

# THE STORY TELLER

## HIS STEPMA.

I knew a little corder once,  
As onery as could be;  
He'd chaw and swear, run off from school,  
And pester beast and tree;  
Kept all the neighbor's dogs afear'd  
And half their winders broke;  
There couldn't for that Tommy Tuff  
One praisin' word be spoke.

But by and by—his ma was dead—  
His pa met Widder Green  
And courted her; she parleyed some,  
'Cause Tommy was so mean.  
But last she said she'd give consent  
If neighbors, friends, and kin  
Would promise to let meddlin' out  
While she broke Tommy in.

These mentioned, know!—' things was  
bad,  
Saw something must be done,  
So all agreed to keep hands off  
And let his stepma run  
The youngsters; well, she used the twig  
A little, but not much;  
But, gracious! How she used the ax  
And 'tater hoe and such!

She kept that boy a choppin' wood  
And doin' turns and chores,  
And hoein' corn and garden sass  
And scrubbin' steps an' floors  
Till he was glad to go to school  
To get a little rest;  
Yet she was monstrous kind and good  
Soon as he'd done his best.

His busy hands stirred up his wits,  
And soon that boy at school  
Was leadin' all his classes; him  
They used to call a fool!  
He studied doctorin', got to be  
A most uncommon man,  
All 'cause his stepma worked the vim  
That once to meanness ran.

The nerve that playin' hookey takes  
Might turn a whole school down,  
And that which breaks a winder light  
Might sometimes build a town.  
There's lots of onery little tykes  
A loafin' round the streets  
Need only work to make 'em men  
Instead of triffin' beats.  
—Emma Ghent Curtis, in Denver News.

## The Reveries of a Sand Crab.

BY S. RHETT ROMAN.

THE day is soft and misty, bright,  
and a breeze blows the foam of the waves over the sand.

"Tide is high, and the water washes up shells and star-fish, and spars of drift wood, along the edge of the beach, and children troop out from the big hotel to pick up the pretty play things, while grown people sit on the half-buried, water-soaked masts and logs, and watch the restless play of the ocean, and the fitting shadows of the clouds as they shift by in the summer sky.

"They sit idly on the beach and say foolish things to each other, and laugh, and half the time do not realize the poetic grandeur of the scene before them, the wondrous combining line of tints and colors or the sublimity of the play of moon beams on the rolling, restless water.

"The children run about and shout and gambol, gather shells, and dig holes in the sand—my sand—with their toy shovels, and then quarrel over who was first to see a piece of seaweed, or coral broken from the Florida reefs; or they sit down and build houses, shouting with glee as the wind sweeps them over, and they melt away. Their elders, absorbed in themselves, talk of their puny ambitions, their plans and prospects, their shallow loves, and short lives, all of which I hear as I peep out from the sand dunes and listen.

"There is a bench, close down by the water's edge, near my favorite haunt. Every evening at dark I come out slyly, knowing the pale light will confound me with the gray sand, so that no one, not even the dogs will snap and snarl, and dig into the shifting hillocks in pursuit of me, can distinguish my slight, agile form when night falls.

"I come out slowly and stealthily, and laugh at the big New Foundlands, and querulous, over-fed pet dogs, rambling along the edge of the water, while their mistresses stroll by, and the wind blowing against them, shows pretty feet, tipping from under ruffles and laces, and soft strands of hair, little curls and tendrils which no comb or ribbon can keep in place, on our long stretch of wind-blown seashore.

"I watch the young men and the girls as they saunter along, and always guess rightly which ones are going to pause, and sit down on the bench. Oh, I never make a mistake.

"There is a certain couple I've grown to know quite well. She's been here all summer. She's pretty, very pretty, and holds her head high. He comes over from the city frequently, very frequently, late, for the summer is waning fast, and will soon be over, and then they will all go away from the seashore and back to their every-day lives, and, as far as I can judge, will forget each other completely.

