

# THE STORY TELLER

## AFTER A YEAR.

Is it a year or yesterday  
Since we were last together, love,  
Since from my side you turned away  
To seek some alien star above,  
Too far for ken of mortal clay—  
Is it a year or yesterday?

Is it a year or yesterday  
A grief no balm can e'er allay,  
A woe that none may see or share?  
Since you have vanished, say, oh say,  
Is it a year or yesterday?

Is it a year or yesterday?  
Since laughter died upon my lips,  
And I became too sad to pray,  
For all my stars went in eclipse,  
And hope's aurora paled to gray—  
Is it a year or yesterday?

Is it a year or yesterday?  
"A year!" cries Loneliness, "a year!"  
But Pain with pallid lips cries, "Nay!"  
Too fierce the pang, too fresh the tear,  
Too present seems the soul's dismay."  
Is it a year or yesterday?  
—Susie M. Best, in The Century.

## A "HUSTLER'S" AMBITION

By J. Mervin Hull.

It had been a memorable day in Riverdale. Everybody had said, as usual, that the graduating exercises were the best that the academy had ever known, and at the reunion in the evening Hamlin hall was crowded with students, old and new.

But it was all over now, and the last to leave the hall were John Armington and Alice Raymond. They were somewhat older than the rest of the class, and it was well-known that they were engaged. Alice had been the music teacher at the academy during the last year of her course, and Riverdale was more than proud of her musical ability. John had assisted in teaching some of the younger classes.

The grace and beauty of youth rested upon them as they stood side by side. They were looking at the class motto above the stage.

PER ASPERA AD ASTRUM.

"Plenty of 'aspera' ahead of us," said John, "but I guess we can go 'per' them together."

"Oh, but we must remember all the time there are plenty of 'astra,' too," said Alice, cheerfully.

"No," said John, looking straight down into her star-like eyes, "only two 'astra' in all the world for me."

Alice tried to look very grave, but only succeeded in blushing prettily as she said: "It doesn't do a bit of good to preach to you, John, you always make some sort of game of it."

Then they ran down the stairs and out into the bright moonlight of the cool May night, none the less happy because there was an undercurrent of anxiety in their thought of the future.

The next morning John went to the station with Alice, and she took the early train for Boston, where she was to study music, and as soon as possible to teach it. When the train had gone, John went immediately to Enoch Rice's general store in the village, hung up his coat, put on a linen duster, and began to "sweep out."

There were some who were much astonished at John's action in going into the store as a clerk.

"I hadn't no idee that John was goin' to stop here," said old Josiah Green, the village "uncle." "When I heard him rattle off that Latin piece to the graduan'tin', I thought certainly he was goin' right on to be a professor or minister, or sunthin'. Of course, not havin' no own folks, as you might say, he may be short on't for money to go ahead, and so he's gone int' the store to arn a little to help him out."

But it soon appeared that John was in the store to stay, and it also appeared that many changes were taking place there. Order succeeded chaos. With the reluctant consent of Mr. Rice, John arranged a sort of "rummage" sale, and marked old goods at such low prices that the accumulations of 25 years were cleared away, and the store looked as if it had just been stocked with new goods.

"I tell ye what," said Uncle Josiah, "John's a hustler, no mistake. Trade's just about doubled since he went there. Enoch has raised his pay twice, and he's had to hire a new hand already. The way John handles all sorts of customers is a caution. Why, here the other day he actually sold Mis' Pincher a new black alpaca afore she knew it, which she hain't bought a new dress this 'ten year, with all her money." And the old man chuckled with silent laughter.

"I happened into the store the other day," he continued, "when Oliver Rush, that Boston drummer, come in. He hadn't been in the store before since John had his sale and cleared off all the old goods. Rush, he looked all around the store afore he said a word.

"'Cap'n Rice,' he says, 'what you been doin'?"

"'Oh, says Enoch, 'my clerk here has been havin' a kind of an auction sale of the old goods, and fixin' up things a little.'

"Rush turned quicker'n lightning, and looked John all over, head to foot, but John, he never turned a hair; jest kep' right on measurin' off a dress for one of the factory girls. I tell ye, sir, I see now what John's

game is. He's set out to be a millionaire, and he'll be it, too. And that drummer, he'll have his finger in the pie, now you mark my words."

