

# THE STORY TELLER

## A MOMENT OR SO.

I would like to go back for a moment or so.  
Back to the fancy-hung Long Ago—  
To the old-fashioned house in the dusty lane  
And be for a moment a boy again.

I would like to go back where the fields are green  
And wander across to the old creek's flow—  
I would like to stand in the joy scene—  
Of the shadowy peace of the Long Ago.

I would like just one glance at the eventide  
Of the misty mornings with dew aglow  
At the spot where the sparrows were wont to hide  
And the fields where the wild-flowers used to grow.

I would like just one drink from the old-fashioned well—  
I would like if I could the mystic spell  
That ever clings round what we call Long Ago—  
I would like to go back for a moment or so.

—Harry T. Fee, in *Overland Monthly*.

## Domestic Dorothy.

By Catherine Stoneman Long.

ALL the members of the Winters family, with one exception, were literary. This exception was Dorothy. Mr. Winters was editor-in-chief of one of the large city papers, Clarence was reporter for another, sister Mary was a school-teacher, and sister Lucia wrote for the magazines. As for Mrs. Winters, she was president of the Browning club, secretary of the Woman's club, and an active member of a variety of other clubs too numerous to mention.

It would seem rather strange that in a family so steeped in the atmosphere of books and newspapers there should be one black sheep; although to call Dorothy a black sheep were certainly a libel, for if there ever was a white, sweet, dearly loved lamb in any flock, she could lay claim to that distinction. The term is only used to convey the idea that she was different from the others. While they were in their tastes, she was the gayest, most careless, and, so they all declared, the most frivolous little body in existence. Even in her personal appearance she presented a striking contrast to her older sisters. Mary and Lucia were tall and slight, with big black eyes that seemed to be always looking over everybody's head into something far off and mysterious. The youngest daughter, on the other hand, was plump and blonde, with laughing blue eyes and rosy, dimpled cheeks.

Dorothy's best friend would never have contended that she was clever at books. When she graduated from the high school it must be owned that it was nearer the foot than the head of her class. It was fortunate that she had other qualities to endear her to her teachers and mates. Everyone loved pretty Dolly. She was so sweet-natured, so generous, so full of vitality and sprightliness, that it was impossible to do otherwise.

This admiration was shared by her own family. They all united in praising her beauty, and in petting and caressing her, as well as making tender little jokes at her expense in regard to her intellectual shortcomings, in which she joined so mirthfully and good-naturedly that it never occurred to anyone that she could possibly be sensitive about it, or have any aspirations beyond the domestic career which they had agreed in mapping out for her.

"How nice it is, Dolly darling, that you are to be at home after this," said her mother, as Dorothy was helping her to pack her valise to go to the biennial meeting of the State Federation of Women's clubs. "Now I shall not need to worry about the house while I am gone. Nora is so cross and sullen with everyone else. The home is quite a different place when you are looking after things."

"You sweet child," said sister Mary, coming in from school, tired and headache, to find Dorothy ready to pull off her muddy boots and to serve her with a cup of hot tea and a sandwich on a dainty tray. "You always think of everyone. What should we do without someone to cheer us up when we are cross and discouraged? It's a very fortunate thing that one of the Winters family turned out to be domestic."

It never happened that anyone ever questioned the domestic talents and inclinations of Dorothy. It had been settled when she was quite a small child that Nature had intended her for a little housewife. She could make the most delicious desserts and the most toothsome confectionery; she had such beautiful taste in arranging the diningroom table and kept the house so fresh and sweet and orderly that no one suspected that she abhorred the dishpan, hated to make beds, or was made faint and sick by the sight of raw meat when she went to market to select her father's favorite cuts. Dolly never said anything about it. Naturally, no one could be supposed to know.

