

THE STORY TELLER

IRA IN THE CITY.

I wonder what they're doin' these delightful days out there, where the good old crispy feelin' comes a-stealin' through the air; I can almost taste the elder that is pourin' from the mill, seems as though I hear the rustle in the corn shocks on the hill. I can seem to see the pun'kins gleamin' yellow on the ground, and the blossoms of the buckwheat with the bees a-buzzin' round.

I wonder if the apples of the old tree by the gate have been gathered yet? They always used to ripen rather late. And, gee whizz, how good they tasted, and what lots of juice they had, and the smell that there was to 'em—that alone 'ud make you glad. Oh, I'd like to be out yonder, where the colts kick up and play, and the folks keep on belvin' that the Lord ain't fur away.

I wonder if they ever, as they're workin' on out there, get to thinkin' of where I am—wonder if they ever care?

Oh, I s'pose the old spring bubbles just as cool and just as clear. As it use to 'fore I ever dreamt of comin' way up here, and the path down from the kitchen, s'pose it's there the same to-day, and wore down as smooth and bare as though I'd never come away.

I wonder if they ever notice my initials where, Long ago, I cut 'em into all the stable doors out there? And I wonder when they see 'em if they ever think of me. And would like to see me back there where the wind's a-blowin' free, where the hick'ry nuts come tumblin' with a rattle from the limb, and the Lord's still near the people and they still believe in Him?

I s'pose the sumac's crimson and the maple's turnin' red. Just as though I'd never left there with big notions in my head, and the cows I'll bet go wadin' to the middle of the stream, and stand there, kind of solemn, and look fur away and dream. Not a thing has stopped out yonder just because I left one day, and if I'd go back the city'd never know I'd been away.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

The Wrong Woman.

By Winifred Graham.

I AM quite a young girl, and a lady-librarian by profession. While traveling to various country houses, I have met with many strange adventures, though indexing dusty old libraries sounds dry as dust to the casual ear.

Being one of a large family, I revel in the relaxation of work, by which I escape "the trivial round, the common task," though often I pine for riches, ease, and chifton.

One bright sunny morning I met an old friend of my father's—Mr. Jessop—who often recommends me to book-collecting friends.

"My dear," he said, "I've a little job for you, if you like to take it on."

My eyes glistened, for at the moment I was "out of work."

"I have mentioned you to a delightful old lady," he continued, "living in a beautiful country house. She is anxious to have her splendid library catalogued by a professional. I warn you she is eccentric, but in a very nice way—so good and kind to everybody, and especially fond of girls."

I thanked him heartily, declaring I loved eccentric people.

"Then I will ask her to write to you," he said.

Sure enough, a few days later I received a request to visit Stanley House. But the letter brought with it a sense of disappointment, for Mrs. Shepperton informed me she was going for a short tour abroad, so I could not see her.

"I have a very nice housekeeper," she wrote, "who will look after your comfort. I hope you will make yourself quite at home. The carriage shall meet you at the station."

On my arrival I was greeted with a pleasurable surprise. A lady in purple velvet, with a beautiful lace mantilla swathing her white hair, came across the hall to greet me. She had quaint side curls, and a benign expression. One or two exquisite jewels glittered in her laces.

"My dear," she said, drawing me to the fire, "I never expected to have the pleasure of seeing you, but I have had great trouble with my servants the last day or two. My housekeeper, upon whom I absolutely rely, has been called away to the bedside of a dying friend; and, owing to an unfortunate disagreement amongst the domestics, I find myself very short-handed. I have therefore put off my visit until to-morrow, when my housekeeper returns. I felt it was not quite safe to leave this establishment with no one to keep order."

I tried to be very sympathetic, for the old lady attracted me.

She looked at me very admiringly, now and again dropping a compliment that sent the blood tingling to my cheeks.

She told me I talked well, declaring it was a pity I had not seen more of the world. I said that I was one of a large family, and therefore unable to travel. She drew from me involuntarily many of my hopes and aspirations.

"We will have our coffee," she said, "in the Venetian chamber. You are sure to lose your way at first in this house, it is so queerly built. There are strange passages in the walls,

which would lend themselves very conveniently to burglars. They are well supplied with small doors in the panels of the rooms. See," she said, drawing a curtain aside as we entered the Venetian chamber, "here is a little door you would hardly observe, even were the curtain absent. The passage behind runs the whole length of the house. It is dark and dusty, and I should not advise you to venture on a voyage of discovery."

