

THE STORY TELLER

NO CASTE OVER THERE.

Oh! ye who poise a lordly head
In haughty gold-crested pride,
Who walk the streets with kingly tread
And brush the honest poor aside,
Who think the tollers but the scum
Of earth and always in the way,
Know you the time will surely come
When you will be as poor as they?
That death will level king and slave?
There'll be no caste beyond the grave.

You look with proud and cold disdain
On those who toil for daily bread
The clanking of the labor chain
You hear with careless toss of head
You never shake a poor man's hand
Unless you have an extra grand—
Some new ambition to be fanned
From coal to flame, but keep in mind
Death knows no master, knows no slave—
There'll be no caste beyond the grave.

This life is as a quick-drawn breath
Compared unto eternity;
'Tis but a span from birth to death,
Then out upon the shoreless sea.
We drift, and there the man of pride
Who was a king upon the earth
Must float as equal side by side.
With fellow man of humbler birth.
He cannot ride a private wave—
There'll be no caste beyond the grave.

'Till crack of doom wise men may preach
Of universal brotherhood,
With tongues inspired may strive to teach
That principle so grand and good,
But just as long as gold is good
And purse-proud sways the human heart
A battlement both high and broad
Will keep the rich and poor apart;
But death will equal lord and slave—
There'll be no caste beyond the grave.
—Denver Post.

THE ACT OF GOD.

BY JOHN FLEMING WILSON.

YEARS ago, before the jetty stretched its lonely length across the shoals of Clatsop Spit, and before Lightship No. 50 swung its glare over the homing waves, a small, ill-found steam-schooner was beating up into the nor'wester, preparatory to scudding into the Columbia river. The afternoon darkened fast, and the skipper was taking a look at the bar in an attempt to satisfy himself that he could make harbor before the night. His observations were not reassuring; from his low elevation he caught the gleam of huge combes racing from North Head to the low lands of the Spit; the bar was rough and consequently dangerous.

He closed the spyglass with a snap and walked forward to the door of the little engine room. "Jim," he shouted, "shut your dampers. We'll lie off outside to-night."

"Mind your eyes," said the skipper threateningly.

"I can't do better with a craft down by the head," retorted the sailor crossly.

"Clumsy!" roared his superior, and disappeared within the cabin.

Presently a grimy face followed by a lank body emerged from the engine room. The new-comer viewed the situation from under the pent of his greasy cap and turned to the wheelman. "I'm sick o' this," he said; "ain't you?"

"You're right. I am sick of it. The old man is the worst I ever saw. He drives, drives, and he don't get anywhere with it all. But what in thunder can we do?"

"I'm going to tell him right now," continued the engineer. "That I've no mind to screw below decks all day fussing with his tin-pot machine, handling his dirty slab-wood, and then be turned out to pull-haul the whole night. It's going to be dirty weather, too."

"The wind's backin'," growled the sailor.

"So I reckoned. It's going to be a nasty night; and we could be inside the bar in two hours."

The old man was just now looking at the bar. Reckon it's rough, or he'd go in."

"Not much. He owns this tub and he ain't going to risk her except in daylight, even if it does mean you and me working double times. The engineer frowned blackly and shook a dirty fist at the captain's closed door. The other member of the crew, a small, scantily-clad boy, came by with a pot of coffee. His savor mounted to the nostrils of both men and did not mollify their temper.

"The boy there he treats like a dog—worse than a dog," continued the engineer with fresh rancor, "and he's not fit for stand-up work like this."

"True enough," responded the sailor, "but I'm sorry for myself. I've been at this bally wheel since sun-up, and the old man's got her down by the head so she steers like a keg of nails."

Their sense of injury did not grow less by discussion, and it was not long till the engineer asserted that he was going "to knock off." The sailor ruminated awhile, with his gaze fixed upon his superior. "I am going to quit," said the latter peevishly.

The sailor passed a lashing around the wheel. When this was fast he slouched forward, saying simply: "I'm with you."

