

THE STORY TELLER

THE PRIDE OF THE FAMILY.

Never seen in fashion's glare,
Never asks who else was there,
Doesn't know and doesn't care.
Uncle Jim:
That's him.

Eats his berries with a knife,
Holds his fork as though in strife,
Couldn't quit to save his life.
Uncle Jim:
That's him.

Likes to wear his last year's clothes,
Necktie, never in repose,
High above his collar goes.
Uncle Jim:
That's him.

Likes a cornob pipe to smoke;
Whiskers long enough to stroke
While he tells the same old joke.
Uncle Jim:
That's him.

But when trouble comes along,
Some one always rights the wrong,
Pays the bills that come too strong.
Uncle Jim:
That's him.

—Washington Star.

"TEACHER."

By Mary Clarke Huntington.

THEY are again. I've a mind to go out and horsewhip every mother's son of them! But being a mild man, in spite of his aversion to juvenile racket, he continued to stare moodily at the frolickers. "If a sensible man teacher had that school instead of some novel-reading woman, those children wouldn't be running over everyone's premises as they are now. I wish to goodness the committee had kept a man there. This woman hasn't an ounce of discipline."

One youngster caught sight of the proprietor of this delightful backyard, and grinned a derisive grin at the window.

"There's old Murey!" he told his companions.

"The little imps!" Horace Murey did not know how savagely he scowled. "Old Murey!"

Even as he repeated the obnoxious epithet, everyone of the invaders broke into a ridiculous dance, and with exaggerated bowings and grimacings began to chant:

"There's old Murey—queer old Murey!
Make a face and he'll snarl like fury!"

There was a bang of a suddenly-opened door, and a wild scatter of urchins as Horace Murey ran down the steps. But what animal so fleet of foot, so agile at fence-vaulting, as a boy of 10 or 12? Horace found himself alone—with nothing but trampled, dandelion starred grass and a broken apple-tree branch, heavy with blossoms, to remind him of the little trespassers.

"I'll buy a man-eating bull dog, and leave it loose in the yard," he told himself. Then he remembered that he could not endure dogs. They were more obnoxious to him than were the boys. "I'll go over and see that teacher, and say that I'll report her to the committee for lack of discipline if she doesn't keep her scholars on the playground. I've stood this kind of thing long enough!"

He strode across the yard and leaped the fence with the dexterity which showed that once he might have been as good at making exits as were the present transgressors. But if such was the case, no remembrance of it came to cool his wrath as he went up the steps of the low schoolhouse, where small, terrified faces peeped at him from the windows.

How glad felt each one of those agile boys that recess was over, and he was safe behind his "joggerfry" and the protection of "teacher," for even "old Murey" would not dare use that apple-tree stick before "teacher." Each guilty head ducked into its "joggerfry" at a sharp, imperative rap on the outer door, and when "teacher" stepped into the entry, closing the inner door behind her, the usual carnival of spit-wad throwing did not take place during her absence. The ruling spirits of the school were deep in the location of cities, and the boundaries of states.

At the rustle of skirts Horace Murey turned.

"Madam—"

Why had vision of the old-fashioned school-ma'am—a hatchet-faced spinster, with corkscrew curls and angular waist—always presented itself to his mind when he thought of the teacher of those rollicking boys? Before him stood a girl of 20, small and slight, with the tiniest foot and the whitest hand he had ever seen; a girl whose blue eyes danced under puffs of spun gold locks, and whose little white teeth showed between parted lips as she smiled just enough to bring out the dimples in her cheeks; a girl before whom he blushed to the roots of his dark hair, and stood speechless.

"Your errand?" she asked sweetly.

"It isn't much of an errand," he stammered, suddenly aware that it was unusual for an unhatted man in dressing-gown and slippers to march in upon a school; also suddenly aware that he could hardly tell this charming young thing that he intended reporting her to the committee for lack of discipline. "I—er—merely stepped over to say that your boys annoy me by playing in my back yard

at noon and recess, and—of course they trample the grass—"

"And break everything breakable," she finished, delightfully conscious of his embarrassment and of the cause—for so pretty a girl as this teacher did not need other telling than the consternation following his abrupt "Madam," to know that she had been an unexpectedly pleasing personage. "Boys are very destructive creatures."

"I wish there never had been one on the face of the earth," he said testily.

"Oh, don't wish yourself out of existence. Or perhaps you are a 'new' man, and think the earth should be peopled only by women. I've seen several new women, but I've never seen a new man before."

