it in the most desirable place in our dwelling in abundance.—John Pugh, in Ohio Farmer.

**TREES FROM NURSERIES.**

How to Handle Them So as to Insure Their Living When Placed in New Locations.

It is something of a science to transplant trees that have been reared in a distant nursery and have them live. It is used to be thought that there must always be a large percentage of loss anyway—even under the best conditions. Both the nurserymen and the planters have now learned that trees of all kinds can be handled in a way to insure their living when placed in their new locations. A well-packed tree has its roots kept moist by being rolled in damp moss and tied up in burlap. The old scheme of pulling trees out of the ground, exposing their roots and sending them away without any protection was the cause of many tree-planting failures. When these trees arrived at the distant station they were shown on the platform and left there, exposed to the heat of the sun and the drying effects of the wind. In the course of time the pur-chaser drove around and got his commission, perhaps a couple of days after their arrival. By that time their roots were good and dry. He drove home and set out his trees in any old way. Even had he set them in the best possible way it is altogether likely that a good many trees would have perished owing to the drying out of the roots. When a large part of his trees failed to grow of course the nurseryman was responsible to the buyer. He was right to some extent in that the trees were sent away with roots not properly protected. In sending trees long or short distances, the roots and their moisture supply, through the key to the situation. Proper treatment of the tree from the time it comes out of the nursery row to the time it goes into the place assigned to it in the orchard will insure a good healthy tree. In setting a hundred or more trees there need be no failures. Farmers, here and there, and in every part of the country, have had their trees sent away in the herd.

**COUNTRY IMPROVEMENT.**

Cultivation of the Beautiful New Country Club in Idaho.

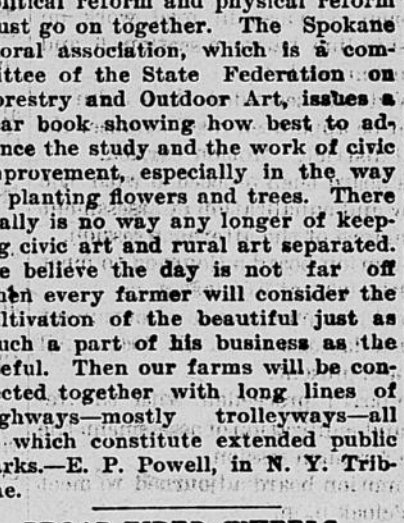
There are few things in the world that will not admit of the word improvement, but as we travel about among the farms we are compelled to acknowledge that town improvement societies are very much needed. At Idaho Falls, in Idaho, one of the largest clubs in the state is the Village Improvement Society, entirely composed of women. The object of these clubs should be to make the streets clean and beautiful, to encourage private owners to keep their lots and farms beautiful, and their homes teachers of refinement. The women of Clifton, N. M., have placed boxes in the streets to receive waste papers and similar rubbish. The Rural Art Society of the same town is planting Linden trees, laying out small parks and looking out for similar enterprises, which, while not of little value, are not of much cost. In one of the Ohio towns I notice that two rival clubs are in the field. This is perhaps a good idea, for competition in doing good works, as well as in business affairs, is the present outlook for the rallying of all enterprises for the public welfare around the schoolhouse as a center. If this can be brought about town organization will mean something very different from the present disorganization, which gets the state charter. It will place intelligence at the front and tend to disable the saloon and similar influences.

Meanwhile civic improvement goes forward on parallel lines with country improvement. It seems to be accepted as an assured fact that cities are to spread out hereafter over a very much larger territory. The executive board of the American league for Civic Improvement met recently at Springfield, O. The league is to hold a week's convention at Chattanooga for discussing all sorts of municipal reforms. It is believed that political reform and physical reform must go on together. The Spokane Floral association, which is a committee of the State Federation on Forestry and Outdoor Art, issues a year book showing how best to advance the study and the work of civic improvement, especially in the way of planting flowers and trees. There really is no way any longer of keeping civic art and rural art separated. We believe the day is not far off when every farmer will consider the cultivation of the beautiful just as much a part of his business as the useful. Then our farms will be connected together with long lines of highways—mostly trolleyways—all of which constitute extended public parks.—E. P. Powell, in N. Y. Tribune.

**BROAD-TIRED WHEELS.**

They Are Far Better for Ordinary Farm Work Than Those Now in General Use.