Now, it frequently happens that carpers laid out for us by our friends are not always the ones we should select if left to ourselves. This was the case with Dorothy. Secretly, she longed to be literary, like the rest, instead of domestic. She listened with the profoundest awe when her

mother discussed important club matters with her friends, and her eyes were large with wonder when the great author complimented Lucia on her last story. Oh, that she, too, might do something to make the big world pause to admire and commend her!

Sometimes these secret aspirations were not kept altogether to herself, but were vaguely hinted at in conversation. "Why, Dolly, we don't want you to be literary," her father would say on such occasions. "We like you better just as you are." And Mr. Winters seemed to think that settled it. If they didn't want her to be literary, why in the world need she be ambitious to be anything of the sort?

Nevertheless, she did try to write sometimes, just as the others did, and worked hard over some extremely indifferent little stories which were destined to travel many weary miles between herself and various publishers. These articles were the subject of much sport in the family. They were in the habit of inquiring in a facetious manner about the health of her "Wandering Willies," as Clarence dubbed her rejected manuscripts. Clarence did love to get hold of one of those self-addressed envelopes when the postman brought it back, and make her guess which one it might be. She looked so pretty hanging on his arm and teasing for it, that he felt compelled to give her a kiss and a squeeze, while Lucia watched them with a languid, indulgent smile. Yet Clarence and Lucia loved her dearly, and would have been shocked at the thought of grieving her tender heart.

Dorothy knew well enough that her writing was very poor, and soon ceased to hope to distinguish herself in this way. As a matter of fact, she did not like to write at all, and only did so because she hated to be a drone in this literary beehive. It was simply a bore to her, and she spent much of her time making sketches on the margin of her paper, as Tommy Traddles did in David Copperfield; only instead of drawing skeletons, she made curious brownies and grotesque animals that it certainly would have been no sin to worship, for they were like nothing on the earth or in the waters beneath the earth. The family called them Dorothy's "queer crows."

At last she despaired altogether, and when the rejected manuscripts had all come back she tumbled them in a heap into a drawer, which she never opened without a very down-in-the-mouth sort of a feeling. It is to be feared that just the least little bit of a grain of bitterness was in Dorothy's heart when she thought of the position of household director to which she had been so summarily relegated by her affectionate friends. Still the old longing to do something and be something kept pulling away at her, and when she began to beg to be allowed to take drawing lessons at the Art institute, her mother said:

"Why not let her do it? The dear girl has a good many lonesome hours when we are all away or busy, even if she is so domestic. Looking after the house doesn't take all her time."

"Why, of course," said Mr. Winters. "If there's anything in the world that I can do to give Dorothy a pleasure I'm only too glad."

"Oh, certainly," said sister Lucia. "It will give her something to think of, even if she doesn't accomplish much with it."

And so Dorothy was entered in one of the classes of the Art institute, and then the family, absorbed in its own more important affairs, at once proceeded to forget all about it. Nobody ever thought to inquire about her work except Mr. Winters, to whom it occurred once in awhile in a vague fashion.

"And how are the 'queer crows,' daughter?" he would ask, pinching her soft, round cheek.

"Oh, they're just as bad as ever," Dorothy would say with an answering smile. "They pop out on the casts and still life exactly as they did on the manuscript." She was a brave little soul, and if she felt hurt by this indulgent neglect she kept it to herself.

When she had been in the Art institute for about a year without having ever seemed to accomplish anything to attract attention in the least, Mr. Winters began to talk very much about a new artist who had of late been sending in drawings as illustrations of current events. They were humorous in character, and a good many of them appeared in his paper. Everyone said they were remarkably clever, indeed quite superior to any furnished by the staff artists. The family all enjoyed the pictures greatly, and they were the subject of much favorable comment after every issue of Mr. Winters's paper.

"I believe," he himself said one day, "that this Henry Page Esmond has the making of a great artist in him. Those sketches of his are just bubbling over with fun, and his wit is keen and delicate. I believe his art will find expression in something higher than caricature, too." And with that Mr. Winters launched forth into a long and learned discussion of the principles of true art in general and Mr. Henry Page Esmond's drawings in particular, with which the family were much edified, although no one pretended to understand it, least of all Dorothy, who listened respectfully with her head on one side and a curious twinkle in her bright eyes.