The engines, which had not been stopped, were working slowly and more slowly as the steam pressure went down. No sail was abroad except a head sail, and now that the wheel was abandoned, the Katie fell on her back, heavily against—

"Here, you!" shouted the captain, trembling on deck, "mind your—"

He ceased abruptly when he saw the wheel lashed, and left to its own devices. Instantly he ran forward

clutching the coffee cup. When he came around the corner of the deck-house, he ran upon the two mutineers leaning over the lower half of the galley door, munching crackers and drinking coffee.

"What do you mean by this?" he bawled with a curse.

The sailor turned half around and said slowly: "We've knocked off."

"Knocked off? Climb aft there, you mutinous rascal! Run!"

Both engineer and seaman ground about on their heels. "We've knocked off, we tell you," they said together.

The captain glared murderously. Raising his arm he motioned aft. Neither stirred. The coffee cup caught the engineer full in the face. An instant later the captain was on his back upon the deck, and the sailor was tying his limbs tightly together. When he was strapped to their satisfaction, the whole crew, engineer, seaman and boy, dragged him struggling and cursing to the after-grating by the wheel. There they dropped him. "Don't come any of your tricks on us," panted the engineer. "You're lucky to get off so easily. You would throw things at an engineer, would you?"

"I didn't go to hit you, Jim," growled the prisoner. I intended to hit that fellow there."

"Lucky for you that you didn't," put in the sailor, sullenly.

"Anyway," said the engineer, "you're settled for a while."

The three gathered in the little galley and ate a substantial supper. Then the men lit their pipes and sauntered out on the deck. The night was deepening fast; the eastern sky was already black above the coast line, and in the west heavy clouds were scudding across the last reflections of the sun. The wind came in puffs from the south, fretting the nor'west swells into an angry tumble.

From the grating on which he lay the captain looked from the flapping sail and the rusty funnel forward to the leaden seas that brimmed to the low rail. His thoughts were not clear. The indifference of the two men stirred him to rage; the sight of his helpless schooner staggering unguided through the perilous sea filled him with misery; the thought of the fate that was swiftly coming upon them all gleamed in his eyes.

The sailor was the first of the rebels to notice the position of the ship. Far in shone a light which marked Point Adams. The bar, North Head and every other landmark was obliterated by the driving sleet. "It's freshenin'," he remarked uneasily.

"Coming on a blow," responded the engineer. "Wish we weren't off the Columbia. Bad place!"

"Some water is comin' aboard. That means we've got to get sail on her while we can. There's only two of us and the boy, and I reckon it will wind us to set even the forestays!"

"I don't see how we bettered ourselves by getting in a fuss with the skipper," grumbled the engineer. "We just set ourselves extra work."

"Heave her to," answered the sailor. "Heave her to, and then you and I can sit in the cabin and keep warm and sleep."

It was pitch dark when they had set a couple of staysails forward and lashed the wheel again. The ill-trimmed Katie made heavy weather of it, and they had thoughts of releasing the captain and returning to duty. With a half-articulate understanding they made their way aft to the grating on which they had left the captain. A dollop of water came over the rail and flooded the afterdeck so that they were compelled to stoop on to escape being washed overboard.

"Where are you, sir?" called the sailor in a low tone.

There was no reply. The engineer stooped and peered around the deck. No human form was to be seen and the grating, crushed into shapeless bits, floated in the scuppers. Neither uttered a word. They went forward and threw themselves panting down the scuttle into the forepeak. When they turned and faced each other, a heavy sea thundered upon the deck above them. "The old man is lost," said the engineer.

"He'll tell no tales," responded his companion.

"We might as well 'a' thrown him over the side as left him on that grating. You and I killed him."

"I say," said the sailor, "that he'll tell no tales."

"But the boy?"

They stared idiotically at each other and clutched the sides of the bunks to secure their footing. The spasm of resentment was past, and they were face to face with an unremediated crime. The engineer broke the pause. "It's gone, far enough," he said hoarsely. "We've blood on our hands. The boy's not in this."

"Why not? Do you want to hang?"

"I say the boy is not in this mess; he's naught to do with it."

"If the old man were here, he'd put the boy in it with us. He's got to take his chances."

"I say he's clear," cried the engineer. "We've done it. We're men and we can take the pay that comes to us. Is it a bargain?"

The sailor's face was ghastly, but a manlier chord was touched by the plea. He reached out a hand caloused and misshapen by many a year of servile toil, and the two men sealed their compact.

