

THE STORY TELLER

AETAT TWO.

Toussie-head, my Toussie-head,
What to get for you—
Toussie-head, my Toussie-head,
You whose years are two?
Shall it be a dolly now?
Shall it be a live bow-wow?
I don't know, I don't, I won't!
What to get for you!

Toussie-head, my Toussie-head,
Girls are hard to please!
Toussie-head, my Toussie-head,
Fetched upon my knees,
Toussie-head, with eyes-o'-blue,
If there's aught appeals to you
That you'd like, come, tell me, do!
Tell me, tell me please!

Toussie-head, my Toussie-head,
If you were a boy,
Toussie-head, my Toussie-head,
I could choose a toy
That would make you dance and sing,
That would make you dip and swing,
Like a wildbird on the wing,
That would give you joy!

Toussie-head, my Toussie-head,
Dear, it's up to you!
Toussie-head, my Toussie-head,
Dearie, eyes-o'-blue—
What would make your wee heart glad?
What would drive away the sad?
What's that—"I des'ant my dad?"
Bless you, dear! You do?
—J. M. Lewis, in *Houston Post*.

The Ketch Temper

By I. McCROSS.

ANDREW KETCH swung the big barn-door to with a bang, gave an old tin pail in the path a kick that lifted it high in the air before it descended into a snowdrift 20 feet away; then he hurried up the path to the house, his heels angrily crunching the snow at every step.

"Left his work and gone to the house at four o'clock in the afternoon," he muttered. "I'll see what he means by such doings. I'd lick him if—"

He stopped; Robert, who had preceded his father a few minutes before, had left the kitchen door ajar, and something the young man was saying to his mother and sister Emily caught Andrew's ear and arrested his foot:

"I tell you, mother, I won't stand this a day longer, no, not another hour; the red-coat is dead, Prince and Charlie have come down with the distemper, and of course father blames me, just as he does for everything that goes wrong. I work hard from early morning until late at night, and what do I get for it? Abuse, blame, scolding and ugly looks. And he's just as mean to you and Emily as he is to me. When has he ever spoken a pleasant word to you?"

Mr. Ketch held his breath a moment, waiting his wife's answer, but he could not hear her words, only the low, soothing tones; then he heard Robert's angry voice again:

"I say I am going to leave, and I want you and Emily to come with me. In his last letter Brother John sent a check large enough to take all of us to the city. He will find work there for me, and we will have a home without ugly words or actions."

"O, mother, do, do let us go; you know how unhappy father makes all of us here."

Andrew choked a little; could that be his Emily, his little girl, speaking? Were all of them against him? He strained his ears to hear his wife's decision, and he caught the calm, slow-spoken words:

"I have been looking for this; ever since John ran away I have known that it must come, and quite a while ago I decided that when the time came for me to choose between my children and their father, I should stand by—"

"You will, will you?" Andrew burst into the room, his face distorted with rage, "so you've decided to leave me! A fine wife you are—turn against your husband when he's in the most trouble! Talk about ugly looks! Who wouldn't look ugly with all I've had to bear this past year? First, there was the wood lot got afire and burnt up all that hard maple I'd got ready for market, there was a clean thousand gone."

"Yes," interpolated Robert, "and you poured all your wrath out upon me, though it was your own carelessness that set it afire."

"Then there was the Jersey cow I paid \$300 for, and she slipped on the ice and broke her hip and had to be killed. Then—"

"Who was to blame about the cow?" Robert again interrupted, "when you ordered me to turn her out, I told you that she was liable to slip on the ice, but you said, 'do as I tell you and mind your business,' but it was weeks before you quit nagging me about it."

"Now it's distemper with the horses," Andrew continued, "one dead and two sick, and all of you propose leaving me to bear it alone; well, go then! Go just as fast as you can lift your feet out of the house!"

He shook his clenched fists at his wife, who kept on, mechanically darning a hole in a stocking.

"Andrew," she began, gently, but he silenced her.

"Go, I tell you; I never want to see your face or hear your voice again."

She closed her lips a little more firmly than usual, folded the stocking and laid it upon the mending basket, and silently went to her room, and Robert and Emily went to theirs.