"I like to watch men and women, and I remember faces. Often the same ones come back and renew their walks on the beach, sit on the rocks of the breakwater and occupy this decaying old bench near the beach, but it is seldom that those of the year before are again together.

"I know, because it is quite amusing to watch them, and it makes me laugh until I grow tired and positively weak, to hear the same old foolish talk repeated over and over again. The only difference is that when the seasons change they change companions.

"And, strange to say, they all love to prate disdainfully of the 'changing

sea' and of what they are pleased to call 'constancy.' That seems to be a favorite topic with them. Especially with the very young men and the girls just from college. The older and wiser a man grows, I notice, the less he has to say about constancy, and the women—

"Well, it is hard to tell exactly what a woman really thinks. She'll assert a thing which she doesn't believe one bit; and she will talk flippantly of what is the one thought and absorption of her heart and soul, just to make her listeners believe it is a matter of very small consequence to her.

"Oh, yes, I've found that out long ago. It's hard to tell what a woman means, and still harder to guess what she intends doing. Some of 'em play fast and loose, and I've noticed they often spite themselves out of a strange sort of perversity and give an entirely wrong impression of themselves, their character and their sentiments.

"Men are more straightforward and consequently more comprehensible. There must be a reason why women act so strangely, but I don't know it.

"I've often laughed to split my sides to see how the girls who come out here on these sands manage to puzzle the men and get the situation mixed up, when, in reality, both the men and the girls are pining for an identical termination to their little summer game.

"But they are all at cross purposes, and come back to this island for sea bathing mismatched and unhappy, cynical and morose.

"I've heard so many silly things said by people sitting on this bench, and I've crept out on the sand and observed and listened for so many years, that I could be very entertaining if I choose to give the result of my discoveries to the public.

"Why, only last week, when those two I am interested in were out here chatting, it struck me how grateful Dick Thornton would be if I could have made him see that Maude Cameron's light badinage was all put on like her clever, careless society manner, just to hide her real feelings and because she was so deeply hurt, that he had let a week pass without running over to see her, and had not even written.

"So Dick grew formal, and also 'society' in his manner, and mentioned a pleasant call he had made on Doratheia Spencer. Doratheia is the tall, handsome girl who was over here a month ago, and looked so stunning in her striped black and yellow bathing suit. I danced over the sand in the moonlight, and shouted with delight at the absurdity of their misunderstanding each other, and their mutual indignation over what never existed.

"Of course Dick Thornton never explained to her what I heard him discussing later on with a friend, while walking up and down on the hotel piazza and smoking; that their firm has been unusually busy with some cotton shipments, and that the senior partner is away.

"I travel around a good deal these bright moonlight nights, specially when the tide is low, and in that way I get to see and know everything that is going on.

"I run across the sand hills to the old bench on the beach, then to the breakwater rocks—and on such a night as this there are a good many couples sitting on the rocks—then I go around by the hotel, where the hand is playing, and big white and pink oleander bushes grow along the front of the piazza, in spite of the drifting sand. I am spare and agile of limb, and have no fear of my enemies, the dogs, when night comes, and I love to roam around and learn the ways of the world.

"Last evening when I came out she was sitting there gazing out at the sea and absurdly unhappy. She is much too handsome to sit alone, and far too spirited to mope, so as soon as a fellow in white flannels came along Maude brightened and dropped into her usual brilliant spirits, although she was thinking of some one else half the time.

"They all act that way.

"Now, the man in white flannel is, I know, engaged to a girl—a shrewd, clever girl—who lives mostly abroad, I heard them say. She came to this island accidentally on account of some one's illness. She dresses better than all the other women, and all the men run after her. She, too, has sat on this bench frequently. She criticises the island and laughs at the sand and is very apish. She laughs at everything. I don't like her.

"Neither does the man in white flannels, overmuch, for all he is engaged to her. They are to be married in New York this fall. Meanwhile I heard him flirting outrageously with handsome Maude out here in the moonlight while the tide was rolling slowly up, and Maude she was encouraging him, and all the time wishing he was somebody else. It's too funny.

