

THE STORY TELLER

The End of a Dream

By H. S. CANFIELD.

JANE WARE, 30 years old; school teacher in the primary grade of Aldborough; spinster and orphan; had a dream. It was a dream of purple hues, shot with gleams of gold and suffused with the glow of roses. It abode with her for many years in both waking and sleeping hours, and she loved it dearly. This dream was of Europe.

It seemed to her that if she could stand within the shadow of the old palaces of the continent, watch the dust rise from its older roads and listen to the stranger speech about her, life would have little else to offer. The dream changed its pattern. Sometimes it held the many spires of Cologne against a blue sky; sometimes it was filled with the jagged summits of Swiss mountains; sometimes the Campagna rolled away smooth and dark before her eyes; sometimes she stood upon the Coliseum's hoary walls mid the chief relics of all mighty Rome, while the trees that grew along the broken arches waved dark in the blue midnight and the stars shone through the rents of ruin. Jane Ware knew her "Manfred," which is to say that, faded and a spinster, she had much of romance lurking beneath her flat bodice.

So, with the numerous, nameless small economies which only decent spinsters know how to practice, the turning of gowns and denial of car rides and scripping of luncheons, she saved and saved. It is strange how the clippings and shavings from a salary of even \$60 a month will grow with the years. If only the savor had the fortitude of a Spartan: She began when 20 years old—when the dream of Europe was five years old—and now at 30 she found herself the owner of 2,000 cash dollars deposited to her name in the Aldborough savings bank, concrete witness to the long wearying, but splendid fight she had fought. It was to be given to her to realize her dream, something that comes to few of us, and she was happy.

Spring came, and with each vanishing day Europe drew nearer. Aldborough is one of those towns of 5,000 people in which everybody knows and is interested in everybody's business, so the dream of Jane Ware had been common property for a decade. It caused some merriment at first, but that ceased as the patient, meek figure plodded to its daily task and once a month stole with light step into the savings bank. Now all of the Aldborough citizens were glad be-



"WHEN DO YOU SAIL, MISS JANET?"

cause she had won her battle. The old-souled, mocking inquiry: "Going to Asia this year?" was changed to: "When do you sail, Miss Jane?" to which she answered with a pleased flush and a smile that retained its plaintive girlhood sweetness: "In June, God willing."

"For the Lord's sake, Miss Jane, said John Wright, the mayor, 'don't go personally conducted, along with a herd of other humans. You buy a ticket, that entitles you to go so far and be fed three times a day, and they rush you like you were sheep bound for market. Every other traveler spots your gang as soon as it heaves in sight, and they laugh at you and make remarks about your being a cattle-crowd. You couldn't feel worse if you were a band of convicts being led about as horrible examples. I tried it once."

"I shan't go that way," Jane said. "I have been saving long time, Mr. Wright, and I have money enough to spend six months there. I have my leave of absence, too. Oh, think of three months in Italy!"

In May Jane Ware's traveling outfit was bought and made. It was neat, sufficient and inexpensive. Some-thing had written a book in which he said that there was no soap in Europe, and she had laid in a supply. She put in her spare hours studying foreign languages, three at a time, and she got the French, German and Italian sadly mixed. She had had less than a hundred commissions in her note book to be executed for fellow townsmen. Mostly they were of this character: "My cousin, Tabitha Smith, went to Paris ten years ago to study art. I think it is there yet, as we have not heard of her leaving. Please call on her, and tell her that we are well."

In May on May 18, to be exact, Paul Darcy came. He was from the office of the state superintendent of public education, and his cards bore the formidable title "TRUST ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC EDUCATION." He

was visiting the schools of the state and collecting data with a view to reporting how bad they were. He met all of the teachers everywhere, and made various impressions upon them. Most of the women liked him; most of the men wanted to punch his head. He was a very superior person, and his drawl rubbed the males the wrong way.

Paul Darcy was 35 years old and looked 20. He was pale, soft-voiced, with exquisite enunciation and exquisite nails. His thin, straw-hued hair was beautifully parted and brushed, and he was fascinating in a ladylike way. He spent three days in Aldborough, two of the three in the room dominated by Miss Ware. He was tremendously interested in primary education, and he talked fluently of Europe. He said that he had lived for two years on the continent.