It was not long before the three came back to the kitchen, ready to leave, and without a word or glance at Andrew, who was walking up and down the room, they left the house.

Half dazed, Andrew watched them as they walked down the snowy road toward town.

"She—she hasn't gone clean away," he murmured, half aloud, she wouldn't really leave me, though the children might. She'll surely come back, she knows me, I'm not bad at heart, it's the old Ketch temper that's the trouble; it's worse than a hereditary disease, that occasionally skips a generation, but the Ketch temper never makes a miss."

He groaned aloud as he laid his faults upon the shoulders of his dead ancestors, then went to the barn to work over his sick horses.

The distemper had made the horses ugly, and they laid back their ears and stamped threateningly when he approached them.

"The Ketch temper seems to have got into them, I wish they had all of it," Andrew mused. Then, he never knew how it happened, the big black colt had his arm in his mouth, and was crushing it as in a vise.

For an instant Andrew was blinded by the pain, then he planted a savage blow upon the colt's nose. The colt dropped the arm and it fell to Andrew's side, where it hung, limp and helpless.

He knew that he must have a doctor, but his nearest neighbor was half a mile away, and Andrew shrank from letting the neighbors know that his wife and children had left him. He could not harness a horse with one hand, there was nothing left for him but to walk to the village, two miles distant. Dr. Hudson was his cousin and Andrew felt that he would understand and sympathize with him.

"He's got Ketch enough in him to know what it is; I'll go right to him," Andrew resolved.

He managed to adjust a sling to support his arm, then threw an overcoat about his shoulders and started on foot to see the doctor.

It was growing dark, the air was full of drifting snow and as Andrew plodded steadily on the pain in his arm grew more and more sickening, until, when he reached the doctor's, he had just strength enough left to stumble into the house and sink into a chair.

"What now, Andrew?" asked the doctor.

Andrew motioned toward his arm and told, faintly, how it had happened.

A brief examination showed the doctor what was to be done.

"Bone is pretty badly crushed. I'll have to put your arm in a plaster cast, and you must be put to bed. Mary'll have a fine time waiting upon you," the doctor added, sarcastically.

"Mary—Mary, and the children have left me," stammered Andrew.

The doctor was making preparations to set the broken arm, and did not answer immediately, at last he said:

"So Mary has left you, has she? I've wondered, a good many times, how she managed to endure life with you. You've given her a pretty hard running, Andrew."

"It's the Ketch temper that's to blame, John; you're Ketch enough to have it, too, and you know what it's like."

"Yes, I know I've got my share of the Ketch temper, but I keep it to myself; I don't go around showing it off to everybody. And I've usually noticed that where the Ketch temper goes with it, and it's better to exercise them than the temper."

Nothing was said while the doctor swiftly and skillfully set the arm and encased it in plaster bandages. If he felt any sympathy for his tempery old cousin, the doctor was careful not to express it by look or action. When he had finished he asked:

"Now what are you going to do? You ought to be in bed this minute; you must be quiet and have good care for a few days, or you will lose your arm, perhaps your life."

"I don't know what to do!"

"Who is going to take care of you?"

"I don't know, nuther do I know who's going to take care of those sick horses, and do the chores."

He closed his eyes wearily; suffering and fatigue overcame him, and he fainted.

"Mary! Robert! Emily! come here!" the doctor called. They must have been close to the door, for at the first word, they rushed in.

"Help me put him upon the couch," commanded the doctor.

When Andrew opened his eyes it was to look into his wife's face.

"Mary—Mary," he gasped, and yet again, "Mary." His voice told how glad he was, "you haven't left me? I dreamt it."

"No Andrew, if you had listened at the door a moment longer, you would have heard me tell the children that I had long ago decided that you need me more than anyone else. Robert and Emily have planned to go tonight on the midnight express, but if you want them—"

"Yes—yes—" Andrew interrupted eagerly, "of course I want them, Robert—Emily—" he looked imploringly at his children.

Robert understood what his father found so hard to say, and he helped him out:

"All right, father; Emily and I will go right home, and mother can stay here and look out for you until you are able to go home. Don't worry any, I'll do the best I can."

