

# THE STORY TELLER

## WALTER'S PA AS A DRIVER.

My pa lived on a farm when he was just a little boy like me; He used to drive the horses there. Cross railroad tracks and everywhere.

One Sunday pa he said: "I guess I'll get a horse to-day, and let's go buggy-ridin', fur away, And take our lunch, and stay all day."

At first ma didn't like to go, Because the horse might cut up so; But pa said: "Pshaw! They'll be no harm, 'Cause once I lived out on a farm."

At last ma she give in, and then She dressed the baby up to go; And she brought the horse and buggy, ma said: "Now, be careful, won't you, pa?"

"Oh, pshaw! Don't be afraid," pa said, And told the horse to go ahead, The baby was behind with ma, And I set up in front with pa.

The horse went decent till at last A nobby mobile scootin' fast Come tearin' down the road as though It was wound up and had to go.

The horse stood up and pawed the air, And something seemed to make pa's hair All bristly, and his eyes—oh, gee! But they looked queer, it seemed to me.

His face got white, and then he said To me, a whispert: "We're dead!" But we got by at last, and then The horse behaved himself again.

When we were home ma said she knew That pa would know just what to do. She said she knew they'd be no harm, 'Cause pa had lived out on a farm.

And pa he held his head up high And said "of course," and that was why He took us out to ride, because They'd be no danger where he was.

I wonder if God loves folks who Pretend they don't do what they do, And when you're scared enough to die And don't let on, is that a lie? —S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

## RELAXATION OF CAMERON KENT

CAMERON KENT had been brought up by a most fashionable mother and a host of elder sisters on the prairie and prairie plan. From a social standpoint he was an entire success. He always arrived at a dinner, dance, or theater party on schedule time; he was prompt in his payment of party calls; civil to every one present, but impartially bestowing his attentions; agreeable to any assignment; never sent his regrets and never appeared bored.

In view of such desirable qualities, it was not surprising, therefore, that he was in great demand. He was the standby of hostesses, the delight of chaperons, the hope of wall flowers and the despair of mammas with eligible daughters.

In addition to these accomplishments, he was bestowed with good looks and a good income; was polished in manner and well informed, yet while every woman admitted that he was desirable, not one had lost her heart to him, until Cissy Navigne came out. She immediately announced to her elder brother that she thought Cameron Kent a "howling swell" and that with a very little provocation or encouragement she could fall in love with him.

"Better not, Cis," replied her brother. "Kent is a confirmed old bachelor. Besides, you'd never hit it off with him. He is as cut and dried as an old maid. He keeps a set of books all neatly dated—engagements, calls made, calls to make, list of indebtedness to pay, list of invites, etc. He has a ledger and a day book, and goes over them each day, checking, balancing and making entries. Now how do you think that kind of a man would regard you, if by chance he should see your top drawer?"

"I should always keep my top drawer closed," said Cissy, pertly. "I like a systematic, orderly person, from contrast, I suppose. I think beneath his veneering of conventionalism Cameron Kent's heart is all right."

"But if the veneering is on so thick that you can never reach his heart, what difference does it make as to its quality?"

"Oh, no one has tried properly to remove the veneering," replied Cissy. "And I suppose you think you can—a little upstart like you, when all the belles of the season have failed?"

"Yes, I do," replied Cissy. "That is, if the environments are favorable if I could meet him in some unconventional or Bohemian way, or if he and I were the principals in some little adventure."

"Well, if you depend on those circumstances, you're a goner, for Cameron Kent is always on guard. You'll never find him an inch out of the prescribed path. He is too much of a veteran to be caught by an adventure."

"Then he'll be getting rusty by this time," said Cissy, sagely, "and he won't be a match for active, young brains just out of school, but maybe the fates will be good and arrange things for me without my plotting."

The season sped on and Cissy continued to meet Cameron Kent and received attentions from him in the same measure that others had, but her admiration for him continued and increased.

One day about four months after her debut, she issued invitations to a dinner dance, and, of course, Cameron Kent was first on her list.

"Cissy Navigne dinner dance," he entered in his notebook. "She is a nice, original little girl, decidedly in-

teresting for a bud," and thought no more of her until he consulted his book on the date affixed to the entry in his book.

Then, immaculately attired in conventional evening dress, he betook himself to the Navigne residence at the prescribed time. He was ushered into the drawing room, which, to his utter surprise, was unoccupied by guests or hostess.

"Could I have mistaken the hour or date?" he thought, but rejected such an event as impossible.