"Dick is to be over this evening, and as the night promises to be glorious, he and Maude will be out here until after 11.

"I'll sit out, too, on the sand and listen. It will be diverting. The older I grow, the more I enjoy watching these queer human beings, who are always making themselves and other people so foolishly, miserably unhappy over nothing.

"I wonder if that huge Newfoundland, Royal, will be around? I hope not. I'm afraid of him.

"There comes Dick Thornton and Maude towards the bench. Now we will see how they are going to patch up their quarrel, if one can call drifting apart by that name.

"The night is gorgeous and the moonlight on the sea looks so peace-

ful it ought to teach them the beauty of serenity and happiness. The murmur of the waves is caressingly gentle, and should show them the delight of tender words and caressing whispers. Under the penetrating gaze of the stars they should look upward, and understand each other. How will it be with them?

"Compton told me he saw you the other night?"

"Yes indeed. We chatted for hours out here. He's such a nice fellow! He has promised to spend the winter in —, because I'm to be there, and to take the same steamer we will take to go abroad in the spring. He's awfully good-looking, and so nice."

"Yes, Compton's a right decent fellow. I knew you'd like him. Of course, as your plans are all laid out for the winter and spring, you wouldn't care to alter them?"

"Why should I alter them? Aren't they pleasant?"

"Very; only some fellow might propose—a little alteration in them for his benefit. You are sure you don't care to make any change?"

"Oh, quite sure. I can't imagine any suggestion which would make me alter my mind just now. Could you?"

"None at all. I can't imagine how they could be improved. Shall we stroll down on the beach?"

The sand crab came closer, and waltzed over the dunes down to the water's edge in an ecstasy of delight.

"I knew how it would be! Now the breach between them is irrevocable. They've dug their pit with their own folly. He'll go back to the city, and he'll work hard and grow morose and crabbed and rich, and Maude, she will go to Paris and become more worldly, and frivolous and capricious each year, and the handsome fellow in the white flannels will be there, too, while the girl who dresses so well will stay in New York.

"They've mixed it up as usual. It's too funny!"

"Hello! They are going back to the beach. That's queer, and there's that confounded dog Royal. Why can't he keep away?"

"Why should you and I, Maude, misunderstand each other?" Dick said, slowly. "You know, sweetheart, the whole world is as nothing—"

There was a scramble on the beach, and Royal dashed by in pursuit of a sand crab.

"I'm glad it's safe in its hole under the sand, poor little thing," Maude said, softly, a little later, "for an exquisite night like this every human creature should be sublimely happy."

"How remarkable! They've come to an understanding!" the sand crab said, peeping out.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

**Intended for a Compliment.**  
There was a family reunion at the home of little Alice's mother. Grandfather, grandmother, uncles, aunts, and cousins had gathered from far and near. The child was much bewildered, says Harper's Magazine, and had great difficulty in remembering the new names and distinguishing the strange faces.

They were all anxious to be recognized by the little one, the only child present, and her mother was proudly eager to impress all their names on her mind. So the poor little girl was subjected to the tiresome questions: "Who is this, Alice?" "What is my name?"

At first she gave very vague replies, but soon fell into a tearful silence.

In a little while Mary, her pretty next-door neighbor, came in. Alice loved Mary, and her face brightened when she saw the dear familiar face among so many strange ones. Mamma told Mary of Alice's trouble in remembering her relatives' names.

"But Alice knows who I am," said Mary, confidently. "Tell me, dear, who am I?"

"You ain't nobody," said the child, fondly, with a sigh of relief.

Mary was somewhat confused, but under the circumstances it was the highest compliment she could have received.