She laughed, and although he did not relish affording her amusement, his face took on smiling curves in admiration of her. Then she pulled her mouth to a decorous line, and inquired whether the boys had done much damage in his yard.

"Oh, no, not much. It's the annoyance mainly." He twirled the apple-branch with the shamefaced awkwardness of a 16-year-old lad, as he wondered if she could have overheard that ridiculous doggerel about his scowling like fury. His backyard adjoined the playground, and the school windows were open this May afternoon. He colored again, as only a shy and studious man can color. "You see, I'm translating some German works into English, and I don't like to be disturbed."

"Of course not," she said warmly. "Well, I'll do what I can to keep those boys on the playground. And shall I take in this apple branch as an object lesson?"

He gave it into her hand—thinking how well the pinky bloom matched the tintings of the arch face which flashed back at him as he turped away, with a grave brow. Walking soberly home along the pavement, he let himself in at his front door, oblivious of the interest he was exciting among watchful neighbors. Did 35 seem so very old to a girl like that? And had he grown a regular fossil that those urchins should call him "queer"? Probably she would never think of him again—or if she did, it would be as a crusty bachelor, a kind of natural curiosity, to make merry about.

Boy trespassers no further disturbed his solitude. Yet now and again he found himself with head on hand, staring out of the window at the blossomed apple-tree, while pen and paper lay before him, and always it was a merry girl-face which laughed into life against a background of pink and white bloom—a face which made him wish for further pranks upon his domain, that he might have pretext for climbing the school-house steps once more. He even caught himself thinking how that face would brighten these rooms, which, since his sister's death two years before, had known feminine presence only when the char-woman came to do cleaning; he fancied a quick step on the stairs, and a white hand bringing order out of chaos in this den of his; he remembered the closed piano in the unused parlor, and wondered if she played. Idle reveries, from which he roused to apply himself the more diligently to his work, unconscious toward what his thoughts might be tending.

When his sister died, those who knew him had prophesied that the reserved young bachelor would take unto himself a wife, and many were the eyes turned in his direction, for the little city did not boast numerous eligibles, who owned a pretty house in the suburbs and whose income would allow of playing the scholar in a leisurely way; but managing mammas and marriageable daughters found their invitations to various social functions so entirely ignored, that the tide of attention drifted by, leaving him stranded among his books, with hint of "queerness" surrounding him. As he had experienced a half indifferent satisfaction in studying and sleeping alone in his bachelor abode, in taking his meals at a downtown German restaurant, and in meeting all bright feminine smiles with a grave lift of his hat—for, student though he may be, that man must wear the badge of stupidity who cannot see what nets are being spread for his entrapping.

On a Saturday afternoon, when fluffy dandelion puffs were floating about like fairy balloons and the last apple blossoms were falling, a robin, which was building among grapevines in the backyard, burst into such a jocular song that Horace Murey flung down his pen and listened. And as he listened came to him the purl of willow-fringed brook across meadow land; wide country spaces seemed stretching around him; he felt the free air of the open upon his cheek as he lay on a sunny sward with rod in hand—and all at once his beloved den became irksome as prison cell. So away he tramped with fishing tackle, until a good two miles out of the city he came to the place he sought—a place where he could angle and dream away the time alone.

However, he had hardly located himself when his blissful security was disturbed by juvenile shouts, which seemed tending toward the very spot where he was ensconced, and—yes! there they were!—every one of the 30 odd pupils who clamored about the playground next to his backyard, descending upon him like so many avenging spirits in skirts and knickerbockers, and each with his or her rough, home-made fish pole!

What madness for parents to allow these little animals off on a jaunt like this! He was conscious of a wild desire to annihilate all children, and

these in particular; he longed to own his own trout stream, and to put up signs against trespassing—and then the willow fringe behind him parted suddenly, to show a gleam of golden hair and a flash of blue eyes, and he was springing to his feet with the air of a courtier to meet the face which had smiled upon him in his dreams! It smiled upon him now, after the first blankness of surprise.

"Mr. Murey!" And then, with captivating sauciness: "Whose land are we on?"

His dark eyes glanced at her own. "No man's land."

"Oh!" reflectively. "Are there any apple-trees or other forbidden fruit here?"

"There is nothing here but an idle fellow, out for a study of Isaac Walton's philosophy."

She met his mood perfectly.

