

# THE STORY TELLER

## JIM RICHMOND'S CHANCE.

By John J. Armstrong.

BY mutual consent that night a move had been made to the lawn, for the open air was an invigorating tonic after the closeness of the dining-room. Cigars aglow, Jim Richmond and myself lay comfortably stretched in the garden chairs, while in the French window Jim's wife sat industriously plying her needle, from time to time aiding her husband in his inquiries as to my doings from the date of our previous meeting.

"But come," I said—my examination being completed to their satisfaction—"tell me something about how the world has been going with you. Three years ago I left you, James Richmond, a patientless medic, and a more or less miserable bachelor. Surely some extraordinary chance that comes not to every man who dreams of fat fees must have lifted you into your present established position? There is no other deduction possible. Who, then, is the wealthy valetudinarian, and how did this chance come about?"

My words caused them to smile. "Your deduction is not far wide of the mark," returned Jim, after a pause, "but—that is a story my wife can tell far better than I, for to her I owe everything."

"Jim exaggerates my share in the affair," said Mrs. Richmond, shaking a reproving finger at her husband.

"Tell me the story, and I will judge," I said promptly, and yielding to my persuasion, Jim commenced:

Well, Jack, as you know, I was always keen on toxicology, and shortly after leaving the hospital, where I had made a special study of the subject, I contributed a paper to the "Lancet" on "The Effect of Certain Little-known Oriental Poisons." Three days after it was published I was surprised to receive a telegram. Hastily tearing open the envelope I read the following message: "Just read your able treatise. Shall be glad if you will dine with me to-night. My carriage will meet you at the station.—Didsbury."

"Didsbury of Elton Towers!" I cried, involuntarily, and gave a whistle of amazement. Lord Didsbury! It was a chance that the most noted of my confreres would have jumped at.

"Bradshaw" informed me that it was a three-hours journey, and dining meant staying at Elton the night. There would be just time to pack my bag and run around to acquaint Eileen with the news. Need I say that she was as excited over it as myself? Her whispered "good luck" was ringing in my ears all through the journey.

Allighting in due course at my destination I entered the waiting brougham, and was rapidly driven to the Towers. "You are expected," said the man who took my card. "Come this way and I will show you your room. His lordship dines at seven."

By the time I had donned my evening clothes the man reappeared and ushered me into the spacious dining-room. An old gentleman, with snow-white hair, was leaning on the mantelpiece before the fire. He turned at my entrance, and I was immediately struck with the corpse-like pallor of his cadaverous face. It needed no second glance to tell me that this man was ill.

Crossing over to him I took his extended hand. It was limp and cold, and his fingers seemed powerless to exert the slightest pressure.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Richmond," he said, weakly. "Pray be seated. Johnson, you may serve."

The dinner was perfect, and, feeling hungry after my journey, I did justice to it. His lordship, however, took nothing. He sat back in his chair breathing stertorously, his eyes glaring into vacancy, and, after attempting conversation and being answered in monosyllables that proclaimed his aberration, I gave it up. He seemed utterly exhausted in mind and body.

It was a somewhat trying experience, and I was not unthankful when I found myself assisting him back to the fireplace. He motioned the servant to leave the room.

"My lord," I said, when we were alone, "I do not know whether you wished to consult me in my professional capacity, but your condition—"

"I know it!" he interrupted, querulously. "I want you to listen. . . . Three months ago I was as hale and hearty as any man of my age. Today I am what you see me—a physical wreck. Carter—my medical man—would have me believe it is only what is to be expected—in short, that I am breaking up. He's a fool! I tell you no man understands his own body better than myself. A man does not break up in a few short weeks like this, and I have studied myself for years. It was all incomprehensible to me until this morning I read your paper. Richmond, if you had studied my case you could not have described the symptoms clearer."

His utterance came disjointedly, as if every word was an effort. To say that I was astonished would be to put it mildly.

"My lord!" I cried, amazedly; "you mean—"

"As true as heaven's arch is over us," he whispered, solemnly, "I believe that I am being slowly poisoned."

I was not unprepared for the announcement, for, truth to tell, the suspicion had been with me as I watched him at the table.

"Pray allow me," I said, bending towards him and taking his wrist. My examination and questioning made suspicion conviction. There was not the least doubt of it. He was suffering from the cumulative effect of a certain drug I had described in my paper.