He went back to the capital, leaving behind him an interested memory. Jane Ware thought of him with an uneasy flutter of the heart. She did not know what this meant, but the poor little heart fluttered when she thought of him and when his name was spoken unexpectedly she had a slight catch of the breath.

She knew nothing of love. She had been utterly untouched by it. She was not an unhandsome woman, but she had been too busy saving for Europe to waste time upon men. She had gone little into society, because society even in a modest way requires new clothes and new clothes cost money that should be devoted to continental travel. Any one of the chits in the high school could have told her what was the matter with her before half of her symptoms were described, but she was ignorant.

Early in June Paul Darcy came back—"to pick up some neglected data." He boarded at a private house within a block of Miss Ware's small room. He saw much of her. Indeed, he saw her every afternoon as soon as she was released for the day, and every evening. He made love. In a slow, beautifully enunciated way, much as he would have felt a carefully prepared address to a board of trustees, but she found no fault with it. No one had ever made love to her. It seemed altogether noble and delicious. His straw-colored hair was never ruffled; his linen was never rumpled; he uttered fine sentiments of the school of Martin Farquhar Tupper; he was to her a knight and prince. Love poured its silver light upon him; in it he stood transfixed, a worshipful thing, a hero.

Any listener to their conversations would have noted, between naps, that he talked a great deal about himself, but this never jarred upon Jane. What finer, nobler subject could he have found? Largely, after they became engaged, his talk was about his books, for he was an author. This book was to make him famous; this book was to make him rich; this book, once it was printed and its merits understood of a few, was to run through countless editions; there was to be a constant, ever-increasing demand for this book; it was to be translated into all modern tongues, because the nations were to realize that it was the one thing needed to their development. The name of it was "The Level of Pedagogic Motion." It presented all the science of pedagogy so succinctly, so eloquently, so masterfully that the education of the races was assured. There was a conspiracy of the publishers against it. He knew it to be a conspiracy because it was not to be supposed that ten publishing firms could be so fatuous as to fail to see its merits. The conspiracy was inspired and directed by the "text-book trust"; there could be no earthly doubt of that. Therefore he intended to publish it at his own cost, a cost certain to be returned to him a thousandfold within a year. Then he and his wife (happy blushes here!) would visit Europe together, viewing and instructing its great educational institutions. He nearly approached eloquence at this juncture. The sum needed, joined to his own resources, was \$2,000, and he hoped, by careful economy and industrious essay-writing, to amass that much in a year's time. Then wealth and position would be assured.

Jane Ware leaned forward a faint flush tinged her thin cheeks, all of a woman's beautiful devotion and self-sacrifice in her eyes:

"Dear," she said, "I have that much; it is yours."

"But your visit to Europe!" he remonstrated, in faint protest.

"I can wait, until—until we go together."

That was two years ago. She got a chilly letter the other day. The writer was going over the pages of "The Level of Pedagogic Motion." It needed considerable emendation and amplifying; he could not say just when it would be published; he was pressed for time to attend to his business correspondence.

Faded is the dream of the Coliseum's hoary walls and of the trees that grow along its broken arches.

FINDS EVIL IN PIANO STUDY.

Doctor Discovers Much That Is Bad in Sixteen Leads to Nervous Disorders.

It would usually be considered that to teach children to play the piano was a perfectly harmless proceeding—for the children. But if there is any truth in the statements made by a Berlin doctor who has been carefully investigating the matter it would appear that the learning of the piano has its risks.

Out of 1,000 young girls who were made to learn the piano before they were 14, 600 of the doctor has discovered were affected by some kind of nervous disease, while out of 1,000 other girls who had not been taught the piano only 100 suffered in a like manner.

The doctor recommends that the study of the piano should not commence until after the age of 16.

GREAT YEAR FOR HONEY.

There Are Odds of Sweetness for the Bees of Long Island to Gather This Season.