"You always have, Robert; there's been no trouble with you, it's been the Ketch temper that's worked all the mischief, but after this I'm going to try a dose of the Ketch grip to work against the temper, so perhaps if you'll stay—"

"Of course I'll stay," said Robert, heartily, "and—perhaps—I've got some of the Ketch temper, and it's about time for me to begin fighting it, too."—Home Magazine.

Evils of the Policy Shop

By SHELBY M. SINGLETON,
Secretary Citizens' Association of Chicago.



Can the policy shop swindle be abolished? This question is often answered in the negative, even by persons who presumably have the welfare of their city at heart. These contend that in the breast of every man there is a gambling instinct that will find expression in some form, unless held in check by a highly developed moral nature; that this restraining element is lacking in most men; and that as policy is a form of gaming that comes within the reach of even the leanest purse it cannot be eradicated. This view of the matter is ostensibly shared, as a rule, by officials entrusted with the enforcement of anti-gaming laws. It is also loudly echoed by the coterie of gamblers comprising the policy "syndicate," whose illicit profits amount to thousands of dollars daily.

No unbiased person who makes a study of the problem and who has even a grain of optimism in his makeup will share this view. Depending for its profits upon the patronage of a considerable number of persons, the existence of the policy shop is not a secret in its neighborhood, and must soon become known to the policeman on that particular beat. It is safe to say that the location of practically every one of the 1,200 or more policy shops in the city of Chicago is known to-day to some member of the police force. Possessing this knowledge, the police department has the policy shops at its mercy and can at least reduce the evil to small dimensions.

Policy has been called a petty evil. Investigation has shown that in Chicago the annual receipts of the shops exceed \$5,000,000. Nearly half those who operate and patronize the shops are whites. Because it takes a vast sum each year from an element of the city's population that needs it to buy bread; because little children must go hungry in order that policy may thrive; and because it is "the kindergarten of the gambling mania," policy is detestable. It can and must be wiped out.

Policy has been called a petty evil. Investigation has shown that in Chicago the annual receipts of the shops exceed \$5,000,000. Nearly half those who operate and patronize the shops are whites. Because it takes a vast sum each year from an element of the city's population that needs it to buy bread; because little children must go hungry in order that policy may thrive; and because it is "the kindergarten of the gambling mania," policy is detestable. It can and must be wiped out.

THE MOTHERS' PICNICS.

One-Day Outings of the City Folk That Do Them a World of Good.

"Yes," said the settlement worker, according to Youth's Companion, "our fresh air children were a success—they always are. It was a joy to see the difference it made in some of them; poor little thin, weak, whining, whey-faced midgets when they went, with hardly spirit to be naughty; and a pack of whooping brown imps that nearly drove the conductors crazy on the way home. It was positively as exhilarating as it was exhausting to have to quench so many pranks. Those were whole mothers, mostly, with a few fortnighters, and occasionally a one-weeker or so. Of course, the just-for-the-days don't show it so much; although it's surprising the virtue there is in a four hours' layer of sunburn."

She paused to smile and then added: "When it comes to one-day outings, the people it does the most obvious and instant good to are the mothers. Not the mothers who accompany babies or sick children, either, but the middle-aged and elderly women, who are coaxed and scolded by us, and often fairly coerced by their husbands and older children, to leave their families for a single day and accept our invitation to picnic in the country."

"The first mothers' picnic we gave was a triumph, but it was all I could do to keep the tears out of my eyes while I was serving sandwiches and telling funny stories to amuse our guests. They had been exchanging news on the way, you see—quite without self-pity and with not much pity for one another; it was too much the usual thing—and the revelation of what seemed to be their perpetual imprisonment at hard labor in a lot burdened by poverty, toil, weariness and monotony, diversified chiefly by births, deaths and lost jobs, upset my nerves."

"Three of them had not been outside the city for more than ten years; one for 17; and the way those women reveled in the glimmer of the lake and the greenery of the trees I shall never forget."

"One enormous woman—we had longed for a derrick in getting her on and off the car—began to whimper softly like a big baby when we got fairly into the grove, and suddenly sat herself down plump on the pine-needles, although there was a comfortable broad rustic seat at hand. Then she apologized in advance, very flustered and meek, for the trouble she knew it was going to be to get her up again."

