

THE STORY TELLER

MISSING.

Miss you, don't I miss you?
Every day I do!
I just put in all my time,
Dear, a-missing you!

Every time that thoughts of you
In my dreaming come
I stop everything I'm at,
Just to miss you some!

When the sky is overcast,
When it's clear and blue,
When it's day, and when it's night,
Then I'm missing you!

When I'm sitting down to meals,
When I'm nearly through,
When I'm juggling my dessert,
Then I'm missing you.

Waking, yawning, rising,
Bathing, combing, too,
Eating, putting on my hat,
Then I'm missing you!

Going down to work in town—
Faying car-fare, too,
Climbing on, and jumping off,
Then I'm missing you!

And I know when pay-day comes,
Dear, I do, I do!
Know while I am missing you
That you miss me, too.
—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

The Last Days of Summer

By S. Rhett Roman.

It had been a pleasant, quite a pleasant summer, Harold thought, lazily.

Coming to the seashore to spend the first few months of mourning for his Uncle Dick. "Poor old fellow! He was always so absurdly lenient and forgiving of those college pranks, and he remembered later and worse misdeeds!" Harold thought musingly, while looking out across the water.

Harold had anticipated a dull time. Aunt Jo (abbreviated from Josephine), had never been a specially hilarious individual, and Harold's earliest and latest recollections of her were unvarying.

They represented a somewhat querulous, very exacting, elderly woman, fastidious in her tastes and habits, spoilt by adulation, as wealthy women are apt to be, and very much of an imaginary invalid.

Her town establishment was on a grand scale, and "Sea View," this cottage on the Atlantic coast, one of her favorite summer resorts, was ideal from the standpoint of comfort and luxury.

If Aunt Jo could only be induced to distract her thoughts from herself and her supposed ailments by reading, sewing or knitting, or by a pug dog, it would be a blessing. She would be more bearable, and less gossipy, Harold was convinced.

When her urgent invitation came, after the funeral, when going back to the great lonely house, whose every nook and corner seemed to miss the presence of the kindly, genial man whose love and affection were so unwavering, Harold had come to rely on them, as on the rising and setting of the sun, he hailed it with pleasure, as offering some solace from the terrible depression, of the handsome rooms, always crying out for one who was absent.

"Dismiss the servants and shut up the house, Harris. I will be away three months, at my aunt's, Mrs. Stuart Campbell, and later I may go abroad. I will notify you," directed Harold to his uncle's gray-haired butler, whose stolid grief was in itself a reason for the new heir to all this wealth to get away from the home which had been his from earliest childhood.

His Uncle Harry had brought him, a forlorn child, too young to realize the awful disaster which had befallen him or parents.

"Of course Mrs. Benson must stay to help you air the house and look after things. I may be away quite a long while," Harold added, which gave a shade of relief to the sad, austere face of the old man.

"I will be delighted to have you," his aunt had written. "You will find Sea View very quiet. My nervous condition does not permit me to take any part in social functions, even if poor Harry's death permitted it. But, of course, you will want to be out of that sort of thing for some months, while your lawyers are attending to matters, then you will be able to go abroad. You will find life here monotonous. But I suppose, under the circumstances, it will not be worse than anywhere else.

"So I will expect you on Thursday; of course, you know that I have Nanale's daughter with me. By taking the morning train you can reach us in time for church, at seven o'clock. The drag will be at the wharf. Your affectionate aunt, JOSEPHINE STEWART CAMPBELL."

Harold now looked back with a smile to his first introduction to this distant and heretofore unknown cousin.

Before reaching the pierhead, while leaning on the deck railing watching the usual commotion the arrival of a steamer creates in remote places, he saw a pair of boys and drag come sweeping down the shell road. The horses were driven by a young woman who certainly knew how to handle them.

Pulling up short with considerable dexterity, she looked up to scan the passengers on the deck, waiting for the boat to land, and the gangplank to be thrown out.

"Hello! I've come for you," she cried,

smiling brilliantly and nodding gayly to Harold.

Turning, she gave some directions to a groom, who sprang down and went in search of a basket of fruit, while Harold, following the slow-moving crowd, came forward.

