THE STORY TELLER

HIGHER CULTURE ON THE FARM

Our Mary Jane has been to school (she
called it "Female College")
To get the hang of languages and other
kinds o' knowledge;
We scraped and saved to put her where
[illegible] her daddy,
raking hay;
We sent her for a four-year term, we
wanted her to get
Eddicational advantages—she has 'em,
you can bet;
She's learned a heap of other things (it's
them that makes the fuss):
She ain't content to know herself, but
wants to teach to us.

Since Mary Jane's been home from school
you'd scarcely know the place:
The old-time parlor fixings has got their
"koop de grace;"
The sampler that my mother worked, the
hair wreaths that sister made,
The new rag carpet Mandy sewed (she'd
barely got to hab),
The hair cloth sofa, chairs to match—
they all had got to go,
For Mary Jane decided they looked terrible
"comm eel fow;"
The new parlor suites of shell and beads
(they took a year to make),
But they're banished in the garret for
"higher cultshure's" sake.

Since Mary Jane's been home from
school, 'twould puzzle any man
To name the things we get to eat, and as
for me, I swan
I never go to table without offering up a
prayer
That when I get to Heaven, they'll feed
me farmer's fare,
For the "ragoos" and the "entries," the
"horse dee over" too,
Ain't near as satisfying as a pork and
turnip stew;
And the "trifles" and the "suffles," the
jellies and the cake,
Don't fill a feller like the pies that Mandy
used to make.

And then again our manners, they mayn't
be "up to snuff,"
But still for me an' Mandy they was always
good enough;
But Mary Jane, Lord bless us! finds
fault from morn till night!
There 'aint a thing we do or say we
do or say it right.
It's true we brought it on ourselves, and
yet it's awful sad.
I'm clear worn out with listening, and
Mandy's just as bad.
Some day if we drop off the perch, just
write it on our grave:
"They died from 'higher cultshure' and
a'learning to behave."

—Helen Combes, in N. Y. Sun.

WHEN THE PLOT THICKENED.

DUDLEY explained his idea with enthusiasm.

"Something is bound to come of it," he said. "We will exchange mail for one week. You must read my letters and answer them as if they were your own, without consulting me, or even telling me their contents, and I will do the same with yours. By following up this misfit correspondence I'll be sure to get a plot."

"Quite likely," drawled Grant. "But what do I get?"

"The satisfaction of seeing me make a stake with an original story, and possibly a check, if that delinquent Boston firm comes to time."

Grant considered the proposition doubtfully.

"It's a crazy notion," he said, at length, "but since I get scarcely any mail up town except laundry bills and circulars from local tradesmen, the chances of your prying into any of my secrets seem exceedingly slim, so I suppose I can safely accommodate you. When do you wish to put the system into operation?"

"To-morrow morning, if you're willing," said Dudley. "My imagination seems to be afflicted with a most aggravated case of dry rot these days, and the sooner I get to work on a plot from real life the better."

As a matter of fact, there were three letters of importance for either of the friends, but in the ten o'clock mail on the second morning there was a letter addressed to Grant that promised interesting results. The envelope bore unmistakable earmarks of feminity, and in spite of their agreement Dudley hesitated before opening it.

"It seems hardly fair to the girl," he thought. "Still—"

He looked across the table at Grant, who had finished his breakfast and was smiling over a communication to Dudley from the ponderous Boston firm.

"That settles it," growled Dudley. "He's got the check, confound him! I might as well resign myself to thinking the most of this unfortunate little note."

The letter was written in a sprawling fashionable hand and covered several pages. Before he was half way through Dudley perceived that he had been precipitated into the thick of a plot far more unique than any he had counted on discovering.

"After many months of hard work I have come to the conclusion that the editing of the papers left by my late husband, Gen. McKeever, is too big a job for me to finish alone, and I have decided to place them in the hands of some trustworthy literary man who will do justice to the general's memory. The question is, whom shall I employ? I wish you would advise me. I know that you have a large acquaintance among writers, and it has occurred to me that you might be able to recommend some person for the place. From our previous conversations on the subject, you are tolerably well by the general, and consequently you will know what qualifications are essential in the man who undertakes to finish the book. The payment will be very liberal, and whoever accepts the position can well afford to lay aside his other work while engaged in this. Kindly give the matter your earnest attention, and advise me as soon as you have made a choice. Yours sincerely,

LUELLA M'KEEVER.

"Hawthorne Apartments, September 2."

Dudley read the letter several times. Even after he knew it by heart he kept on reading it. Presently Grant started down town, and then he made preparations for answering it.