"But I ain't set on them sweet-smelly things since I was no bigger'n my Mame is now, and I just had to do it. I'm awful sorry," she explained.

"Well, of course her foot went to sleep and she got cricks in her knees, and burst both sleeves of her gown when we pulled her up; but we didn't mind, poor soul. She was so happy she dropped occasional unconscious tears into her teacup all supper time; and whenever she could hear a bird sing she couldn't hear anything else, and it was no use to talk to her."

"There was another woman who never, since the age of 17, remembered, except when she was sick, eating more than two meals she hadn't prepared herself; and another who had never seen a pond outside a park; and another who said she could name three kinds of wild birds—sparrows, squirrels and peewees. I think I never saw a score of people as happy as that picnic party; and I know, after the first, I was never happier myself."

Belief of the Past.

Side by side in a Greenfield (Mass.) house is a portion of a shell exploded in Paris at the time of the commune insurrection, and one of the fossil footprints made millions of years ago in mud which is now our red sandstone. The species of bird which made the track is now extinct.

CLOTHED FOR A WEEK.

South American Mountain Climber's Outfit for a Six-Days' Expedition.

Knowledge of what to wear takes on a new importance when the lack of it means death. Maj. Rankin, when preparing to climb Mount Aconcagua, one of the loftiest mountains of South America, found that no small part of his success in reaching the summit was due to the fact that he was suitably dressed. He says in an article in Longman's Magazine that he takes the "greatest possible pride in being the first to inform the world what it must wear in order to have the pleasure of going harmlessly to sleep for 12 hours in the snow with the temperature ten degrees below zero."

"First of all came a thin wool and silk vest to mitigate the tickling of the brand-new pair of thickest 'combinations,' the comprehensive woolen garment which followed next, and enveloped all but head and feet. Then came two woolen shirts, one on top of the other, beautiful, thick, sky-blue creations; then a pair of very thick corduroy breeches, tactfully padded, with continuations down to the ankle; then a sleeveless waistcoat of pure wool; then a thick wool coat like a blanket, yellow and sheep-like; then the wind-proof leather jerkin given me by Sir Martin Conway, and a vicuna scarf round my neck to top off with."

"On my feet I first of all put an ordinary pair of moccasin socks; above them a pair of Shetland wool stockings; next a pair of what are called sleeping stockings, lamb's wool within and goat's hair without, about a quarter of an inch thick and hugely warm; then a still bigger pair of Shetland wool stockings; then a pair of enormous boots; and lastly a pair of puttees, three yards long, wound round the elephantine bulk of my legs."

"On my head a wolfskin cap covered my ears and neck, and my hands were encased, first in an ordinary pair of gloves, and secondly in a large pair of gloves of the kind affected by babies, wherein the mobile thumb grips at the incarcinated fingers."

"In reserve I had my wolfskin coat, reaching to my knees, yet so light that it in no way interfered with my walking; and when all these things were donned my form assumed a burly bulkiness that would have rejoiced the heart of a sergeant major."

"For the next six days I remained day and night in these garments."

Easily Found.

The fact that America is a very big country never strikes one so forcibly as when he has traveled a couple of thousand miles due west, and still finds the prairie stretching out before him. A young member of the British nobility was over here last summer, accompanied by his inevitable valet, James.

They saw the seaboard cities, tarried for a time in Pittsburg, in Chicago, in St. Louis and in Kansas City, and then struck out into the great west. Somewhere near the edge of Colorado the train was delayed at a small station, and the passengers got out to stretch their legs, among them his lordship and James, who seemed in a brown study.

"What's the matter?" asked his master.

"I was just thinkin', my lord," said James, "that Columbus didn't do such a mighty big thing when he discovered this 'ere country, hatter hall's said and done. 'Ow could 'e 'elp it?'—N. Y. Tribune.

Wasted Energy.

"James, dear," said the young wife, with a sigh long drawn out "why is it you never talk sweet nonsense and never flatter me any more, as you did during our courtship?"

"Because it isn't necessary," replied James. "My employer always told me it was a waste of time to praise the goods after the sale had been made."



