

THE STORY TELLER

WHEN IT RAINS.

Don't you ever git ter thinkin', when the days are cold an' raw, an' the rain beats in yer face, an' the croup is in yer craw, Of the dear ol' times an' fixins, of the big an' roomy barn Where we all skeddaddled, don't yeh, an' we useter set an' yarn, When the weather was like this is, an' we perched aroun', we did, On the wagon tongue an' feed box, er we scuttled off an' hid? I remember, I remember, all the dear ol' boyhood ways; An' remember in pertic'lar how we loved the rainy days.

The work we done on rainy days, the huskin' of the corn, The greasin' of the harnesses—ain't never sence I'm born, Leastways sence I have left it, seen the time I could forget The dear ol' farm the time o' year when days are sorter wet. But, a-speakin' of the huskin' brings me back ter huskin' bees.

'Twas at one o' them in our ol' barn 'at first I met Loo-weeze, An' when I foun' the first red ear—it makes me ketch my breath—I got Loo-weeze around the neck an' kissed her half ter death!

An' Loo-weeze jest swung on me, she did, 'th all her buxom heft, An' yeh bet 'at I had two red ears, a right one an' a left. But I bless the night I met 'er, an' I bless the dear ol' barn, An' I bless the rainy weather when we useter set an' yarn; An' yeh'll all find me grinnin' when the days are cold an' raw, An' the rain beats in yer faces, an' the croup is in yer craw. Yeh can grumble if yeh feel like, an' kin mutter an' complain; But when I'm a-feelin' dreamy I'm a prayin' God fer rain!

That's me, I jest want rain, I do; Jest good ol' fashion rain! A flashin' down an' slatherin' across the window-pane, I want—what's that yeh say, Loo-weeze? "Yer maw says come ter tea."

Es yous I bed the hosses down—I swear I never see A child so like her mother, like that o' time sweet Loo-weeze. I like ter set an' dream, I do, with her eroun' my knees. O' good ol' times an' huskin' fights; an' so I say an' sigh, I go a-grinnin' thanks ter God whenever He s'ns the rain. —J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

A WARD IN CHANCERY.

BY JOHN K. LEYS.

I SAT in my bath chair at the corner of the square alone, for I had sent my man to dispatch a telegram and it was pleasant for me to wait in that quiet spot than in the busy thoroughfare. It was a warm day and the sun shone with soft, mellow radiance on the yellow leaves that were clinging to the trees in the garden of the square or fluttering quietly to rest on their parent earth. No passengers were to be seen; but for the dull sound from the far off streets the silence was profound.

The melancholy of autumn—that season of spent endeavor, of slow decay, of rest—was in the air.

Most of the houses in the square were shut, their owners not yet returned from the country; but one very large house was evidently inhabited. It filled the center of the block facing the square on my right. I was wondering what it could be, for the building seemed too large for a private dwelling house, when my attention was attracted by a young man—a youth, I ought rather to say, for he did not seem to be more than 19 or 20—who was slowly pacing along the pavement close to the railings, but I haven't been able to find it. And I am afraid she will not get better; she may die, and I shall never see her again.

"How would it do if I were to go to the house and ask for her?"

"Oh, sir, if you would! And do you think I might go with you?"

I pondered for a moment, and just then Jenkins, my man, came round the corner of the street. That gave me an idea.

"Suppose you take my man's place and wheel me up to the house?" I said. "Then you will have to help me up the steps, for I can't walk by myself, and I can make the excuse that I want to have you within call to bring you into the sitting room. If you are not afraid of being recognized, that might do."

"I don't think Mrs. Melrose would recognize me coming as your servant, and if she did it wouldn't matter, she could only turn me out."

As he spoke he laid his hand on the long handle of the chair.

I dispatched Jenkins on another errand and the young man wheeled me up to the big house. On the way I asked his name, and he told me it was Edward Hetherington.