And having once more settled John's future to his own satisfaction, Uncle Josiah shuffled home.

One morning Mr. Rice came into the store in great excitement. "John," he said, "I hear that two men from Rutland are going to start a grocery store in the lower village, right where so many of the mill people live. It will cut deep into our grocery trade, sure as you are born, but I don't see how we can do anything about it."

"Why don't you make an offer to these men to sell out your grocery department to them?" asked John, quietly.

"Sell out!" exclaimed Mr. Rice. "You must be crazy, John!"

"No, Mr. Rice, I think it is a great opportunity to make a profitable change in the store. I believe the time has come when it will pay you to put in a larger and better stock of dry goods and shoes and let the grocery department go. The new mill will soon be built, and that will double the mill trade. Then, too, I believe that with a high-grade stock of dry goods we can catch a good deal of the trade that goes to Rutland now. People won't travel 25 miles to trade, if they can get goods of the same quality and price at home. And more than this, we can increase our trade from the smaller towns around Riverdale by a little judicious advertising in the Tribune."

So John's idea prevailed, and the store was entirely remodeled. The old windows, with wooden shutters that were put up every night, were taken away, and in their place was a fine show-window where John could make an attractive display of new goods.

"I never see anythin' like it," said Uncle Josiah in great astonishment. The women just flocked into the store after the fine things that John fixed up so scrupulously in the new window. And what do you s'pose he did when he was like to run out of the goods? Just rushed up to the depot and ordered a haul car-load by telegraph. Yes, sir, he did. I dunno what he will do next."

But the noticeable thing that John did next was not in connection with the store. It was nearly a year later when the Judge Oakburn place was offered for sale.

The house stood back some distance from the village street in a little grove of maples, and there were several acres of land connected with it. It was one of the oldest houses in town, but it was a large house, solidly built, and it had a long portico in front with tall pillars to support it.

"Mr. Rice," said John, "the Oakburn place is offered for sale at what I call a very low figure, and I should like to buy it. I have saved some money from my salary. Would you be willing to lend me \$500 and take a mortgage on the place?"

"Certainly, John," said Mr. Rice. "That will be a good investment for you. I have no doubt that in a few years you can sell it to one of the summer people at a big advance."

John did not look as if that were what he had in view, but he said earnestly, "Thank you very much, Mr. Rice! But I fear you will not get very rich out of the interest I shall pay you, for I mean to make a payment on the mortgage every month."

"That's right, John, stick to it and I'll be satisfied."

Meanwhile, Mr. Oliver Rush and John had become good friends, and John had given him increasingly large orders for goods.

One afternoon the salesman came into the store and asked for a private interview with the proprietor.

"I haven't come to sell goods to-day, Mr. Rice," he began. "I have come to talk with you about John Armington. You know what he has done in this store better than I do, but have you thought what his future is going to be? Of course he isn't going to stay here in Riverdale always. He's too smart and too ambitious for that.

"I've been around this country a good deal," he continued, "and I've seen a good many smart young men and honest young men that will surely succeed in business, but I never saw one that had his eyes front quite so steadily as John Armington. Now, Mr. Rice, John has already learned about all he can here, and he will soon strike out for a bigger place. I am in a position to give him a good start in the city, with a good salary at once, because I know he will more than give satisfaction. I know that it will be hard for you to give him up, but he has got these other clerks trained now so that they will do first-rate work, and when John is at the head of a tremendous business, and known all over the country, as he will be, you will be proud to remember that you gave him his first start here in Riverdale."

"Enoch Rice did not answer at once when Oliver finished speaking. "Rice is really getting to be an old man," thought Rush. "I never noticed it before."

"Enoch drew his fingers along the desk a few times, and looked carefully to see whether they gathered any dust.

"Well," he sighed, "I suppose this had to come some time. Have you spoken to John about it?"

"No, I thought I ought to speak to you first. I am going to invite him to come over to my room at the hotel."

"I wish you would be kind enough to ask John to step here to the desk before he goes." But Enoch's heart sank as he saw John coming briskly toward him.