**Why Dewet Avoided Highlanders.**  
Dewet is possessed of humor, says a South African correspondent, writing to a contemporary. One of the leading camp officials (in a certain refugee camp) is a Scotsman, who, during the dinner, took occasion in offering the general a drink to say he must have got a fair amount of whisky among the captured convoys. Dewet was very much amused at this, and on referring to it subsequently said that before attacking a convoy he made inquiries if they were guarded by Scotsmen. If this were so, he further inquired if it contained any whisky. If the second condition accompanied the first he always gave the convoy a wide berth, because he knew the beggars would fight to the last man! The Scotsman replied that he would write home and inform his countrymen of this important element in scouting and in defensive warfare—a remark which set him in to roars of laughter.—St. James Gazette.

**Melancholy-Mingled Mirth.**  
An old gentleman was walking down one of the streets of Manchester, when he saw a boy crying outside a house, and, thinking he might comfort him, he asked him what was the matter.

"Father's laying the c-carpet down."

"Well, and does that unpleasant task make you cry?"

"No—no; h-he h-hit his thumb."

"Oh, you are sorry for your father, I suppose?"

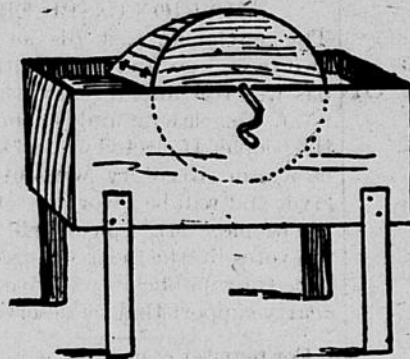
"No—no I laughed.—Tit-Bits

# FARM AND GARDEN

## VEGETABLE WASHER.

Make One Without Delay and See If It Is Not a Great Convenience and Labor Saver.

A very cheap and serviceable root washer may be made by any man right at home, and no need to call on a carpenter or blacksmith. Make a water-tight box of 1 1/2-inch lumber, 12 by 21 by 30 inches inside. The legs are 1 1/2 by 3 inches, 2 feet long. Lap the legs 6 inches on to the box and fasten firmly with 2 1/2-inch screws. This gives a height of 30 inches, which is convenient for all purposes. Two half-round notches are let into the sides of the box in which the axles of the cylinder revolve. The cylinder heads 1 1/2-inch thick are 15 inches in diameter. A block 1 inch thick by 4 inches square or a round wheel of same dimensions, is screwed to the outside center of each head. These blocks act



VEGETABLE WASHER.

not only as washers between the cylinder heads and sides of box, but serve to reinforce the heads and hold the axles more firmly. Drive a 1 1/2-inch mortise clear through the blocks and heads of cylinder. Take 2 2-inch hardwood pins and square one end to 1 1/2-inch plump, and drive firmly into the mortise flush with inside of cylinder heads. The axles must be left sufficiently long to reach outside the box when the completed cylinder is hung ready for use, and one must be long enough to mortise on a piece at right angles for the crank. If both project 4 or 5 inches outside the box it will be all the better, as they will serve as handles for lifting the cylinder out and into the box. Cut 32 slats 1/2 by 1 inch 18 inches long and slightly round the corners, which will be inside where the slats are nailed on to the cylinder heads. Nail 24 slats one-half inch apart around the heads and the remaining space will be the door or cover of the cylinder. Take two pieces of light harness tug 12 inches long and screw the remaining slats on to the pieces of tug one-half inch apart the same as on the cylinder heads, only the strips of tug must be fastened to upper side of slats, so that the cylinder will be perfectly smooth inside. This door may be held in place with heavy leather or iron hinges, or by two small wooden or iron buttons on each cylinder slat next to the door. With a 2-inch piece 1 foot in length mortised on to the outer end of one axle at right angles and a pin through the lower end to serve as a crank, the washer is complete, and at a cash outlay of almost nothing. A three-quarter inch hole may be bored through one end of the box just on a level with the bottom for letting off the water. Fill the cylinder with roots, fasten the door and hang in the box. Use plenty of water and revolve slowly for a minute or two, and the roots will be cleaned perfectly. Any man at all handy with tools can make the washer in a few hours' time, and its use will save hard and costly hours of labor over hard work in one season. Of course, if one has the money to hire it made, and prefers dressed lumber with iron or nickel mounting, and desires to paint and decorate, using turned or carved legs, there is no objection, and it will doubtless do just as good work as the old homespun. The above is very serviceable, can be made in a rainy day right at home, which many of us can do more easily than to pay out cold cash for the more showy machine.—J. E. Morse, in Rural New Yorker.