We were admitted without difficulty, and as we waited for the mistress of the house to appear my companion whispered to me something rather important which I had quite forgotten. The young lady's name, he said, was Winifred Gordon, and she had neither father nor mother.

Mrs. Melrose swept into the room, a well developed specimen of her class, and came up to me when she perceived my helpless condition. Hetherington stood modestly near the door.

"I called to inquire," I said "after the health of one of your pupils in whom I am interested—a Miss Gordon. I was told that she was seriously ill."

I thought he would turn and come back again. I was sure he would. He did, touching the railings as before. And this time he touched the railings on my side of the tall ones. That meant that he was systematically touching every one of them.

My curiosity satisfied on this point, I immediately reverted to the more important question—what could be the young man's reason for behaving in this extraordinary way?

He came slowly nearer, and just as he was about to turn round, obeying an impulse, I called to him.

He gave a little guilty start as if aware for the first time that he had been observed, and hesitated as if he had made up his mind to walk away.

"Don't go," I said, and my voice reached him easily in the quiet autumn air. "You see I can't do you any harm. I only want to speak to you for a moment."

He left the railings and came up to my chair, and then I saw that he was really a very nice looking boy with an open, pleasant face that just now was slightly flushed.

"Would you mind looking down that street," I began by way of breaking the ice, "and telling me if you see a man—a servant out of livery—coming this way?" He stepped aside so as to obtain a view down the side street and said that no such person was in sight.

"Would you like me to wheel you a little way?" he asked.

"No, I think I will stay here. But your kindness in offering to do that encourages me to ask you to do one small favor."

"Oh certainly!"

"Then will you tell me why you touched every fourth upright in the railings as you passed along just now?"

The young man's cheek flushed with shame and annoyance, and he replied rather sharply, "I can't conceive, sir, how that is any business of yours."

"You are perfectly entitled to make me that answer," said I with a smile, "and, to tell the truth, I quite expected that you would. But as you see I am an invalid, and, being unable to go about as you can, little things are apt to acquire an unnatural importance in my eyes. My curiosity has been roused, and if you can see your way to gratifying it I should really feel obliged to you. Besides, you know you promised to do me a favor."

"Oh, well," said the youngster in an offhand way and with a toss of his shoulders that I thought became him vastly, "if you care to know, the fact is I was seeking for a mark on the railings—a signal."

"Yes?"

"You see that big house opposite? It is a girls' school, and one of the young ladies there—"

He stopped and hesitated for a word, blushing furiously.

"With whom you are in love?"

"I suppose you would call it that. She is very ill, and I don't want to ask how she is. They wouldn't tell me if I did."

"But why?"

"Because she is a ward in chancery, and they have got an injunction—"

"Against you? Upon my word, my young man, you are beginning early."

"Don't make fun of me, please, sir. I can't stand it, and I might say something that would not be respectful and be horribly sorry for it afterward."

"I assure you I am not laughing at you nor thinking of such a thing," said I. And as I looked into the lad's ingenious face I wished I could have had such a boy to call me father.

"But I don't understand yet about the signal," I added.

"It was Carrie Embleton, one of the little girls, who promised that if Winnie was better she would make a sticky smear on one of the railings, but I haven't been able to find it. And I am afraid she will not get better; she may die, and I shall never see her again."

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"I called to inquire," I said "after the health of one of your pupils in whom I am interested—a Miss Gordon. I was told that she was seriously ill."

"She was, but I am glad to say that she is better. She is to come down stairs today for the first time since her illness."

"I am sincerely glad to hear it," said I. "May I ask you the nature of her illness?"

"Oh nothing infectious, I assure you. A sort of low fever. The foolish child fancied herself in love with a very presumptuous young man. Perhaps you may know the circumstances."

I said I knew something of them.

"Well, she was so silly as to allow that to upset her considerably. And this news about her uncle has, of course, retarded her recovery."

"Her uncle?"