That it has been an unusual, and to the farmer, unprofitable season, no one will deny. On Long Island especially all work done in the spring was virtually money thrown away and farmers are, even now, busy replanting and in some cases replowing for what should have been early crops.

But the drought has its compensations. One of them is found in the fact that the honey dew is here—and unfailing sign of a prosperous honey year, reports the New York Sun.

Among the hills of Long Island the maple trees glisten with it and about Hempstead the chestnut leaves have been sticky with its sweetness. It can be seen when not excessively heavy glittering upon the surface of leaves like freshly sprinkled water but, unlike water, it is slightly sticky to the touch and to the tongue its taste is delicately sweet.

An old farmer will tell you that it falls at night like ordinary dew. Science, however, describes it as a sweet liquid secreted by "certain" small homopterous insects such as plant lice, bark lice, mealy-wings and some leaf hoppers, which congregate on the leaves and barks of various plants and trees, notably pines, oaks and beeches, and suck their juices."

This sweet liquid is "often taken up by the bees as it falls on the surrounding vegetation." It is "usually of an inferior quality, though that from pine tree aphides is sometimes fairly good. Most of it granulates very soon after having been gathered, sometimes even before the cells have been sealed."

Also known as honeydew is a sweet exudation which under peculiar conditions of the atmosphere drops from the leaves of certain plants to be eagerly taken up by the bees. "This substance is sometimes very abundant and of excellent quality—apparently an accidental exudation through the plant pores, brought about very likely by some sudden change of temperature, and is 'merely the saccharine juices of the plant which, when refined, may become excellent honey."

The bees this year have made an unusual growth. The boughs of all trees bend and sway as if laden with heavy fruit and lift their crests like a mass of soft, impenetrable plumes. For this reason the sweet juices of the trees may be excessive, doubly sweetened by those golden days of the long spring drought—for the longer the drought the thicker the honeydew. Now each rain which washes away the honeydew is the honey bee's loss and the farmer's gain.

FREEDOM OF THE CITY.

Time-Honored Custom of Bestowing Municipal Hospitality Is Still Observed.

In old days, when cities were surrounded by walls, and had gates which were closed at sunset, the "freedom of the city" meant a key delivered in a beautiful casket, and perhaps an illuminated parchment.

The old custom has never died, says Youth's Companion. Even the time-honored name still clings to the practice by which a city, acting as host, bestows formal and dignified hospitality upon a distinguished guest.

Note that it is still the city which does this. The smallest political unit, not the largest, is the one which figures most often and most extensively as an entertainer. The nation entertains only the most distinguished of individuals or those of the highest rank. The same is true of the state, the next political unit. But the cities—how they open their arms to the thousands, and in the best sense of the word give them "the freedom of the city!"

Once a year the members of the Grand Army gather for their reunion and parade. It may be in Portland, Me., or it may be in San Francisco. Once a year, too, other organizations gather, like the great educational association, which so lately convened in Boston, or the Christian Endeavorers in Denver, and with each successive year a new host comes forward, and in the most hospitable way tries to make its guests comfortable and happy.

It would be difficult to measure the good that these meetings do. The free-handed westerner goes away from his visit to the "Hub" with a feeling that eastern people are not so cold and reserved or so "effete" as he had thought; and the Boston girl finds her sister from Nebraska or Kansas to be very like herself in heart and purpose, only a little more alert, perhaps, and less conservative.

So east and west and north and south come nearer together and think better of each other for these interval visits. The benefit is never one-sided. It is not alone the stranger within the gates who gets something out of it—the host is a gainer, too.

Care for Talking Habit.

Formula: One part horse sense, two parts manly determination, to keep still; mix well, with an unlimited amount of the best quality of thought.

It is impossible for a woman to talk all the time without saying a lot of things that she shouldn't say, without proving a jolly bore to everybody about her. This talking habit is not confined to women, though. Some men have the affliction terribly. Sometimes it's May wheat, sometimes it's Roosevelt, sometimes it's chess, sometimes it's baseball. A steady diet of one-kind conversation is always tiresome. That a little of this and a little of that, and your chatter will be more interesting, particularly if there are plenty of rests between nibbles. Talking improves when there is a little way of contrast.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

FARM AND GARDEN

HANDY WORKSHOP TOOL.

