

THE STORY TELLER

THE CITY'S LULLABY.

A poor old woman named Clancy Brown lived in a big and noisy town. Through the long day, and most of the night, with ringing of bells, and flashing of light, straight past her room on the upper floor the cars swept with a rush and roar. So close to the house with clatter and din, it seemed as if they would enter in.

Now, her friends all thought this noise must keep her from sleeping. The poor old lady from proper sleep, so they took her away to the country still.

For peace and quiet her soul to fill, the low of cattle and song of bee, the days from all sounds of traffic free, and the peaceful nights on a feather bed, will add ten years to your life," they said.

She stayed one week and tried her best. But the nights were so still she could not rest.

So back to her noisy lair she went. With a long-drawn sigh of pure content, "No country for me," said Clancy Brown. "I'll live and die in the same old town. And there in her room on the upper floor she is soothed to sleep by the L's wild roar.

—Lida C. Tulloch, in Lippincott's.

THE BOAT.

By Zoe Anderson Norris.

THE boat had apparently dug a grave in the sand and buried itself there. The hull was partly submerged. The mast reared itself diagonally skyward. The broken rudder dangled a wreck.

Beyond it the waves, rolling and muttering, lashed the shore with the fury of fall-time, and back of it the wry grasses dotting the sand-hills were turning slowly to a parched and dingy brown.

Sid, stretched his brawny length upon the beach, blew clouds of smoke about his face from the bowl of a giant pipe. Presently, prodding down the ashes with a hardened forefinger, he spoke.

"It was a good boat," he said; "an' now look at it!"

"How did it happen?" I asked and scribbled jagged letters in the sand, waiting for an answer.

"It's a long story," he commenced, taking his time—Sid always takes his time—"an' all about them fool city folk."

With that he smoked.

"Why can't they take a quiet beach alone?" he demanded by and by, his blue eyes flashing in the sunburn of his face. "Why must they come meddlin' 's far this island even, bringin' their new-fangled notions an' spilin' the scenery? There wa'n't no quieter spot on Long Island than this spot here two years or so before they come. All sand-dunes an' soft slopin' beaches an' reed-birds an' snipes.

"Now look 'round you an' see how different it is. They've done scared away everything—the reed-birds an' snipes an' all. They've dug up the clams and frightened away the fishes, an' disfiggered the slope o' the beach with their ropes o' their, an' buoys an' things for their bathin'."

He puffed hard and indignantly. "An' they call it civilizizin' us," he snorted. "Civilizin' us! Humph! All I've got to say is we didn't want none o' their civilizizin'. We was better off without it before they come, them city folk."

After a time, waving his disengaged hand toward the far-off beach, he questioned, "You see that there hotel? Well, the first thing they did was to build that. An' the way they went 'bout it was enuf to make you bust out laughin' if it hadn't a' been that the buildin' of it sp'iled the beach there so. You see it was like this: The channel between Fire Island an' Oak Island—"

"Will you tell me," I put in, interrupting, "why they call it Oak Island, Sid?"

"I dunno," said he, "unless it's because there ain't no oak in 100 mile or so from here. That's it, I guess."

"Well," I queried, "finishing a prolonged pause.

"As I was 'bout to say when you interrupted me," he went on, "the channel between Fire Island and Oak Island is mighty shallow. It's the easiest thing in the world, if you ain't keeful, to run aground there with a boat, an' never get loose ag'in. Them city men knew it. So when they see a lumber schooner comin' laz'ly along, out they rushes with all their life-boats, an' yells to 'em, 'For the love o' heaven, be keeful there or you'll run aground!' Then the captain gets wild-eyed, an' yells back, 'Lord! What must we do?' An' the city men cries to 'em, 'Throw off your lumber.'"

Taking his pipe out of his mouth, he spat reminiscentially.

"Of course," he continued, "off goes the lumber, an' the captain an' his crew, blessin' the city men for savin' their lives, sails away with tears in their eyes an' wavin' of handkerchiefs. Humph!"

"And what then?" said I.

"What then?" he repeated. "Nothin'. Only the tide rollin' up an' in, rolls the lumber haulin' up an' in, them there city men haulin' it ashore butt that there hotel standin' there blottin' of the beauty o' the beach, an' a good part o' them other houses you see here an' 'bout a-doin' of exactly the same thing.

"They kep' right on at that little game o' theirs, too, till the lumber

captains got onto it after so long a time, an' quit dumpin' their lumber over to 'em for the tide to carry in."

I turned my face seaward for fear the smile wreathing it might offend. "But about the boat?" I reminded him.

