

THE STORY TELLER

HOW A WOMAN GOT READY.

She dressed up to go out with him,
"Twas on the topmost floor;
Before the mirror she had posed
A weary hour or more.
At last she glided down the stairs,
And he was glad, but then
She hurried on the second floor
To see herself again.
Before another mirror there
She turned and turned and turned,
And took her time and primped as though
She only was concerned.
She patted bows and touched up tucks
And felt her fluffy hair,
And rearranged her new "hat" hat
With undiminished care.
And then she gathered up her skirts
And fixed them in her hand,
Coquettishly looked back once more
Into the mirror, and—
Went down another flight of stairs
To the reception-room,
Where he was huddled like a chunk
Of rainbow-colored gloom.
He smiled, as any husband should
But managed not to speak,
And it was well, for he was sure
He'd waited there a week.
He rose to go, but she advanced
Upon the large pier glass
And back and forth in front of it
Began to pass and page.
She started with her hat and hair
And gradually worked down,
Inspecting things until she reached
The bottom of her gown.
She caught her skirts again and looked
To see how she'd appear,
And, evidently satisfied,
She said: "I'm ready, dear."
He heaved a sigh (but made it soft)
And headed for the street,
But hearing foot footsteps
Of her Louis XIV. feet
He turned—he staggered and then fell
Against the nearest wall—
She was gazing in the mirror
In the hat-rack in the hall!
—Baltimore American.

THE THIRD EYE

By FRANCIS M. EDDY.

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THE delirium of fever was passed and the patient lay in restless unconsciousness.
It had been a closely contested struggle between Death and the combined forces of a vigorous constitution, skillful medical aid and vigilant nursing. Almost had the human agencies failed in the fierce combat, but the vital powers had made one last rally. Sleep had lain her cooling fingers upon the throbbing, heated pulses, the wandering gaze was veiled, and Life, standing upon the threshold of Eternity, turned again a reluctant face to Tyne.
The weary physician had thrown himself down for a brief respite upon the welcome softness of a deep-lapped couch in the adjoining room.
A Sister of Charity sat in the darkened bedchamber, with watchful eyes turned ever to the pallid face upon the pillow, while upon the bed, beside the quiet figure, lay another almost as still, her warm fingers clasped in the frail hold of the sick man.
Her face, worn with watching, seemed shadowed with the brooding restlessness of an uneasy conscience. She had not once prayed that he might live, and yet with all the prodigality of a magnificent womanhood she had lavished her strength to save him.
To the world she had ever been a devoted wife, but in this hour of her immolation, when her soul was on its knees, she tore away the mask of conventional morality and knew that there was in her heart no gratitude for this returning life. None knew her secret but one, and he guarded it as a Roman Catholic does his shrine.
If the man who called her wife had failed to enter the inner sanctuary of her heart, at least he had never suspected that for him there was a closed door. During his long illness she had ministered to his wants with unflinching patience. Her name lay continually upon his lips and his fevered eyes brightened in her presence like parched flowers freshening in the dew. Even now he had fallen into the health-giving slumber lying in her gentle embrace, his cheek touching hers with the contentment of a little child.
How pitiful, how hypocritical, how tragical it seemed to her as she lay there in rigid self-review!
When he awakened she must readjust herself to the yoke that galled her and don again the pharisaical trappings that had veiled her true self for five weary years. She knew that so surely as she had conformed to the letter of her duty toward him, had he been loyal in spirit and

in truth. Must she ever live hungry-hearted, remorseful, masked by the semblance of happiness? Her soul cried out in protest. She would tell him all, when he grew strong enough to listen, and in the magnanimity of his beautiful nature he would release her from the bondage of this moral death.