"It certainly looks very ghostly," I said, as we sat on a low sofa, comfortably sipping our coffee.

The old lady's eyes rested upon me benignly.

"I feel so happy to-night," she murmured. "You have made me realize how lonely my life is."

She took my hand and stroked it softly. I half expected to hear her purr. Then came one of the most startling moments of my life.

Mrs. Shepperton, whom that very day I had seen only for the first time, made an amazing proposition. She told me I reminded her very forcibly of a daughter she had lost long years ago. She expressed an intense desire for my company, and begged me to go abroad with her on the following morning.

"It won't be for very long," she declared soothingly. "And I will buy you some lovely Parisian clothes if your wardrobe is insufficient. I will write to your mother to-morrow, and explain what I have done. I am sure she could not possibly mind, especially as we were introduced by a mutual friend."

Somehow I still felt under a spell, and the delightful suggestion proved too tempting. I have always been impressionable and somewhat hot-headed, I fear. Assuring myself that my family could have no objection, I joyfully consented to accompany Mrs. Shepperton on her pleasure trip.

As we talked over the many delights of foreign travel, I suddenly started forward, grasping her elbow.

"What is the matter, child?" she asked.

"I saw a figure," I gasped, "hiding in that curtain opposite. I could have declared the form of a man stood behind the velvet. The outline of his shoulder showed quite distinctly."

Mrs. Shepperton started up, trembling.

"It must have been your fancy," she cried, begging me to look behind the curtain; but, of course, this was useless. Had anyone been there, he would have retired through the panel door into the long, dark passage beyond.

I tried to forget what I had seen, telling myself it was only imagination; but the memory haunted me as I went up to bed.

"Never mind," I thought. "To-morrow you will be far away from this lonely building."

I dreamt of the pleasure of wealth and of the many luxuries I was about to enjoy.

The following morning Mrs. Shepperton appeared somewhat depressed at breakfast.

"I want you, if you will, my dear," she said, in her soft, cooing voice, "to do an errand for me on the way to the station. I shall drive in a closed carriage, but you must go round by the town in the victoria, which will be at the door in a few minutes. I need a little spare money for our traveling expenses. Please go to the bank and change this check for £100, which you must bring me in notes."

I took the check, and drove away cheerfully, glad to feel I could do her a service.

The drive was a very hilly one, and the little town nestled at the foot of a steep descent. As the carriage proceeded at a slow pace, a well-dressed man sprang forward, apparently from the hedge, and took off his hat to me.

I felt myself turning very red, for I hardly knew what to do, since he was a total stranger. Before I had time to think, he jumped into the carriage, and seated himself beside me. I nervously grasped the precious check in my hand.

"What do you want?" I asked sternly, quivering with indignation at his impertinent action.

"Excuse me, miss," he said, "but I want that check for £100 which you are going to cash at the bank."

"You may want it," I said, convinced this was a case of highway robbery, "but you won't get it!"

"Don't be alarmed," he answered, reading my thoughts. "After all, you are quite right not to give it up. I suppose you are unaware that you are being made the victim of a very cruel trick? I saw you arrive yesterday, and judged by your looks you were not an accomplice, though the accomplices are many of the Mrs. Shepperton, you know. One has played her false, and a very large scheme is about to end in failure."

"The old lady who received you so affectionately" last evening, and tempted you to accept her invitation of foreign travel, was, strange to relate, the housekeeper, who should have received you according to Mrs. Shepperton's orders. This intriguing woman has effected a most startling disguise, not only annexing her mistress' clothes, but making her appearance absolutely similar. Having cleared the house of every honest servant, she had arranged to leave England under Mrs. Shepperton's name, taking with her a large quantity of jewelry and plate of immense value.

"Should suspicion have fallen upon her, you were to have been the scapegoat. For that reason she sent you to change the check this morning, which, of course, has been forged, with many others lately paid. I was hiding in the house last night, and

heard your conversation in the Venetian chamber. Had you gone away with her, it is terrible to think of the position in which you might have been placed."

"As I listened to his words, my blood froze in my veins.

"How can I know whether you are telling me the truth?" I asked, still suspicious of the stranger.

"You cannot tell," he replied, "until you are given proofs. We are going to drive to the police-station, where you will find the real Mrs. Shepperton, who has been recalled to the neighborhood, and warned of the intrigue."

