

THE STORY TELLER

BESIDE THE BAYOU

By F. L. LANCASTER

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THERE is a bayou that should flow into False river, but it does not, because just as it had won its way to daylight after that long struggle through swamp and canebrake, and was about to crown its victories by pouring its warm waters into the beautiful blue lake, man put forth his hand and diked the plucky little stream.

It was a pleasant spot, this tiny, disappointed dell. Great trees stooped over it, green grass covered it, and close to its heart were clover blossoms and sunshine and sentiment. Ah, yes, it was a spot to make any lover's heart beat the quicker. And there, with the sun sinking into the western end of the water, and all the world turning golden and glad with its farewell beams, the man found his own heart quickening to a more eager beat, and his thoughts, slipping from their harness of metaphysics and philosophy, rushed away impatient and uncurbed as a boy's.

"So sweet to think of her in this sweetest of places."

One forgot the tense lines of her brow and the hard lines about her lips, and remembered only that the lips themselves were full and red and tempting; that the eyes were wonderfully beautiful—deep, dark, wistful. It seemed beyond believing, now, that there had been a jeer in his breast when he asked her to meet him here in the twilight. She had become, suddenly, so infinitely dear. Something sacred to be cherished— even above honor.

There was a swish of white skirts on the grass, a little ripple of laughter, a careless "bon soir," and she stood beside him.

"Miss Madeline," he stammered, turning.

"Ah," she murmured, "this beautiful water, it is enough to make even a philosopher dream dreams. Do you know why it is that they call it False river?" Her phrasing betrayed her French blood, though her accent was absolutely pure, and as she told him the life history of the lake before them—how it had once been a bend in the big Mississippi, and had become a cut-off when the river was



"SHALL I TELL YOU A STORY ABOUT THAT LIGHT?"

straightened; how its end were diked and it was dying slowly, he seemed to hear in her voice the quiver of the old-poetic provencal heart. "Ah," she panted, "and it is very beautiful, this water darkening softly and the stars slipping out slowly up there. And see, some one has lighted a lamp over there on 'Cajan island. Do you not love a lone light in the darkening distance, mon ami? That line of Mrs. Browning's, 'Exaltation in the far light where some lonely cottage is.' Shall I tell you a story about that light, mon ami?"

"Yes," he said, quickly. The thought seemed sweet to his softened mood. To lie at her feet in the tender light with her dear voice pulsing in his ears, calling to eager life his dormant manhood.

Madeline nestled cozily against the root of the cottonwood and began to speak with the abandonment of a pleased child—but there were hard lines about her mouth, could he have seen them in the dusk.

"Shall we say that it is an old man who has lighted the lamp? An old man, bent and bare-footed, with white hair straggling long about his ears? Or, shall we say it is an old

A SAD CASE.

Have you heard of Clementine Isabel Grange? Her ways and her works are remarkably strange—She can walk with a friend two miles, maybe three, and return from the trip as blithe as a bee;—But if mother says "fishes," woe and a-lack! So sore are her feet and so weary her back.

This Clementine Isabel, agile and fleet. Plays tennis all day without thought of the heat;—At play-she'll stand (now isn't it queer?) For hours, no word of complaint you will hear;—She can wheel with the best, play golf with a will;—But a wash-board, oh dear! the sight brings a chill.