Even as she framed her unvoiced thoughts the atmosphere grew present. She shivered and glanced in his direction. Apparently he was wrapped in the blessed oblivion of sleep and they two were alone, for the nurse, unnoticed, had stolen from the room. Suddenly her alert intelligence felt these words palpitating through the silence.
"Margaret, I am here, dear, listening to your thoughts, and at last I comprehend the mystery of your womanhood. Forgive me, my Margaret! I have made you suffer the agony of death in life. You have been so gentle, so mindful of my wish and pleasure in all things that for me life was epitomized in you, and Heaven, without you, held neither blessing nor peace. These years that have seemed a chain of misery to you have been a golden circle of bliss to me and I have struggled to lengthen them only that they might hold you as their jewel yet a little longer. You have never loved me as you are capable of loving! How could I ever have thought that you, so royally dowered, should lack the one essential of a perfect woman? It was weak of me, dear, I know it now. What has kept you from me, Margaret? Where have I failed? Whisper it to me now, dearest, while we lie together so close that your breath falls upon me like a benediction. Dear one, how strangely silent you are! Why do you baffle and elude me? My love for you is great enough for any sacrifice. If there is another—God help me, there is another!"
She strove to speak, she tried to move, but some occult power held her in thrall. At last in the anguish of penitence and self-abasing truth was born, and the waiting soul was answered.

With a cry the woman started up from the bed. The quiet respiration of the sick man had suddenly changed to stentorian breathing and the alert physician was instantly bending over his patient noting with keen, professional scrutiny the changing condition of the sinking man.

Suddenly the woman burst out into an agony of self-reproach.
"Julian, if he dies I have killed him just as surely as though this hand had stabbed him in his sleep. Our disembodied spirits have been speaking together and I tell you that he knows the height and depth and breadth of my deceit. He believed in me as he did in his God, and I struggled with the whole force of my nature to keep the knowledge of our secret from him, but I could not withstand the beautiful sincerity of his importunity."

"Why, Margaret, sweetheart," the lover spoke through the physician as



WITH A CRY THE WOMAN STARTED UP.

he caught and soothed her restless hands, "this is folly, madness—your nerves have run away with your imagination. For God's sake don't look at me like that! We are not responsible for what is coming; we have both done the best we knew how."

She drew away sobbing out: "Don't try to save my conscience! When every thought stings like a scorpion, and we both know that you, you, you controlled my every thought and the whole fiber of my being was alive only for you!"

"O, my husband, if there is any forgiveness for me in Heaven speak to me before you go!"

The figure lying amid the white draperies of the bed shook as though in throes of agony.

The noiseless-footed sister stole in and knelt apart, praying softly as she fingered her rosary.

There was one long sigh and a soul went weeping into eternity.

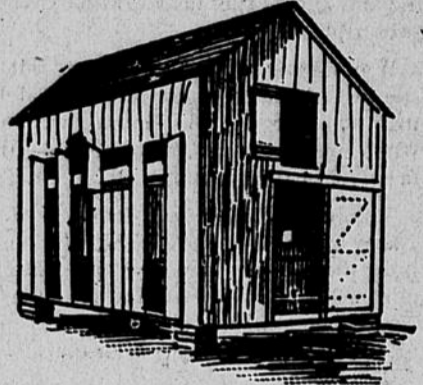
Buried Riches.
"Did her husband leave her anything?"
"All he had in the world."
"What was that?"
"His remains."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

FARM AND GARDEN

CORN DRYING HOUSE.

Description of One That Has Been Used Successfully in Ohio for Several Seasons.

Some time ago an inquiry was made about a sweet corn drying house. I have for several years been raising sweet corn, under contract, and the accompanying illustration will convey some idea of my drying house. It is also my granary, the upper floor containing grain bins on one side. The lower floor and south side of upper floor are arranged for sweet corn. The most essential part of drying sweet corn is to have a



IDEAL CORN DRYING HOUSE.

free circulation of air. Therefore I cut doors through, as shown. These doors are on both sides and on back. They are hung on hinges and can be opened and shut when needed. The sweet corn should be spread in layers, therefore we use racks made of 1x2 inch slats, placed 20 inches to two feet apart, one above the other. If the corn is green and milky when husked, it should be put on the racks very thin, not more than two or three ears in depth, and turned frequently; but if it is more matured and the kernels are glazed, it may be put on thicker. I can dry 500 or 600 bushels in this building.—D. L. Perkins, in Ohio Farmer.

SMALL GERMAN FARMS.

Owner of a Quarter Section Is Considered a Wealthy Person in the Old Country.