"It's true then?" he said, reading my face. "Pshaw! I know it, man. I have known it for weeks. Good heavens! It is horrible. I am, and always have been, an abstemious man. When the certainty forced itself upon me I surreptitiously took samples of my food and drink and had them analyzed. Three times I did so, but nothing deleterious could be found. It is baffling—it is fiendish! I know that someone about me is murdering me, and yet I am impotent. It is driving me mad. . . . I fear to eat. . . . I dare not drink. . . . For Heaven's sake, I adjure you, prevent this crime!"

"Calm yourself, my lord," I said quietly. "Excitement in your present low condition is dangerous. Will you leave this matter to me?"

My quiet manner reassured him, and he fell back in his chair with a feeble gesture of assent. I touched the bell. "Pray be good enough to order a conveyance," I said to him. "I wish to go to the nearest drug-gist."

The man appeared and received the order. With a parting word of encouragement I went out, and was rapidly driven to the town. The coachman was inclined to be communicative, and ere I re-entered the Towers I had learned that for some two years or more his lordship had lived the life of a recluse.

"A regular 'ermit!' said the man; 'don't seem to 'ave the 'eart for anything. It was different when 'er ladyship was alive—before Lady Flora went away. She was 'is only child—made what they call a runaway match—eloped with Capt. Dugard. Dessay you read about it? The old man thought a powerful lot of 'er and the business nearly broke 'is 'eart for 'e knew the captain for what 'e was—nothing more nor less than an adventurer. They visit occasionally—for there was some sort of reconciliation, I believe, when 'er ladyship died—but it's very rarely; the last time was three months ago, as near as no matter. . . ."

I found his lordship sitting as I had left him. Pouring out a dose of the mixture I had obtained from the chemist I watched him drink it.

"If it be what we think, your lordship," I said, "that is the antidote; but plainly I must tell you the administering of it cannot be prolonged indefinitely. The bane must be discovered." I rang the bell. "His lordship wishes to retire," I said to the man, and assisting him up stairs I saw him safely into bed, where, almost immediately, he fell asleep. Leaving him, I stole downstairs, and, dropping into a cosy chair, gave myself up to thought. The solemn-visaged butler placed the tantalus and elgars at my elbow and proceeded to replenish the fire. It struck me that he was taking an inordinate time over the business, and suddenly looking up I found him gazing intently at my face. Anxiety was plainly apparent in his look.

"His lordship seems far from well, Johnson," I said.

"Sorry I am to see it, sir," he returned, "for a truer gentleman never breathed. Thirty year I've been in his lordship's service. Only a year ago I've seen him come back after a day with the guns as keen on his food as the rest of 'em. It breaks my heart to see him like this, sir. He eats nothing. It seems almost as if he was afraid to touch the food."

"I suppose his daughter's marriage upset him terribly?" I suggested.

"Yes; it was a bad business that, sir. She was always a headstrong, flighty girl, and the captain's just the sort of man to attract such a one as her ladyship was. Absolutely impetuous he was. It's common talk that he married her for the fortune he knows some day will come to her. There's queer tales about him. They say he spends most of his time at some gambling casinos on the continent, only showing up here occasionally to bleed the old man for more money. He takes care to be most assiduous in his attentions while he's here. A rank, bad lot, sir, if I may be excused for saying it."

"His lordship, I understand, is of a studious disposition?"

"Yes, sir. Spends most of his time in the library. Most punctilious, too; and a regular stickler for trifles. Only yesterday he discharged a maid because she had forgotten to set out a new pen and clean stationery on the table."

He rambled on for some time, rising to the bait of my questions, until, having ascertained all that I wished to learn from him, I picked up a book and, taking the hint, he withdrew.

After he had gone I lay back and revolved the whole of the circumstance in my mind. The man had informed me that Dugard had seen service in India previous to leaving the army, and the conviction forced itself upon me that he, hoping to hasten the old man's death, was the culprit. The deduction seemed the only possible one in view of my knowledge of his antecedents and the peculiar means employed. By some means he was even then administering the noxious drug to his victim. But how? It could not be through the medium of his food. That idea could be dis-

missed at once. How, then? It struck me that the solution could only be arrived at by someone who had the opportunity of observing his lordship's daily routine.