## Red Top for Forage.

Red top (Agrostis alba), already established in places in northern Nevada and southern Oregon, could, without doubt, be more extensively introduced in many of the moister bottom lands. Instances have been cited where it was making a good crop, and it will, without doubt, grow well on the lowlands wherever the native clovers abound. It is pronounced by experts one of the most promising plants for the improvement of portions of the bottom lands. No finer quality of hay could be desired than that which is furnished in localities at the present by this grass and the native clovers.

## Old Farmer's Experience.

"No two seasons are alike, and a single experiment in farming counts for very little," said a veteran farmer. "Every year the conditions under which the several crops are grown are different, and if a crop is a grand success this season we cannot be sure that it will be next season. Some crops will succeed under many conditions, while others must have a season exactly suited to them to yield well. The first are crops on which to depend, while the latter will do to grow in a limited way."

## GOOD TIMES COMING.

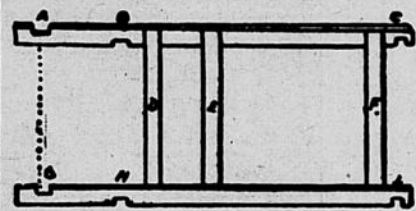
Never Before Have Things Looked as Bright for the American Farmer as Just Now.

Cheering reports of excellent crops come from all over the east. In place of the distressing wails of drought and famine of grain and fodder that came from all parts of the corn belt last year, come reports of crops so plentiful that they will be almost burdensome to handle. This should cheer not only the farmers who are more immediately benefited by the bountiful crops, but the whole industrial lines of business and the labor. Railroads already see the necessity of enlarging their equipments to handle the increased business, producing more labor for the skilled workmen who produce locomotives and cars, and more men will be needed in actual service on the roads and in handling the grain. Returns from the sale of these enlarged crops and the live stock produced will put much currency in the hands of the farmers to buy whatever they need—and there are no better buyers than prosperous farmers. New buildings will be erected on thousands of farms. New wagons and carriages, harness and equipment for the farms will appear that would not have left the dealers' stock had there been a poor or medium crop. Business will be given a remarkable stimulus, the effect of which will be evident the country over. Best of all will be a reduction in the cost of living to the whole populace of the country, without damage to the farmers and producers of live stock. The reduced cost of grain and fodder will enable them to produce all classes of food animals at less expense, and obtain fair profits at considerably lower market prices than were paid last year. There is little probability that the spring and early summer months next year will be marred by such discordant wrangling over the high cost of meat and all other classes of food. This year's bountiful crops afford insurance against a repetition of the unfortunate conditions of last year, when meats of every class were more expensive than they had been in 20 years.—Chicago Daily Sun.

## HOW TO HANDLE WIRE.

A Very Slow Team and a Careful Driver Are Required to Manipulate Rig Here Described.

With the device, shown in the cut, about 5 miles of wire can be taken up in a day. First take the bed from the wagon and couple it as short as possible. Then take two 2 by four-inch plank long enough to extend from 6 inches beyond the front bolster to 4 feet beyond the hind bolster. Place 3 boards, one on the 2 by 4's over the front bolster, one over the hind bolster and one under



RIG FOR HANDLING WIRE.

and about 1 1/2 feet from hind bolster, as shown in the figure at d, e and f. Places cut for windlass to roll in about 6 inches from ends at a and g. Cut in about 1 inch at b and h to fit over hind bolster so that it will not slip. About 6 inches from end cut c and i to fit over front bolster. Between d and e a box can be placed for tools.

