

# THE STORY TELLER

## THE FARMHOUSE FIRE.

Outside the afterglow's lucent rose  
Is smiting the hills and brimming the  
valleys,  
And shadows are stealing across the  
snows  
From the somber gloom of the pine-  
land alleys.  
Glamor of mingled night and day  
Over the wide white world has away,  
And through their prisoning aure bars  
Gaze the calm cold eyes of the early stars.  
But here, in this long, low-raftered room  
Where blood-red light is crouching and  
leaping,  
The fire that colors the heart of the gloom  
The lost sunshine of old summers is  
keeping.  
The wealth of forests that held in fee  
Many a season's rare alchemy,  
And the glow and gladness without a  
name  
That dwell in the depths of unstinted  
dwell!  
Gather we now round the opulent blaze  
With the heart that loves and the face  
that rejoices,  
Dream we once more of the old-time days,  
Listen once more to the old-time voices!  
From the clutch of the cities and paths  
of the sea  
We have come again to our own roof-tree,  
And forgetting the loves of the stranger  
lands  
We yearn for the clasp of our kindred's  
hands.  
There are tales to tell, there are tears to  
shed,  
There are children's flower-faces and  
women's sweet laughter,  
There's a chair left vacant for one who is  
dead  
Where the freight crimson of the an-  
cient rafter  
What reck we of the world that waits  
With care and glamor beyond our gates,  
We, with our own in this witching light,  
Who keep our trust with the past to-  
night?  
Ho! How the elf-voices laugh in glee!  
Closer yet let us draw together,  
Holding our revel of memory  
In the gutting twilight of winter  
weather.  
Out on the wastes the wind is chill  
And the moon swings low o'er the west-  
ern hill,  
But old hates die and old loves burn  
higher  
With the wane and flash of the farm-  
house fire.  
—L. M. Montgomery, in Congregation-  
alist.

## CURTIS' WATERLOO.

A TALE OF DOMESTIC  
CHIVALRY.

JAMES RANDOLPH CURTIS is a promising young man. He works for Smith & Eldridge, dealers in mines of various assortments, oil wells and stone quarries. Mr. Smith is manager of the firm. He likes James Randolph, and says that if he didn't have such an unmentionable kind of a fool for a wife he would amount to something some day. Mrs. Curtis does not know that Mr. Smith says that about her. Neither does James Randolph know it, but he suspects it. He thinks so because, since he came back from his recent trip through Pennsylvania, he had occasion to say something like that himself.

James Randolph toured the Keystone state at Mr. Smith's suggestion. There were pending transactions of importance to be closed, and in his opinion James Randolph was better qualified to close them than any other man in the office, except Mr. Eldridge, who, being flat on his back with rheumatism, was obviously unable to travel.

"I want you to exercise particular tact and discretion in dealing with those people in Scranton," said Mr. Smith when explaining to James Randolph his itinerary. "The fellow in that bunch who really counts is Horace Perkins. Perhaps you have heard of Perkins?"

"Heard of him?" echoed James Randolph. "Well, I should say I have. He married my wife's cousin Kate."

Mr. Smith said "Ah, indeed?" in a tone which might have reasonably been construed as reflecting disparagingly on Mr. Perkins' matrimonial judgment; then, apparently not wishing to become embroiled in a discussion of family virtues, he resumed his instructions on business tactics.

"Perkins," he said, "is the man you want to tie. Keep at him incessantly. If you can talk him over you will put \$250,000 in the pockets of Smith & Eldridge, and incidentally a small sum in the pockets of James Randolph Curtis."

That proposition gave James Randolph a glimpse of Heaven. In reality he went home that night hanging to a strap in an elevated car, but so buoyant was he that he felt as if he were being transported bodily through billows of scented, roseate air. Judging by his emotions he was still enveloped in chunks of that radiant atmosphere when he drifted into his up-town apartment, but he probably overestimated its beatific qualities. At any rate his wife escaped its influence. Instead of rejoicing at his fine prospects, as James Randolph had expected her to do, she cried. James Randolph's face assumed a preternatural length.

"There, don't take on so, little girl," he said. "I won't be gone long. I suppose you will be pretty lonesome while I am away, but you can get May Dawson to come and stay with you, and you will get along all right."

"Oh, it isn't that!" protested Mrs. Curtis. "I'm not thinking about myself. I'm thinking about you. I don't see how you are going to get along. I am afraid you can't stand the cooking. You know that since I have been doing my own work you can't bear to ser'e such notoriously bad meals."