"I'll tell you what, Dot," continued her father, "I'm going to invite him to dinner some day—I've never met him myself yet—and then you can show him some of those 'queer crows' you used to draw."

The idea of inflicting these crudities upon the artistic vision of this rising man was excruciatingly funny,

and the family laughed loud and long, Dorothy most heartily of all.

"Oh, do invite him, father," entreated sister Lucia. "I'm just dying to meet him. Everyone is talking about his pictures in the Argus. Judge Whitman told me he thought they were the funniest, most original things he ever saw. And after we have become acquainted with him, don't you think it would be nice to give a small company of our most distinguished friends to meet him?"

"Oh, wouldn't that be lovely? Do, father!" exclaimed Mary, quite enchanted with the idea of introducing this new star into the literary world.

And so it was agreed that Mr. Henry Page Esmond should be invited the coming week Wednesday for dinner. Mr. Winters wrote him an invitation to meet him at his office on that date, in response to which the young man—everyone seemed to take it for granted that he was young—sent a very polite note of acceptance.

There was considerable excitement on this eventful day in the Winters family. Dorothy had been reminded to see that an exceptionally tempting little dinner should be prepared, and Mrs. Winters went out into the dining room herself to be sure that nothing had been forgotten. Judge and Mrs. Whitman had been invited also, and sister Mary, while sister Lucia had her book, which had just come out, lying carelessly on the parlor table, where Mr. Esmond could not fail to see it.

The day's business was over, and Mr. Winters sat in his office awaiting the arrival of the young artist. He was just saying to himself that Mr. Esmond was going to be late when the office boy brought in a card bearing, in the familiar handwriting of that gentleman, his name.

"Show him in at once," said Mr. Winters in his most abrupt and editorial tones.

When he heard footsteps in the outer room he arose to his feet and made haste to arrange his features in their most cordial and engaging expression. The door flew open in a theatrical manner under the hand of the office boy, who announced, in a somewhat muffled tone, "Mr. Esmond," and in walked—Dorothy!

Mr. Winters's countenance was indeed a study to gaze upon. He looked at his daughter with eyes as round as moons, and opened his mouth several times without making a sound. In short, he was completely bewildered until Dorothy, her sweet face all flushed and quivering, half laughing, half sobbing, rushed into his arms, exclaiming:

"Oh, papa dear, don't you understand? I am Mr. Henry Page Esmond!"

When her father had got her home at last, and they had managed to explain matters to the assembled company, the commotion which arose was wonderful to experience. Dolly was laughed over, cried over and passed around to be kissed until she was quite breathless, while the parlor fairly bristled with exclamations. Clarence whirled her around and around in a wild dance, and her mother could not stop asking questions. Lucia looked at her rather reproachfully as she slyly tucked her book out of sight; but Judge Whitman made her a most courtly and ceremonious bow, saying: "I congratulate you, my dear."

At last the heroine of this ovation escaped to her room to adjust her hair and gown, which had become sadly rumpled with embraces, leaving her friends to chatter and exclaim, and talk at the top of their voices all together. It was the proudest moment of her life. Maturer years brought other triumphs, but never one so glorious as this.

And thus it happened that Dorothy, while she by no means ceased to be domestic, did become an artist, and carved out for herself a career which had its beginning in the "queer crows."—*Ladies' World, New York.*

### Applied Religion.

Robbie belonged to a severely orthodox family. He was taught to fear nothing, and trust God. He often heard his grandfather remark that he "trembled for sinners," and this expression saved Robbie in an hour of need.

One night there was a terrific thunderstorm. Robbie stood it as long as possible, then fled to his mother's room.

"Robbie, are you afraid?" asked she.

"No, ma'am."

"You know God can take care of you as well in the storm as at other times?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Then what are you shaking for?"