The windlass should be square, and spools should be made to fit on which to roll the wire. Put leather straps over the windlass to keep it from getting out of place. One end of strap may be nailed down and a hole made in the other end for a staple. Nail staples in the 2 by 4's and put the head through the hole in strap. Also put a nail through the staple over the leather. A very slow team and a careful driver are required. It takes two men to do the work, one to turn the windlass, while the other drives over the laid out wire, having one horse on each side of the wire.—G. A. Sauer, in Farm and Home.

## Big Apple Orchard in Missouri.

Some Iowa men are planning to plant the biggest apple orchard in the country. It will be in Missouri and cover 5,000 acres. There are some large orchards in northern Arkansas, but the largest is in Kansas. Apples this year are comparatively high, and those who have been successful in raising a big crop will make a good thing. Some Illinois men bought a big section of orchard land last year in Clay county, and they figure that the crop this year will pay for the land. The farmer is lucky this year, for about everything he has to sell is higher than usual.—Chicago Daily Sun.

## Selection of Poultry.

By carefully selecting the best birds on the farm every year and discarding those that fail to fulfill expectations the stock will be gradually improved in quality. Such a practice will soon change the characteristics of the common flocks and bring them to a degree of perfection but little inferior to any breeds. Skillful breeding and careful selection are necessary accompaniments in the management of poultry.

Gray, which has been rather a neglected color in house furnishing these few years, is being revived. Wall papers are shown having gray and white stripes crossed with a green vine. Furniture is also shown painted a soft French gray, and now crotonnes and hangings are beginning to come to the fore in gray tints.

## Visit the Old Home in the East.

Take advantage of the low rate excursions via Erie Railroad to Indiana, Ohio and Western New York and Pennsylvania points. One fare for the round trip Oct. 3rd to 6th. Return limit Nov. 3rd. For particulars address Erie Railroad Co., Chicago, or W. O. McNaughton, T. P. A., Erie R. R., St. Paul, Minn.

## A Solitary Remedy.

Raw onions and whisky are the prescription of a Mississippi doctor for malaria. The prescription would seem to involve solitude as an accessory treatment.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

"See here," protested the charitable man, "you touched me for a quarter last week, and here you are again." "Well, Gee whizz!" exclaimed the beggar, "ain't you earned anything since?"—Philadelphia Press.

A boon to travelers. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Cures dysentery, diarrhea, summer sickness, nausea. Pleasant to take. Acts promptly.

Not Philosophic.—"He used to be quite a student of philosophy." "Well, he grumbles as much as any of us now."—Detroit Free Press.

Stops the Cough and works off the cold. Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25 cents.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these: "An empty bin!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Monarch over pain. Burns, cuts, sprains, stings. Instant relief. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. At any drug store.

A small unkindness is a great offense.—Hannah More.

Pufnam Fadeless Dyes are fast to light and washing. Self-knowledge will cure self-love.—Ram's Horn.

## A HARD STRUGGLE.

When you have a bad back, a back that's lame, weak or aching it's a hard struggle sometimes to find relief and cure, but it's a harder struggle when the dangers beset you of urinary disorders, too frequent urination, retention of the urine with all the subsequent pains, annoyances and suffering. There are many medicines that relieve these conditions, but you want a remedy—a cure. Read this statement; it tells of a cure that lasted.

Veteran Josiah Heller, place of residence 706 South Walnut St., Urbana, Ill., says: "In the fall of 1889 I procured Doan's Kidney Pills at Cunningham's drug store in Champaign and after taking the remedy conscientiously I made a public statement of the results. I told how Doan's Kidney Pills relieved me of kidney trouble, disposed of my lame back and the pains across my loins beneath the shoulder blades, etc. During the interval which has elapsed I have had occasion at times to resort to Doan's Kidney Pills when I noticed warnings of another attack and on each and every occasion the result obtained was just as satisfactory as when the Pills were first brought to my notice. At this time I just as emphatically endorse the preparation as I did several years ago.

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Heller will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.



## W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 & \$3.50 SHOES

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