Cheap Force Feed Drill Press Which Can Be Used for a Variety of Purposes.

I have a cheap force feed drill press that is very useful on my farm. A timber (a) 2x8x5 feet, is supported by legs (e), like a trestle. The uprights (b) and (d) should be longer than shown, that they may be tied together at the top, and the outward strain is considerable; both center uprights are 2x12x12 inches. All



WOOD OR IRON DRILL.

up rights are braced as shown at f f f. The bit stock (c) is made by bending a one-half or one inch round rod into shape as shown, or may be purchased at a hardware store. A feed screw is shown at d, which may screw into the wood, or a nut may be attached to the front side of rear upright. A tool chuck (g) is screwed to the end of the bit stock. Loose blocks of wood are placed between the bit and the front post (b) as needed. By using twist drills, either wood or iron may be bored.—George T. Price, in Farm and Home.

MODEL GERMAN FARM.

House and Barns Are Lighted and Heated by Electricity and Ventilated by Fans.

At Quednau, eastern Prussia, is a dairy farm managed by Prof. Backhaus. It includes 450 acres and produces 1,000 gallons of milk daily. The Engineering Record is authority for the statement that the buildings are all lighted by incandescent lamps, and the grounds, in places, by arc lights. The current is supplied from a small central station containing a 50 horsepower engine, direct coupled to two generators, and a switchboard for the control of the various circuits, all parts of which are so simple and plainly marked that any farm hand can understand and operate it. In addition to the lighting, power is supplied for the pumping of water and the driving of saws, feed cutting and threshing machines, a grist mill and an electric churn in the dairy. Besides these stationary power appliances, there are a number of electrically driven agricultural machines for use in the fields, including an automobile plow, all of which are run by storage batteries and may be charged at conveniently located sub-stations. To round out the completeness of the equipment, the barns are heated by electricity and ventilated by motor driven fans, and all parts of the farm have telephonic intercommunication.

There Is Money in Hogs.

The hog has practically dethroned all other products of the farm the past two years. A wagon load of corn is worth \$15 to \$20; one of wheat is worth possibly twice that amount, but it does not take a very big wagon load of hogs to be worth \$100. The farmer who raised his corn and hogs the past two years is the man who has made the easy money, and acquired the snug bank account. Cattle have not kept pace with hogs, and it has taken an exceptionally good feeder this winter to make both ends meet on a cattle deal, but many of them have more than played even on hogs that followed the cattle.—Rural World.

Put on Your Thinking Cap.

This is a peculiar season; with some it is a good time to buy stock; with others, perhaps unfortunate, some animals must be sacrificed for lack of feed. Weigh your conditions with care. Remember that it is not difficult to figure out prospective profits, but that profits often fall short of calculations. It is not safe to spend money before it is saved. Generally, when things are high, is a poor time to buy. If on the other hand you have feed, or animals to breed, and the stock or herd can be increased to advantage, by all means buy.—Farm and Home.

Banquet on Uncooked Food.

In New York recently about a hundred people participated in a meal of uncooked food called "elementary food." Bread, meat, sugar, tea, coffee, had most of the ordinary condiments were omitted. Even water was tabooed, apparently because the city article has to be "cooked." Such articles as mashed wheat soup, Persian prunes and pure fruit juices figured in the bill of fare. The object is said to be to amuse the women from the cook stove and make householding a comfort.

Australian Discoveries.

Mr. H. C. Russell, director of the observatory at Sydney, New South Wales, has published a memoir on the relation of the moon's motion in declination to the quantity of rain in that colony, in which the author concludes that the rain is clearly shown to come in abundance when the moon is in certain degrees of her motion north, but that when the moon begins to go north droughty conditions prevail for seven or eight years. This phenomenon, which has been found to be repeated for three periods of 19 years each, leads him to conclude that there must be a law connecting the two phenomena.—Christian at Work.

DIVERSIFIED FARMING.

The Safest Pursuit for the Man with Small Capital and Limited Area of Land.