It was impossible for me to remain, for my doing so would only arouse suspicion and defeat the end. Provided with the antidote the old man would be safe for some days.

Unexpectedly a word spoken by the butler recurred to my mind, and like a flash the way revealed itself to me. Next morning after a conversation with his lordship, who seemed a new man, I left the Towers, and four hours afterwards was revealing my plan to my love. Without demur she agreed to aid me, and—By Jove! there goes the bell. Eileen, I must leave you to finish the story.

Jim here arose and went to answer the summons. With a smile his wife took up the tale:

You will, of course, have guessed Jim's plan. I was to take upon myself the duties of parlourmaid in his lordship's household. Though somewhat doubtful as to my capabilities for the post, the thought that I might assist him in his career decided me, and the next train carried me to my situation. Lord Didsbury was apprised of my coming, so the ground was made easy for me.

I must have played the part well, for no suspicion as to my real character entered into the minds of my fellow-servants. My explicit instructions were to discover how the poison was administered, and immediately on my arrival I set my woman's wits to work to read the riddle. Association with the servants convinced me that none of them were taking a hand in the dastardly business.

The scheme had been devised by some more subtle brain. His lordship gave me every opportunity, but though I observed him closely for three days I could discover nothing, and every day he had been compelled to have recourse to the antidote.

On the fourth day Captain Dugard arrived on one of his flying visits. The wife was indisposed, he said, and he had left her at Mentone. His manner with his lordship struck me as like nothing else than that of a cringing hound, but there was that in his face when he watched the old man tottering about the room that made me insensibly think of a tiger stalking its prey.

He left in the evening, with a smile on his face. Previous to his going, however, he approached Johnson, the butler, in the hall, and, slipping a small package into his hand, said: "You might see that this is placed on the old man's table, will you? They're his special nibs. You know what a faddist he is over them. Won't write with anything else. I forgot to give them to him."

The incident seemed trivial at the moment, and almost immediately it passed out of my mind. It was the next morning when his lordship came into the library and, sitting at his desk, took up his pen that its significance dawned upon me.

It was the duty of the maid to see that fresh stationery was laid out every day, and, forgetting his punctiliousness in the matter, I had neglected to insert a new nib in his penholder. With an ejaculation of annoyance he drew the old one out of the pen and replaced it with one taken from the open box. Then, unconsciously, he placed it in his lips to moisten it, as one naturally is in the habit of doing to cause the ink to flow easily.

Like an inspiration sent from Heaven the solution of the mystery revealed itself to me, and I dashed forward to arrest his hand.

"The pen! the pen!" I gasped. He regarded me in silent amazement.

"What do you mean?" he said presently.

"The secret is out at last," I cried; "I believe those nibs are poisoned!"

He started back in alarm, and the pen dropped from his nerveless fingers on to the table.

"Merciful Heaven!" he quavered, staring wildly at the box.

Five minutes later the wire was flashing its message to Jim. His analysis fully confirmed my supposition. Every nib in the box had been immersed in the deadly poison. Its tastelessness had precluded discovery. Through the medium of his habit Lord Didsbury had unconsciously assimilated into his system a daily medium of the drug.

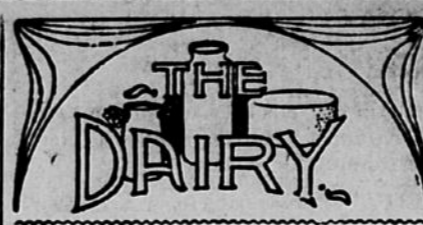
That night his lordship wrote to his son-in-law. What he wrote is known only to himself and his would-be murderer.

Some months afterwards the body of a suicide bearing a strange resemblance to the captain was exposed for identification in the Paris morgue. It was never claimed.

Lord Didsbury was not unmindful of the part Jim had played in plucking him from the jaws of death, and with him many things were possible. That is why the dream of "fat fees and Harley street" has become such a pleasing reality.—London Tit Bits.