In the meantime the captain lay helpless on the grating and counted the minutes which intervened between the sea that roared over the rail to beat him into breathless agony. Time and again he was carried against the low bulwarks in instant expectation of death. His struggles for mere life became feeble; he waited for the sea that was to wash him clean overboard to

destruction. Suddenly through the murky another he discerned a slender form crawling aft by the weather side of the cabin. "Tommy! Tommy!" he called fiercely.

The lad watched his chance and ran to the wheel. Stooping over he saw the captain's bonds apart with his knife and dragged him into the lee of the deck-house in time to escape the scorching flood that swept the deck and smashed the grating into scraps that later met the eyes of the mutineers. It was not long till the captain's blood was once more circulating and the tangle roused him into activity. "Where are they?" he asked.

"I'll go and see." When Tommy came back he announced that they were in the forepeak. "Go and close the scuttle and bolt it," commanded the captain, "and I'll fix the door below. Jump!"

The boy obeyed, and when he returned to the cabin the skipper nodded. "You're faithful Tommy, and you shan't be sorry. Now, we must save the ship if we can."

A glance forward filled him with rage. "Lubbers!" he roared. They tried to heave her to under the staysails. Rotten canvas, rotten tackle, rotten mast. She'll breach and founder. Tommy, we've got to get up some steam and get out to sea."

"Where are we, sir?" asked the boy.

"Somewhere off the North Head, I reckon," said the skipper grimly. "That's death. No show for young bones under that cliff."

"I can fire up, sir."

"We'll both do it, Tommy. It's only an odd chance. She may go down any minute now, and we'll keep each other company."

They found the fires low and no steam. The two plied the furnace full of everything they could lay hands to, and when the gauge crawled up to 35 pounds, the captain started the engines. "Bust the boiler and stand by," was the laconic order as he swung himself up the ladder.

Tommy was beginning to enjoy the warmth and steady noise of the engine-room when a hail from the deck came to his ears. "Tumble up, lively! Stop her, and up with ye!"

"What is it, sir?" panted Tommy, when he reached the deck.

"We're ashore!" cried the skipper in his ear.

"We're driving against a dead wall of rock. Get up aloft. Main-top, my lad."

"The men in the peak!" said the boy with a gesture. The captain at first seemed hardly to catch the meaning of his cry; then he threw up one hand in answer and plunged forward. The boy was almost up the weather rigging when the captain, followed by two men broke out of the forepeak and crossed the lurching deck to the fore rigging. They halted, obeyed a motion of the skipper, ran aft to the main and joined Tommy in the little top. Here the four clung speechless while with a swift lurch the foremast disappeared. The engineer and the seaman strained against the quivering mainmast in agony.

Suddenly out of the blinding spray rose up a sheer wall of blackness and silence seemed to smother everything. A huge sea picked the Katie up gently, and bore her smoothly out of the hideous tumble on toward the cliff. The skipper let go his grasp with one hand and reached up to the boy above him. "Good-bye, Tommy!" he cried.

The lad looked down and caught the one fatherly glance that had ever warmed his heart. He felt himself falling and called out. A wet branch brushed across his face and he clutched at it in bewilderment. A second later he swung against moist earth and dug his fingers into strong sea grass and turned his face down away from the wind.

When he came to himself the captain, engineer and sailor were painfully dragging him up the steep cliff-side. It was very dark and the hot odor of fern choked him. "Are you hurt?" asked the captain, stooping over him.

"No, sir. How did we get here?"

"We were tossed against the cliff where some trees happened to be growing. We managed it just as you did."

"Are we all here?"

"All safe," was the reply.

The morning broke in glorious freshness before they made the top of the cliff. There they dropped breathlessly on the grass and rested. Below them tossed the breakers, a dainty fringe of white on the fast deepening blue of the sea. Presently the captain rose and started off. "I'm going to the lighthouse to report," he said in answer to Tommy's query.

"Won't you let these men go first?" asked the boy, timidly.

"What!" screamed the captain, turning short round. Tommy hung his head and wept bitterly. "They've been good to me, sir," he sobbed.

