

# THE ONE-STORY MAN.

There are horses in great profusion in this world we inhabit, and they are to be seen wherever we navigate. There's the man who knew your brother in the days of long ago; there's the man whose mouth pronounces a word as if it were a curse; but they're blessings in comparison—I should keep very well. If you'll keep away the man with just one story he can tell!

I have met him in Chicago; I have met him in St. Louis; I ignored him up in Oregon, though his face and form I knew; I have met him in Tacoma, in Seattle—everywhere.

Till you'd think his little repertoire would grow, but I declare he performs that same old solo, though he never did it well—it's a pain to meet this man with just one story he can tell!

For he always wants to tell it—that's the saddest part of all. And his story knows no season—winter, summer, spring or fall. He can tell it just as poorly to a crowd as tete-a-tete; he will wake to tell it early and stay up to tell it late. He is cautious to the chinnings of the busy chestnut bell—He must tell it, for, alas! it's all the story he can tell!

Some sweet day some outraged human will relax his self-control. Then a horny-nosed sexton must get out and dig a hole. In the sod amid the granite shafts that rear their heads on high. While we stifle wicked wishes that concern the by and by. Won't there be a mighty scramble for a chance to ring the knell. Of this poor, deluded man with just one story he could tell.

—Los Angeles Herald.

# A QUEER STORY.

Letters Written by Madge to Her Friend Emily.

LETTER 1.—"I have met my fate [her fate described] and the best part of it is he comes from the west. Of course, it is only a flirtation. Nothing will come of it. I almost wish—but I will not be guilty of building castles in the air. All the same I can not help being attracted to him. He despises me so utterly. After all, how stupid to waste one's life in this carnival of society, this mad whirl of gayety and swirl of fashion. 'Out west!' What a fascination these words have! In imagination I take in deep breaths of freedom. A life of real romance—one has read so much—one dreams. But seriously, I have always longed to go to California. Vineyards, orange groves—don't the very words set your imagination on fire? And then, you know, he is—" [Her fate described again and the letter ended.]

LETTER 2.—"So many thanks for your letter. Many thanks, too, for your advice. I had no idea you could be so worldly. The fact that he does not seem to have very much money is the very thing that appeals to me. Do you think I'm for sale? I don't thank you at all for your suggestion that he loves me for my clothes! Besides, he hasn't said that he loves me." [The letter concludes in somewhat irate fashion.]

LETTER 3.—"I was glad to get your explanation. You meant that he loved my nature, 'my witchery and mystery,' which found expression in pretty clothes, and that if I ceased to be well-dressed I should no longer exercise the same influence over him, and he consequently would not feel the same infatuation. Oh, how very silly such words sound to me! He loves me for myself. If I were dressed in rags he would love me all the more. Only, of course, he doesn't love me. It is just my wealth he despises me for. You have no idea how unlike other men he is." [The remainder of the letter in the same strain.]

LETTER 4.—"Is there such a thing as telepathy? Only yesterday he used almost the same words as yours, but the other way about, you know. He thinks that feelings correspond in a large measure to the particular atmosphere that happens to be their ambient; and, just as a flower withers if it is shut off from the sunlight, so a woman who was used to having a great deal of money and lots of frocks and things would experience a change of feeling even toward one she loved if the circumstances of her life suddenly changed. I told him what I thought of such views, just as I told you. Of course, the conversation wasn't personal. I showed I was angry, and, do you know, I think he liked me all the better for my spirit, though he refused to change his views. He is—" [And so on.]

LETTER 5.—"Darling, we are going to be married." [Etc.]

LETTER 6.—"We are married. Oh, how wonderful it seems to write these words and to know—" [Letter continued in the approved fashion.]

LETTER 7.—"Imagine, if you can, that we are really going to California—the land of the sundown sea! Think of me sitting in the shade of the orange groves, amidst the beautiful flowers. 'Out west!' There is magic in the very words. My dream is coming true. I wish you could have one peep at my husband. I can't help blushing when I write that word, but I must write it again. It looks so beautiful—my husband—" [The rest of the letter is not worth repeating.]