Specialist farming will always be practiced, because such farming is adapted to very many localities. The diversified farm also has its place and a very large place, too. There is such a thing as having too many farms, of one character. This is felt in some of our western states, where ranching has been carried to the limit, but where there are abundant opportunities for the establishing of small farms to be operated along diversified lines. In the last report of the Montana experiment station the director calls attention to the dearth of farms in the state following diversified farming. He says: "In our agricultural development a few industries, such as stock raising, have forged ahead and left others either far in the rear or out of the race altogether. This station has tried to show for years past that there are other important industries, such as dairying, poultry and hog production, that might receive attention and become in time successful, without in any way retarding the success of the present leading industries." It might be mentioned that Montana imports annually over \$1,000,000 worth of poultry and eggs. The amount of money sent out of the state for poultry and eggs and dairy products does not by any means tell the story, for it is evident that much less of such products are used than if they were raised at home and could be obtained by the people without having to pay the large prices necessitated by successive handlings, transportation charges and the inevitable losses.

Diversified farming is the safe kind of farming for the man with small capital and limited area of land. There is less of a lottery about it than in the growing of one kind of product. Moreover, the man that follows diversified farming can utilize his time to the best advantage. If he employs farm help he will have less trouble than the specialist; for the reason that he can employ a man or two the year round. The specialist usually needs a great deal of help at one time and none at other seasons of the year. The man that follows grain raising exclusively is bidding for laborers just at the time of year when all other grain raisers are bidding for them. In such case also the farm owner cannot look after details as well as can the man that distributes his work throughout the entire year. Diversified farming should mean smaller but better tilled farms, with the bringing closer together of the rural population and a fixity of location in the class that depends on farm work for a living. Nomadic populations will not build up any community.—Farmers Review.

GOOD SHOCK HOLDER.

Convenient Little Arrangement That Will Be Found of Great Use on Every Farm.

A device for holding a shock while being tied. Take a broom handle, saw a foot off. Bore a hole in one end.



FOR HOLDING A SHOCK.

pass a rope through the hole. The rope should be about the length of the twine. At the outer end of the rope fasten a ring just big enough to slip over the stick easily.—Ed F. Milliken, in Epitomist.

ALL AROUND THE FARM.

Successful farming requires brain as well as energy and muscle. Be industrious in good weather; you need not fear famine a few bad days.

A lazy, shiftless farmer who leaves everything out of place and can never find things when needed wastes a great deal of time.

To make the ordinary farm cart serve a purpose equal almost to a dump, reverse the wheels, placing the fore wheels behind. The unloading will manifestly be found far easier.

To rid houses of ants, simply set shallow plates or vessels containing a small quantity of sirup in their runs, or in places frequented by them, removing other sweets from their reach for a few days, and their extermination is an assured fact. In trying to get the sirup they become stuck fast and tight, and in a short time the last one will have been trapped.—Farm and Home.

Fertilizers on Farms.

That the fertilizer trade has grown to enormous proportions is shown by the figures given for the year 1939. In that year the total expenditure for fertilizers in the United States was \$54,769,757, or about \$10 per farm. This was about 1.2 per cent of the value of all farm products. The outlay for fertilizers increased 42 per cent in the decade 1890 to 1900. Sugar farmers spent an average of \$280 for fertilizers. For some other classes of farms the figures were: Nurseries, \$69; florists' establishments, \$51; vegetable farms, \$34; tobacco farms, \$27; fruit farms, \$22; rice farms, \$13; coffee, cotton and dairy farms, \$11; hay farms, \$6; stock farms, \$5.

RIGHTY MEAS TRICK.

One Way of Securing Wife's Extravagance Without Raising Family Disturbance.

He drew a letter from his pocket, glanced at it and hastily put it back; and there was something in the way he did it that attracted his wife's attention. He meant that it should, says the Chicago Post.

"I wonder," she said to herself, "what's in that letter? He certainly was mighty disconcerted when he took it from his pocket."

Later he changed his coat for his smoking jacket and left the coat conveniently near her.

The temptation was too great to be resisted, and when he was out of the room she slyly abstracted the letter from his pocket, as he had meant that she should do.