Presently Cissy entered the drawing room. She wore a dark skirt and shirt waist; her hair was in school-girl fashion. Her involuntary expression of surprise was but momentary and quickly concealed as she greeted him, but it told him that his surmise was correct, and he had made a mistake in the date—the first time in his life he had been guilty of such a blunder. He resolved not to confess his stupidity. He would merely make a formal call and then take his departure.

But he was reckoning without his hostess.

"Oh, Mr. Kent," exclaimed Cissy, "you can never guess what I was about to do when you came!"

"Indeed, I cannot," he replied.

"Well, you see, papa, mamma and Walter have gone out. I didn't think anyone would be likely to call to-night, and so I had just gone down into the kitchen to make some old-fashioned molasses candy. The cook is out, and I have full sway. I never will have such a good opportunity again. Don't you want to come down and help me?"

Anxious that she should not discover his blunder, he was willing to obey any commands to atone for his shortcoming. He expressed his pleasure at the proposition, and together they sought the kitchen.

"Your attire is not in keeping with the place," she said, laughing; "besides it's terribly warm here. I'll forgive you if you remove your coat. I am in my shirt sleeves myself, you see."

He not only removed his coat, but allowed her to tie a kitchen apron around his waist. Then he heartily entered into the spirit of the occasion, poured the molasses into the kettle and helped to grease the plates.

"I was right," thought Cissy triumphantly. "He has adaptability. It's only because his lines have been cast in social places that he has been so proper."

The making of the candy took a great deal of attention. They bent over the kettle and anxiously discussed the length of time it should boil.

She showed him how it must be done to a hair, and when he finally insisted it was "haired," they turned it into the plates and set it out to cool. There came a distracting moment when Cissy took his hands—one at a time—and greased them.

"Think of Cameron Kent with greased hands!" She laughed softly and triumphantly to herself behind the pantry door. Then what a pulling time there was. Cameron Kent proved as dexterous at this new employment as he was in leading a coltillon.

Poor Cissy got hopelessly entangled in her strand of molasses, which threaded and parted in every possible way. Cameron cut up his long rope of candy, which had attained the desired shade of whiteness, into little bits, and then proceeded by the aid of butter and patience to extricate Cissy from her supply of molasses.

In the midst of this occupation Walter Navigne returned and appeared upon the scene.

"I say, Cissy! Whatever are you up to?" he called.

Then he caught sight of Kent and stared at that individual in amazement.

Cameron, however, was not at all disturbed by the encounter.

"Halloa, Navigne!" he said cheerily, "do you want to help us pull candy? You'll find some in a plate on the refrigerator."

"There seems to be plenty on my sister's hands, too," said Navigne pointedly.

"Yes, but I have the first claim to that," was the response.

"I am nearly famished," Walter declared. "Aren't you going to serve anything but candy, Cis?"

"If you will open negotiations with the coffee pot, Walter, I will see what I can do in a sandwich way, when my hands are at liberty," replied Cissy.

Presently the three sat down to a very palatable little luncheon spread upon the kitchen table.

"Don't forget the dinner dance tomorrow evening," said Cissy to her "formal caller" as he was taking his departure.

her. This was his recognized position. The buds always opened their cotillions with Cameron Kent, so her choice made no comment.

"May I assure you," he said when making his adieux, "that your evening has been most successful and that I have enjoyed myself immensely."

"I am glad that you have," she replied conventionally.

Still he lingered.

"May I also tell you that I enjoyed myself even more last evening and ask for a repetition of the program, say Friday evening?"

Cissy's eyes danced with mirthful satisfaction.

"I very much fear," she rejoined, "that that is the evening cook receives in the kitchen and I really have no right to appropriate her precincts. But we might practice on fudge in the chaffing dish."

The fudge evening found him as mellowed and unconventional as the molasses one. Cissy's brain was fertile in devising and carrying out schemes that brought herself and the now deeply interested Cameron Kent into tete-a-tetes and informal meetings.

Lenton season afforded them scope for the indulgence of unconventional functions. Then came spring when his fancy already more than lightly turned to thoughts of the supreme passion.

Before early summer had passed Cameron Kent had won and wooed Cissy with all the ardor of an impulsive young swain who had never been a victim to society's iron-clad rules. Under Cissy's influence he grew almost unconventional, and, profiting by his systematic and methodical habits, her top drawer became a thing of order.

The courtship was brief and happy—their honeymoon a time of bliss. One day when they were recalling the past and he was trying for the hundredth time to locate the exact moment that he lost his heart to her, he finally declared that it was when she was greasing his hands on the night of their famous candy-pull.

"I never thought that I really knew you, as you were, until that night," said Cissy.

He began to laugh.