### Unsafe.

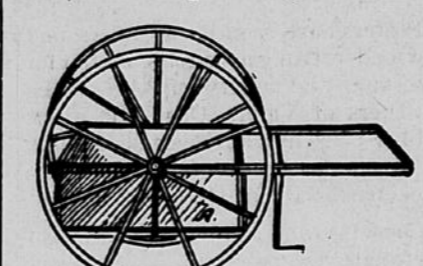
A short time prior to the outbreak of the civil war, Wendell Phillips was traveling through the west, making abolition speeches, says the Philadelphia Ledger. On the same train one day was a pro-slavery Baptist minister from the south, who, on learning that Phillips was on the train, entered his car and introduced himself. "And you are Wendell Phillips, I believe?" Yes, sir," said Mr. Phillips. "Engaged in saying negroes from slavery, eh?" "Yes, sir," "Well, why don't you go down south to save them?" Mr. Phillips replied: "You, I believe, are a minister of the Gospel?" "Yes, sir." "Engaged in saying souls from hell?" "Yes." "Well, why don't you go there and save them?"



## HANDY CART FOR CANS.

It Makes the Transferring of Milk from the Dairy to the Wagon or Milk Stand Very Easy.

A necessary adjunct to a cow stable is a convenient, easy mode of transferring to milk cans from the stable dairy to the wagon or milk stand. The cut shows a cart that may be used to advantage for either one large can or four small ones. The advantage of such a cart is that it has wheels large enough to run



## CART FOR CARRYING MILK.

easily over uneven ground and the body of the cart is wide enough to prevent upsetting. There is a similar cart manufactured, but it may be made out of a discarded axle and pair of light wheels that may be picked up in almost any community. The bar (a) shows the axle bent down at right angles from the hub bearing. A bar the same size is welded on and carried across to the other side. This drop axle forms a cradle to support the box or frame.—H. S. Eames, in Farm and Home.

## KEEP UP DAIRYING.

In Times of Adversity and Depression the Cow is the Farmer's Most Reliable Standby.

In times of prosperity it is well not to forget the days of adversity that we have seen and may see again. Today there is money in almost any kind of farming. More money can be made in raising beef and pork perhaps than in making butter, but this is a condition that belongs to prosperity. When the gloomy days come, and the pig and the steer cease to return a profit, is the time when the cow is found to be a standby. The profit she returns in prosperity and in adversity is not a large one but it is a profit nevertheless and not to be despised. It is very noticeable at a time when other things are returning losses. So at this time the cow should not be forgotten. Many a man will have to fall back on her yet. During the hard times of a few years ago thousands of men went to milking cows that had never done so before. But they discovered then that they had not been preparing their herds for that possibility and consequently had to milk cows that gave them very little profit. They had been in the past breeding to beef bulls and had calves of mixed blood. They then wished they had saved their best calves for milkers. Yet after the clouds had passed away they forgot all about their former experiences and went to selling their good cows and good calves and breeding dairy cows to beef bulls. They are likely to repeat their old mistake and experience the old regrets. What should be done at this time is to keep the best dairy cows and breed them to the best dairy bulls, retaining their calves if they show signs of developing into good milkers. In this way a fairly good lot of cows will be ready for work when needed. It is sad to relate that at this time even good cows are being sent to the butcher, the owner having become fixed in the idea that prosperity is henceforth to be perpetual.—Farmers' Review.

## Water for Dairy Cows.

As a result of a series of experiments conducted at the Pennsylvania experiment station to determine whether or not dairy cattle could be fed to best advantage in loose pens with a constant supply of water or kept in stalls and watered at certain intervals, Prof. Harry Haywood concludes that there is practically no advantage in having water constantly before the cows in the stable. Cows turned into the yard for water once a day made as good returns as those having constant access to water in the stable. It was found it required much more bedding to keep the cows clean and comfortable in the pen than in the stalls. Considerably less labor was required to care for the animals in the pen than in the stalls. A smaller number of germs or bacteria were found in the milk of those cows kept in the stalls.

## Effective Dairy Instruction.

A novel method of dairy instruction, which has been very successfully carried out the past two summers in Cape Breton and Nova Scotia, is that of a traveling dairy, combining lectures and actual practice with modern, up-to-date apparatus properly used. Miss Laura Rose conducted this traveling dairy school and during the past season held 171 meetings, addressing over 6,000 people, traveling 723 miles, testing 640 samples of milk, and making 905 pounds of butter. Three counties were covered this year, in addition to four last season in Cape Breton. Secretary of Agriculture Chipman says the work will continue till every county is reached. This is a great contrast to the remarkable indifference shown by many of the states in our commonwealth which boasts such progress.