Aunt Jo had failed to mention in her letter that her niece—whose name Harold could not recall just then, he was so astonished—was a very beautiful girl.

Of course he remembered her as a thin child with large gray eyes, a mass of auburn hair, a strange grace of movement, and, yes, she certainly had, in earlier years, a large mouth—of that he was positive.

"It's wonderful how girls change," Harold thought, looking at the face beside him when he had gotten in, and she wheeled the horses, in rather a reckless fashion, and started off at a brisk trot, and while they exchanged remarks as to his aunt's health and other matters.

"Of course you don't remember me," she said finally, pulling up to cross over a heavy bit of sand to reach the beach.

"Of course you are wrong," he answered promptly. "I remember you perfectly. You were an awful little spitfire. You bit me once because you thought I had tied something to your cat's tail. Are you so impulsive as you used to be? Did you find out that it was Tom and not I who committed that crime?"

"Yes, and I nearly cried my eyes out. I spent a day and a night screwing up my courage to run and tell you how sorry I was, and when I went down stairs I found you had gone off to college. But, still I don't believe you remembered I was in existence until I called to you. Now confess."

"You'll drive into that perambulator if you don't take care," Harold said, diplomatically, which diverted attention.

That was their first drive. But many others followed.

Also various and many strolls far up to the end of the island in the evening, when the heavens were dotted with stars, when the surf rolled up, singing its sweet, monotonous song to the beach, and the lights of the harbor threw out their steadfast glow, and some incoming or outgoing big ocean liner churned by in the channel, all ablaze with lights.

And now that the summer was drawing to a close, the days and hours must have slipped very swiftly by, it seemed to Harold.

Valerie, little Val. How could he ever have forgotten her name?

It seemed to Harold, as he sat swinging lightly in his Aunt Jo's white hammock, made by the Indians out of the silken fibers of the pitre, that "Val" was a name of unspeakable fascination, adorable and with a charm beyond description! Like its owner, whom he was waiting for.

Leaning down to strike a match on the flooring of the porch to light his cigarette, a letter slipped out and fell from his pocket.

Harold frowned as he picked it up and put it back.

It was postmarked Paris, and as Harold knew, its writer was waiting for an answer.

When a woman is engaged to a man, even if she has no silly infatuation about him, and does not by any means believe that everything of value in life revolves around him, and even when his social importance and handsome bank account have been strong factors in the matter, still when she writes a clever, chatty letter with just the right amount of sentiment in it, she expects an answer.

Particularly so if she is inclined to be jealous and knows that her fiancé is living under a roof which shelters besides himself a young woman about whom he says very little in his letters.

"I don't see why you delay coming over," the letter read. "Can you not hurry those drowsy lawyers? I have so many charming plans waiting for you."

"And to get rid of these terrible modistes and gown-makers—oh, if you men could realize the exactions and terrors of a 'trousseau' you would be more patient and give us a year or two of latitude. I have a fascinating idea."

"We will run away from dear old Paris, and for two weeks we will ramble about Rome, chaperoned by Cecily Travers, bien entendu."

"You can then give full rein to all those absurd poetical fancies and sentimental proclivities I always feel it necessary to curb, my dear boy. Just fancy Rome during this delightful weather!"

"You must be terribly weary of your aunt's nerves, and the monotony of nearly three months of the seashore. Three months! How I pity you! How have you survived such an inhibition? You have over there a distant cousin, I believe, your aunt's adopted, who ought to be of some use to vary the days. Is she good looking? What sort of girl is she? A terrible virago I hear, and red-haired. How dreadful! But still you might—and probably do—quarrel. Anything would be a relief I imagine."

"Come over on the next boat. You will be in time for the first night at the opera."

"We will discuss those jewels when you get here. I have no superstition at all about opals, and think them lovely with diamonds. Thanks for leaving the matter quite in my hands. Cable when I am to expect you, and believe me always, dear Harold—whatever you would prefer me to be."

"FRANCES CAMERON."

Remembering the very correct and icy contents of the envelope, Harold laughed grimly, and kept on rocking gently in his aunt's beautiful hammock, while lighting another cigarette.