"I shall have to tell you something. It seemed a terrible thing for me at the time, but looking backward, it strikes me as being very funny. You see I had a great many engagements, and so I was in the habit of jotting down place, date and event in a memorandum book I kept for the purpose. I am naturally accurate, and I never made a mistake in my dates, but I got your dinner date noted a day in advance in some inexplicable way and when I came, as you thought, to call that night, I supposed that I was coming to the dinner dance until you came into the drawing-room in shirt waist attire. I determined to make a formal call and depart. In my confusion I accepted your hospitable invitation to accompany you to the kitchen."

There was a silence. Cissy did not laugh and tease him as he had expected. Finally she said:

"Cameron, I thought it an awfully good joke at the time, but since I've felt like an artful, designing person in keeping silence so long. I have been calling myself an imposter—I, too, have a confession to make."

"You know what confession is good for," he laughed, "so 'feas up.'"

"Cameron," she said earnestly, "I put the date in your invitation a day in advance of the others, and planned the candy pull and all, so I could meet you informally and get acquainted with you. Do you think that was awful?"

His laughter was good to hear.

"But tell me, Cissy, you little conspirator," he said presently, when he had assured her that the scheme was a happy thought, "why did you want to meet me informally and get acquainted with me then? Did you really like me?"

"Oh, Cameron," she sighed, "a year before I came out I thought you were the most stunning thing I ever laid eyes on, and I could hardly wait for my debut to meet you. If you hadn't fallen in love with me, I should have gone into the convent."

"Bound to wear a veil in either case, eh, Cissy," he asked lightly, but with pleasure shining in his eyes.—News Orleans Times-Democrat.

### Satisfied His Curiosity.

The English papers tell of a young Parisian in London, visiting the "Chamber of Horrors" at Tussaud's. Being alone he was seized with an impulse to put his neck in the lunette wherein had rested that of Marie Antoinette. He lay down, touched a spring and closed the collar. But how was he to release himself? If he touched the wrong spring the fatal ax might descend. Before long a crowd of visitors, led by an attendant, came on the scene. The guide was a bit of a linguist, and saw an opportunity, with himself as master of the situation. He at once began a practical lecture on the guillotine, interrupting his remarks with little asides in French to the indignant victim, asking him to scream louder or writhe more agonizingly. "How well he acts!" exclaimed the gratified on-lookers. Finally the Parisian was released, and answering the applause with maledictions, fed.—New York Tribune.

### Fatal Affection.

A capital story is told by a popular bishop well-known at the East End for his work among the poor there. A cotermonger was in great trouble. He had just lost his little son and the good bishop was seeking to console him as well as he was able, when the cotermonger suddenly looked up, and in a broken voice, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, said: "D'ye think I could get the young beggar stuffed?"—King.

## COLOR IN THE SOUTHWEST.

These Who Have Seen It Say There Is No Blue Like the Sky of Arizona.

The desert is gray and white and yellow, a background which intensifies the red shirt of the cow-boy and the blanket of the Indian. The landscape of red and other also brings out all the blue there is in the sky, writes Maxfield Parrish, in Century. Titian did the same thing; how fond he was of placing a tan-colored figure against his blue skies, a contrast which, no doubt, helped to make his skies the marvel they are. In the southwest your face is always lifted up, looking into air and space and freedom; and day after day the sky is clear and blue; it is always with you, and you see more of it than you ever saw before; so no wonder you say there is no blue like the sky of Arizona.

But it is not the intense blue of New England; it is a pale blue, and there is a heaven-full of it every day and night. When you see a bare red Arizona mountain a long way off, the blue and violet and purple of it seem like the work of magic. Put such a mountain in New England, put it over against the east in a clear sunset glow, and it would be more startling than in Arizona. But we have not such mountains here, and Arizona has not our atmosphere capable of giving color to the dingiest object. However, she has great local color, and great distances to change it into many tints. A field of alfalfa is the most brilliant of greens; the vermilion fly-catcher is a comet in the sky—he positively glows like a light, he is so brilliant. One has to stand on the rim of the Grand Canon, look across at the other wall, 13 miles away, and watch it at sunrise or sunset, in order to see color which can exist nowhere else. At the beginning or at the end of the day the great forms of which the walls are made cast their most wonderful shadows. They are so far off and there is so much air in between that the light and shade seem unreal, like a mirage which you know will vanish in a little while. The low sunlight falls on the red towers and spires, and causes them to glow as though a light were within them, like a great thunderhead at sunset; and thousands of feet down into the chasm falls the shadow, a blue from dreamland, a blue from which all the skies of the world were made.

AN ANGEL IN DISGUISE.

He Wanted an Eraser, But the Good Woman Wouldn't Give Him Dry Bread.