I began to tremble violently, but still kept fast hold on the check, determined to give it to no one but the real Mrs. Shepperton herself.

"I don't wonder you believed in that evil woman," continued the stranger. "She has completely deceived her confiding old mistress. Presently when we bring them face to face with each other on the railway station, there will be little or no doubt in Mrs. Shepperton's mind."

I could hardly bear the suspense till the carriage drew up in front of the police station, and I followed the tall man through the gateway.

In a little room I espied a pale, trembling figure. An old lady in costly array, with exquisite furs and and dainty laces, eyed me curiously as I entered. For a moment I stared at her open-mouthed—the white side curls, the arched eyebrows, were all so like the Mrs. Shepperton with whom I had conversed not an hour ago.

Until I had arrived, she had still hoped there might be some mistake; but my amazement at seeing her proved the truth of the detective's story.

"Why do you look at me so strangely?" she asked. "Perhaps you have seen somebody like me?"

She placed her shaking hand on my arm, and I noticed a tear rolling down her withered cheek. I spread out the check on the table before her, and she peered at it curiously through her glasses. In a few words as possible I explained what had occurred.

"Then it is true?" she gasped, in a broken voice. "And I would have trusted her with my life!"

She staggered to the door.

"We have to go to the railroad station," she said. "It will be an awful moment indeed."

I turned to the inspector pleadingly.

"May Mrs. Shepperton not return to Stanley House without seeing that wicked woman again?" I begged.

"Surely you and your men can arrest this impostor without giving this poor lady the pain of an encounter?"

She threw me a grateful glance as I made the suggestion.

"Of course, if Mrs. Shepperton prefers it," said the inspector, somewhat aggrieved that she should wish to forgo the excitement of catching the thief red-handed.

"I am very grateful to you," said the tremulous old voice, as, seizing our reprieve, we were drawn slowly back up the long, steep hill. "I feel you have had a great disappointment; but, remember, at the same time you have been mercifully delivered from very grave things."

I bowed my head at the solemn words. My heart was too full at that moment to speak.

A restful sensation came over me as we turned in at the old stone gateway. It was to be duty, not pleasure, and I began to think perhaps duty was the better after all—London Answers.

AN EASY PROBLEM.

Something That Should Have Been Perfectly Plain to Anybody Who Could Figure.

Hubbard Lawton, familiarly known as "Hub," was by common consent the most shiftest man in Pineville. He had been known to "saw and split" in a desultory way for a few of the summer visitors, but beyond that Hub and labor were strangers, relates Youth's Companion.

The most easy-going woman in the town was Lucy Harmon, who did a little dressmaking when the fit seized her; but as a rule she sat tranquilly on her front doorstep in summer, and in her front window during spring, autumn and winter, doing nothing whatever, with great contentment of mind and body.

Hub required financial aid from his relatives every month, and it was understood that Lucy received contributions from her neighbors without any false pride. When it was announced by Hub that he and Lucy were soon to be married, a plain-spoken neighbor asked a pointed question.

"How are you and Lucy expecting to live?" she inquired. "Who's going to earn your bread and butter, Hub? Lucy's folks nor her neighbor's won't feel any call to feed her when she's married to an able-bodied man."

"Why," said Hub, reproachfully, "I don't know what folks are thinking of! Half a dozen people have asked me that same question. I can almost support myself, and Lucy can almost support herself, and I should think anybody with a head for figures could see that when we jine forces there'll be something left over for a rainy day."

More Material Benefit.

"I am sorry, doctor, you were not able to attend the supper last night; it would have done you good to be there."

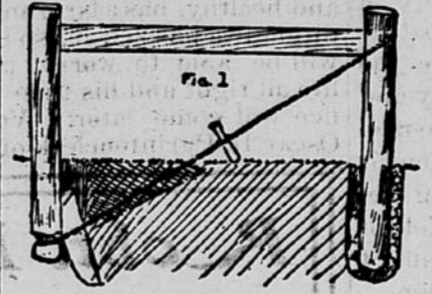
"It has already done me good, madam; I have just prescribed for three of the participants.—Stray Stories.

FARM AND GARDEN

DURABLE WIRE FENCE.