"Oh, most wise philosopher! Come, children. There is no one here but Mr. Murey, and he wants to show us how to fish." She balanced her pole gracefully, and made the way for her flock—some of whom shrank back tittering, while others looked guiltily afraid. Yet where "teacher" dared lead, might they not dare to follow? "Come," she said again.

In 15 minutes the bank of the stream was alive with a chattering crew, whose gayly dangling lines and mirthful voices were enough to send the least timid trout into retirement for weeks, while on a slight knoll, overlooking all, sat "teacher" and that much-feared "old Murey."

"I don't know of a more healthful amusement for a day like this than fishing," she said, as her float rose and fell upon the water.

"Or a crowd better adapted to keep one from having too big a fish story to tell," he replied.

She laughed.

"Well, they teased so to have me come. Of course, they couldn't come without an older person—and children must do something, you know. They think anything a tremendous lark if I am with them."

"I don't wonder."

She tried to look uncomprehending.

"My pole is barbarous—"

"Take mine."

"No, no! Every chick of the lot would want a try with that elegant poie if 'teacher' used it."

And this hater of children heard himself saying: "What matter if they do? They can't hurt it."

Even as she prophesied so it was; and although when the rod was restored to its rightful owner the line had become hopelessly tangled and every fly was lost, Mr. Murey, instead of so much as looking complainant, showed a cheerfulness which endeared him to the tumultuous 30 odd, and encouraged the smallest girl to slip her hand into his as he walked back into town with "teacher" and her gay followers—oblivious of the stares of his acquaintances. As for the pretty teacher—little did she care that damsels who had smiled in vain at the bachelor said to each other, with lifted brows, that "some people went fishing with a purpose." She only held her bright head higher, and as he bade her good-afternoon, hoped that he would get on well at his translating, and she should continue to see that he was undisturbed by her boys. And was she not an excellent disciplinarian?

But though Horace Murey went no more with complaints to the teacher, a bunch of his finest roses graced her desk every day, and proud indeed was the small boy whom he elected to be the carrier of these blossoms from the proscribed backyard—so proud, that his air of superiority became quite unendurable, and on "last day" the school, rising in revolt, marched in a body to entreat a rose apiece as a farewell gift to "teacher," and Mr. Murey—whom they called "old Murey" no longer—granted the favor as though it was a pleasure.

When the committee and other visitors had gone, and the mournful little pupils had drifted away, Horace Murey ascended the schoolhouse steps for the second time. Now he was not in dressing gown and slippers, but in correct street suit, and in place of a broken apple tree branch, he carried the choicest rose of his collection—a superb, half-opened Jacqueminot. The teacher was sitting at her desk, which was covered with wilting roses—their delicious odor filling the silent room.

"As each of your other pupils brought you a flower, I thought you might accept one from this pupil."

She looked questioningly at him.

"Yes, I have been your pupil since I saw you first, and you have taught me that it is not good for man to be alone."

She was looking down at the roses now instead of at him.

"How much you have learned in one term. But I didn't bargain for a pupil outside the school!"

Though she smiled mischievously, her confusion emboldened him.

"Don't throw me back on the mercies of the committee."

"They would tell you that I am an excellent disciplinarian."

"I know you are, and that is why I want you to discipline me for life. I need lots of discipline. Will you undertake it?"

When they came down the steps together the two curious young women across the street saw, from behind screening lace curtains, that the school-teacher wore a Jacqueminot rose on her gray gown.—Ladies' World, New York.

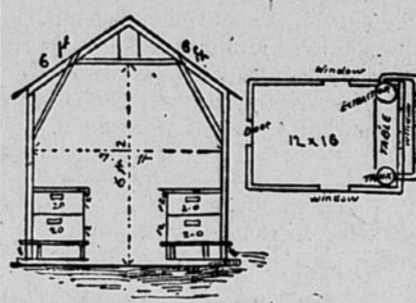
Much Too Healthy.
Jenks—That rich old uncle of yours is quite a well-read man, isn't he?
Spenders (disgustedly)—Hub! he certainly is a "healthy old Indian."—Detroit Free Press.

POULTRY & BEES

EXTRACTING HONEY.

It is Some Trouble to Secure It, But Additional Profits Pay for the Extra Work.