How different Val was! Brilliant, clever Val. Rome, with just a touch of fall in the air, and a big harvest

moon shining at night to cast lights and shadows over everything, and make the world glorious would be an ideal dream if Val was there.

Val and himself, wandering through the old Italian towns, or going to the opera in Paris, or crossing the ocean, or even strolling out to sit on the rocks of the breakwater and watch the play of the moonbeams on the water!

"Val and himself! It would be Heaven!" Harold thought.

Then an immense weariness seized him at the recollection of the writer of that letter who was waiting for him in Paris, and whose elaborate trousseau would soon be completed.

The plan sketched out, he remembered, was a brilliant wedding in the fashionable Protestant church in Paris, then a winter in New York, then—she declared she would map out their lives; he need not undertake the task.

Harold again smiled grimly, and wondered how it had happened, by what awful catastrophe had he ever believed himself in love with Frances Cameron!

Cold as an iceberg, and some thought beautiful, obstinate, and Harold felt very sure also vindictive and cruel. How was it he had let himself fall into the toils?

It occurred to him, and a flush mounted to his face at the thought, that she had skillfully led him on.

What now? She was waiting for him, the wedding was to take place shortly, and—her trousseau was nearly ready.

Harold threw aside his cigarette and sat moodily looking out at the sea, and a determination grew up within him which made his pulses beat.

As a plain matter of honesty he would tell her the truth. Far more honest not to marry a woman while every thought and heartbeat is for another than to hold to an engagement because the day for the marriage is set and the bride's trousseau made.

He would not write, but he would take the next steamer and run over and tell her. She would release him.

Then later Val would listen to him—Val, who was the embodiment of all that was lovely and perfect on earth!

"I kept you waiting an abominably long time—do excuse me, I had a letter to write. But we have time enough for a last stroll on the beach," Val said, coming up to him, while twisting some flimsy lace around her throat and over her magnificent hair.

Red? It was the most beautiful hair Harold had ever seen.

"To whom were you writing?" he asked gayly. "It must have been a volume. I've been waiting for you two hours at least."

Harold lingered while helping her to bring the folds of the flimsy sweet-scented gauze closer around a throat and shoulders of rarest perfection.

"Who?" Val said, with a slight pause and embarrassed laugh. "Why, to James Atherton, of course. You know—or perhaps you don't know—that I am engaged to him. He's coming down shortly, and I am to leave aunt this fall. What a pity you are going abroad! I would love to have you stay. Jim would like you so much, I know. But of course Miss Cameron is dying to see you."

"Come. Let us have one more pleasant chat and stroll by the 'sad sea waves' before you go. What an exquisite night! And how quickly the summer has flown! Do you know, Harold, you have made it very, very delightful for me."

Val turned, and looking at Harold a little wistfully out of her big honest gray eyes, placed her hand in his.

Slowly Harold raised it to his lips.

The last days of summer sometimes hold shattered hopes and broken hearts as well as scattered and dying rose leaves.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

King James on Sunday Games.

What will the modern objectors to reasonable recreation on Sundays find more stirring than King James' "Book of Sports," published in 1618, wherein he laments the attempts of churchly fanatics to repress amusements on the first day of the week, and says: "Our pleasure likewise is, that after the end of divine service our good people be not disturbed, letted, or discouraged from any lawful recreation, such as dancing (either men or women), archery for men, leaping, vaulting, or any other such harmless recreations; nor from having of May games, Whitsun ales and Morris dances; and the setting up of May poles and other sports therewith used; so as the same be had in due and convenient time, without impediment or neglect of divine service." And this, be it remembered, is from the man whom the translators of the authorized version of our Bible described as the "sun in his strength," as one who was "enriched with so many singular and extraordinary graces as to be the wonder of the world in this latter age for happiness and true felicity."—London Telegraph.

The Majority Rules.