"John," he began, "I understand that Mr. Rush has a very attractive offer to make to you to-day. I am not trying to forestall him or to compete with him, but I thought that I would just tell you what it was in my mind to do. I have been looking over the sales, and considering the territory we have to work in. I think I am justified in offering you a salary of \$1,500 a year. I did think of saying something to you about partnership, but somehow to-day I feel as if I was getting too old for that, but I could make it easy for you to take over the whole business in a few years."

There was a wistful look in the old man's eyes as he laid his wrinkled hand on John's shoulder, and his voice was broken as he continued: "You have been like an own son to me, John, and it is hard to think of having you leave me, but I know there is a grand future before you, and I don't want to stand in the way of your highest ambitions."

"Mr. Rice," said John eagerly, "you cannot realize how grateful I am to you for your generous offer! I—I—there is something else I want to say to you, but I will talk with Mr. Rush first."

In about an hour Mr. Rush and John came back from the hotel. For once in his life Mr. Rush looked dejected, but John's face was glowing.

"Rice," said Rush quickly, "this young man is either a fool or else he is very wise. In either case you have my hearty congratulations. The mill-train is due now. I'll be around again in six weeks."

As soon as Rush had gone, John turned to his employer and said very earnestly: "Mr. Rice, I am not going to leave you. I am going to stay here in Riverdale. You and Mr. Rush speak about my ambitions. I have had just one ambition since I entered this store, and that was to become so successful that I could begin my home life here in Riverdale with comfort and respect. Now, by your generous offer I can realize that ambition. As soon as the Oakburn place can be put in order, Alice and I intend to be married, and we shall make our home here among the scenes and the people that we love so well."

At that moment Uncle Josiah entered the store with a broad grin on his face and a Boston paper in his hand.

"I just happened in to Sherman's when the noon train came in," he said, "and thinks I'll take John's daily to him, and I just happened to see this piece of news that I guess you're interested in."

Marked by a grimy thumb-print John found this item:

Bradfield, May 27th. Last night the trustees and faculty of Bradfield Academy voted to appoint Miss Alice Raymond as musical director of the seminary. The position carries with it a large salary. Miss Raymond's success as a musician and as a teacher is well known.

John smiled as he said, "They will have to find a new director as soon as Alice gets my letter."

Mr. Rice had begun to look anxious again. "Will she—will she be willing to give up such a chance as that, John?"

"O, Mr. Rice, don't you understand? It was Alice who gave me this ambition for a happy, useful home. She has kept my eyes fixed upon it when I was almost discouraged. You ought to see the plans she has made for beautifying the old Oakburn house, and she longs to get back to the church and take the organ again, and she has plans, too, for doing something for musical culture here, and she has even gone so far as to pick-out the place where she is going to set the tables in the—in our little maple grove when she invites her Sunday school class to tea. I don't know," he continued, musingly. "I think I will run up to the station and send her a message. It may save complications about that appointment."

The old man's loving gaze followed John as he sped along the street.

"If there were more young people that had such ambitions," he mused, "there wouldn't be so much said about the decay of country villages."—Youth's Companion.

## SAILING AROUND THE COW.

How an Old Sea-Captain Was Misled by the Lowing of the Ship's Milk Producer.

Many a sea-captain has sailed around the world since the adventurous voyage of Capt. Cook, but few navigators have tried what the captain of an East Indiaman used to relate as an experience of his own, says the Youth's Companion.

He was out one foggy night, and sounded his fog-horn, as every wise captain should. From the starboard side came the sound of a fog-horn, apparently from a vessel very close, and showing no lights.

"Port your helm," shouted the captain, and the order was obeyed. Then he blew his horn again. Back from the same relative position, although the ship had altered her course three points, came the sound of that answering fog-horn.

"Hard aport!" roared the captain. That, too, was done, and the signal was tried again. Back from exactly the same position, although his vessel had now changed her course seven points, came the sound of that fog-horn.

The captain, alarmed, was just going to give the order to reverse the engines, when one of the officers discovered that the supposed fog-horn was only the cow that was carried on the forward deck to supply fresh milk for the passengers.