I got my early instructions in California in 1875. My first lesson was that a lazy man would make lazy bees and know that to be so. I prefer to make extracted honey as there is more profit in it. The bees that will make 100 pounds of comb honey will make 350 to 400 pounds of extracted honey if properly attended to. The railroads charge twice as much freight on comb honey as they do for extracted and the dead weight is about double. In California I have shipped 11 1/2 tons from 75 stands and their increase in one season, and I did not use my method of rapid increase, but could not do



FARM HONEY HOUSE.

half that in Arizona. Everything here has small leaves and small flowers except plants whose roots can reach water, so the bees have to go to so many more flowers to get their load that a strong stand will take three weeks to fill up as much as they would do in California in one week. Last season I took out 6,900 pounds from 54 stands which is about double what my neighbors got and they thought they did very well. I use sheds and would no more think of working bees without a shed than I would think of cooking out of doors. I have tried both and I know the difference, of course it can be done so can the cooking be done. I send you a sketch of my shed and dimensions. I set them due north and south with honey house at the south end. The honey house is 12x16 with door at north end. I set my unclipping table at south end and extractor southeast corner and run the honey out through the east side of the house into a sluice running south 3 feet to a main sluice running west 9 inches wide, 2 1/2 deep lined with tin and covered with glass and 12 feet long, width of the house, then turn 3 feet north to house so the main sluice is not shaded by the building, just outside is a trap, an oil can cut off to 8 inches deep with a division plate extending down to within half an inch of the bottom. The can is soldered to the sluice so the top is even with the sides. In the morning I raise the glass, push it back and take out a little cake of wax and any bees, flies ants or anything that had got into the extractor is stuck fast and put in the sun strainer. Nothing but perfectly pure honey can pass under the plate and rise 5 inches to the spout that goes into tank inside the house.—E. W. Sinclair, in Agricultural Epitomist.

TREATMENT FOR LICE.

To Keep Poultry Free from Vermin is an Essential to Success as Good Feeding.

While the food is important, it is not any more so than taking care to keep the poultry free from vermin. This is not a hard task if taken in time. Any of the lice killers used judiciously around the nests will kill the lice on the hens, but be careful not to use them too freely. Years ago I killed some very fine turkey hens by using too much. If you have neglected to treat for lice before she hatched, take the mother when she is through and thoroughly dust her with insect powder. Give her a chance to shake the powder well out of her feathers before giving her the poulters, for all vermin powder injures the eyes of little ones if it gets into them. If the weather is dry and warm take each poult and rub under the throat a little thick cream, and if the wing feathers have started out well, rub them also, and put the poulters back under the hen until thoroughly dry. Now, don't put much on each part. Don't grease with anything else if you have the cream, and that must be thick. If you have none, then a very little pure lard will do. Don't mix with carbolic acid or anything else. A few moth balls in the roosting places is as good as anything to keep vermin down after you once get rid of them. Little turkeys must be kept dry until they are well feathered. After the wheat is harvested they will take care of themselves, but they should roost near the house. If they roost out one night something may catch them.—Mrs. B. G. Mackey, in Reliable Poultry Journal.

Varied Rations for Hens.

An excellent plan to follow in feeding poultry is to give the birds wheat one day, the following day oats, the next barley, and so on. A great deal of inferior grain is sometimes purchased for fowls, which is a mistake. It is a better plan to buy the grains separately, and then, if it is the wish to feed the birds on mixed grains, it can be easily done. Although it may seem more expensive to buy the good grain, it is in the end much cheaper. Corn should be given only in small quantities, and then only during cold weather.

PROFITABLE INDUSTRY.

Raising Squabs for Market is a Pleasant Occupation and One That Pays Well.

As an industry, squab raising requires less capital and less work in proportion to the returns than any other business of similar character, says the Washington Post. In the first place, experience has taught that the common pigeons of the streets and alleys are not only the healthiest and best brooders, but that they also produce the best squabs, young birds that are easily fattened and that are strong and hardy. The high priced and fancy breeds of pigeons, such as pouters, tumblers, fantails, duchesses, Antwerps, dragons, runts, silver dubs, etc., do not compare with the scrub pigeon for the purposes of squab production, so that at the outset the person contemplating entering the business is relieved of the necessity of spending a large sum of money for fancy birds.

As for a place in which to breed pigeons an extensive structure is not a necessity nor is it even desirable, the only requisites being that the structure should be warm in winter and not too hot in summer, free from dampness and, if possible, with a southern exposure; also, that it should be free from rats and mice. For this purpose nothing is better than an empty garret, well provided with light and the floor covered with gravel or cinders. All cracks should be made tight in order to prevent drafts in winter time. This last condition is much to be desired if squabs are to be raised in the winter season, which is the time when they are dearest, and consequently, bring the best prices.