A well-known English surgeon was imparting some clinical instruction to half a dozen students who accompanied him in his rounds, the other day. Pausing at the bedside of a doubtful case, he said: "Now, gentlemen, do you think this is, or is not, a case for operation?" One by one the students made their diagnosis, and all of them answered in the negative. "Well, gentlemen, you are all wrong," said the wielder of the free and flashing scalpel; "and I shall operate to-morrow." "No, you won't," said the patient, as he rose in his bed; "six to one is a good majority; gimme my clothes."—Boston Budget.

Thought He Was Safe.

"Come, old man, tell us where you got the courage to propose to your wife."

"They told me she had taken a vow never to marry."—Stray Stories.

FARM AND GARDEN

FILTER FOR CISTERN.

How to Make One That Purifies the Water Supply as Fast as It Falls.

A simple filtering arrangement for a cistern is made by inclosing the bottom of the cistern in a chamber built of soft brick or filtering stone. Its capacity may be 20 to 30 gallons, and is built round to give strength. The cistern should be so arranged that the bottom of the cistern and sides of filtering chamber can be cleaned occasionally, and in this way these filters give good satisfaction. No cistern should be without one, unless there is some more thorough means of filtering at hand. But if one wishes to



GOOD CISTERN FILTER.

have the water filtered as it falls, he will have to build a filter somewhat after the plan as shown in the diagram. The filter is flat bottomed, sloping slightly towards the cistern. There is a layer of bricks on the bottom; on this, in order named, layers of charcoal, sand and gravel, the total filtering material occupying about one-half of the filter. The water, as soon as it falls, begins to filter and passes into the cistern in a pure state. The size of the filter will depend upon the size of the cistern, roof, etc. Usually one holding from 25 to 30 barrels is found large enough. An overflow pipe is fitted to it near the top as, during a heavy shower, it is liable to overflow. An opening is left large enough, so that it can be cleaned out when necessary, and refilled with new material. A roof becomes the lodging place of impure matter which is liable to taint the water—dust, droppings of birds, insects, etc. Whether one has a filter or not, it is a good plan to have the leader pipe so attached as to be readily swung from the cistern to a waste pipe. When it is not raining have the leader go into the waste pipe, and after it has rained sufficiently to clean the roof, swing leader back to the cistern connections.—G. Davis, in Rural New Yorker.

WHEAT MAKES MONEY.

Illinois Farmer Gives Facts and Figures Which Prove the Truth of This Assertion.

Is the wheat crop a money maker? That depends a great deal on the land that is used to produce it, and still more on the farmer himself. An Illinois farmer writes as follows in regard to the possible paying qualities of this crop: On good ground I raised 31 bushels of wheat per acre, and on as good soil produced 43 bushels of oats. Last year was perhaps an extra year for both wheat and oats, and my wheat made 45 bushels per acre, at 75 cents per bushel, and my oats went 81 bushels per acre, at 80 cents per bushel. This was machine measure, and explains very well why I continue to raise wheat. My expenses on the crop were about the same, excepting that of thoroughly covering the ground with manure, as if I had only secured an average on a small crop. I know a man who sells \$2.50 worth of straw for 60 cents and charges the wheat with his two dollar mistake, and then adds another \$1.00 charge to the grain for lost fertilizer, thus making a \$4.50 loss. He then counts a loss by making hay and harvesting, also the thrashing of the grain and the cutting, as well. He thus loads down wheat heavier than it was loaded when it brought \$1.50 per bushel a couple of years ago. I also raise wheat to feed, that is, if it is not bringing enough to sell on the market. In the last three years I have fed over a thousand bushels of wheat, and it has been proved cheaper than shorts, and has also been, to my notion, a better and more profitable feed than 80-cent corn fed alone. Wheat that tests 62 pounds to the bushel is the kind to raise. I do not find any other crop as profitable as wheat with as little labor when land is properly matured. Many failures are due to poor land and poor farming.—Prairie Farmer.

Rules for Measuring Hay.