# THE DAIRY

## COWS WEAR ARMOR.

New Jersey Dairymen Resorts to Unique Method to Fool the Ever Hungry Mosquito.

Mosquito proof is this cow. She permitted the photographer to approach within "shooting" distance on the banks of the lake that lends its name to that fashionable Jersey summer resort, Spring Lake. She was perfectly willing to have her picture taken, but refused to be interviewed.

From outside sources it was learned that she wears that burlap bagging strapped around her back, not because



A MOSQUITO-PROOF COW.

she wished to set the style among the other lady kine, but because of the swarms of mosquitoes which arrive at the same feeding grounds about the time she puts in an appearance. As long as she stays they are content to stay, too. A few handfuls of them gallantly accompany her home when she strolls that way as the sun is setting.

Before the mosquito bag was invented the cow refused to be bothered with so much gallantry because the mosquitoes were carrying it too far, or she was carrying the mosquitoes too far. Consequently as soon as she heard their gentle voices whispering in the woodlets near by she "pulled her freight" for home as fast as she could go.

Her owner could not keep her in the pasture. All the other kine in the vicinity were of the same mind, and it looked as if there would be a milk famine until one cottager thought of the bag method.

Call that way they humorously down it a "mosquito saddle."—N. Y. Herald.

## THE DAIRY PASTURE.

No Part of the Farm Will Yield Better Results for Careful Attention and Treatment.

The director of the Iowa experiment station says: The problem as our lands become more valuable will be not how to do with less grass, but how to get more of it. Pasture lands may become worn out, or what is more properly termed, "run out," quite as readily and completely as tillable lands. No part of the farm will yield better returns for careful attention and good treatment than the pasture. Some simple experiments conducted in the Iowa college farm pastures have furnished striking results in favor of pasture culture. The application of ten quarts of clover seed per acre, disced and harrowed into blue grass pasture in the early spring, increased the yield 65 per cent. over pastures immediately adjoining that received no treatment. Pasture lands thus treated produce a heavier, denser growth, and better variety of grasses, and stand drought better and the improvement extends over several seasons. This treatment should be alternated with topdressing, applied preferably during the fall or winter, following with the harrow in the spring. The best pastures are those that are never disturbed by the plow.

## Electricity and Farm Life.

The development of the electric railway for country and interurban service in recent years is one of the most important lines along which electricity has effected rural wealth and welfare. Every year records the building of several of these lines in each of the central states, while many regions of New York and Ohio are already well supplied. Texas has been quick to grasp the utility of interurban electric service, and the next few years will see several of her principal cities joined by the trolley car. As an easy, cheap and convenient method of country travel, and for the quick marketing of farm produce, the interurban line has no superior. The farm telephone, too, has done much to remove the inconveniences and drawbacks of country life, and is also an important factor in produce marketing.—Chicago Daily Sun.

## How Flavor Is Ruined.

The udder and adjacent parts of the body which are much shaken during milking is one of the chief sources of infection, while the dust of the stable, the hands and clothes of the milker, together with the pails and cans used, are only slightly less important sources.

Requisites of Fine Butter.

To make fine butter one must begin with the herd. Breed cows so that you have fresh ones coming every month. The fine nutty flavor comes from the milk of the fresh cows, and the churning quality of the cream is governed to a great extent by it.

## CURRENT TOPICS.

The czar of Russia has established a ten-hour working day.

The anthracite field is limited to a space of 3,200 square miles.

A Berliner takes, on the average, 129 street car rides a year.

Fishermen at San Francisco, Cal., have taken steps to form a union.

The first ton of anthracite was delivered in Philadelphia a century ago.

It takes the constant labor of 60,000 people to make matches for the world.

The number of laborers required to cultivate the tea crop of India is 666,000.

A Pennsylvania man's four daughters are running their father's saw-mill.

A chimney of 115 feet high will, without danger, sway ten inches in a wind.

The average of wrecks in the Baltic sea is one every day throughout the year.

Forty-four muscles are called into play in the production of the human voice.

In London each day 400 children are born and 250 enter school for the first time.

Some Parisian restaurants charge a shilling extra for the use of the tablecloth.

A woman's gymnasium, to cost \$31,000, will be built at the University of Chicago.