Her curiosity was satisfied. It was the bill for her latest gown, with comments on extravagance written across it. She wanted to answer them, but she could not without betraying what she had done. She was angry, but she dared not show it. When he returned she had to sit there and smile as pleasantly as she had before he left the room.

Such a mean man!

The J. P.'s Agree.

Stoughton, Ark., Aug. 31st.—News comes from Duff, Sevier Co., this state, that Mr. T. E. Reeves, a Justice of the Peace at that place, has written a letter recommending Dodd's Kidney Pills in which he says: "I think Dodd's Kidney Pills can't be beat for Kidney Trouble, and I wish them every success."

The local J. P. Mr. E. B. Cox agrees with his brother Justice on this point for he says: "I had a bad case of Kidney Trouble and was unable to do a day's work without great distress. I bought six boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and after I had used three boxes I was all right. I am as well as ever, and I cannot praise Dodd's Kidney Pills too highly."

I have given the other three boxes to some friends of mine who had found out what it was that had cured me so satisfactorily and quickly and they all speak highly of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

No one disputes this unanimous verdict.

Unavoidable Delay.

The Trate heirs called at the general office of the life insurance company.

"We want to know," they said, "why you are so long in paying the \$10,000 called for in the policy our deceased relative carried in this company. He died three months ago, and we were promised we should have it in less than 60 days."

"What was his name?" asked the president.

"Benjamin Franklin Lunderschlagel."

"Ah, that is the reason, gentlemen," at last explained the president of the concern. "If it had been a short, easy name like David Jones or Thomas Johnson the matter would have been settled and you would have got your money long ago."—Chicago Tribune.

\$1.00 Big 500-Pound Steel Range Offer.

If you can use the best big 500-pound steel range made in the world, and are willing to have it placed in your own home on three months' free trial, just cut this notice out and send to Sears, Roebuck & Co., Chicago, and you will receive free by return mail a big picture of the steel range and many other cooking and heating stoves, you will also receive the most wonderful \$1.00 steel range offer, an offer that places the best steel range or heating stove in the home of any family, an offer that no family in the land, no matter what their circumstances may be, or how small their income, need be without the best cooking or heating stove made.

"If some young men," said Uncle Eben, "was as industrious addin' up figures in columns as dey is settin' 'em in rows on policy slips, I recollect ded beavin' money."

—Washington Star.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.

J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Ave., N. Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

One cannot always be a hero, but one can always be a man.—Goethe.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Human makes scrape very little together.—Chicago Daily News.

If you want creamery prices do as the creameries do, use June Tint Butter Color.

Games of love often result in a tie.—Chicago Daily News.

SUFFERED FOR FIFTEEN YEARS.

Completely Restored to Health.

Mrs. P. Brunzel, wife of P. Brunzel, stock dealer, residence 3111 Grand Ave., Everett, Wash., says: "For fifteen years I suffered with terrible pain in my back. I experimented with doctors and medicines but got little if any relief. I actually believe the aching in my back and through the groin became worse. I did not know what it was to enjoy a night's rest and arose in the morning feeling tired and unrefreshed. My suffering sometimes was simply indescribable. Finally, I saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised and got a box. After a few doses I told my husband that I was feeling much better and that the pills were doing me good. When I finished that box I felt like a different woman. I didn't stop at that, though. I continued the treatment until I had taken five boxes. There was no recurrence until a week ago, when I began to feel miserable again. I bought another box and three days' treatment restored me to health. Doan's Kidney Pills act very effectively, very promptly, relieve the aching pains and all other annoying difficulties. I have recommended them to many people and will do so when opportunities present themselves."

A Free Trial of this great kidney medicine which cured Mrs. Brunzel 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.



FOR HOLDING A SHOCK.

Wet Work has no terrors for the man who wears SAWYER'S EXCELLENCE BRAND Silencers. Wet Work Prof. SAWYER'S Oiled Clothing made for all kinds of work. Get only the genuine. Beware of cheap imitations. Your dealer or write to H. M. SAWYER & SONS, East Cambridge, Mass.