"The boat?" frowning moodily at it. "Do you know, them city folk make me mad. That's what they do. They make me mad showin' off their ignorance. What do they know 'bout a boat? Nothin'. Not a blamed endurin' thing. They might know all there is to know 'bout electric cars an' trams an' cabs an' automobiles, but they don't know nothin' 'bout a boat. They come down here from the city, dressed to death in white from head to foot, an' hire a sloop, an' fill it plumb full to the riggin' with their friends. Then off they go sailin' away, singin', 'A sailor's life for me, for me! A sailor's life's the only life for me!' Humph! Then the first thing you know, a stiff breeze blows up from somewhere, an', as I say, not knowin' the first thing 'bout tackin' or takin' down a sail or 'listin' one, the next thing that happens is this: The boat gives one big whirl, an' stands on the wrong end. Then the next mornin' you read a long list o' the dead, with black lines 'round it. Humph!"

"He smoked fully five minutes of exasperating silence before he commenced again.

"That there boat over there," he groaned, "was as neat a little cat-boat as ever h'isted sail in these here waters, an' there wa'n't nobody killed in the wreck o' her, fortunately; but I laid it to a kind o' special Providence watchin' over fools an' young people, judgin' that was what prevented it."

He gave several vigorous and exhaustive puffs upon his pipe, leaving the story to lag, a habit peculiar to him.

"It has all the earmarks of having been a gem of a boat," I essayed, starting him.

"Gem! It was a jewel! An' if it hadn't been for—" Halting, he shook his head, speechless for a space through sheer indignation. "It was like this," he resumed upon his recovery. "All summer long there'd been a pretty, young girl here in one o' them cottages over there," pointing to the curve of the beach fringed by a row of little shingled houses the color of dust, "with her mother, a tall, straight, slim, white-haired woman with what they called a 'ristocratic air.' She had a distant relative what was related to somebody or other belongin' to the navy or somethin', an' that was what gave it to her, they said. The girl wa'n't quite so 'ristocratic-lookin' as her mother, but the young fellers they swarmed 'round her like bees 'round a honeycomb, just the same.

"Between 'em they kep' us guessin'.

Out of a dozen or more there was three pretty much neck an' neck in the runnin'. One was a young actor chap what come down from the city, 'an' stayed with her from Saturday mornin' till Monday mornin'. Regular as the day come 'round—as clockwork, you might say—there he come, an' there he stayed. Another was the rich feller what owned the boat.

"An' the third was a man what didn't seem to have anything a tall to do but hang 'round that there cottage every day in the week, an' Sunday, too, the livelong, endurin' time, b'gosh! The livelong, endurin' time!"

"You'd a thought," blowing away the smoke, and regarding me with a calm gaze at once large and contemplative, "that, seein' he had so much time on his hands while the others was at work, an' was so industrious 'bout puttin' it in to the best advantage—makin' hay while the sun was shinin', you might say—that the wind would fin'ly blow him her way for good. But that's just where you'd be mistaken. Girls like her never takes what the wind blows their way. What they wants is somethin' they have to go sailin' after, an' catch by the ropes, an' work till their hands is blistered tovin' to land.

"Anyhow, the bettin' on the island was pretty solid for this feller, with nothin' to do but to go a-fishin' an' a-swimmin' an' a-sailin' 'round the bay, an' makin' love to her mornin', noon an' night, persistin' in it an' persistin' in it in spite o' the white-haired mother frownin' him down an' tryin' her level best to freeze him with her 'ristocratic air, an' dead agin the rich feller what owned the boat, because the mother was with him. Anybody what knows anything knows that nothin' sets a young girl so agin a feller as havin' her mother allus aggin' her on to marryin' him."

He meditatively crossed one leg over the other.

"But then," settling himself comfortably in the sand, "where a woman is consarned there ain't never no tellin' what to think. Like as not, when the bettin' is surest she'll ring in a dark horse on you every time.

"Of the three, 'ordin' to my notion," he reflected, after a period of inward consultation, "the actor chap was the finest man. Tall an' broad-shouldered an' handsome. Pleasant-spoken, too, he was, sort o' glib o' tongue, like he had to be. I s'pose, in his business. Nothin' a tall wrong with him, 's far's I could see, exceptin' he didn't have no money, an' no prospect o' any."

"It often happens," said I, as he paused, seemingly awaiting some remark upon the subject pro or con.

"You're right," he assented. "It's the best feller nearly every time what's broke."

"And then?"