LETTER 8.—"I am ashamed, darling, not to have written before. But we

have been so busy. Yes, indeed, I am inexpressibly happy. We have of course disadvantages to contend with. Our home, as you know, is practically on the edge of the desert. Behind our house, which is quite small, are a few bare hills, but the landscape is dreadfully monotonous. This is not the part of the country where the orange groves are. It is hard to make a living from the land and we have to make the most of a very few comforts; but it is lots of fun, in a way. My darling works from early to late and I have to do all the housework. Imagine me! My hands are the chief sufferers. But we never see a living soul—I mean any one who matters—so I don't mind that. Our nearest neighbors are ten miles off, but as they are perfectly horrible the distance is rather an advantage than otherwise. The life is not exactly romantic. It is a grim reality. It is very lonely and very hard. So much the better, though, for proving my theory, which you always laughed at. We are more in love with each other than ever. So long as we have each other, what does anything else matter?" [Etc.]

LETTER 9.—"When you write next tell me what frocks are being worn and describe all the pretty hats you see in the shops. It seems dreadful extravagance to hear of you paying \$300 for a gown! I can't believe I ever did such things. When I read your letter I said at once, 'Where can she get the money from?' I have two cotton gowns and a big straw hat (in which I look a fright), and these will have to last a long time because we are dreadfully poor. Of course I still have all the frocks I had when we were married, but one couldn't wear such things here. Don't think I am grumbling, dearest, but sometimes I remember what you used to say and wonder whether my darling husband will not begin to love me less when I go around all day looking so different from the smart young lady of the old days. But this is very wrong and very foolish for me. He is the most devoted and loving husband in the world." [A young wife's opinion of her husband follows.]

LETTER 10.—"Your long letter was a real delight. It was sweet of you to tell me about the dances and theaters. What I miss above everything is a woman friend with whom I could have a good chat—and perhaps a good cry." [The end of the letter rather shaky.]

LETTER 11.—"I have not written before because there really was nothing to say. We cannot afford to go anywhere and one day on the farm is just like another. We both find it very monotonous, but we grow fond of each other every day. My darling is so thoughtful and kind. He wants me to agree that he shall 'work out' for a little while and so save enough money to send me east for a rest and change. He keeps on referring to this but of course I will not hear of it. Many, many thanks for the fashion papers, over which I have spent lots of happy hours. I am now reduced to one workday dress, but I am making another. It is quite an experiment, because I know nothing about dress-making and I hate sewing. And, oh, dear, there is so much mending to do! We live in mended things. The crops have turned out badly, and we hardly know where the next meal is coming from! You will not be able to realize what that means. I don't mind for myself, but I am dreadfully sorry for my husband. He is the best and dearest of men. He suffers much more than I do because I have not got any pretty clothes to wear and because the life is so different from what I expected or from what I had been brought up to. Imagine—mush and bacon three times a day—with bread baked by me—my love always toasts his. He says he likes toast, but I know it is because he can't eat my bread! Ah, dearest, dearest! I sit here and see the wooden walls and floor and the patched-up things that have to do out here, and the pile of socks and stockings that has got to be darned and washed, and through the window the dusty, dreary landscape—

"I think I have been crying. Only a little. But I am ashamed. See, I brush the tears away. After all, I have the only thing that really counts—my husband's love."

LETTER 12.—"Only just a line to tell you some bad news. The mortgage on the farm has been foreclosed (I think that's the right expression), and we have got to go. Where? Who knows? First, I think, to Los Angeles. My husband hopes he may be able to get work there, but he is going to try also at Pasadena, where a friend of his owns some livery stables. That is a very pretty part of the country, and I should look forward to the change, if it were not for the terrible anxiety of finding ourselves without a home and practically without money. My husband begged me again and again to allow him to borrow sufficient money to send me home, at all events, until his affairs were more settled. In fact he pressed this point so often that I began to think he must be tired of me. But he wasn't! How could I listen to any plan of separation from him? Now that we are really face to face with calamity, how pretty all your theories about love seem! Now, at least, I know how very right I was." [Some loving messages and letter concluded.]