James Randolph flushed guiltily. "That's so," he said, with a stolid glance of curiosity.

Mrs. Curtis led the way to the dining room, and James Randolph followed meekly. "The only hope I see for you," she said, presently, "is in your Scranton visit. You can stop at Horace Perkins' while you are there. Of course, I don't know anything about Kate's housekeeping. She used to be reprehensibly lazy as a girl, but I presume marriage has brought her out of some of her bad habits. And anyway, she'll have servants, and even if she shouldn't have, what you do get to eat will be home cooking and will agree with you better than the slabs of heavy food they serve at hotels and restaurants."

James Randolph looked uncomfortable, as if already smitten with an advance instalment of the inevitable dyspepsia. "It's very kind of you," he said, "to take such an abiding interest in my digestion, but I don't see how I can accommodate you. I don't like to stop at Perkins'. It doesn't look well. He is the man I am going to strike for the biggest pile of money while I am gone, and it looks hog-ish to soak him for several hundred thousand dollars' worth of stock and live off him at the same time. It's adding insult to injury."

"I don't know anything about the injury you propose to inflict," returned Mrs. Curtis, "but I do know that Kate and Horace would be insulted if you were in Scranton for a week and didn't stay with them. I'll write to Kate today and tell her you are coming. I am sure she will invite you to be their guest."

James Randolph demurred volubly and with spirit, but his demonstration of disapproval was ineffective. That night the disconnected correspondence with Cousin Kate was renewed with fervor. Two days later an answer was received, and when James Randolph left New York on the following Monday it was the understanding all around that during his stay in Scranton he would accept the hospitality of Mr. Horace Perkins.

The Horace Perkinses lived in style. It was made plain to James Randolph during his first meal that there was no danger of his going hungry while under their roof, and that if his stomach suffered, it would be from overstimulation rather than the lack of it. James Randolph rejoiced in the gastronomic abundance provided and the excellence thereof on his wife's account as well as his own.

"The dear girl will be delighted to know that I am so well taken care of," he said to Cousin Kate. "I must write at once and tell her how I am fixed, otherwise she will be worrying herself sick for fear I am starving to death."

Notwithstanding the business acumen which Mr. Smith flattered himself he had discerned in James Randolph, that young man was in some respects a simple soul. Never was his innocence more blatantly displayed than in his letter to Mrs. Curtis.

"I am living on the very fat of the land," he wrote. "Your Cousin Kate may have been rather lackadaisical when a girl, but she has certainly developed into a remarkable housekeeper. I shall try to tell you what we had for dinner last night. We had some kind of soup with little green specks floating in it—I forget the name of it—two or three kinds of meat with appropriate vegetables, a pudding the recipe for which must have been gleaned from the angels, and coffee that might have been brewed in Heaven. I don't believe New York could show a better menu than that. Really, Minnie, you ought to see me eat. My appetite must astonish the Perkinses. They probably think that I fasted for several weeks before coming to Scranton. I am sorry that I shall wind up the business here in a week or ten days. I shall hate to leave. I think I would get fat if I lived with the Perkinses long."

Delectable as was the fare, James Randolph stretched facts a little when describing the variety of the viands served, but he did it in a good cause, and his conscience was in no wise outraged. He awaited with impatience his wife's reply. When it came he wished it had been delayed a little longer. Its brevity frightened him.

"Dear James," she wrote. "I am glad you enjoy Kate Perkins' cooking. Under the circumstances perhaps it would be well for you to prolong your visit indefinitely."

For the first time James Randolph realized that he had overshot the mark in his former gushing epistle. "By George!" he said, "the little girl is jealous. I thought I understood Minnie clear down to the ground, but it seems I didn't. I'm on the track of her idiosyncracies now, however, and another letter will bring her around all right."

In his second letter James Randolph changed his tactics.

"I am not in good shape at the present writing," he said. "If things continue to go this way I think I shall have to leave the Perkinses and stay at a hotel. I can't stand the cooking. The first day I was here they put their best foot foremost and fairly surfeited me with good things; but since then there has been a slump in the commissary department, and you can't get a decent meal here to save your life. Of course I can't kick, considering that I am a guest in a private family; indeed, true courtesy forbids my writing the facts even to you, but I thought it best to tell you the plain truth so that in case I get sick you will know the cause. I shall be in Scranton only two days longer, and shall try to stick it out here, but if things get too bad I shall, as I said, leave and go to the hotel. But even though I should make the change, I fear that my system is already so deranged that I shall not recuperate until I get home and revive myself with two or three of your excellent dinners."