woman, in a skimpy skirt, who has put on an apron as though expecting company? There are plenty of both over there on the island, aged men and women, but this old woman appeals to our imagination because she is expecting something or someone. What? Nobody quite knows. Not even herself does she know clearly what it is she is waiting for while she sits there on her lonely doorstep, with her old bare feet tucked decorously under her skirt and her toll-twisted hand folded patiently in her lap. She has worked hard for many, many years, has this old 'Cajan woman with the scant hair and skinny neck. Worked hard in the home and in the field, and has reared a dozen or more of sons and daughters to wear out their lives in patient toil, even as she has worn out her own. And, mon ami, it is a sad sight, this worn-out old woman, sitting all alone in that feeble ray of light, peering into the darkness with her wistful old eyes. But she was not always old, mon ami. You would never dream it, but once she was young. Mais oui, younger than you or I could have ever been—even in our babyhood. Young and fair and sweet, this old, old woman. And she was ambitious, yes. She would learn to read and write her name in clear, bold letters, even as the priest had written it in the parish register. So they sent her to the public school, because she cried to go. She trudged her four miles daily with a happy heart, and learned fast—the teacher said. Ah, but she grew faster than she learned, and youth is so short for a 'Cajan girl. She is a maiden at 14, a married woman at 15 and—in a vioux ever after.

"So it chanced, mon ami, that our pretty young thing was a maiden before she reached the third reader. A maiden sitting just where the old woman is sitting now, listening for a footstep, so strong, so swift, that was sure to come. It came, and that night there was moonlight on the cotton fields—such moonlight as a woman may see but once in all her lifetime, mon ami.

"Ah, well, he was very brave and beautiful, this boy lover of hers. Slow to anger, but blind in his rage when once you roused him—as a true 'Cajan should be. And was there ever a lover so faithful and fond? So absorbed in the wee-bit home he was making ready for his bride. For they were to be married when another school term had swept its enlightening length across their lives.

"With the new term came a new teacher. A man, so he called himself, and so people supposed him to be—a being of unbounded ambition checked by poverty. At odds with his fate, on the lookout for a boue emissaire. For something to soothe his wounded pride and feed his vanished vanity, and his eye fell upon the lovely little girl in the third class—who was 'engaged.'"

"Then the girl's ambition began to change color—no longer to read and write, but to wear shoes all day long, and to have white hands; then, too, the 'Cajan lover's brow began to darken. Soon there was only moonshine falling upon the cotton fields, and the little home that was building stood neglected as a deserted nest. But yet the teacher was not satisfied. He must needs boast his triumph 'down to the store.' And then, mon ami, there were hot, panting words in broken English and fierce blows dealt by a bare fist, and presently a pistol shot.

"They carried the boy's body home to his mother. The good priest buried it at the foot of his father's and sprinkled holy water over his grave—but the case was thrown out of court. 'Not murder,' they said, 'but self-defense. And, n'importe, it was only a 'Cajan, anyway.'"

"So the teacher returned to his race and rose high—high enough to sit upon the supreme bench. He sits there to-day, bearing his white head bravely above an august assembly—but he is a hound at heart, as he has ever been. And yonder in the feeble flare of her little tin lamp sits the woman whose life he—lost! Out, certainly, there was wild weeping and piteous cries, when they told her that her lover was dead. Vain self-reproaches and equally vain prayer for death. But she did not die—ah, que non. She married, and became the mother of many daughters. One of these daughters is now my mother, and it is I, her grandchild, that she is waiting for to-night, scarcely hoping to see me—there is so little strength left for hope in her battered old heart, but—She is my grandmother, even as the man who—the proud old judge is your father. And his blood is in your heart, mon ami. Did I not look into your eyes when you asked me to come here to-night? And, bon soir, mon ami."

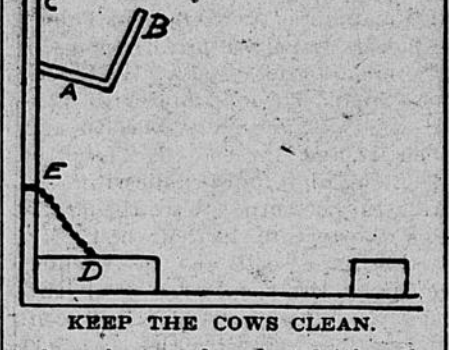
The man started up and stretched out his arms. "Madeline! Not!" he cried, hoarsely. But he was alone, utterly alone, save for the mist walking upon the face of False river.

THE DAIRY

A MODEL COW STALL.

Hint from Alabama Which May Prove of Value to Many Northern Dairy Farmers.