Silk is considered unclean by the Mohammedans, because it is the product of a worm.

Japan has an avenue of trees 50 miles long, extending from the town of Namanda to Nikko.

Ex-Senator Jewett, of St. Louis, who is 94 years old, says that a man should quit work at the age of 90.

It is estimated that over 600,000 gallons of castor oil are manufactured annually in the United States.

Prisoners when arrested in Morocco are required to pay the policeman for his trouble in taking them to jail.

The pineapple crop in Cuba for 1902 is estimated at nearly 200,000 barrels, holding an aggregate of 14,000,000.

Elwell Hoyt, of Eau Claire, Mich., has the most complete collection of pioneer relics in the central states.

Over 750,000 acres of pasture land are in the south of Scotland, which is more than half the country's total.

Unless stricter game laws are introduced the chamois is in serious danger of being exterminated in Switzerland.

Gas was first used as a street illuminant in Baltimore, gas lamps being introduced in that city in the year 1816.

Each year about \$50,000 is expended in sprinkling the streets of London with sand, to prevent horses from slipping.

The last five years of the nineteenth century produced more gold than the entire output of the seventeenth century.

Mushrooms generally consist of 90 per cent. water, but the remaining 10 per cent. is more nutritious than bread.

The Echo Agricole, a French agricultural journal, estimates the world's wheat crop for 1902 at 2,900,000,000 bushels.

One hundred tons of dressed turkeys ordered in New Zealand are to be sent to London in time for the Christmas market.

## What Did She Mean?

Flora—Yes, I sing in a church where they have an awfully small congregation.

Dora—Then why don't you stop singing?—Philadelphia Bulletin.

## THE WHOLE STORY!

WE CLOTHE YOU DOWN TO THE FEET WITH WATERPROOF OILED CLOTHING

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

Fortune can take away riches but not courage.—Seneca.

Diphtheria relieved in twenty minutes. Almost miraculous. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. At any drug store.

It doesn't take much gold-leaf to cover the pupil of the eye.—Ram's Horn.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes produce the brightest and fastest colors.

Obscurity furnishes a good pedestal for lasting fame.—Ram's Horn.

## CASTORIA

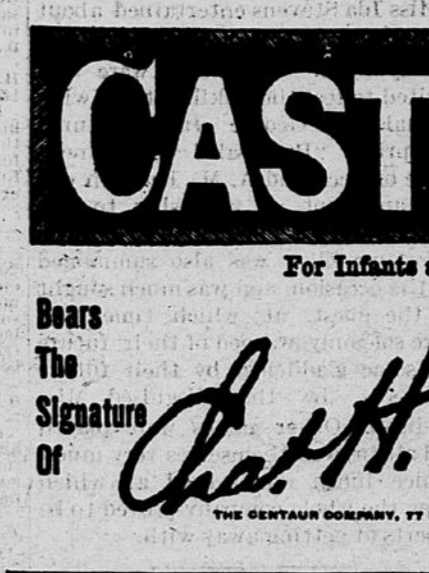
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It will cure every thing that a good cure—that's what horse-owners say of Mexican Mustang Liniment LINIMENT

## BACKACHE.



Backache is a forerunner and one of the most common symptoms of kidney trouble and womb displacement.

## READ MISS BOLLMAN'S EXPERIENCE.

"Some time ago I was in a very weak condition, my work made me nervous and my back ached frightfully all the time, and I had terrible headaches.

"My mother got a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for me, and it seemed to strengthen my back and help me at once, and I did not get so tired as before. I continued to take it, and it brought health and strength to me, and I want to thank you for the good it has done me."—Miss KATE BOLLMAN, 142nd St. & Wales Ave., New York City.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

## Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cures because it is the greatest known remedy for kidney and womb troubles.

Every woman who is puzzled about her condition should write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., and tell her all.

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## Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION

PREPARED BY J. C. CARTER, SMALLWOOD, N. J.

## CURE SICK HEADACHE.

What's the secret of happy, vigorous health? Simply keeping the bowels, the stomach, the liver and kidneys strong and active. Burdock Blood Bitters does it.

Early frost catches the budding genius.—Chicago Daily News.

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

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