LETTER 13.—"I must tell you at the beginning that this letter will surprise you. We arrived at Pasadena in the evening. Truly this is one of the garden spots of the world. The mountains were capped with snow which was flushed with sunset pink. The air was full of perfume of orange blossoms and every other flower that grows. On every side were beautiful homes, the streets, shaded with

the graceful pepper trees, were filled with smart carriages and—of course this won't be very interesting to you, but you must remember I had been for a year living on the desert—there were any number of pretty women exquisitely gowned. It was the first night I had had of civilization since I left home, and I'm not ashamed to confess that just for a moment I felt rebellious against my lot. I had never known what poverty meant until that moment when I was positively gaping with astonishment to see people living the kind of life which I used to only a short time ago. My love seemed to guess what was in my mind. He urged me again to leave him and go back to the life to which, he said, my gray nature belonged. You can imagine I didn't allow him to talk like that for long.

"I must tell you there was one house particularly which I thought was the most beautiful I had ever seen. It was built in the old mission style with a large open courtyard. The walls were covered with creepers of every hue—a mass of a hundred radiant blossoms blending a hundred perfumes. Around the house was a big, smooth lawn—a green lawn, greener than any green you have ever seen—and here and there were some tropical plants and spreading palms and orange trees and several big golden oranges were lying on the grass. You can imagine that it seemed hard to have to turn one's back on such a paradise to go and look for cheap lodgings for the night!

"I wonder whether you will be ashamed of me if I tell you that the tears came to my eyes. I blinked hard and wouldn't let them get through, but I couldn't help them bursting up. Yet when I felt my dear husband's hand in mine I knew at once that I was truly happy. Imagine, please, right in the middle of the street a big live oak with a little seat underneath it. Here we sat for a few moments to rest and watch the carriages drive by, and to admire that enchanted garden with its fairy-like house that really might have been built of flowers.

"Do you think we should be any happier if we lived there?" my husband asked.

"Yes," I said, "but I am much happier just to have you than any thing else in the world. I don't envy anybody their beautiful homes or any other thing, since they have not got you."

"Suppose," he said, "you could have me and that house, too, and—"

"Let's imagine it," I said.

"We ought to know what the inside looks like," he said.

"I was just thinking of that," I said.

"I'm going in," he said.

"Well, do you know, he got up and entered the gate and strolled across the lawn and into the house, and there was I actually trying to drag him back, thinking he must have gone mad.

"Please don't go any farther," I said. "What will people think? You make me dreadfully ashamed."

"Well, it's our house," he said.

"And—well, it was, that's all. Will you believe that this ridiculous husband of mine, for all of this time, has been putting my love to the test! He pretended to me, from the first, to be poor—and he has all this wealth. He wanted to see whether my love would stand the test of poverty!

"And—oh, there is so much to say, and this letter is really too long already, but I am to ask you to come and stay with us, and when the winter is over, we are to go east for awhile, and then go to Europe for our honeymoon."—Chicago Daily News.

**Sudden Death Forbidden.**

The sultan of Turkey insists that every ruler or person of high political importance should die a natural death. The Stamps, of Turin, says that other manners of death are not officially recognized by Nischan Efendi, the censor.

When King Humbert was assassinated at Monza, the Turkish newspapers announced the sad event in this way:

"King Humbert left the hall amid the frenetic cheers of the people. The king, much affected, bowed several times, and to all appearance was immediately dead."

When the shah of Persia was assassinated, the Turkish papers said: "In the afternoon the shah drove to his summer palace, and there complained of illness. His corpse was sent to Teheran."