An artist who was making a sketching tour through a picturesque region of Connecticut chanced one day on a barn so alluring to his eye that he sat down on a stone wall and went to work at once, relates an exchange.

He soon became conscious that he had two interested spectators in the persons of the farmer and his wife, who had come to the door of the house to watch him.

The artist by and by discovered that he had lost or mislaid his rubber eraser, and, as he wished to correct a slight error in the sketch he went up to the door and asked the farmer's wife if she might have a small piece of dry bread. This as every artist knows, makes a good eraser.

The farmer's wife looked at him with an expression of pity not unmixed with surprise.

"Dry bread!" she repeated. "Well, I guess you won't have to put up with any dry bread from me, young man. You come right into the kitchen with me and I'll give you a thick slice of bread with butter on it."

"Now don't say a word," she continued, raising her hand to warn off his expostulations. "I don't care how you came to this state, nor anything about it; all I know is you're hungry, and that's enough for me. You shall have a good dinner."

"NORTH COAST LIMITED."

Every Day in the Year.

The Northern Pacific Railway take pleasure in announcing that their popular overland train, the "North Coast Limited," will be continued during the winter.

This broad vestibled, steam heated, electric lighted train, with its model observation car, equipped with the most modern conveniences, such as parlor, reading and writing rooms, library of choice books, supplemented with the latest magazines, and illustrated papers, buffet, bath room, barber shop, and card rooms; with standard Pullman and tourist sleeping cars (the former with two berth lights in each section), as well as handsome day coaches, guarantee the traveling public service between St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and Fargo, Butte, Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma and Portland absolutely unrivaled.

Two through trains daily between St. Paul and Portland, supplemented by the "Burlington" Special, running daily between Kansas City and Seattle, via Billings, is the most complete transcontinental passenger service now offered the traveling public. Chas. S. Fee, Gen'l. Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

Lost in the Park.

A man had been absent for some time, and during his absence had raised a pretty luxuriant crop of whiskers, mustache, etc. On returning home he visited a relative, whose little girl he was very fond of.

The little girl made no demonstration toward saluting him with a kiss, as was usual.

"Why, child," said the mother, "don't you give Uncle Will a kiss?"

"Why, mm," returned the little girl, with the most perfect simplicity, "I don't see any place!"—Washington Times.

It's Worth the While.

To know of the prosperity and unequalled inducements in the Southwest, illustrated pamphlets, "Indian Territory," "Texas," "Old Mexico," "Winter Tours," "Trade Follows the Flag," etc., will be sent free of writing James Barker, Gen'l. Pass. & Tkt. Agt., M. K. & T. Ry., 520 Wainwright Bldg., St. Louis.

The ills of life are sufficiently hard to bear, without adding to them the wear and tear of discontent and rebellion.—Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

# Straight to the Spot

THOUSANDS PROFIT BY THE FREE OFFER OF DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS AND GET CURED.

Aching backs are eased. Hip, back, and loin pains overcome. Swelling of the limbs and dropsy signs vanish. They correct urine with brick dust sediment, high colored, excessive, pain in passing, dribbling, frequency. Doan's Kidney Pills dissolve and remove calculi and gravel. Relieve heart palpitation, sleeplessness, headache, nervousness.

TELL CITY, IND.—I received the free trial of Doan's Kidney Pills. They are splendid. I had an awful pain in my back; on taking the pills the pain left me right away and I feel like a new man.—Stephen Schaefer.

Mrs. ADDIE ANDREWS, R. F. D. No. 1, BROOKHEAD, Wis., writes: I received the free trial of Doan's Kidney Pills with much benefit. My little nephew was suffering terribly with kidney trouble from scarlet fever. Two doctors failed to help him and he finally went into spasms. His father gave him Doan's Kidney Pills and from the second dose the pain was less. He began to gain and is to-day a well boy, his life saved by Doan's Kidney Pills.

WONDERFUL RESULTS FROM A FREE TRIAL OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST KIDNEY MEDICINE.

RUDDEN MILLER, Ky.—I received the free trial of pills. They done me great good. I had bladder trouble, compelling me to get up often during night. Now I sleep well; no pain in neck of bladder; pain in back is gone, also headache.—Jno. L. Hill.

FREE FOR THE ASKING.



FORSTER-MILBURN Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Please send me by mail, without charge, trial box Doan's Kidney Pills. Name \_\_\_\_\_ Post-office \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ (Cut out coupon on dotted lines and mail to Forster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.)