"Yes. Have you not heard? It is really the most scandalous thing. Mr. Gordon was believed to be one of the wealthiest men in Bombay. He was very indignant when he heard of the love affair I alluded to and immediately told his solicitor to settle £100 for him on Winnie so that he might make her a ward of chancery and be able to get an injunction against the young man—I forget his name."

"Hetherington?"

"Yes, of course, that is it. Well, now it turns out that the man's wealth was all sham and pretense. He has been practically bankrupt for years, and I may think myself lucky that I was paid my last term's bill. Of course, I shall get nothing for this term, but fortunately it has just commenced."

"Then you mean that Winnie must go out to India?"

"That would be a wild-goose chase," said the schoolmistress with a little scornful laugh. "No one knows precisely what has become of Mr. Gordon—at least, I have not been able to learn anything of his whereabouts, and I fancy more than one of his creditors would give a good round sum to get his address."

"Then what is to become of Winnie?"

"That is just what I would so very much like to know. I hoped, when the servant told me you had come to inquire for her, that you might have something to propose—something in the nature of a home to offer her."

I shook my head.

"Then what is to become of the poor child I cannot imagine. She is too young to earn her own living—much too young. I cannot send her to the workhouse, and yet I cannot be expected to keep her here for nothing."

"No one surely would be so unreasonable as to expect that you would voluntarily do a thing of that kind," I exclaimed, and the lady looked at me very sharply to see whether I was speaking ironically before she replied. "I must try to get her into some orphanage, but I fear it will be very difficult."

As she said these words the door opened and a girl of about 16 came shyly into the room. She was not strikingly pretty, but her expression was gentle and sweet and she was pale as from a recent illness.

I beckoned her to come to me, and without noticing the young man who stood hat in hand behind the door she came close to my chair wondering, no doubt, who I was and what I wanted with her.

Mrs. Melrose considerably left us to ourselves, and my temporary servant drew a few steps nearer as soon as the door had closed behind her.

"My dear," I said, taking her by the hand, "there is some one here who is very anxious to see you."

She followed the direction of my eyes and then with a little scream her hands went up to her breast. And the next I knew was that they were in each other's arms.

I had forgotten all about the chancery division of the high court of justice and its ridiculous injunction, but it was scarcely worth remembering now when there was no one who cared to enforce it. Perhaps if I had had the use of my limbs I might have thought it necessary to go out of the room or at least to turn my back. As it was I might have shut my eyes, but this did not occur to me. It was most touching and beautiful to watch the innocent raptures of the two young lovers. There was no time for words, and it was plain that they had a better language than any verbal one. A broken sentence now and then was all they seemed to need. The lad's face was radiant, his eyes burning, his whole frame quivering with excitement; and as for Winnie, she seemed to be literally in great draughts of happiness.

As I looked I made up my mind.

"Hetherington, my boy," said I, "be good enough to retire for a few moments to the other end of the room or outside of the door, whichever you prefer. Winnie, come here."

She came close up to me and I said, "Give me your hand."

She put her slender little hand in mine.

"I know your story, my child," said I. "but you do not even know my name. As you see I am an old man, at least compared to you, and a cripple. I have an aunt who keeps house for me. Would you like to make your home with me, Winnie? It may not be for very long, for I can see that the day is not far off when you will want to fly away to a little nest of your own. But till that time comes will you let me be your father? I know just how you are feeling about Ned there, but you know marriage is a serious thing and there ought to be some one to see to things for you. Will you let me be that some one?"

Her bonny brown eyes opened wider with surprise, and then a pleased look came into them. Finally she bent down, rested her arm on my shoulder and lightly kissed me on the cheek.—London Sphere.

HOUSEHOLD INFORMATION.

A Budget of Domestic Love Which May Contain Something of Value.