The most interesting and important part of the business is at the time the young are hatched out. Unlike chickens and turkeys, the feeding of the young pigeons is attended to by the parent birds, thus saving the person engaged in squab raising a great deal of trouble which in chicken raising must be attended to. It seems that the pigeon has never reached that stage of thorough domestication where the young birds have to be fed artificially, but, like the wild birds of the forest, the pigeon is one of the few domestic fowls that attend to the feeding of their young with what squab raisers call "soft food," or "pigeon milk," until they are old enough to shift for themselves. Thus the troublesome part of the work of chicken raising is absent in pigeon culture.

The young birds begin to eat grain in about a week after they are hatched, and then it is that the squab raiser should see to it that they are kept stuffed with grain and never hungry. The parent birds can not be depended on to look after the welfare of their progeny after the "soft food" period has passed. They have a curious habit of stuffing one and starving the other, fighting the starved bird off and feeding its share to the favorite.

PORTABLE AND CHEAP.

For Moving About the Fields in Summer This Poultry Shelter Has No Equal.

This style of house I have found just the thing for moving about the fields in summer. For winter use, it is lifted off the trucks, placed on sills,



MOVABLE POULTRY HOUSE.

and banked up a little, thus securing warmth. The truck wheels and axles are parts of old machinery bought at junk prices. The structure of the house is as simple and cheap as possible, but it pays to clapboard or sheathe the sides if house is to be used for winter. The only special feature is the row of nests so arranged that eggs can be gathered from outside.—J. D. Henry, in Farm and Home.

POULTRY YARD PICKINGS.

Never keep ducks, geese or turkeys with the chickens. Correct feeding means much toward successful keeping. Early hatched pullets are the most profitable water layers. Give the fowls a variety of food, including some animal food. High feeding is more than half the rule to early maturity. Laying hens need more food than others—see that they get it. Cull out all the poor layers, and give the good hens a chance. Chickens of different ages should not be allowed to run together. The roosting house should be well ventilated but free from drafts. Good stock and good care are the keys to successful poultry raising. Filthy yards and houses invite disease, and are sure to cause failure. For fertile eggs the hens should be in perfect health and condition. If fowls are forced to stand in the filth and mud, they will not thrive. The litter should not be neglected and allowed to decrease in quantity. Milk is par excellence the best of food for young chicks and old fowls.—Commercial Poultry.

NOVELTIES FOR THE HOME.

A desk clock which serves the purpose of a paper-weight is a novelty for desk furniture. One of the modish bookcases of the day is the colonial, made in mahogany with leaded glass doors. A paperweight small and oblong in shape is covered with pigskin and decorated with a hunting scene in colors. Beautiful curtains of silk brocade show a deep border of large clustering roses, connected by a ribbon in lace effect.

A lovely set of dinnerware is of white china with a plain border edge of soft green, below which is a garland border of pale pink wild roses. Inexpensive vases of green Spanish faience make admirable flower holders for the summer table. These vases come in decidedly artistic shapes, too.

Rattan furniture stained a strong chrome yellow is one of the novelties in summer furnishings. This is usually upholstered in yellow and white cretonne. Among the lovely cushions are those of Japanese design, made of white silk and embroidered in gold thread in the quaint and charming designs so typical of the flowery kingdom.

Japanese temple gongs in the form of round bells, shaped like one end of a long, narrow watermelon, are used for announcing meals. They are of bronze, inlaid with copper, and cost from \$5 up to \$50. More modern gongs are made to set in a framework of bamboo and stand upon the floor. Some are even small enough to stand upon a table.

PHYSICIANS PUZZLED.

St. Aubert, Mo., Aug. 4th.—Mr. E. R. Langendoerfer of this place suffered very severely with a peculiar case of Kidney Trouble which completely baffled the skill of the local physicians and instead of getting any better he was gradually growing worse. He says: "A friend advised me to take Dodd's Kidney Pills, and after I had used two boxes I was entirely cured and have not since had the slightest symptom of the return of my trouble. "I had tried all the surrounding physicians, but they did me no good, and instead of getting better I grew worse till I used Dodd's Kidney Pills. "I can sincerely say to everyone suffering with Kidney Trouble that Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure them, for they cured me satisfactorily and completely when all the doctors had failed!"



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