G. W. Grimmer, a farmer and feeder at Greeley, Kan., who is a native of Germany, in commenting on the visit of the German student of agriculture to this country at this time said to a Drovers' Telegram representative: "If a German farmer; that is, the average countryman, has a ten or 15 acre tract of land, he is considered somebody. Many farmers own only five acres, but they plant so many different kinds of grains, vegetables and the like and till and fertilize the ground so well that the five acres is ample to support a generous-sized family throughout the year. A quarter section of land is a moderate-sized farm in America, but in Germany the owner of such a tract of land would be considered a very wealthy person. Another thing in which American and German farm life is different is that the German's farm is rarely in one body. The land there is so valuable and it is divided into such small tracts that a farmer often finds himself owning a couple of acres in a body, an acre or two half a mile away and four or five acres in another direction. The farms are thus nothing more than good-sized gardens. Many a western Kansas farm has a larger garden and family orchard than the average German farm. A farm in the old country costs from \$200 an acre up."

COMMON SENSE HINTS.

Swap your dogs for pigs.
Sharp tools make work easy.
Study, experiment, weigh results.
Thin sugar beet fields early. It pays.
Don't think you know it all. Your neighbor may have an idea worth two of yours.
Many of the little unpleasant things which vex one so much may be overcome by using a little common sense.
The extension of the electric car line is destined to enlarge the limits of the city and to increase the number of one, two, five and ten-acre farms at the expense of flats and tenement houses. The suburban home will bring light and hope to millions of children.—W. J. Bryan.
An advisory board, to be appointed by farmers' institutes, and to be composed of men of widest experience, to whom could be referred difficult problems connected with the business management of the farm, would prove a Godsend to inefficient, inexperienced and youthful tillers of the soil.—J. H. Watson, in Farm and Home.

The Modern Potato Planter.

The potato planter of to-day would make a farmer of a generation ago sit up and rub his eyes. It requires that the potatoes be supplied, but will do all the rest of its own initiative. It picks the potato up and looks it over—or seems to—cuts it into halves, quarters or any desired number of parts, separates the eyes and removes the seed ends. It plants whole potatoes or parts thereof, as desired, as near together or as far apart as the judgment of the farmer on the driving seat suggests. Having dropped the seed it covers it, fertilizes it, tucks it in like a child put to bed, and paces off the next row with mathematical accuracy.—Farmers' Voice.

COMMON SENSE TALK.

"Look Before You Leap" is an Adage That Must Be Considered by Would-Be Farmers.

With enthusiasm for their capital, misled by the fatal lead pencil which figures "millions in it," many "would-be" ask us if we advise going into the poultry, cranberry, ginseng, fruit, goat or some other outdoor business. A good rule of life is "Don't get in a rut." Don't stay in a place just because you are in it. Another is "Don't change too readily. Look before you leap." We do not encourage the sailing of strange seas by unfamiliar craft, yet there are pioneers, and one wise man has said: "To retain youth, change your occupation every ten years."

To all those who long for country life, we will say that as a business proposition any branch of farming is no different from other industries. The wise man does not say: "Lo, I will be a merchant prince," and forthwith rule the commercial world with a ready-to-wear scepter. The captains of industry have all risen from the ranks. If there is any better rule than "begin at the bottom of the ladder," we do not know it.

We do not understand the strange fatality which leads hopeful innocents to embark in bucolic enterprises with little money and no training. It must be the result of the popular misconception that "anybody can farm."

The whitening bones of countless failures show where these luckless ones dropped by the wayside. They started across the unknown sands, without food, water or provision against the scorching noonday sun, or the deadly miasms of night, led on by the mirage of great profits.

It was once said of a very able lawyer that he was "the best farmer in the state—on paper."

To succeed in any branch of farm life the following requisites, while general principles only, may be of advantage to those who think of trying a new thing:

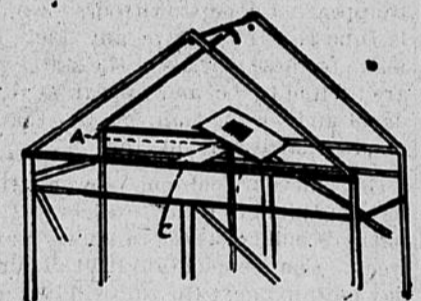
1. Good health.
2. Love for the work.
3. Persistent and patient endeavor.
4. Some capital.
5. Common sense.
6. A knowledge of the business.