One paper excelled all others by this piece of euphemistic simplification: "The shah felt a little ill, but finally his corpse returned to the palace."

This was too much even for the Turks, who keep the phrase as one of their proverbs.

**An Enduring Record.**

Standing side by side in an old Long Island cemetery are four tombstones. They commemorate the virtues of the successive wives of one of the town's inhabitants, who, from the point of experience at least, should be able to rival Max O'Rell as an observer of feminine traits. A peculiar thing about the monuments is that not alone do they perpetuate the memory of each of his helpmates, but they serve as a sort of financial barometer to record the husband's rising fortunes.

The first wife had a modest little headstone. The second wife's memorial was on the same order, but it was at least two feet taller. The third wife differed both as to style and size, being greatly superior to either of the others, while to the fourth and last was granted the distinction of a granite shaft.—N. Y. Times.

### CURE FOR A KICKING COW.

Famous Method May Have Been All Right, But It Was Not Carried Out Right.

An old farmer—old enough to know better—says that the way to cure a cow of kicking is to catch her by the leg just as she is about to kick. She should be grasped firmly, as close to the hoof as possible, and the grip must not relax until the kicking impulse is over. Of course, the kick must be headed off, as it were, and not met half-way, nor even three-quarters way, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. It is a good idea to get the hired man to accustom himself to this simple fact, but at the same time it must not be forgotten that a good hired man can easily be spoiled by careless inattention to directions.

At first it might be well to use a cowcatcher, or possibly an ordinary fender, together with a catcher's mask and padded gloves. Naturally it will be well to conceal your appearance from the cow as much as possible, because so many cows are timid and easily scared by strange objects. Then when the cow slightly raises her hoof and shivers apprehensively along the ankle, don't wait for further developments, but grasp the lower leg firmly and hang on for dear life.

A man named Mullins had a kicking cow of 14 horse-power, and somebody told him about the grab-the-leg cure. Mullins told it to his hired man. The hired man had had the milking stool kicked from under him several times, and the milk pail battered into scrap tin, and he said he would be glad to try the recipe. So he put on a pillow for a chest protector and jumped for the leg as soon as he saw the premonitory symptoms.

Well, sir, he went through the stable window as neat as you please, taking the sash along with him. When Mullins reached him he was as dazed as a mudlark.

"Nearquake!" he feebly muttered.

"No," said Mullins, "the cow kicked you."

"Cow kicked me!" the hired man repeated. "I wonder how it happened?"

"I wonder?" said Mullins.

But Mullins thought he knew, though he hesitated about saying so, for fear of hurting the victim's feelings—and he was hurt enough already.

The trouble was that the hired man was so awfully cross-eyed that he had grabbed the wrong leg!

**HE WAS A "WISE INDIAN."**

Story Related by Uintah Reservation Agent About Two of His Red Charges.

Indians soon part with their money. And in doing so they frequently display remarkable traits of business character. Agent Myton, of the Uintah reservation, tells of a number of partings with the lucre incident to his recent payments of rental and other incomes. An hour after one old buck received \$275 in cash he was seen driving about the reservation in a splendid two-horse carriage. The Indian had no means of carting the products of his range or fields, no wagon, no cow, little clothing and less to eat. Reprimanded for his improvidence, he replied that "white man rides in carriages! why not Indian?" He was told that he should have purchased a common heavy wagon, such as could be used for farm work; and another Indian's purchase of such a wagon was told to him as a wise purchase. The Indian grunted at every word, looked troubled, but gave no evidence of being favorably impressed, relates the Salt Lake Tribune.