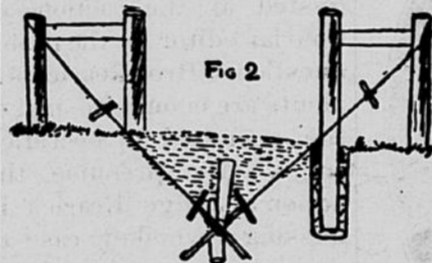
Most Important Point in Constructing One Is the Secure Anchoring of the Posts.

The vital point in wire fence construction is the manner in which the ends are secured. Especially is this true of the stronger kind of fences, where several strands of heavy cable or elastic wires are used. It is desirable that the material used in anchoring the ends used should be placed in such a manner as to secure as great a degree of permanence as the fence itself. The most common method is to attach a stay wire to the ground line of the end post, running to near top of second post, with



a brace of timber from top of end post to bottom of second, or to a point near the ground. The objection to this bracing is that the stay wire and brace each assist the post to lift the end post out of the ground.

Another fault is that the whole strain of the fence is placed on the end post at the ground line, the point first weakened by decay. These objections are obviated in the method which I have used with perfect satisfaction for several years. I use an end post 7 1/2 feet, of good size, say six to eight inches in diameter; second post also a pretty good one, seven feet long. A trench is dug directly in front of the position of end posts to a depth of 2 1/2 feet, and across the line of the draft. End post is notched around the lower end to receive four strands of No. 8 or



9 galvanized wire, of length sufficient to reach and attach securely to the second post one-third way down from top, to be twisted into a cable later on. Then set end post in a place dug in the wall of the trench to receive it, which should be six inches deeper than the trench.

A narrow cut should be made to allow the stay wire to pass in a direct line, as shown in cut (Fig. 1). Place "dead man" (any rough piece of sound timber will answer; a log 12 inches in diameter split in quarters is satisfactory) in trench on top of stay wire and fill in with solid earth or stones, being careful to pack snugly; insert horizontal brace and twist stay wire by a short durable stick put through the center. This can be made fast to the fence after it is put on.

My way for leaving space for a gate in a line of fence is to set two good, large posts each side, nine feet apart; use a horizontal brace one-third way down from top and a stay of four heavy wires running from that point on second post to "dead man" buried in center of gateway. Over each end of "dead man" drive a pair of strong stakes in such a way that they cross and form a crotch, in which lay a piece of timber and bind it to the center of the "dead man" with a piece of wire. Then fill in and tamp earth and stones well around the "dead man," and if properly done your fence will not come loose or gate drawn away from its fastenings. In setting line posts I scatter the dirt (removed with a post-hole spade) and pack small stones around the post with an iron bar. The frost never pulls them out.—Don B. Husted, in Ohio Farmer.

Irrigation by Pumping.

In our western country and even in some localities in the central west, considerable irrigation has been done by means of pumps. Some declare that irrigation by means of pumps can never amount to much. But we know that this practice is as old as civilization, and this mode of irrigation has been employed in some parts of the world successfully for centuries. There are many places in our western states where from five to 15 acres of land are irrigated by pumps driven by windmills. Doubtless the future will see the further utilization of the pump, whether driven by wind or by other force.—Farmers' Review.

The Special Crop Idea.

The need of adapting special crops to special localities and of determining the fitness of the soil for their successful culture is becoming daily more and more evident. For instance, the soil and climatic conditions in the vicinity of Dorr, Allegan county, in southwestern Michigan, are such that 400 acres of land are devoted to the raising of cucumbers for pickling purposes. Fifty cents a bushel is the prevailing price this season. The storage rooms are of sufficient capacity to store 50,000 bushels.

SUCCESS IN FARMING.

It Depends on the Way the Business is Conducted and How Small Things Are Done.

Success in farming depends on the way the business is conducted, and on how well the small things are done. One of the principal causes of failure in farming is going on in a haphazard kind of way, paying no attention to the small things and keeping no accounts of the outgo or income. The few shingles that are off the barn don't interfere any, only when it rains, and rainy days are the only times they have to do these odd jobs, being so busy other times with big jobs. There may be a weak place in the barn floor and some day an animal will step through. It's only a short piece of work to repair it and will be attended to some day, but that day never comes.