The skipper of the Katie thrust his hands into his pockets and whistled. The two mutineers stood before him shamefaced and in silence. The captain felt much injured that he should be expected to forego his righteous revenge, and he felt, beside, the pinch of the morning air. Without warning he burst into laughter. "Ye don't deserve anything at my hands. You've lost me my ship. That ye're alive now ye may set down to the act of God. Go off. I'm mum. Nobody will believe me or you anyway."

The men shambled away though the high ferns and Tommy sat beside the skipper and wept because his stomach was unfilled. —Overland Monthly.

ALIVE STOCK

LIGHT SHIPPING CRATE.

For sending Pigs by Freight or Express the Device Here Given Is Adapted Especially.

J. A. Macdonald sends the Breeders' Gazette the description of a very satisfactory shipping crate. In the illustration part of the front side is cut away to show the inside arrangement. A good size for a pig three months old is: Length, 40 inches; depth, 23 inches; width, 11 inches. For a pig eight weeks old a length of 32 inches, a depth of 18 inches, and a width of 9 inches will be about right. Crates for shipping by express must be made as light as is safe from breakage.



SHIPPING CRATE FOR SWINE.

It is not fair to make a purchaser of a pig two months old pay express rates on 30 or 40 pounds of crate when they can be sufficiently strong and weigh but half as much. For ends and bottoms take five-eighths inch seasoned spruce or other tough, light wood, one-half inch stuff for sides and cover, with space between slats. In front is a trough, T, for feed and water. Just above is a sloping board, P, running to the top, through which the feed in transit is given. The upper compartment is provided with a slide, S, on top, and inside is the bag, B, containing the meal and grain fare ample for the journey. In cold weather the sides may be boarded up almost tight. For pigs weighing 75 pounds a standard of one-half inch stuff nailed in the center of the sides. Shavings from a shingle mill make the best bedding.

BAD FEEDING OF HOGS.

Why a Lot of Pork is Sold Every Year at an Actual Loss to the Owners.

In an address to Iowa farmers William Hester said: A common mistake is in trying to raise hogs and produce pork under unfavorable conditions. I believe thousands of hogs are fattened and sold every year at an actual loss to their owners. This fact, if it is a fact, is brought about in many instances by a too exclusive corn diet. A litter of pigs is farrowed; the sow is fed on corn; she sadly needs something different to enable her to rightly nourish her large family, but corn is cheap and handy and she gets corn. As the weeks go by she becomes feverish and restless, catches chickens, perhaps, if she can get at them. The pigs are half famished and early begin to eat. They eat corn. They are unthrifty; the sow is dry, and is penned up in a small pen away from the pigs, to fatten on corn. The pigs are looking so badly and making so little growth, their owners conclude they must have worms. Quite likely. Then they get their first change from corn, and that is copperas, and then corn again and so on ad infinitum. After a tedious while they at length reach a weight that will admit of marketing, and they are sold at a loss, having eaten their heads off.

NEW CORN FOR FEED.

Experienced Stockmen Are of the Opinion That It is Deficient in Important Elements.

It cannot be said that corn is the cause of hog cholera, says a writer in Wallace's Farmer, for cholera is a germ disease. It is a dangerous practice, however, to feed new corn freely. The difference in the price of new and old corn makes the temptation great to feed the new.

An exclusive new corn diet is not fit for brood sows or growing pigs. It is deficient in muscle-forming elements, and should not be fed to any extent until the hog is fully matured and it is necessary to begin the fattening process. Then there is nothing to equal corn. Many times what is called cholera might be called the corn disease. A little corn in hard roasting ears furnishes a good variety, but if fed exclusively it is like throwing money away.

Pasture is plenty now, and with it feed oats, damaged wheat, screenings and other grains until your hogs are ready to fatten; then feed all the corn you like, giving oats, wheat or barley merely as a change of diet.

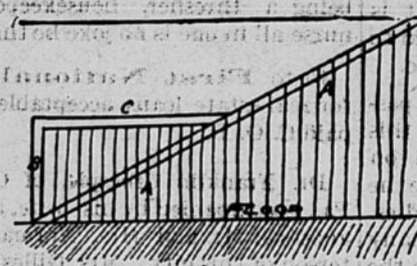
Export Demand for Cattle.