"She's the same old Luella," he mused, over ink and notepaper. "I've been thinking ever since I heard that the general was dead that I would look her up and see if she were as sweet and pretty as she used to be. This is an unparalleled opportunity. It's a blessing I made that compact with Grant. He wouldn't have recommended me in a hundred years, but I shall have no hesitancy in recommending myself. Luella refused me once, in another capacity, and she may refuse me now in this, but I certainly shall not let that stand in the way without an earnest effort to win her."

Grant's was an easy hand to imitate, and after a couple of hours' practice Dudley flattered himself that his writing would pass muster before anybody less skilled than an expert. That feat accomplished, he wrote to Mrs. McKeever.

"My dear Luella," he said. "I am very glad that you consulted me in regard to a competent literary man to finish editing the general's papers, because it gives me a chance to recommend a man whom I think remarkably well fitted for the post. Clarence Dudley is the man I mean. You have no doubt heard his name mentioned frequently of late, for he has been doing some very creditable work. Dudley is a particular friend of mine, I have known him intimately for many years, and have always found him the right sort. I have never known a man whom I liked so well. He is, by all odds, the best friend I ever had, and if you can see your way clear to trusting him with your book you will be conferring a favor upon me personally. Aside from his attributes as an all-round good fellow, Dudley is so well equipped mentally that I feel sure he would give excellent satisfaction, and I hope you can strike a bargain with him. Let me know at once what you think of my selection. If your decision is favorable, I will have Dudley call on you, and you can settle the matter to suit yourselves. Yours,

HENRY GRANT."

Dudley did not view this effusion with unalloyed pride.

"It's pretty fulsome praise to sing at one's own funeral," he commented. "If she should ever find out that I am the author of the panegyric she will certainly think me too effervescent to write a history of her dear departed husband, and I must contrive to say nothing about our compact. If he should give me away, my vanity would certainly prove fatal."

Grant did not come up to the office that evening, as he had expected he should be out of town for a day or two, but that Dudley was to stick to their bargain and continue to answer his share of their mail, as usual. There was very little to answer, but it made up in quality what it lacked in quantity, for Thursday morning brought another letter from Mrs. McKeever.

"I was somewhat surprised at your choice of literary executor," she wrote. "I knew Clarence Dudley several years ago, and have rather pleasant recollections of him, but I had hardly thought that his literary qualifications exactly what I required. Still, I can form no better position to judge him from every standpoint, and I will gladly grant him an interview. Before sending him to my house, make clear to him that I have mentioned it in my last letter, but shrank from doing so. But it is too important to be put off longer. It relates to the commands of Gen. McKeever. It was one of the provisions of his will that no one except himself or his second husband should write a line of his biography. Naturally, he preferred that I should do it without assistance, but he was not a jealous or a selfish man, and he realized that I, being a young woman, should probably marry again. If I found the book too great an undertaking to accomplish alone, and decided to marry before its completion, he expressly stipulated that my husband should carry on the work. So, you see, before entering into a literary agreement with any author I must come to an understanding with him in regard to that clause in my husband's will. You will see, my dear Henry, without further explanation, that my position is most awkward. By the general's commands I am bound to see that the book is finished by a man I like, yet I am unable to marry myself, and am constrained to look help only from some man at whose head I am virtually bound to throw myself in marriage. For pity's sake, Henry, help me over this difficulty. Explain the situation to Mr. Dudley as delicately as you know how. I think it much better that you, rather than I, should broach the subject. Then, if he does not positively revolt, let him come to see me. Yours,

LUELLA."

Dudley spent less than ten minutes on his reply to the second note.

"My dear Luella," he said. "Dudley understands the situation exceedingly vivid, and he is anxious to meet you again. Notwithstanding your frank criticism of his work, I still think him the very man for the place, and if agreeable to you he will call on you Saturday afternoon at 3.

"HENRY."

Mrs. McKeever was plainly nervous through the preliminary handshaking when they met on Saturday afternoon, but Dudley had braced himself for the occasion and acquitted himself as became the literary trustee of a popular general.

"I must confess," said Mrs. McKeever, "that I was astonished when Henry Grant proposed your name as an accomplished historian. I did not know that you aspired to fame in that direction. Furthermore, I didn't know that you and Henry were such close friends."

"Oh, yes," said Dudley, carelessly. "I've known Grant for years."

"So he tells me. He seems very fond of you. I really did not know it was possible for one man to care so much for another. I hope that you are equally devoted to him. His praise of you is unstinted. He says that you are the best friend he ever had, and that he likes you better than anybody else in the world."

"Does he?" murmured Dudley. "Dear old Hank."