"Mother, I was thinking of sinners, and I thought that I would come down and tremble with you for them."—*Brooklyn Life.*

### Only One Wellington.

That was a graceful compliment which was paid to the duke of Wellington by Queen Victoria. Not every one recalls the fact that a certain style of high boots, not commonly worn nowadays, bore the name of Wellington.

When the duke was prime minister he once visited Windsor castle to consult with the queen on an important state matter. The day was damp, following a heavy rain, and as the duke left the castle her majesty remarked, "I hope your grace is well shod?"

"Oh," said the duke, "I have on a pair of Wellingtons, and am proof against dampness."

The queen retorted: "Your grace must be mistaken. There could not be a pair of Wellingtons."—*Youth's Companion.*

## FIGHT WITH ESKIMO DOGS.

Critical Situation from Which an Arctic Traveler Had to Extricate Himself.

In a long journey by sled, in the region of Great Bear lake, Mr. Egerton R. Young had a trying adventure with Eskimo dogs, which he relates in "My Dogs in the Northland." He had traveled several days with his own dogs to the point where the Indians were to meet him and replace the tired dogs with fresh ones. When the dogs were changed his guide, who had accompanied him throughout the journey to this point, gave him a heavy whip and said: "Now do not speak a word and there will be no trouble. They do not like white people, but if you do not speak to them they will never suspect, in their anxiety to get home."

"I looked the fierce brutes over," says Mr. Young, "placed my heavy whip so I could instantly seize it and made up my mind that I was in for a wild ride. The owner of the dogs applied his long whip-lash to them, and away we started at a furious gallop.

"We had traveled some distance when I was startled by a splendid black fox, which dashed out of a rocky island on our left. He struck across our trail, and made for another island of rocks half a mile to our right.

"The dogs fell into disorder and sped after him. As we had 15 miles yet to go, it was not safe to be racing after a fox on this great lake. So I resolved to break the silence and bring the dogs back to the trail, even if I had to fight them.

"Bracing myself on my knees, I gripped the heavy whip so that I could use the handle of it as a club. Then I shouted to the dogs in Indian to stop and turn to the left.

"The instant they heard my voice they did stop—so suddenly that my cariole went sliding on, past the rear dog of the train. They came at me furiously. The leader of the train, the fiercest of the four, began the attack. It was well for me that he did, for he swung the others about into such a position that only one at a time could reach me. As he sprang to meet me I guarded my face with one hand, which I wrapped in the furs, while I belabored the dog over the head with the oak handle of the whip.

"Three or four good blows were all that he needed. With a howl he dropped on the ice, while the next one in the train tried to get hold of me. One fortunate clip on the side of his head sent him tumbling over his leader. Then I had to face the third dog, which proved the ugliest customer of all, for his head took a prodigious amount of thumping before he yielded. Failing to get hold of me, he tore the robes and the side of the cariole, which was made of parchment.

"It was fortunate for me that the traces of the fourth dog, fastened to the front of the cariole, so held him back that he was unable to do more than growl at me.

"When I had conquered the third dog, I uncoiled the lash of the whip and shouted: 'March!' The leader wheeled to the left, and away they flew. I had no hesitancy in speaking now. The dogs showed no more desire for battle, but only a desperate desire to reach the end of the journey."

## DURBAR A COSTLY LUXURY.

Several of the Indian States Paid Dearly for the Great Delhi Spectacle.

Although the durbar at Delhi was a great success from a spectacular point of view, it has not tended toward increasing the prestige of the British government in some parts of the Indian empire. Opposition papers in England are beginning to dwell on "the other side" of the great show, says a London report. Much bitter feeling has been aroused among the native rulers of India over the way they were treated. It is estimated that few of them came of their own desire to do honor to their king, but were induced to do so by various secret means which the Indian government possessed. It is said that while Lord Curzon has made good his promise that the durbar would pay for itself, this applies only to the expenditure of the imperial government. It cost Kashmir \$250,000, Hyderabad \$500,000 and Baroda, Mysore, Travancore, Jajpur, Gwalior, Indore and all the larger states sums of corresponding magnitude.