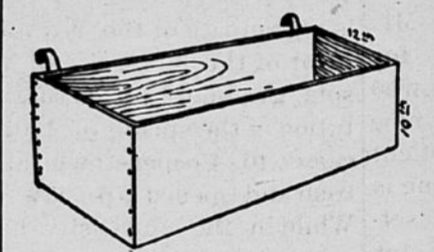
If one is to make a success at farming he must pay strict attention to all these odd jobs. He cannot be an agent for everything that comes along, go with a threshing machine all the fall, or draw all the milk to the creamery for his neighbors. If practicable for best results, he must have his plowing done in the fall for spring crops; never keep two hired men when only one is needed. A great many farmers keep one hired man the year round, when his services five or six months would be all that is necessary. The manner in which the implements are used on some farms bring a great loss to the owner. They should be carefully sheltered at all times when not in use, and given a coat of paint when required. Keep posted on the markets of the future and sell accordingly.

In growing crops aim to raise what the markets demand. All markets are not alike and a close observation of the demands of the customer, as well as the seasons when certain kinds of farm produce is preferred will give the farmer an advantage which will enable him to secure better prices. Remember, it is the buyer who is to be satisfied. If in marketing poultry the consumer prefers fowls with yellow legs, it is to the producer's interest to grow such. The best breed for his purpose is that which he finds will give the buyer the greatest satisfaction, and what is true of poultry also is true of a great many other products of the farm.—V. M. Couch, in Farmers' Voice.

BOX FOR SEED CORN.

Excellent Contrivance for Those Who Save the Seed While Gathering the Year's Crop.

To save seed corn while gathering the corn I use a box 12 inches wide, ten inches deep and 28 inches long, suspended from rear end gate of wagon box by strong hooks. To make the hooks, take strap iron 1 1/2 inches wide and extend it from the upper



HANDY SEED CORN BOX.

outside edge of the box around under the box near each end and up above the inside edge sufficient to form hooks; then put long bolts through to keep from spreading. If made right it will bear a man's weight. I have used the same box over 15 years. I prefer to save seed corn while gathering, as I then see and handle every ear.—E. L. Christy in Epitomist.

PERTINENT FARM NOTES.

Over 50 different commercial products are manufactured from corn. The United States raises four-fifths of the world's corn, over 2,000,000,000 bushels annually.

There is a wide divergence of opinion as to the outcome of the United States' rice crop for 1902. Estimates of yield range from 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 sacks.

Where a locality becomes addicted to the habit of growing one crop year after year, the average soil deteriorates unless fertilizers are applied, if the crop is sold from the farm.

A well arranged system of rotation contributes greatly to maintaining the uniform fertility of the soil, and is also one of the readiest means by which to get rid of insect pests.

Illinois, for the last 25 years, has averaged over a quarter of a billion bushels of corn annually. An increase of one bushel of corn to the acre means to Illinois farmers \$4,000,000.

The results of co-operative fertilizer tests on meadows conducted in England in 1900, showed that the most profitable proportions of commercial fertilizers were 150 pounds of nitrate of soda, 200 pounds of super phosphate and 300 pounds of kanit per acre.

Long Horns Passing Away.

The famous Texas steer, about which so much has been written in history, and which until quite recent times has figured in the development of the great southwest, is fast becoming extinct. The Texas steer and its companion, the cowboy, are both "passing," and will be known soon only in fiction and history. The "longhorns" are vanishing before the onward movement of the blooded stock of the north and east. Germano, a famous long-horned animal from Texas, when 36 years old, had a pair of horns measuring nine and one-half feet from tip to tip.—Rural World.

There are a terrible torment to the little folks, and to some older ones. Easily cured. Doan's Ointment never fails. Instant relief, permanent cure. At any drug store, 50 cents.

The most amiable people are those who least wound the self-love of others.—Bryce.

Diligence is the mother of good fortune.—Cervantes.

No matter how long you have had the cough; if it hasn't already developed into consumption, Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup will cure it.

The best self-help is helping others.—Ram's Horn.

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So says Mrs. Josie Irwin, of 325 So. College St., Nashville, Tenn., of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Never in the history of medicine has the demand for one particular remedy for female diseases equalled that attained by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and never during the lifetime of this wonderful medicine has the demand for it been so great as it is to-day.

From the Atlantic to the Pacific, and throughout the length and breadth of this great continent come the glad tidings of woman's sufferings relieved by it, and thousands upon thousands of letters are pouring in from grateful women saying that it will and positively does cure the worst forms of female complaints.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all women who are puzzled about their health to write her at Lynn, Mass., for advice. Such correspondence is seen by women only, and no charge is made.



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