"And, from what Henry tells me of your literary achievements. If I didn't know Henry to be such a level-headed fellow I should accuse him of gushing. I should be afraid that his judgment had been warped by the heat of friendship and that his recommendation was not entirely reliable. However, I have decided to take his advice, and if you are willing—to enter upon the profession which I explained to him would be required of you—why—"

She shifted her eyes uneasily. Dudley felt that he had skated precisely over the thinnest parts of his duplicity, and he filled up the pause boyishly.

"Now, see here, Luella," he said, "you ought to know pretty well how I feel about the matter. I put the question to you six years ago, and you turned me down most beautifully. I swallowed the dose, I flatter myself, with fairly good grace, but I kept on thinking of you pretty constantly, even after you married Gen. McKeever and went to Chicago to live. Ever since you've been single again I've been aching to sound you on the subject, but I felt rather afraid of you and thought I'd better go slow. I want you, Luella, and I want to write the general's biography. Are you willing to let bygones go at that?"

"Yes," sighed Mrs. McKeever, "if you're satisfied, I am."

In her first thrill of victory Dudley felt that the only way he could honorably square himself was to confess his double dealing. Many times in the course of the afternoon he was on the point of making a clean breast of it, but modesty always forbade.

"If I hadn't spread it on so thick in my own behalf I shouldn't mind," he argued. "Since I did, I think I'd better let things go as they are. I feel pretty sneaking to have her know that I blew my own horn so loudly."

Grant came home that evening, but Dudley was so busy pondering over his scheme that he had no opportunity to say much to him. Just before they went to bed he remembered that he must caution Grant to keep their scheme a secret.

"By the way, Grant, you haven't told anybody about our exchanging letters, have you?" he asked.

Grant yawned. "No," said he, "only one person. I told her the evening the plot was hatched, but she doesn't count. She'll never say anything about it."

"She?" echoed Dudley. "Who is she?"

"Oh, nobody, but Luella McKeever. She's all right."

Dudley caught his drooping head in both hands.

"Good Lord," he said, "I've got a plot now, with a vengeance."—N. Y. Sun.

When Jackson Dined.

While the dinner hour still clings to the moonlight among country people it has advanced in the cities until now it occurs at any time between noon and midnight. And that reminds me of the many stories about Col. Davy Crockett. While he was a member of congress and was at his home in Tennessee, some one asked him about the dinner hour in Washington. He said the common people ate dinner at 12, the next above them at one, the merchants at 2, the representatives at 3, the senators at 4, members of the cabinet at 5, and the vice president at 6. "But when does the president dine?" "What! Old Hickory?" said Crockett, anxious to fix a time that would suit his idea of Jackson's greatness. "Well, he don't eat till next day!"—Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser.

One Advantage.

An amusing story is told of a man condemned recently in France who, according to custom, was asked what he would prefer for his last meal. He chose mussels, which, though his favorite dish, always, he said, caused him a terrible indigestion. "This time, however," he added grimly, "they will not have the chance."—N. Y. Tribune.

School for Crime.

He—I thought you used to have a parrot?

She—We did.

"What became of it?"

"Dead."

"What did you do with it?"

"Oh, we lived so close to the golf links we couldn't resist the temptation."—Yonkers' Statesman.

COLORS TO CURE INSANE.

Hospital on Ward's Island Tries Painting Walls of Patients' Rooms for Acute Mania.

A new cure for insanity is being tested by Drs. Bond and Monette on Ward's Island. The color cure is a treatment new to alienists, but one that promises to become very successful, for, so far, a great many of the patients taken to the color ward have been cured. Dr. Dent, superintendent of the woman's hospital on the island, directed that a ward be set aside for the color treatment, and be fitted with all that the experiment required, reports the New York Times of recent date.

In this new treatment only the primary colors are employed, but so completely is a patient surrounded by an atmosphere of a particular color, deemed best by the physicians for his particular mania, that the vibrations must act upon him. The rooms of this ward are small, and the furniture consists of an iron bed and a chair. The walls are painted in vivid color, the bed and chair colored to correspond with the walls, and the light sifts into the room through a shade of the same color, so that an atmosphere of this color is created.

When one of the patients suffers from acute mania the room that is painted black, a very dungeon of a room, fails to her eye. The complete darkness and the silence of the place seldom fail to have some effect on the patient. As a matter of fact it tends to soothe, and soon it is noticed that the subject becomes quieter. Red, producing more vibrations to the second than any other color, is employed when melancholia is being treated. These rays of red attract the mind, their vibrations are necessarily felt by the patient, and the thoughts in the poor brain are set in motion. There are violet rooms for mild forms of insanity; blue and green rooms for the boisterous, and a white room for the person who is practically well.

An recreation room or hall extends through the middle of the long, low building. On each side of this hall are ranged the rooms, and as the visitor steps from the outdoor light into the subdued quiet of the hall the combination of the rays of light from the different rooms is quite startling for a moment.