Next day Agent Myton saw his Indian of spendthrift inclinations riding about in just such a wagon as had been named for him, and upon inquiry it was learned that he had traded his \$250 carriage for the wagon; that as soon as he had been upbraided the previous day he didn't do a thing but hunt up the "wise Indian who had bought a jolt wagon" and propose a trade. "How did you trade?" was asked. "Carriage his, wagon mine," was the reply. The trade was vehicle for vehicle! The farm wagon cost the first purchaser \$70, the carriage \$250. The wise Indian took the carriage back to the seller and got two wagons, two sets of harness, blankets, and a number of other necessities. When the first Indian was told of the trade made by the Indian who got his carriage he expressed no regret. He simply grunted, shrugged his shoulders and exclaimed: "He wise Indian!"

**Folding a Tablecloth.**

When not in use a tablecloth should be kept in folded creases, and when brought out to be spread should be laid on the table and unfolded its entire length (the width being doubled), with the center crease along the center of the table. Then the half breadth that is folded should be turned back and the cloth will hang evenly. Careless servants often gather up a cloth "anyhow" without taking the trouble to fold it up again in its own creases, and thus fresh ones are made. A tablecloth will last fresh looking as long again if it is always folded up after its own folds and put away until the next meal.—Washington Star.

**Cheese Balls.**

Three cupsful of grated cheese, salt and pepper to taste, and the whites of three eggs beaten very stiff. Mix together, then form into small balls, roll in fine cracker crumbs, and fry in boiling lard. Serve very hot.—Good Housekeeping.

# Doan's Trial Triumph

The Free Trial of Doan's Kidney Pills daily carries thousands. It's the Doan way of proving Doan's merit with each individual case.


aching backache ceased. Hip, back, and loin pains overcame. 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.

ROCKDALE, TEX., Dec. 30, 1902.—"When I received the trial package of Doan's Kidney Pills I could not get out of bed without help. I had severe pains in the small of my back. The Pills helped me at once, and now after three weeks the pain in my back is all gone and I am no longer annoyed with having to get up often during the night as formerly. I cannot speak too highly for what Doan's Kidney Pills have done for me. I am now 57 years old, have tried a great many medicines, but nothing did the work until I used Doan's Kidney Pills."—JAMES B. ANTON.

CLEVELAND, KY., Dec. 28, 1902.—"I was laid up in bed with my back and

FREE FOR THE KIDNEY'S SAKE.



FOR THE KIDNEY'S SAKE. Doan's Kidney Pills. A TRIAL TRIUMPH.

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**First Head of a Doctor.**

Wu Ting Yang is fond of relating a story about a Chinese doctor who didn't satisfy his patient. The sicker the patient grew the more indignant his friends became at the unsuccessful physician. At last, when the sick man was in a final stage and death was imminent, the relatives laid violent hands on the unfortunate doctor, and, trying him up to a tree, started to administer a smart beating. But while his assailants were looking for a stick with which to beat him, the doctor freed himself, and, jumping into the river, swam to safety. When he reached home he found his son, who was studying to be a physician, poring over a book on medicine. "Put it up, put it up, shut it up," said the doctor, grimly; "the first requisite of a doctor is to know how to swim, not to cure."—San Francisco Argonaut.

**Mother Gray's Sweet Powders.**

For Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, break up Colds, cure Feverishness, Constipation, Stomach and Teething Disorders, and destroy Worms. All Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address A. B. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

**One Hole at Least.**

Kicks—I bought some oil coat nearly a year ago, and the fellow who sold it to me declared the company was already in operation. I'll bet they haven't sunk a single hole yet.

Wicks—Oh! I wouldn't say that. They must have at least the hole in which they're going to leave the stockholders.—Catholic Standard and Times.

**Stops the Cough.**

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

**Didn't Concern Him.**

Lawyer—The jury has brought in a sealed verdict in your case.

Prisoner—Well, tell the court that they needn't open it on my account.—Glasgow Evening Times.

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

Little Girl—"A pound of steak, please, and cut it tough, will ye?" Butcher (amazed)—"Why?" Little Girl—"Cause if it's tender father eats it all!"—London Tatler.

Iowa Farms \$4 Per Acre Cash, bal. 1/2 crop till paid. Mulhall, Sioux City, Ia.

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