Moderate exercise is necessary to maintain health, and has a stimulating effect on milk production.

## THE SOURING OF CREAM.

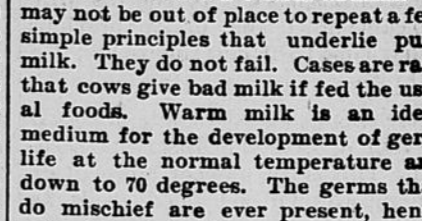
How to Prevent Formation of a Germ That Makes Milk Leathery Yet Leaves It Sweet.

This trouble is not uncommon in milk. The cause has been traced to a specific germ, which is very active, developing so rapidly that lactic acid germs cannot grow, hence while the milk appears sour it is perfectly sweet. I have seen this germ so far advanced that a can of milk would have almost the consistency of liver. Steam or boiling water are the effective agents for its destruction. Small tools such as are used in the case at hand can be put into some large tank or stove boiler and boiled in water for 15 minutes, which will kill the germs. The cow's udder should be washed and wiped before each milking. If convenient set the milk in another room for a few days and whitewash the walls. Probably in nine cases out of ten the germ finds lodgment in the seams of the tinware, or in the strainer. Another fruitful source of germ trouble is the formation of small holes from the inside of the can or pail into a hollow space formed by using tin or iron for strengthening, like the bottom of the "iron-clad" cans or pails. The putrid stuff herein formed works back into the dish when hot water is applied, and of course remains there. A drop will contaminate a canful of milk. It may not be out of place to repeat a few simple principles that underlie pure milk. They do not fail. Cases are rare that cows give bad milk if fed the usual foods. Warm milk is an ideal medium for the development of germ life at the normal temperature and down to 70 degrees. The germs that do mischief are ever present, hence milk should be taken away from the stable and cooled to 60 degrees or under at once. If the germs get in, a low temperature retards their growth, and their effect is not noticed. Always use steam or boiling water in daily cleansing. In case of severe trouble boil the tools, etc., for several minutes.—H. E. Cook, in Rural New Yorker.

## HANDY MILKING STOOL.

If You Haven't Time to Make One, Your Little Boy Will Do It for You Just as Well.

A handy milking stool is shown in the illustration, and is simply made. Cut out a board, as shown at A, for



## SIMPLE MILKING STOOL.

a-seat; take a short piece of hoop-iron (B), bend it and nail around on the front of the seat so the half circle cut in the front of the seat and the hoop will form a circle for holding the milk pail. Put two legs in the holes in the back of seat; then cut another board (C), and nail it on for legs in front where the dotted line crosses the seat; nail a small three-cornered piece (D) on the board marked C just high enough for the bottom of the bucket to rest on.—S. B. Mitchell, in Epitomist.

## The Farmer's Bank Account.

When does the farmer make a profit? There are hundreds of farmers who have become wealthy, yet they have handled very little money and have had difficulty in meeting their obligations. There is one bank account which they do not draw upon and the deposits accumulate for years, which is the soil. A farmer takes a poor farm, works it, adds manure and receives but little over expenses, but every year his farm has become more fertile and also increased in value. In ten or more years the farm may be worth five times the original cost, and it represents just as much profit as though the farmer had received money. All farms are, to a certain extent, banks of deposit, where the profits of the farm slowly accumulate.—Troy (N. Y.) Times.

## Jonathan for England.

The finest car of apples ever sent out of Atchison, Kan., was recently shipped to Liverpool, England, says the Atchison Globe. They were Jonathan, 160 barrels selected from 1,200 barrels, and every apple polished and wrapped in oiled tissue paper. Every apple was perfect and when the English people see this Kansas product there ought to be an exodus from that country to this vicinity. The company gets six dollars a barrel for the apples on board car at Atchison and could probably have gotten more for another car. Before the apples were picked an agent of the buyer looked at them and wanted three more cars, but Mr. Tomlinson said he would not pack another car in the same way for love or money.