I tried all kinds of ties, and everything I could read of, and nothing would do until I tried this plan, but now the cow is always clean; never have to wash her, and it used to be every morning's job to scrub the cow before I could milk her. First close up front of stall so cow can't get her head through, and make a rack to feed rough feed in about four feet from floor, depending on size of cow. I used a 14-inch board for the bottom A as long as I wanted the rack



KEEP THE COWS CLEAN.

to be; mine was four feet, letting the bottom droop slightly so the hay would always work to the front so she could get it all easily, and a 1x4 piece B same length as A fastened at each end back two feet from C, and to this and the bottom A nailed 1x2-inch slat to make the bottom of rack; six to eight inches apart makes a good distance, as they can't pull out and waste feed so easily. At D, I nailed a box-in right hand corner near the floor to feed grain in, and at E bored a hole to fasten chain in, making it so she could reach her feed box easily and also step back to reach up to eat out of rack. Then as she stood when tied, I took a 4x4-inch piece long enough to go across the stall and fastened securely just in front of her hind feet. Thus all excrement fell behind this 4x4-inch piece, and when she went to lie down she put her head under the rack and laid in front of the piece in the dry. I bedded her thoroughly in front of this piece with chaff, and it kept dry all winter; didn't need to change it at all, and she was not out of her stall from November 1st until April, for I had no place to turn her out, living in a town.—Ed. S. McKean, in Epitomist.

ABSURD DAIRY LAWS.

Legal Enactments Won't Make Good Butter Nor Will They Make Clean Farmers.

In commenting on the clamor of many creamery butter makers for more rigid laws relative to the delivery of good milk to the creamery, Mr. A. W. Trow, of Minnesota, in the St. Paul Farmer, well says: "It may seem an advantage to some butter makers to shirk the responsibility of refusing bad milk or cream, and have this responsibility carried by the state, but laws have not the required elasticity nor exceptions. They cannot discriminate on quality. Laws can never step in to take the place of the tact and judgment of a butter maker. If good milk, good cream and many other good things could be obtained by making laws we would now be subsisting on the angelic diet of the millennium, instead of milking cows to make butter. It is as difficult to legislate cleanliness as godliness into us farmers. Better results will be obtained by politely, kindly but firmly, refusing all unwholesome milk or cream, be it one day or a week old. The greatest requisite to creamery success is cooperation among patrons, directors and butter makers; and the enforcement of drastic laws without regard to discretion is the quickest way of destroying cooperation. Three years ago we heard the head man of a new creamery say that the easiest way to get along with a crowd of farmers was to lay down a set of iron clad rules with severe penalties attached, draw a distinct line and whenever one of them failed to toe the scratch in complying with the rules to unceremoniously annihilate him. With the aid of this policy it took this man but two years to completely annihilate the creamery. The farmer will stand coaxing and reasoning but no bluff."

It is almost universally true that those creameries are the most successful that possess butter makers that have a kindly, patient tact and the disposition to get out among their patrons and convince them of the great value of better methods.

Case of Dairy Prosperity.

The remarkable increase in the production of milk and butter in the United States in the last decade was due far more to increased yield per cow than to increase in the number of cows. There is plenty of opportunity for an equally great increase in the production per cow during the present decade. As farmers become more careful and accurate in determining the relative production of their cows, the culling of their herds becomes more rigorous. This immediately raises the average standard of production and tends, by aid of the laws of heredity, to increase the producing capacity of the descendants of cows retained for dairy purposes.—Midland Farmer.

THE FARMER DAIRYMAN.

If He Raises His Own Feed He Can Make His Cows Pay a Handsome Profit.

Perhaps nine-tenths of the dairy products of this country are produced from farms where dairying is but one of several branches of agriculture carried on, and it is best that this should be so, for mixed farming is the most profitable system, and dairying in connection with the growing of field crops and other stock is best for the land as well as for the man who owns it, says Dairy and Creamery.