"Well, one day when they was all in the city but the actor chap, she

an' him an' another feller, McGuire by name, took the rich feller's cat-boat an' went sailin'. The actor didn't know nothin' 'bout sailin', an' McGuire knew less. Then, to have the check to take the rich feller's boat! An' such a boat!

"The minute we saw 'em start, out we said, 'There'll be the dickens to pay!' An' we were right. There was."

"Twa'n't more'n an hour before they was stuck hard an' fast over there in that channel, 'bout a hundred yards from shore. No matter what they did, they couldn't move. We saw 'em pushin' an' shovin' an' jerkin' an' wrestlin' with the pile o' sand they was on, but they natch'ly couldn't budge it. They stayed there for hours workin', an' loafin' some, I guess. The actor chap an' the girl not half so misable as McGuire, as had talked right smart 'bout how he could sail a boat.

"It seems that pretty soon the girl begun to get hungry, an' then what does the actor chap do but swim to shore to get her somethin' to eat. He hadn't got out o' sight before, as luck would have it, a gust of wind come long an' blew the boat off the sand into the bay without a bit o' trouble. Away it goes then sailin', with that idiot McGuire at the helm. By some sort o' miracle it gets 'round the island without no accident, an' comes in here to the buoy, where, hitchin' it with an old rope he found somewhere in the cabin, McGuire proceeds to wade in in all his clothes to get the girl's bathin' suit, so's she could wade in, too.

"Then was the time for the rotten rope to break half in two, an' it did it. Lord! The big waves comin' swoopin' in didn't do nothin' to that there cat-boat but lift it straight up out o' the water, whirl it 'round a time or two, havin' fun a-plenty with it, an' the girl inside, screamin', half dead with fright; then, smashin' the rudder, breakin' the boom in two an' wrenchin' the sails to strips, they flings the little boat up here on the sand to stay, a wreck for life."

"And the girl?" I asked. "What became of her?"

"They took her out o' the cabin more dead than alive, an' carried her home to her mother."

With that, lapsing into a brooding silence, he puffed away at his pipe.

"Sid," I began, timidly, by and by, when I could no longer restrain my curiosity, "which man did she marry?"

"If I remember right," he replied, "takin' the pipe away from his mouth and blowing the smoke seaward, 'they said she had gone off unbeknownst to her mother, an' married the actor chap what didn't have a cent in his name, an' no clear prospect o' makin' one. Married him, I reckon, because he never got back to the boat a tall with them provisions for her."

After a time he added, disgustedly: "But what difference did it make who she married? Look at the boat!"—Woman's Home Companion.

Wit Got Him a Meal.

The genus tramp is not always the sullen-minded wretch he is frequently depicted. Some are bright in wit and quick at repartee. A prominent citizen of Brooklyn, who, though charitably inclined, has ideas that charity should not be thoughtlessly dispensed, was walking the other day in a street where repairs to the asphalt pavement were going forward on a rather large scale. He was accosted by a burly specimen of the "ould dirt," who said: "Boss, can you give me the price of a meal?" "Why don't you go to work?" said the citizen. "Work, is it?" exclaimed the burly specimen, casting a swift glance over the street, on which not a blade of green grass was to be seen. Then, with a twinkle in his bright blue eyes, he asked: "Do you want your asphalt mowed?" the citizen's sense of humor was stronger than his theories of charity. He pulled a quarter from his pocket, left it in the palm of the "burly" and went his way chuckling.

She Dictated Afterwards.

"Darling Bessie," said Mr. Hoover to his lady typewriter, "will you marry me? Since you have come like a gleam of sunshine to gladden my existence, I have lived in the radiant light of your ethereal presence, and passionately—"

"Speak a little slower, please, Mr. Hoover," said the fair typewriter interrupting him, while her fingers continued to fly over the keys of her machine. "Ethereal—presence—passionately! Now I am ready to proceed."

"Bless me, Miss Caramel!" exclaimed her employer, "you are not taking down my offer of marriage on that typewriter, are you?"

"A proposal!" shrieked Miss Caramel. "Why, so it is! I didn't notice; I thought you were dictating. Forgive me, dear William, I am yours. And now, since I have made this foolish blunder, please sign this paper, and we'll keep it as a memento."

The wedding took place according to contract.—Tit-Bits.

Got a Lover Easily.

An amusing story is told of the crowning of the rose queen of a country district near Paris. The selected queen, as one of the formalities of awarding their dower, was asked by the mayor for the name of her fiancé. "I have none," she replied. Notified that a sweetheart was indispensable, the young lady added timidly: "I thought the municipality provided everything necessary." Straightway a young swain presented himself as an aspirant, and being as promptly accepted all things became regular and in order.