It is generally reckoned that a ton of newly stored hay measures 500 cubic feet, which is practically a cube 8 feet long, 8 feet wide and 8 feet deep. Hay that has been allowed to settle for some time is usually measured by allowing 422 feet to the ton, or a cube 7 1/2 feet long, 7 1/2 feet wide and 7 1/2 feet deep. After it has become thoroughly settled 343 feet will make a ton, or a cube having sides of 7 feet. It must be remembered that the figures given above are only approximate and that after all a good deal must be left to the judgment concerning the compactness of the hay. Sometimes fusty clover does not settle very compactly, even though it has been stored for some time, in which case some allowance would have to be made in the measuring.—Twentieth Century Farmer.

Ring the pigs that are in the orchard. Then protect the tree-trunks if they manifest a disposition to peel them.

LAND PLOWED IN FALL.

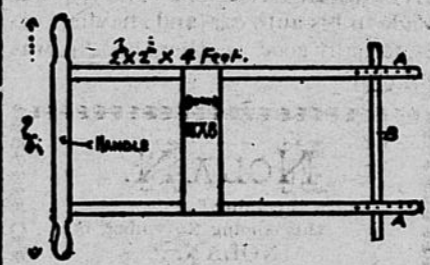
Many Claim That It Produces Larger Crops of Corn Than Soil Tilled in Spring.

There is often a difference of opinion among farmers of the same locality as to which is best for corn, fall or spring plowed ground. This is doubtless due largely to different conditions. The kind of a season may also make a difference in the results. However, we cannot tell beforehand what the season will be like. Ofttimes, too, the matter of fall plowing is one of expediency. If the plowing of the corn ground is left entirely until spring, it increases the rush of work naturally attendant upon this season of the year, increasing the liability to do some of it hastily and poorly. Aside from this feature, there are, however, special advantages in fall plowing for corn, especially when done rather late. Numerous insects and worms that have encased themselves in the soil for the winter will be turned up and destroyed. The turning up of the soil late, leaving the surface in a roughened, loose condition, favors the absorption of water from rains and melting snows. Prof. King records a difference of 2.31 per cent of moisture in the upper three feet of soil, on May 14, in favor of late fall plowing land, as compared with adjacent unplowed land. This means 150 tons more water in the fall plowed land for the use of each acre of growing crop. Such sections as have just experienced two exceptionally wet seasons will doubtless be slow to appreciate the importance of this point, but there have been plenty of seasons when it would have been appreciated, and there will be plenty more of the same kind. Late fall plowing leaving the surface uneven and the furrows running in such direction as will best hold the water, not only causes more water to enter the soil, but by lessening the run off, lessens the loss of soil by washing. By this we do not mean that rough, haggled plowing, is better than plowing well done, because it leaves the surface more uneven. There are other considerations besides that of moisture, the plowing should by all means be well done whenever it is done. Then to conserve this moisture in the spring this fall plowed ground should be worked over as soon as it is in proper condition to work. It is easier to obtain a nice seed bed on fall plowed ground. On the other hand, its finer conditions allow it to settle together and establish capillary connections more readily than spring soil, and greater attention is necessary to prevent loss of moisture from evaporation during the spring and summer months.—Prairie Farmer.

HANDLING BARB WIRE.

Easily Made Frame Which Will Unroll a Spool of Wire Without Any Tangling.

Find below a device for handling barb-wire in fence building. This little frame will unroll a spool of barb-



BARB WIRE FRAME.

wire without tangling, and keep up all slack; it is especially adapted to timber and brush land, where there is no room for a wagon. A broom-stick at B runs through the spool; blocks at AA straighten the pieces where bored.—E. A. Roberts, in Epitomist.

South American Sugar Plant.

The agricultural department at Washington is inquiring into the statement of Consul General Richard Guenther that a new plant has been discovered in South America which promises to supplant the sugar cane and the sugar beet. Scientifically the plant is known as the scopolatorium rebandum, and it contains a large amount of saccharine matter and a high percentage of natural sugar properties which are easy to extract. According to Mr. Guenther, a lump the size of a pea will sufficiently sweeten a cup of coffee, as the product made from the plant is from 20 to 30 times sweeter than cane or beet sugar. It is said to be easily cultivated in countries having climatic conditions similar to those of the southern portions of the United States.

Wintering Bees Out of Bees.