There are farms in this country, which have actually been impoverished and very much reduced in value because for a long series of years cows have been kept on them and the milk from them sold to cities or condensing factories or taken off the farm for some other purpose.

There is a vast difference between selling the butter fat to a creamery and returning the skim-milk to the farm and selling the whole milk. But very little fertility is taken off the farm when butter alone is sold. The butter is produced from sun and air, the elements being taken up by growing plants and transformed into feed for the cows and then returned in the way of butter fat.

The mineral elements in the milk and the nitrogen in it in the shape of protein are the things we want to keep on the farm, and but a trifling quantity of these is carried away when butter fat alone is sold.

The farmer who keeps a few cows and raises his own feed is the one who gets the best price for his feed and the most money from his cows, providing he sells only the butter fat.

This being true, it follows that every such dairy farm should plan to produce on his own farm as large a quantity of the best feed he can, and the capacity of the farm will increase in the course of years in exactly the same ratio that the farmer takes advantage of the means at his command to make his farm more fertile and his crops greater.

We have not yet reached that looked for period when we can keep a cow on every acre of land, but it is entirely within the limits of possibility to do this.

The land should be drained. The farmer who has a well-drained farm is, to a large extent, independent of abnormal weather conditions, whether it be too wet or too dry. Well-drained land produces a better crop in any kind of a year than does land not drained.

UNIQUE YANKEE NOTION.

Thrifty Connecticut Farmer Makes Automobile Do Service as a Farm Pump.

That the typical "down east" yankee is a hard man to down has long been generally understood, but was perhaps never better demonstrated than by the manner in which Andrew Waters, of Hartford, Conn., turned his auto into a pump.

Mr. Waters' stationary engine, attached to the water supply was broken mysteriously just at a time of day when a large quantity of water was required to satisfy the thirst of his cattle. To repair the engine would take several days, and Mr. Waters needed a substitute at once.

In his emergency he backed his automobile up to the well-house, elevated the rear wheels clear of the ground, affixed a belt, and applied the juice.

Answer: Plenty of water, satisfied cattle, and a contented farmer.

And yet some people think an auto has no good use.—Chicago Journal.



AUTO DOING DUTY AS PUMP.

Butter Making a Science.

Within recent years many changes have taken place in butter making. It was formerly supposed that most any one who was neat and tidy could make good butter. Since investigations have been pursued along scientific lines we find that it requires skilled labor, says Stockman and Farmer. The men who are pursuing dairying at our schools now are possibly 25 per cent. in advance both in education and skill of the students who took dairy work seven or eight years ago. As we look the country over we find the people who have become famous in the dairy world are men of unusual intelligence, who would undoubtedly have made a success in most any other line of business.

Planting Evergreen Seeds.

Evergreen seeds may be planted in beds of leaf mold mixed with sand. The seeds should be covered with a little sand wet with water, and clean hay put over the bed until the seeds germinate. After the plants appear they may be shaded with screens of laths, watered in dry weather, and have dry sand sprinkled around them in wet weather to prevent too much dampness. Seeds of evergreens are often germinated and the plants well started only with great difficulty, and skill is requisite for success.

Confirmation.

"I wish to state," said a fresh young lawyer, rising in court, "that the rumor to the effect that John Doe, now under indictment for murder, has attempted to commit suicide has no foundation in fact. I saw him this morning, and he has retained me to defend his life."

"That seems to confirm the rumor," said the judge. "Let the case proceed."—Lippincott's.

A Woman's Back.

Dublin, Mich., June 29th.—To the many women who suffer with weak backs and pains and tired feelings in the small of the back, the experience of Mrs. Fred Chalker of this place will be interesting and profitable.

Mrs. Chalker had suffered a very great deal with these back pains and although she had tried many things, she could find nothing that would relieve her. The pain kept on in spite of all she could do.

At last she chanced to read the story of another lady who had suffered with the backache, and said she had been cured by a remedy called Dodd's Kidney Pills, and Mrs. Chalker thought she would try the same thing.