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

W. L. Douglas shoes are the standard of the world. W. L. Douglas made and sold more men's Good-Year Welt (Hand Sewed, French) shoes in the first six months of 1908 than any other manufacturer. \$10,000 REWARD will be paid to anyone who can improve this statement.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$4 SHOES CANNOT BE EXCELLED. 1898 sales, \$1,103,820; 1903 sales, \$2,940,000. Best Imported and American leathers, Heigl's Patent Cut, Enamel, Box Cut, Vici Kid, Corona Cut, Red Kangaroo, East Color Eyelets used. Caution! The genuine have W. L. DOUGLAS name and price stamped on bottom. Shoes by mail, \$2c. extra. Illus. Catalog Free. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

Every Day in the Year.

The Northern Pacific Railway take pleasure in announcing that their popular overland train, the "North Coast Limited," will be continued during the winter.

This broad vestibled, steam heated, electric lighted train, with its model observation car, equipped with the most modern conveniences, such as parlor, reading and writing rooms, library of choice books, supplemented with the latest magazines, and illustrated papers, buffet, bath room, barber shop, and card rooms; with standard Pullman and tourist sleeping cars (the former with two berth lights in each section), as well as handsome day coaches, guarantee the traveling public service between St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and Fargo, Butte, Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma and Portland absolutely unrivaled.

Two through trains daily between St. Paul and Portland, supplemented by the "Burlington" Special, running daily between Kansas City and Seattle, via Billings, is the most complete transcontinental passenger service now offered the traveling public. Chas. S. Fee, Gen'l. Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

Lost in the Park.

A man had been absent for some time, and during his absence had raised a pretty luxuriant crop of whiskers, mustache, etc. On returning home he visited a relative, whose little girl he was very fond of.

The little girl made no demonstration toward saluting him with a kiss, as was usual.

"Why, child," said the mother, "don't you give Uncle Will a kiss?"

"Why, mm," returned the little girl, with the most perfect simplicity, "I don't see any place!"—Washington Times.

It's Worth the While.

To know of the prosperity and unequalled inducements in the Southwest, illustrated pamphlets, "Indian Territory," "Texas," "Old Mexico," "Winter Tours," "Trade Follows the Flag," etc., will be sent free of writing James Barker, Gen'l. Pass. & Tkt. Agt., M. K. & T. Ry., 520 Wainwright Bldg., St. Louis.

The ills of life are sufficiently hard to bear, without adding to them the wear and tear of discontent and rebellion.—Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

Tommy Backbay—"Mother, is it a sin to say 'Rubber-neck?' Madam Backbay—"It is worse than a sin, Thomas; it is vulgar."—Harvard Lampoon.

Schoolmaster—"Now, let us have 'Little Drops of Water' again, and do, please, put a little spirit into it."—Glasgow Evening Times.



W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 & \$3.50 SHOES. W. L. Douglas shoes are the standard of the world. W. L. Douglas made and sold more men's Good-Year Welt (Hand Sewed, French) shoes in the first six months of 1908 than any other manufacturer. \$10,000 REWARD will be paid to anyone who can improve this statement. W. L. DOUGLAS \$4 SHOES CANNOT BE EXCELLED. 1898 sales, \$1,103,820; 1903 sales, \$2,940,000. Best Imported and American leathers, Heigl's Patent Cut, Enamel, Box Cut, Vici Kid, Corona Cut, Red Kangaroo, East Color Eyelets used. Caution! The genuine have W. L. DOUGLAS name and price stamped on bottom. Shoes by mail, \$2c. extra. Illus. Catalog Free. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.



Extract of Beef.

We use the best lean beef, get all the essence from it, and concentrate it to the uttermost. In an ounce of our Extract there is all the nutrition of many pounds of beef. To get more nutriment to the ounce is impossible. Our Booklet, "How to Make Good Things to Eat," mailed free.

LIBBY, McKEILL & LIBBY, CHICAGO.



SAWYER'S SLICKERS will keep you dry in the severest storm. The best waterproof clothing made. All sizes and for all kinds of work. Ask your dealer or send for catalogue. H. R. SAWYER & CO., Sole Mfrs., East Cambridge, Mass.

HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL CUTS WOUNDS. ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT. A. N. K.—G 1945. WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

# WINCHESTER

FACTORY LOADED SHOTGUN SHELLS "New Rival" "Leader" "Repeater"

If you are looking for reliable shotgun ammunition, the kind that shoots where you point your gun, buy Winchester Factory Loaded Shotgun Shells: "New Rival," loaded with Black powder; "Leader" and "Repeater" loaded with Smokeless. Insist upon having Winchester Factory Loaded Shells, and accept no others. ALL DEALERS KEEP THEM

For Bruises and Sprains MEXICAN Mustang Liniment For MAN OR BEAST