A good way to winter bees in single hives is to remove them to the south side of some building, place the hives close together, and cover with dry straw on top and sides, and put a few boards over the straw to turn rain and snow. The entrance should be left open, for the bees need fresh air in winter as well as summer. The little workers do not mean to be shut up, so would certainly cause a disturbance. All the bees that die during winter leave the hive, so, if closed, this would be impossible. When spring opens they should be removed to the stand, where they are to remain the rest of the season.—L. A. E. Blackwater, in Farm and Home.

How to Fatten Turkeys.

Turkeys, if taken right, are easily fattened, in fact easier than any other fowls. But one must go at it in the right way. If the turkeys have had a free range all summer, you cannot fatten them with any satisfaction in an inclosure. The change will cause them to fret and refuse to eat, and thus you lose instead of gaining. Teach them to come up at regular intervals, and then stuff them. You will soon find them ranging at short distances and coming up even between feeding times.—Midland Farmer.



Miss Alice Bailey, of Atlanta, Ga., escaped the surgeon's knife, by using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"Dear Mrs. EMMETT:—I wish to express my gratitude for the restored health and happiness Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has brought into my life.

"I had suffered for three years with terrible pains at the time of menstruation, and did not know what the trouble was until the doctor pronounced it inflammation of the ovaries, and proposed an operation.

"I felt so weak and sick that I felt sure that I could not survive the ordeal, and so I told him that I would not undergo it. The following week I read an advertisement in the paper of your Vegetable Compound in such an emergency, and so I decided to try it. Great was my joy to find that I actually improved after taking two bottles, so I kept taking it for ten weeks, and at the end of that time I was cured. I had gained eighteen pounds and was in excellent health, and am now.

"You surely deserve great success, and you have my very best wishes."—Miss ALICE BAILEY, 50 North Boulevard, Atlanta, Ga. —\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

All sick women would be wise if they would take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and be well.

California, the Beautiful.

Now's your chance—cheap rates to California! \$29.00 from St. Louis, \$25.00 from Kansas City. Tickets on sale daily until November 30th. Personally conducted excursions on "The Katy Flyer" from St. Louis on Tuesdays of each week. Tourist car through to San Francisco. Ask for tour book and information. George Morton, G. P. & T. A., M. K. & T. Ry., Suite 3, The Wainwright, St. Louis, Mo.

More family never made a man great. Thought and deed, not pedigree, are the passports to enduring fame.—Skobloff.

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.

A dumb-water can't talk, but neither, for that matter, can a speaking-tube.—Philadelphia Record.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

The probability is that only men who don't know how they do it ever live to be 100.—Puck.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes color Silk, Wool and Cotton at one boiling.

Difficulties are meant to rouse, not discourage.—Channing.

A VOICE FROM THE PULPIT.

Rev. Jacob D. Van Doren, of 57 Sixth Street, Fond du Lac, Wis., Presbyterian clergyman, says: "I had attacks of kidney disorders which kept me in the house for days at a time, unable to do anything. What I suffered can hardly be told. Complications set in, the particulars of which I will be pleased to give in a personal interview to any one who requires information. I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills and I can conscientiously say that they caused a general improvement in my health. They brought great relief by lessening the pain and correcting the action of the kidney secretions." Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers. Price, 50 cents. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3.50 & \$3 SHOES MADE BY HIM.

You can save from \$3 to \$5 yearly by wearing W. L. Douglas \$3.50 or \$5 shoes.

They cost less than shoes 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.

That Douglas shoe is the highest grade shoe made. Our \$4 Gilt Edge shoe cannot be equalled at any price. Size by mail, 25 cents extra. Illustrated Catalog free. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

RAIN-CANT TOUCH

the man who wears SAWYER'S EXCELSIOR BRAND Slickers

SAWYER'S Excelsior Brand Slicker has been in the world, will not crack, peel or get sticky. Look for trade mark, it is not at dealer's and for catalogue.

H. H. Sawyer & Son, Sole Mfrs., East Cambridge, Mass.

PILES

ANKER'S is the best and most reliable PILES CURE. It is a sure cure for all cases of PILES. It is a sure cure for all cases of PILES. It is a sure cure for all cases of PILES.