If anything has to be neglected during the summer, don't let it be the garbage pail. Dust on the piano is bad. Specks on the mirror or windows are annoying. You can't always find time to make cake for tea nor pie for dessert. The sheets and towels may have to be folded and put under a weight to save ironing; the baby wear colored slips to economize in washing. All these limitations may be grievous in a measure, but they are not of vital importance. The care of the garbage pail is.

Death and destruction sit on the rim of the neglected pail and bacteria and microbes—Malevolent ones—multiply apace. Decaying fruit and vegetables are just as poisonous as meat, only not quite so noticeable, says the Washington Star.

The best garbage can from a sanitary point of view is of galvanized iron, with a cover of the same. If you live in the city, where the health department minions play "One old cat" with your pail, tossing it with infinite abandon from sidewalk to cart and back again, it is the only kind that can "stand the racket" for any length of time.

If you are a suburbanite, or a dweller on broad acres, any whole receptacle, tin or even wood will do, provided it is frequently scalded, disinfected and dried out. One of the five-gallon kerosene cans makes a very good pail, with a piece of baling wire fastened in for a handle. Keep an old broom for cleaning out the pail. Take it out on the grass, turn the hose or teakettle on it and scrub.

Once a week a disinfectant is in order. A good one to keep on hand is prepared in this way: Dissolve a half pint of washing soda in six quarts of boiling water. A cupful of this added to the cleaning water will be quite sufficient.

Do not throw the contents of your pail, if it be trimmings and parings of vegetables, etc., on the garden to decay. If there are no animals on the place to eat them, either bury and thus enrich the soil or burn.

If the latter, dry out first, so as not to crack the stove. Orange and lemon peeling, peach, apricot and cherry pits make admirable kindling when dried. Bones burned and pounded are excellent for making hens lay or for giving an impetus to your rose bushes or grape vines. If you have no drain and are forced to throw your dish water out on the ground, a solution of copperas (a pound and a half to a gallon of water is good proportion) should be sprinkled around once or twice a week. Lastly, remember that upon you, Madame Chatelaine, rests much of the responsibility for the comfort and health of your household. There is occasionally a servant who may be depended upon to carry out your instructions without your personal attention, but such an one is a rara avis. The wise woman looketh well to the ways of her household, and even to the unromantic but essential garbage pail.

OLD-FASHIONED IRISH STEW.

Something Palatable and Hearty in the Way of an Everyday Dish.

Two and one-half pounds of neck of mutton, four potatoes, two onions, one small turnip, one carrot, two sprigs of parsley, pepper and salt. Cut the meat in small pieces, chop the onions, lay in a stewpan with one quart of cold water, and when brought to the boiling point set it where it will simmer for three hours. About an hour before dinner time add the vegetables, cut into small pieces, and add the seasoning. Make a few light dumplings with one cupful of sifted flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder and cold water enough to make a stiff dough. Roll out until half an inch thick; cut the dumplings very small; flavor them well, and then add them to the stew ten minutes before dinner. If the vegetables have cooked soft. An Irish stew to be good must be thoroughly and equally cooked, and should have plenty of gravy. After adding the dumplings do not lift the lid of the stewpan until they are done, which will be in about 15 minutes. It steadily simmering. Dish the meat, vegetables and dumplings on one large dish, the meat in the center, surrounded by the vegetables, and the dumplings on top. Chop the parsley, add it to the gravy and serve in a gravy boat.

Mist Pudding.

Steep the thin shavings of rind of half a lemon in one pint of water. Mix one cupful of sugar, one-half saltspoon of salt, and three rounded tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, and pour on them two cupfuls of the strained, boiling lemon-water. Cook in a double boiler ten minutes, stirring constantly. Add the juice of one lemon and then stir in quickly the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs. Mix well and turn into small cups or molds. Make a soft custard with the yolks of three eggs, a pint of milk, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, and a pinch of salt. Cook in double boiler till smooth. Strain, and when cool, flavor with vanilla. When ready to serve, turn out the little puddings on individual dishes with the sauce around each.—N. Y. Post.

Dream Cakes.