In war or peace, it seems, the world cannot get along without Uncle Sam, says the Indiana State Sentinel. Just at the time when the cessation of hostilities in South Africa knocks out the \$25,000,000 a year exportation of horses and mules from American farms for British military purposes comes the news of the first cargo of Texas cattle being shipped for re-stocking the wasteland, and this is only a starter for it seems pretty certain that a large part of the \$15,000,000 which England will appropriate specifically for that purpose will come here looking for live stock and farm machinery, not to mention the untold millions which England has promised to lend the Boers as three per cent. Therefore, those who looked for a slump in the price of American horses and mules and beefs at the close of the war are likely to be disappointed.

COMPLETE HORSE STALL.

It Should Be Five Feet Wide and Supplied with Labor-Saving Con- trivances.

The most convenient width for horse stalls is five feet from center to center. The partitions will usually be six inches in width, which gives a net width of four feet six inches. When necessary a narrower stall may be used, perhaps without serious detriment to the horse. The main objection is insufficient space to care for him. Bedding, cleaning and harnessing are much more easily and quickly done when the stall is roomy. The floor should have an incline of two inches, and can safely be built of cement, covering with plank until one flooring of plank has worn out, when the cement will be tough and hard. The partitions should be built without a standard to support the rear end from floor to ceiling. This post often used always interferes with the horse when backing out. When not used, the horse finds an easy swing of the head over the partition, which need not be over four feet high. The partition may be strong enough without this post. See cut. If a 4x4 scantling (a-a) is placed with its foot at the rear of the partition and the top end of the ceiling above, then a short post (b) and a cap scantling (c) securely toe-nailed, all that part of the partition from the rear to the point where c joins a should be filled in solidly with short pieces of waste stuff, making a solid stiff side that will withstand much hard use, and such punishment as a frisky horse has to give to his stall. It may be sided either horizontally or perpendicularly. One may examine this, when finished and find it will give to the hand and not be rigid, yet stalls like this we have in use for many years which are as good as the day they were built, excepting



SIDE ELEVATION OF STALL.

the outside wear. Always put a slat bottom in a hay manger, unless attention is paid to frequent cleaning. Some loss may follow in scattered grain and finer bits of hay that may be saved with a tight bottom, but better have a small waste than an accumulation of dirt that the horse does not relish. The grain box should not be less than 18 inches square. Plenty of surface and a thin layer of grain will cause much more perfect mastication; especially is this true with the rapid eater. I much prefer a space under the manger where bedding can be stored during the day, and not be under foot, giving the floor a chance to dry out and purify during the day, which does not take place when the bedding or litter is scattered and under foot.—Rural New Yorker.

MANAGING THE HORSE.

Two Things Which the Trainer Should Develop Into Fixed Habits of Thought.

The affections of a horse are not inferior to his intellectual qualities; and, especially if made a pet, he becomes very fond of his master. In case of separation, he remembers him for years. But his affection is different from that of a dog, which continues to love his master even though the latter abuses him greatly. Rough, unkind treatment will quickly estrange the affection of a horse. Good horse sense discovers no particular reason why a horse should be devoted to a master who habitually maltreats him.

The intellect and affections of a horse point out two things so important to a trainer that he must bear them in mind until they become fixed habits of thought:

1.—Never, under any circumstances, allow a horse to successfully oppose his will to yours. If you do, he will remember it and (reasoning by experience) try it again.

2.—Always keep his affection. If he dislikes you, he has no wish to please you, and if his obedience is always perfunctory, you will make but little headway in training him.

These two points assured, he will almost invariably try to do whatever you require of him—if he only knows what it is.—David Buffum, in Success.

Points of a Good Feeder.

Every part of the body of an ideal beef animal shows quality. It is this that tells the farmer whether a steer with a good form will prove a profitable feeder. It tells the butcher whether the animal will kill well. This is a point that cannot be overlooked and is difficult to describe. Lack of it shows in a coarse, fleshy head; in a thick, meaty throat and a rough, uneven shoulder. Coarse, heavy bones and a loose-jointed appearance generally will show the undesirable feeder—rough flesh, "ties" and "patches," the undesirable killer. The ideal animal handles well. The flesh is mellow and firm, showing a proper mixture of fat and lean. The skin is loose, but not superfluous; mellow and moderately thick, covered with a plentiful growth of hair. Such an animal usually weighs 1,600 pounds at 24 to 30 months.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune, Dec. 10, 1918.