That the different colors have effect on the insane patient was well illustrated the other day when a woman suffering from melancholia was led down the hall. First come the black rooms; these she passed without evincing any difference in her state of observation. The violet, green and blue rooms had the same effect, before each door she paused, but did not raise her eyes. Then came the brilliant orange room. For a moment she raised her eyes, then lowered them again. Three of these rooms she passed, and was then brought abruptly in front of the room with the red walls. She raised her head instantly, looked into the room, and then about her. The vibrations produced by this color had evidently been felt by her, while the others had had no effect. In this way the room is generally selected for the patient. Of course, when the case of melancholia is stubborn, nothing will [illegible] supposed to have immediate effect, but after a week or two weeks in this room some slight improvement may be noticed, the glance of an eye, the motion of a hand or the head mean much to the doctors—more than the layman would ever imagine.

There are rooms of three shades of the same color, each lighter by several degrees than the preceding one. From red the patient is removed to a deep pink room, from this to one of a flesh tint, and then they generally come out well, or so nearly well that only a certain number of hours in the day need be spent in the color room.

Conductor Full of Electricity.

The conductor of a New York trolley car in taking a fare gave the [illegible] a peculiar electric [illegible] as she placed the nickel in his hand she shrieked and the coin flew up in the air. There was some hubbub in the midst of which the conductor explained. He said he had received a heavy shock at the power house and that he was "full of electricity." The passenger corroborated him by saying that she had been shocked severely when she came with the nickel in contact with him and she thought the company should do something about it. The conductor was composed but helpless. He said he would lay off at the end of the trip to get the current out of him, but that he did not like to be shocked more than other people. All this suggests that there are more queer possibilities in connection with electric cars than the average woman wots of.—Detroit Free Press.

As a sample of loyal eloquence this effort by an Australian schoolmaster will [illegible] King Edward is ruler over a continent, 100 peninsulas, 50 promontories, 100 lakes, 2,000 rivers and 10,000 islands. He waves his hand and 900,000 warriors march to battle to conquer or die; he bends his head, and at the signal 1,000 ships of war and 100,000 sailors perform his behest on the ocean. He walks upon the earth, and 30,000,000 men bend beneath the pressure of his foot. The Assyrian empire was so populous. The Persian empire was not so powerful. The Carthaginian empire was not so much dreaded. The Spanish empire was not so widely diffused. The Roman empire was well in comparison, and Greece was a small village." No wonder the people cheered.—Pearson's Weekly.

HORSES IN THEIR KNAPSACKS.

Lawton's Cavalry Were Provided Against Any Kind of Expedition or Position.

A well-known Boston lecturer, Peter Mac Queen, has seen military service in more than one campaign, having been with Roosevelt at Santiago and with Lawton in the Philippines. He is an enthusiastic admirer of the regular army private, whose sense of humor, he declares, is unfailing. The following is one of his favorite stories:

"In the last expedition Gen. Lawton made against Santa Cruz two regiments, the Fourth cavalry and an Idaho regiment, were sent up the Laguna de Bay in native boats. In the darkness two regiments ran into one another and great confusion resulted.

"'What farmer outfit are you?' yelled the Idaho boys, derisively, at the clumsy cavalry.

"'We're the Fourth cavalry,' answered the regulars.

"'Fine cavalry,' was the answer. 'Where are your horses?'

"'Either on our knapsacks,' yelled the cavalry, imitating their cant of 'all horse.'"

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Messrs. C. L. Brundage and Son, Druggists, Muskegon, Mich., write: "St. Jacobs Oil has a wonderful sale. We sold eight bottles at retail yesterday. This will give you some idea of how well it is liked in this section."

Mr. Louis Hinkel, of East Poesten Kill, N. Y., says: "I call St. Jacobs Oil the best liniment I ever used. It cured me of Rheumatism and pain in the back."

Herman Rittner, Manchester, N. H.: "I have tried St. Jacobs Oil, and found it excellent. All those who have purchased it speak of it as 'simply incomparable.'"

Geo. G. Erine, Palestine, Ill.: "I was in bed suffering from a swollen leg. I used St. Jacobs Oil, its effect was wonderful. The following day I attended to my business again."

Dr. Otto Fulz, Reading, O., writes: "The sale of St. Jacobs Oil is constantly increasing; it is praised by everybody, and never fails to give entire satisfaction."

Rubs Off.

Silicus—A pretty woman doesn't always wear well.

Cynicus—No, beauty sometimes rubs off.—Philadelphia Record.

The test of any recreation is, does it recreate?—Ram's Horn.

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