Miss Alice M. Smith, of Minneapolis, Minn., tells how woman's monthly suffering may be quickly and permanently relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have never before given my endorsement for any medicine, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has added so much to my life and happiness that I feel like making an exception in this case. For two years every month I would have two days of severe pain and could find no relief, but one day when visiting a friend I ran across Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,—she had used it with the best results and advised me to try it. I found that it worked wonders with me; I now experience no pain and only had to use a few bottles to bring about this wonderful change. I use it occasionally now when I am exceptionally tired or worn out."—Miss ALICE M. SMITH, 804 Third Ave., South Minneapolis, Minn., Chairman Executive Committee Minneapolis Study Club.

Beauty and strength in women vanish early in life because of monthly pain or some menstrual irregularity. Many suffer silently and see their best gifts fade away. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helps women preserve roundness of form and freshness of face because it makes their entire female organism healthy. It carries women safely through the various natural crises and is the safeguard of woman's health. The truth about this great medicine is told in the letters from women published in this paper constantly.

Mrs. C. Kleinschrodt, Morrison, Ill., says:—

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have suffered ever since I was thirteen years of age with my menses. They were irregular and very painful. I doctored a great deal but received no benefit. A friend advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which I did, and after taking a few bottles of it, I found great relief. Menstruation is now regular and without pain. I am enjoying better health than I have for sometime."

How is it possible for us to make it plainer that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will positively help all sick women? All women are constituted alike, rich and poor, high and low,—all suffer from the same organic troubles. Surely, no one can wish to remain weak and sickly, discouraged with life and without hope for the future, when proof is so unmistakable that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will cure monthly suffering—all womb and ovarian troubles, and all the ills peculiar to women.

\$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.

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

Cascarets

CANDY CATHARTIC

GUARANTEED OVER 100% RELIEF OF ALL BOWEL TROUBLES, CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE, BRUISES, BAD BREATH, BAD BLOOD, PAIN ON THE STOMACH, COLIC, NERVOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, PILES, PAINS AFTER EATING, LIVER TROUBLE, SLEEPS COMFORTABLY AND QUIETLY. When you have a more regular bowels you are sick. Cascarets kills more people than all other diseases together. You will never get well and stay well until you get your bowels right. Place with Cascarets in your medicine chest. Under absolute guarantee to cure or money refunded. Sample and booklet free. Address: Easting Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3.00 & \$3.50 SHOES

You can save \$2 to \$5 yearly by wearing W. L. Douglas \$3.50 or \$5 shoes.

They equal those that have been costing you from \$4.00 to \$5.00. The immense sale of W. L. Douglas shoes proves their superiority over all other makes.

Sold by retail shoe dealers everywhere. Look for name and price on bottom.

These Douglas shoes are made in the highest grade of leather made. Lasts other styles used. Our \$4 Gilt Edge Line cannot be equalled at any price. Shoes by mail, 25 cents extra. Illustrated Catalog free. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

Big Four Route

TO THE WORLD FAMED Virginia Hot Springs.

2500 feet elevation on Chesapeake & Ohio Ry. Pre-eminent among all-year-round Resorts.

THE NEW Homestead Hotel,

Under the management of Mr. Fred Steery.

This fine brick structure is now fully completed. Has 40 rooms and 200 private baths, each room supplied with long distance phone and modern appointments. Brokers' office with direct New York wire.

MAGNIFICENT BATH-HOUSE and most curative waters known for rheumatism, gout, obesity and nervous troubles.

FINE GOLF LINKS and NEW CLUB HOUSE with Bagmen Court, lounge rooms, cafe, ping-pong tables, etc. Tennis courts and all outdoor amusements. Orchestra.

OCTOBER and NOVEMBER The Grandest Months in the Year.

Magnificent Train Service, Dining Cars, Pullman Sleepers, Observation Cars.

Reduced Rate Tickets now on sale.

For full information call on agents of the BIG FOUR ROUTE.

A. N. K.— 1991

PHYSICIAN'S CARE FOR CURING WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup, Croup Syrup, Croup Syrup. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

PATENTS 48-page book FREE. Highest references. ESTABLISHED 1850. Box 1, Washington, D. C.