The beginner may acquire health in the process; this will be his first victory. He may lose his first enthusiasm for the work; this will be fatal. "Persistent and Patient Endeavor" means work; we are not considering "gentleman farmers." "Some capital" is broad enough to suit all purses; sometimes the less the better. I don't know why it is called "common sense" when it is so uncommon; anyway it is indispensable. A knowledge of the business may be obtained after embarking, by study and experience, but don't look for success until the experimental stage is past; fortunate is he who lasts through this period.—Colman's Rural World.

HANDY IN HAYING TIME.

A Dumping Platform That Saves One Handling and Lessens Labor in Other Ways.

A Wisconsin correspondent sends the Farm Journal a model of a convenience for use in hay time. In wide mows or bays when the fork delivers the hay in the center in the usual manner it must be forked laboriously to the sides. To remedy this the correspondent has a board



DUMPING PLATFORM.

platform (B), six by nine feet, nailed to a four by six-inch piece turned at the ends and pivoted at A, in blocks nailed to the plank (C). A rope is fastened to each end of the platform, so that it can be tipped to either side, as desired. Planks can be laid across each bent and sockets fastened to each one, so that the dumping platform and its attached roller can be easily moved. In order to be effective the bay must drop every time near the center of the platform. On a wooden track this can be effected by boring a hole in the track and putting an iron pin through it. On an iron track the same end can be secured by a clamp screwed on.

Two Classes of Farmers.

There are two classes of farmers, says a recent writer: First, the man who is bigger every way than his farm. To such a man it doesn't make much difference how many acres he has, he runs the farm on close practical business principles and makes a profit. Second, the man whose farm is bigger than he is. No matter how many or how few acres he has, he doesn't run the farm. The farm runs him. E. P. Snyder gives an account in the Ohio Farmer of a dairyman living near Toledo, who keeps 35 Jersey cows on 100 acres of land and has made them earn the past year \$4,400 gross, from which he has a profit of \$2,200. He makes butter and sells it in Toledo at 25 cents in summer and 30 cents in winter. His cows, counting butter, skim-milk and everything, earned him over \$125 apiece. This is an extraordinary herd.

Have ideas of your own. After hearing advice, if not convinced that you are wrong, put them into practice.



Mrs. Hughson, of Chicago, whose letter follows, is another woman in high position who owes her health to the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I suffered for several years with general weakness and bearing-down pains, caused by womb trouble. My appetite was fitful, and I would lie awake for hours, and could not sleep, until I seemed more weary in the morning than when I retired. After reading one of your advertisements I decided to try the merits of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am so glad I did. No one can describe the good it did me. I took three bottles faithfully, and besides building up my general health, it drove all disease and poison out of my body, and made me feel as spry and active as a young girl. Mrs. Pinkham's medicines are certainly all they are claimed to be."—Mrs. M. E. HUGHSON, 347 East Ohio St., Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Pinkham Tells How Ordinary Stacks Produce Displacements.
Apparently trifling incidents in woman's daily life frequently produce displacements of the womb. A slip on the stairs, lifting during menstruation, standing at a counter, running a sewing machine, or attending to the most ordinary tasks may result in displacement, and a train of serious evils is started. The first indication of such trouble should be the signal for quick action. Don't let the condition become chronic through neglect or a mistaken idea that you can overcome it by exercise or leaving it alone.

More than a million women have regained health by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If the slightest trouble appears which you do not understand write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., for her advice, and a few timely words from her will show you the right thing to do. This advice costs you nothing, but it may mean life or happiness or both.

Mrs. Leiah Stowell, 177 Wellington St., Kingston, Ont., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—You are indeed a godsend to women, and if they all knew what you could do for them, there would be no need of their dragging out miserable lives in agony."

"I suffered for years with bearing-down pains, womb trouble, nervousness, and excruciating headache, but a few bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made life look new and promising to me. I am light and happy, and I do not know what sickness is, and I now enjoy the best of health."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound can always be relied upon to restore health to women who thus suffer. It is a sovereign cure for the worst forms of female complaints,—that bearing-down feeling, weak back, falling and displacement of the womb, inflammation of the ovaries, and all troubles of the uterus or womb. It dissolves and expels tumors from the uterus in the early stage of development, and checks any tendency to cancerous humors. It subdues excitability, nervous prostration, and tones up the entire female system. Its record of cures is the greatest in the world, and should be relied upon with confidence.

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.
Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

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