After the first two boxes had been taken according to directions, she began to feel some better, and she kept on till at last she was cured.

Her pains are all gone, and she is very grateful. She says: "Dodd's Kidney Pills helped me greatly, and I will always recommend them as a cure for Pain in the Back."

Would Need It.

Banks—the officiating clergyman is the bride's father.

Panks—I understand that he received a very large fee from the groom.

He did; but it won't last the minister very long, as the young couple are going to live with him.—Judge.

Summer Tours.

If you have not decided where to go, or how to go, don't fail to get a copy. It is certainly worth sending for, and reading carefully after you get it. It tells all about the pleasant places on the Michigan Central, as well as the New York and New England resorts. Send two red stamps. Address O. W. Ruggles, G. P. & T. A., Dept. Adv'g, Chicago.

Not Qualified.

Young Lawyer—Madam, you need some one to take care of your property and protect your interests.

She—Young man, I've just got married.

Yes, I know your husband.—Detroit Free Press.

World's Fair, St. Louis, 1904.

Of course you are going to visit the Fair. You want to see what it will look like. We have a beautiful bird-eye view (18x26 inches) which will be sent on receipt of 19 cents, silver or stamps. Address, GEORGE MORTON, G. P. A., "The Katy," Box 911, St. Louis, Mo.

Natural Misting.

"I cud finish de churns' after me breakfast, mum. Dis work gives yer an appetite fer breakfast."

Yes; but I'm afraid breakfast may not give you an appetite for work.—Puck.

Low Summer Tourist Rates.

Via Chicago Great Western Railway. Round trips to Colorado, Utah, Black Hills, New Mexico and Texas points. Tickets on sale daily June 1st to Sept. 30th. Good to return Oct. 31st. For further information apply to any Great Western agent, or J. P. Elmer, G. P. A., Chicago, Ill.

She Didn't Go.—He (after a tiff)—"Going home to your mother, eh?"

Yes, I am. He—"Huh! What do you suppose she'll say to you?"

She—"She'll say: 'I told you so.' (He made up.)—N. Y. Weekly.

The Boston N. E. A. Meeting.

The Michigan Central has issued a quaint souvenir of the Boston N. E. A. Convention, containing interesting accounts of Boston from old histories, and illustrated with fac-simile cuts from the New England Primer, etc. Sent for a red stamp by O. W. Ruggles, G. P. & T. A., Dept. Adv'g, Chicago.

Accommodating.—"Oh, let me like a soldier die!" exclaimed the leading man of the barnstormers. "Oh, if I only had a gun!"

exclaimed some one in the gallery, in a tone that savored of genuine sympathy.—Mexico Saturday Night.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes.

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease. A certain cure for swollen, sweating, hot, aching feet. At all Druggists, 25c. Accept no substitute. Trial package FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Put a beggar on horseback and he'll ride to the first place where he can sell the horse.—Town Topics.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

What a good world this would be if all men did what they boast of.—Chicago Journal.

Stops the Cough.

Quinine Tablets. Price 25 cents.

Experience takes dreadfully high school wages, but he teaches like no other.—Carlyle.

Opium and Liquor Habits Cured.

Book free. B. M. Woolley, M. D., Atlanta, Ga.

A contented mind is the best sauce for trouble.—Plautus.

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"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is worth five dollars a drop. I advise all women who are afflicted with tumors or female trouble of any kind to give it a faithful trial."—(Signed) Mrs. E. F. HAYES, 233 Dudley St., (Roxbury) Boston, Mass.—\$6000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

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Such testimony should be accepted by all women as convincing evidence that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound stands without a peer as a remedy for all the distressing ills of women; all ovarian troubles; tumors; inflammations; ulceration, falling and displacement of the womb; backache; irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation. Surely the volume and character of the testimonial letters we are daily printing in the newspapers can leave no room for doubt in the minds of fair people.

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