Cut rounds or fancy shapes of crustless bread. Spread first with thin layer of American cheese, then with mayonnaise; if, preferred, it may be dusted with cayenne pepper, then put on bread cover and fry in butter, in chafing-dish.—Good Housekeeping.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Timber wolves are increasing around Rat Portage.

Labor unions at Lindsay, Can., have entered municipal politics.

A red-colored solution now obviates the need of a dark-room in photography.

Motor parcel tricycles are now being used by the post office in London.

In spite of recent disturbances, the Transvaal exported \$35,232,915 of gold in 1902.

From Holyhead a Bible in Welch has been sent to the queen and accepted with thanks.

Anthracite coal underlying 1,000 acres has been discovered in Vancouver Island, B. C.

Salmon Brown, the youngest son of John Brown, the martyr, is living at Portland, Ore.

Swearing at a lady in a Nottingham tramway car has cost a man a fine of thirty shillings.

The Spanish ship to the United States each autumn 300,000 barrels of Almeria grapes.

Of the 25 men who have been president of the United States, ten have today no descendants.

Fifty per cent of the smallpox outbreaks are, in the opinion of health experts, due to tramps.

In making the best Persian rug a weaver spends about 23 days over each square foot of surface.

There is a movement in North Wales to raise a monument to the famous chieftain, Owen Glyndwr.

Ludwig Wullner, the most popular tenor in Germany to-day, once stuttered and had a very poor voice.

LOVES THE PRAIRIES.

Miss Anna Gray Is Delighted With Her Western Canada Home.

Anna C. Gray is a young lady, formerly of Michigan. She is now a resident of Western Canada, and the following published in the Brown City (Mich.) Banner are extracts from a friendship letter written about March 15 to one of her lady friends in that vicinity. In this letter is given some idea of the climate, social, educational and religious conditions of Alberta, the beautiful land of sunshine and happy homes. Over one hundred thousand Americans have made Western Canada their home within the past five years, and in this year upwards of 50,000 will take up homes there.

Miss Gray took her leave for Didsbury, Alberta, the home of her sister and other relatives and friends on Jan. 10 last, and after a two months' sojourn in her western prairie home, she writes of it as follows: "I know I shall grow to love the prairies. We have a beautiful view of the mountains, and it seems wonderful to me to see home after home for miles, and it is becoming thickly settled all around us. With the exception of the last few days, which have been cold and stormy, we have had beautiful spring weather ever since I came. The days are beautiful. I call this the 'land of the sun,' as it seems to be always shining, the nights are cold and frosty. On arriving here, I was so greatly surprised in every way. Didsbury is quite a business little town. All the people I meet are so pleasant and hospitable. They have four churches in Didsbury—the Baptist, Presbyterian, Evangelical and Mennonite. The Evangelicals have just completed a handsome church, very large and finely furnished, costing \$2,500. They have a nice literary society here, meets every two weeks. They have fine musical talent here.

"Your friend,
"ANNA C. GRAY."

Bishop Schereschewsky, one of the missionary bishops of the Protestant Episcopal church, is engaged in translating the Scriptures from the original tongues into the Wu-li dialect of the Chinese language.

TIRED BACKS



Come to all who overtax the Kidney. Don't neglect the aching back. Many dangerous Kidney troubles follow in its wake.

Mrs. C. B. Pare of Columbus, Ky., writes: "When Doan's Kidney Pills were first brought to my attention I was suffering from a complication of kidney troubles. Besides the bad back which usually results from kidney complaints, I had a great deal of trouble with the secretions, which were exceedingly variable, sometimes excessive and at other times scanty. The color was high, and passages were accompanied with a scalding sensation. Doan's Kidney Pills soon regulated the kidney secretions, making their color normal and banished the inflammation which caused the scalding sensation. I can rest well, my back is strong and sound and I feel much better in every way."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mrs. Pare will be mailed to any part of the United States on application. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

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