SMALL FARM ICE HOUSE.

One Like That Shown in the Picture Can Be Erected for Twenty-Five Dollars or Less.

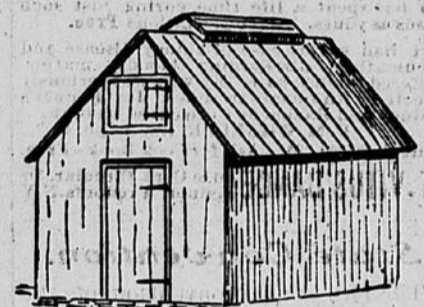
In constructing an ice house it should be remembered that the smaller the house the greater the care to be exercised in erecting the building and packing the ice. A house 12 feet square and 8 to 10 feet high is a very convenient size for an ordinary farm. In building, care should be taken to secure perfect drainage. The foundation should be dug 18 to 24 inches, or until gravel is reached. Where this is not possible, the lower 2 feet should be filled in with large stones, on top of which are placed smaller stones



VERTICAL SECTION.

and gravel, until a smooth bottom is obtained.

For a house 12 feet square, a frame of 8 by 8-inch timbers is placed on the brick or stone foundation for the base. A similar square frame is made for the plates and this is supported at the four corners with 8 by 8-inch posts, 8 feet long, and by two or three, 2 by 8-inch studs, on each side, with extra ones for door posts on the front side. The outside is covered with rough pine boards, the cracks between the boards being covered with battens. Inch boards line the inside up to the plates, and the space between is filled in with sawdust. The cheapest form of roof is made of inch boards with batten pieces over the cracks, and is supported by three horizontal strips on each side laid across rafters. The rafters are scantling beveled and nailed together



SMALL ICE HOUSE COMPLETE.

at the top and set into or spiked to the plates. Half to two-thirds of the middle of the ridge is cut out, leaving an opening 3 to 5 inches wide, which is covered by a cap raised several inches from the roof, to permit of ventilation, but wide enough to prevent rain getting in.

The doors are made of a single thickness of boards; care should, however, be taken to have them tight, so as not to permit of circulation of air. To make them more effective, the space between the door and the boards placed on the inside of the door frame, to prevent sawdust or other packing material used from falling out, can be padded with straw, when the house is filled. The accompanying figure represents this house and gives a good idea of its method of construction. The expense of constructing the building above described will depend largely on the cost of material, but should not exceed \$25. Often there are waste timbers or boards about the farm which can be made to answer very well. To protect the house from the beating rays of the sun, it is best built under the shade of a large tree or on the north side of some larger building. Its effectiveness in keeping ice will thus be greatly increased.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Wells as Catch Basins.
Every once in a while a creamery company sinks a tubular well to carry off the waste water, but in no case so far as we have heard has such a well given satisfaction, and in most cases the waste water, contaminated the water in the well used for the creamery, and in two cases caused serious trouble, says the Dairy Record. One creamery, after running the waste water in such a well some distance from the creamery, was compelled to draw water from a neighbor for two months, and the pump in the creamery was kept going day and night during that time before the water could be used again. Their experiment should suffice for others, but still others try the same scheme, usually to their sorrow.

Breeding for Better Cows.

The cows on many farms would be considered first-class producers if each cow's product amounted to 200 pounds of butter per year, yet it is claimed by some of the best dairymen that 200 pounds of butter per year from a cow does not pay. Those who aim to make the most butter from their herds have the standard up to 300 pounds per year, and some fix the limit higher. Every farmer can have the individual members of his herd reach that amount by breeding for better cows every year.—Midland Farmer.

THE VALUE OF CHEESE.

It is One of the Most Perfect and Wholesome Foods Known to the Human Race.