It is asserted that all the smaller states had to incur debts to stand the outlays and the already poor people will have to pay the money. The entire amount which the native states must make up by extra taxes is estimated at \$5,000,000. It is said that only Europeans were really guests. No provision, except possibly a tent to live in, was made for the native guests, no matter how high degree they might have been. European guests of provincial governors got bed, lodging and food. Native guests paid for everything and were located, without exception, three, four and five miles from the camps of their "hosts."

### Aural Trouble, Evidently.

The fair young girl places a new sheet of music before her and attacks the piano with much vigor. Suddenly the music falls off the rack and drops to the floor. But the gentle damsel continues playing with no interruption.

"My daughter," explains her mother with a proud smile, "plays almost entirely by ear."

"Has she got the ear-ache?" asks the uncultured brute who has been invited to the house by the careless father.—*Judge.*

## THE IMPRESSIONS OF A WOMAN

What a Woman Says About Western Canada.

Although many men have written to this paper regarding the prospects of Western Canada, and its great possibilities, it may not be uninteresting to give the experience of a woman settler, written to Mr. M. V. McInnes, the agent of the Government at Detroit, Mich. If the reader wishes to get further information regarding Western Canada it may be obtained by writing any of the agents of the Government whose name is attached to the advertisement appearing elsewhere in this paper.

The following is the letter referred to:

Hilldown, Alberta, Feb'y. 5, 1903.

Dear Sir:

I have been here now nearly five years, and thought I would write you a woman's impression of Western Canada—in Alberta. There are several ranchers in this district who, in addition to taking care of their cattle, carry on farming as well. Their herds of cattle number from 100 to 200 or 300 heads, and live out all winter without any shelter in the spring in good order. Most of the ranchers feed their cattle part of the time, about this time of the year, but I have seen the finest fat cattle I ever saw that never got a peck of grain—only fattened on the grass. You see I have learned to talk farm since I came here—farming is the great business here. I know several in this district who never worked a day on the farm, till they came here, and have done well and are getting well off.

I think this will be the garden of the Northwest some day, and that day not very far distant. There has been a great change since we came here, and there will be a greater change in the next five years. The winters are all anyone could wish for. We have very little snow, and the climate is fine and healthy. Last summer was wet, but not to an extent to damage crops, which were a large average yield, and the hay was immense—and farmers wore a broad smile accordingly.

We have good schools, the Government pays 70 per cent. of the expense of education, which is a great boon in a new country. Of course, churches of different denominations follow the settlements. Summer picnics and winter concerts are all well attended, and as much, or more, enjoyed as in the East. Who would not prefer the pure air of this climate with its broad acres of fine farms, its rippling streams, its beautiful lakes, its millions of wild flowers, its groves of wild fruit of exquisite flavor, its streams and lakes teeming with fish and its prairies and bluffs with game, to the crowded and stiff state of society in the East. I would like to go home for a visit sometime, but not to go there to live, even if presented with the best farm in Michigan. Beautiful Alberta, I will never leave it. And my verdict is only a repetition of all who have settled in this country. This year, I believe, will add many thousands to our population. And if the young men, and old men also, knew how easy they could make a home free of all incumbrance in this country, thousands more would have settled here. I would sooner have 160 acres here than any farm where I came from in Michigan; but the people in the East are coming to a knowledge of this country, and as they do, they will come West in thousands. All winter, people have been arriving in Alberta, and I suppose in other parts as well, which is unusual, so we expect a great rush when the weather gets warmer.

We have no coal famine here; coal can be bought in the towns for \$2 to \$3, according to distance from the mines, and many haul their own coal from the mines—getting it there for 50 cents to a dollar a ton.

Very truly yours,  
(Signed) Mrs. John McLachlan.

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