This picture of two wheels, one wide tire and the other a narrow, shows why the former is easier to draw and is better for ordinary farm work than the latter. The narrow tire sinks into the soft soil and the team is all the time drawing the load uphill, while the wide



**WIDE AND NARROW TIRES.**

rolls over the surface on a level. Besides the difference in draft the rut put by the narrow tire works injury to the crop by mashing it below the surface, and checking it, not preventing all further growth, and by making drains into dead furrows or down hills to carry off soluble fertility, or perhaps start gullies. Every farmer needs one wagon with low, broad-tired wheels.—Farm Journal.

**Cheap Material for Roadways.**

It has been discovered that burnt gumbo is a most serviceable material for use on dirt roads. It is not white as is usual, is crushed stone, but is superior to dirt. Its cost is slight, as it can be produced without the use of skilled labor. The burning of the gumbo increases the quality of the material. This burnt clay is used for capping the road. The roadbed must be well drained and well built before the top of burnt clay is put on. It is claimed that if people will adopt the burnt clay idea, roads as good as those in France can be constructed in this country with no additional expenditure over that now being required by the roads.

**How to Put Up Alfalfa.**

This is the way in South Dakota. Alfalfa is put up alfalfa. For stack hay, cut any old material eight or ten inches deep, seven or eight feet wide and as long as you need. Have some good dry hay or straw ready. Cut the alfalfa when about half in bloom in dry part of day and let it thoroughly wilt or cure until you can press it into a wagon with your hands. Haul to stack and put a layer of eight or ten inches of alfalfa; then dry hay or straw, then alfalfa a foot; hay or straw, weight of ten inches, and so on until as high as wanted. Dry material must be eight inches in middle to nothing at the edge of stack. This is the scientific and only way to cure alfalfa, and it makes the best alfalfa food in the world for all farm animals.

**KIDNEY TROUBLES.**

Mrs. Louise M. Gibson Says That This Fatal Disease is Easily Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I felt very discouraged two years ago, I had suffered so long with kidney troubles and other complications, and had taken so much medicine without relief that I began to think there was no hope for me. Effa Bigelow so good to me, but what is it without health? I wanted to be well."

Mrs. LOUISE M. GIBSON.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me and made me so well, and that is why I gladly write you this, and gladly thank you, six bottles was all I took, together with your Pills. My headache and backache and kidney trouble went, never to return; the burning sensation I had left altogether; my general health was so improved I felt as young and light and happy as at twenty."

—Mrs. LOUISE GIBSON, 4813 Langley Ave., Chicago, Ill.—\$5000 forfeit if above statement is not genuine.

If you feel that there is anything at all unusual or puzzling about your case, or if you wish confidential advice of the most experienced, write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and you will be advised free of charge. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured and is curing thousands of cases of female trouble.

**OF FOREIGN INTEREST.**

About 290,000 is Briton's daily advertising bill.

England has 7,832 chimney sweeps and soot merchants.

There are now 1,500 British-owned vessels manned by Chinese crews.

Four hundred and fifty stenographers are employed on London newspapers.

Mount Ruwenzori, in equatorial Africa, has 20 square miles of glaciers.

The average number of persons employed in a British coal mine is 200.

Denmark has 100,000 hives of bees and exports 2,500,000 pounds of honey.

While the average birth rate for all Europe is 32 per 1,000, that of Austria is now 42 per 1,000.

Only half of the 1,170,000 men over 21 years old who live in London are on the register of voters.

**A FORTUNATE POSTMASTER.**

Kirk, Ark., 14th.—Mr. William S. Drennan, Postmaster at this office, counts himself a very fortunate man.

Mr. Drennan in addition to being postmaster is Justice of the Peace, a member of the Christian Church and a highly respected and useful citizen.

He has suffered for some time with what some people would call "rickets" or "rigors" of the kidneys—kidney disease in a very painful form. He could not sleep, he had a dull pain over his left kidney, was continually restless, could not lie still, and had to get up through the night several times and was also troubled in this way during the day.

He used a few boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, a remedy recently introduced in this state and advertised as a cure for Kidney Disease, Rheumatism, Malaria, etc., and in a short time was completely restored to vigorous good health. He is very grateful to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

**ABSOLUTE SECURITY.**

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of *Wm. Carter*

How to Put Up Alfalfa.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**

FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

PISCO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.