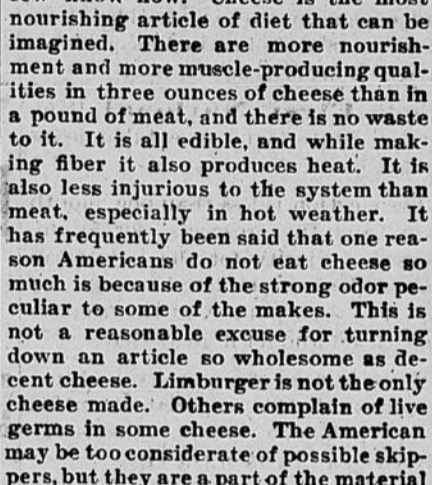
Our people are not educated to the use of cheese, a writer in Field and Farmer says. They nibble at it and that is about all. They never understood what cheese is for. Their tastes run more in the line of ordinary staples, and they have looked upon cheese as a sort of after-dinner proposition, something to come in after salads and desserts. It is too frequently served at the late dinner, instead of being a part of the man's meal of the day, and the average hotel proprietor knows no better. He gives it as a sort of knick-knack—something that had to be given on the bill of fare. The piece usually given a guest will not average any larger than that required to bait a mouse trap. In every other country than the United States the one item of cheese forms a part of the daily existence. Take the Frenchman and he will make a meal off Roquefort. The Englishman is never without his Cheshire or Stilton, and the laborer of old England will have nothing else in his pail but two or three slices of bread and a pound or more of cheese. The German and Swiss are equally partial to cheese, and are daily consumers in large quantities of the Swiss brands. The Italian must have his Gorgonzola and the Hollander his Edam. All these people are as healthful as the Americans, and I have no doubt but that the cheese-eating laborer of the foreign countries is a healthier and stronger man. The American has never realized what cheese really is to the line of articles that make up the daily food. While cheese is a by-product of the cow, it stands next to butter. The manufacture is very simple and the making up of a cheese to suit the palate is like an old granny making a dumpling—few know how. Cheese is the most nourishing article of diet that can be imagined. There are more nourishment and more muscle-producing qualities in three ounces of cheese than in a pound of meat, and there is no waste to it. It is all edible, and while making fiber it also produces heat. It is also less injurious to the system than meat, especially in hot weather. It has frequently been said that one reason Americans do not eat cheese so much is because of the strong odor peculiar to some of the makes. This is not a reasonable excuse for turning down an article so wholesome as decent cheese. Limburger is not the only cheese made. Others complain of live germs in some cheese. The American may be too considerate of possible skippers, but they are a part of the material necessary to nourish the system, and are not at all so dangerous as many of the canned goods one buys. It is the process of decay that makes the strong aroma, but in its development it is age that improves it.

EXCELLENT CORN CRIB.

For Ordinary Farm Use No Model is More Effective Than the One Here Described.

Corn, unless properly stored, is liable to great damage by rats and mice, while that which remains may become so moldy even as to render it unfit for use. A good corn crib, therefore, is of the utmost value where this crop is raised, and for the generality of localities none are better than the one shown in the accompanying illustration. Not only will the corn stored in it be absolutely safe from the depredations of all rodents, but it is sure to keep in splendid condition.

The insloping sides will prevent the rain from getting at the corn, albeit the sides are of open slatwork to let the air pass through. It can be con-



SENSIBLE CORN CRIB.

structed any size desired, though it is down to not over five feet wide at the floor. Doors can also be placed under the eaves, and the corn turned in through them direct from the wagon, in which case a chute is needed to pour the corn into and two men to do the work of filling, one standing on a stepladder at the required height to empty the baskets easily into the chute, and the other down in the wagon to pass them up to him full of corn.

Generally, however, the corn can best be carried in by the basketful through the door at the end of the building, and dumped where wanted. The crib, unless very large, should always be filled solidly from the rear to the door; if unusually wide, there may be a walk through the center, with cribs on either side. The posts, it will be observed, have broad strips of tin tacked about them. These stop rats and mice from getting up to the corn. If possible, the structure should be built at a considerable distance from all other buildings, and no fences or the like on which mice can find a foothold should run anywhere near it.—Frederick O. Sibley, in N. Y. Tribune-Farmer.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
WOMAN'S REMEDY
WOMEN'S FRIEND

She was from Philadelphia, and was from New York. They were at a summer hotel, and he was doing sight well, considering there were six other chaps waiting at the post for the signal.

"Am I the only person you know in Philadelphia?" she asked, as they sat in the moonlight's soft glow.

"The only one," he responded, sweet and low.

"Don't you ever stop there?"
"Stop there?" he asked in forgetful astonishment. "That's all anybody else does there, isn't it?"
Then he blew a kiss.—N. Y. Herald.

Can't be better health without pure blood. Burdock Blood Bitters makes pure blood. Tones and invigorates the whole system.

Do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—J. F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

"The boy who is always as clean as his mother wants him to be," remarked the large-waisted philosopher, "may turn out all right, but precedent is against him."—Indianapolis News.

It doesn't better a misfortune to complain of it.—Chicago Daily News.

It's a great work of art to make art pay.—Chicago Daily News.

A good fellow is not always a good friend.—Ram's Horn.

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