## Hint for Angora Breeders.

Most goat men prefer the long, broad ears that hang down straight; but there are many excellent Angora goats with the small pinch ears, or, as they are sometimes called, quinch ears. These small ears are so small sometimes that it is impossible to earmark such goats. It is a well-known fact that those small-eared goats are in nearly all cases extra heavy shearers, and their fleeces always very fine and lustrous, of long staple and very silky.—H. F. Fuchs, in Farmers' Voice.

## Butter will come much quicker

sometimes than others, due generally to a difference in temperature; use a thermometer.



## Mrs. Emmons, saved from an operation for Ovaritis, tells how she was cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"I am so pleased with the results I obtained from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that I feel it a duty and a privilege to write you about it.

"I suffered for over five years with ovarian troubles, causing an unpleasant discharge, a great weakness, and at times a faintness would come over me which no amount of medicine, diet, or exercise seemed to correct. Your Vegetable Compound found the weak spot, however, within a few weeks—and saved me from an operation—all my troubles had disappeared, and I found myself once more healthy and well. Words fail to describe the real, true grateful feeling that is in my heart, and I want to tell every sick and suffering sister. Don't dally with medicines you know nothing about, but take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and take my word for it, you will be a different woman in a short time."—Mrs. LAURA EMMONS, Walkersville, Ont.—\$3,000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Don't hesitate to write to Mrs. Pinkham if there is anything about your case which you do not understand. She will treat you with kindness and her advice is free. No woman ever regretted writing her and she has helped thousands. Address is Lynn, Mass.

## SPRAYING CORPORATIONS.

The Senator "Splattered" in His Speech and an Umbrella Was Called For.

Senator Spooner told a story the other day, in which the late Senator Ingalls and Senator Van Wyck, of Nebraska, figured. Van Wyck was making one of his characteristic speeches in attacking corporations. He had a peculiar style of delivery, and as he warmed to his subject it was his habit to move restlessly from one side of the chamber to the other, continually talking. He talked so fast that he often "splattered," and senators were careful to keep out of range of the moisture he hissed through his closely-set teeth, says the Washington Post.

Mr. Ingalls and Mr. Spooner once sat directly in front of "Mr. Punch," as Senator Van Wyck was often called, because of his resemblance to that noted character, when he was delivering an impassioned utterance, and an atom of spray rested upon the hair of the immaculate legislator.

He adjusted his spectacles, carefully inspected his soiled hand, and deliberately signaled for one of the pages to come to him. Then in one of his famous whippers, which penetrated the entire chamber, Ingalls said:

"Boy, bring an umbrella for Senator Spooner and a rubber overcoat for me." The incident provoked general laughter, but it did not interfere with Van Wyck's speech. He simply shifted his position so as to get beyond range of his always faultlessly dressed and sarcastic colleague.

## Beautiful Indian Territory.

The last large tract of fine uncultivated land to be thrown open for settlement. A copy of an attractive book about present day conditions in this wonderful country will be sent on request. James Barker, Gen'l Pass Agent, U. S. Ry., 501 Wainwright Bldg., St. Louis.

"Some men," said Uncle Eben, "takes a heap o' credit for bein' patient, when they's only jes' dilatory."—Washington Star.

Modesty seldom resides in a breast that is not enriched with nobler virtues.—Goldsmith.

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

Dishonesty is a forsaking of permanent for temporary advantages.—Boyer.

Stops the Cough and works off the cold. Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25 cents.

No man was ever discontented with the world if he did his duty in it.—Southey.

Iowa Farms \$4 Per Acre Cash, bal. \$10 crop till paid. Mulhall, Sioux City, Ia.

Every man reveals himself when he describes another.—Ran's Horn.

If you are coughing, take Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Brest Tea.

Life has no blessing like a prudent friend.—Euripides.



20 MILLION BOTTLES SOLD EVERY YEAR.

CONQUERS PAIN

Happiness is the absence of pain, and millions have been made happy through being cured by St. Jacobs Oil of RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, TOOTHACHE, HEADACHE, LAMENESS, SCALDS, BURNS, SPRAINS, BRUISES and all pains for which an external remedy can be applied. It never fails to cure. Thousands who have been declared incurable at baths and in hospitals have thrown away their crutches, being cured after using St. Jacobs Oil. Directions in eleven languages accompany every bottle.