Crowding and improper ventilation are the source of many losses in otherwise well-regulated and managed flocks.

CHANGE OF LIFE.

Some Sensible Advice to Women by Mrs. E. Sailer.

"Dear Mrs. Finkham:—When I passed through what is known as 'change of life,' I had two years' suffering—sudden heat, and as quick chills would pass over me; my appetite was variable and I never could tell for



MRS. E. SAILER, President German Relief Association, Los Angeles, Cal.

a day at a time how I would feel the next day. Five bottles of Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound changed all that, my days became days of health, and I have enjoyed every day since—now six years.

"We have used considerable of your Vegetable Compound in our charitable work, as we find that to restore a poor mother to health so she can support herself and those dependent upon her, if such there be, is truer charity than to give other aid. You have my hearty endorsement; for you have proven yourself a true friend to suffering women."—Mrs. E. Sailer, 764 1/2 Hill St., Los Angeles, Cal. \$6.00 per bottle. (A testimonial is not genuine.)

No other person can give such helpful advice to women who are sick as can Mrs. Finkham, for no other has had such great experience—her address is Lynn, Mass., and her advice free if you are sick write her—you are foolish if you don't.

Cause and Effect.

The Mont Pelee disaster, was taken as a text by one of the speakers at a recent near-by camp-meeting of negro Zionists. He explained that the eruption was a rebuke to the greed of mankind along the following lines:

"De earl, my fren's, resolves an axels, as we all know. Some fin'-shun an need to keep 'em axels greased. So, 'de good Lawd, in His wisdom an' fo' sight, put lots ob petrolum in de bowels ob de earl for dat purpose. De Standard Oil company comes along an' 'strix dat petrolum by borin' holes in de earl. De earl sticks on his axels and won't go 'round no more. dere is a hot box, just as de' earl was a big railroad train—an' then my fren's, dere an trouble."—Philadelphia Times.

For forty years Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has been curing summer complaint, dysentery, diarrhoea, bloody flux, pain in the stomach, and it has never yet failed to do everything claimed for it.

"Is the manager up-to-date?" "Up-to-date! Why, he's just introduced a game of ping-pong in the balcony scene in 'Romeo and Juliet!'"—London Tit-Bits.

Stops the Cough.

and works off the gold. Laxative Brom Quinine Tablets. Price 25 cents.

Know mankind is easy; but to comprehend any one man or woman is impossible.—Town Topics.

Two million Americans suffer the torturing pains of dyspepsia. No need for Black Blood Bitters cure. At any drugstore.

EPIGRAMS.

The most successful merchants are the most persistent advertisers.

The local newspaper is the telescope through which people gaze at the merchants' stock.

Two agencies for enterprise are the up-to-date merchant and the ahead-of-date newspaper.

Advertising is to business what seasoning is to food—it encourages healthy conditions.

When business is poor, advertise to make it good; when business is good, advertise to keep it good.

The best evidence of business resuscitation is the discarding of the habitations of dead methods of advertising.

If the merchant will let the people know what kind of stock he keeps, the people will let him know the color of their money.

A healthy person cannot tell what particular article of diet is responsible for his physical condition. Neither can a prosperous merchant always decide what display line in his advertisement has increased his business.—Oak Park (Ill.) Argus.

IN BED THREE MONTHS.

Ouliffe, Ind., Sept. 15.—Mr. W. A. Terry of this place, suffered for months with a very severe case of Kidney Trouble.

He was so very bad that he was almost confined to his bed for three months.

"He tried many medicines but says he could not get any relief till he commenced to use a remedy introduced here some time ago as a cure for Kidney Trouble, the name of which is Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Mr. Terry says that the second day after commencing to use this remedy he could notice a very marked improvement in his condition and in a short time he was able to go about again.

He is naturally filled with gratitude to Dodd's Kidney Pills for the immense amount of good they have done him and says:

"I would recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to every sufferer from kidney or bladder trouble for from my experience I am sure they are the best medicine to be had for all diseases of this nature."

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
CURE FOR
KIDNEY TROUBLE
Bladder
CONSUMPTION