Every meal that James Randolph ate in the Perkins house after that almost choked him. He was glad when Mr. Smith telegraphed him to go on to Pittsburg for a few days and stop at Scranton on his way back to close the deal with Horace Perkins.

"I suppose," he said to Perkins on their way to the station, "that there is no doubt about my getting the business?"

"None whatever," said Perkins. "I don't mind telling you, however, that it is your own personality that has won the day. There is another man in the field who has offered just as good inducements as your house offered, but in consideration of yourself—family relations and all that—we have decided to give the contract to you. The affair is practically settled. When you come back from Pittsburg everything will be all right and you can go on to New York with the papers in your pocket."

At that James Randolph's conscience smote him violently. He felt that something was going to happen to punish him for his sins, and it did. James Randolph reached Pittsburg on a Wednesday morning. On Thursday he received a letter from Horace Perkins.

"We have given the contract to your competitor," he wrote. "The inclosed letter will explain why."

James Randolph palpitated nervously as he opened the inclosure. It was a letter from his wife to Mrs. Perkins, and ran in this wise:

"My dear Kate: I really am so indignant that the ties of kinship and the amenities of social life cannot keep me silent. How could you have the heart to treat my husband as you have? If you didn't want him to visit you and didn't intend to furnish him with the necessities of life, why did you invite him? He could have stayed at the hotel. The firm pays his expenses, and even if they didn't, I guess he could have managed it. Really, Kate, I don't know what to think of you. But I know what you have done to James. I have his letter here to quote from 'I can't stand the cooking.' That is what he says. 'You can't get a decent meal here to save your life.' James says he is sure he will be sick after his experience at your house, and he wants me to know what causes it. If anything does happen to him I shall never forgive you. You know he is all I have, and you might at least have given him decent food. James didn't want to complain, and I don't doubt but that he would be quite angry if he knew I said anything to you about it, but I really am so disgusted that I can't control myself."

What James said may not be repeated.

The enterprising agent of the firm of Smith & Eldridge did not stop at Scranton on his way back to New York. Previous to his homecoming his superiors had heard a meager account of the Scranton fiasco; what they demanded of James Randolph was a full explanation. That he did not feel privileged to give, but Mr. Smith, being quickened in wits by his suspicion of Mrs. Curtis, made a stab at the solution of the mystery.

"I'll bet," he said, "that that wife of yours had something to do with it."

"I—I am afraid she did," stammered James Randolph. And whatever else he had to say he said in the privacy of his own home.—N. Y. Times.

### AND HE GOT IT.

But It Proved to Be Something He Didn't Care to Hold Very Long.

An indulgent mother of the Tuxedo colony was traveling on a local train one day in company with her three-year-old son, his nursemaid, and a copy of a society magazine which absorbed her attention, relates the New York Times. The son was occupying the seat behind her with his attendant, who attempted every once in awhile to curb his restless and rebellious spirit by a gentle denial of his latest whim, but each time the mother, noticing only that some argument was in progress, and without looking up from her book, would remark: "Let him have it."

The nursemaid thereupon would yield to this double demand.

Finally a strong and rather venomous looking wasp flew against the window pane, and the youthful hunter reached out to grasp it, and waited dejectedly when he was once more restrained by the watchful caretaker. Again the fond mother, without raising her eyes, exclaimed: "Oh, do let him have it!"

And the howl which followed the nurse's compliance caused an amused smile to pass around the car.

### FOOTWORK ON THE PIANO.

"First Steps in Music" by a Youthful Artist with Too Much Pedal.

Clifton Bingham, the author of "In Old Madrid," is not himself a musician, but his ear is delicate and sensitive, and noting annoyances more than to hear bad singing or bad playing says the New York Tribune.

He was visiting a cousin of his in London, and this cousin has a son, a boy of 12 or 13, who practices on the piano every morning. The muscular lad, banging false notes from the instrument with tremendous vigor, tried Mr. Bingham not a little.

"What on earth are you playing there, Jimmy?" the boy's father called from the next room one morning.

"An exercise from 'First Steps in Music,'" the boy answered.

"I knew you were playing with your feet," said Mr. Bingham, "but would you mind stepping a little lighter on the keys?"

Gratitude Well Expressed.

Sault St. Marie, Mich., Feb. 8th.—Mr. C. L. Smith, painter and decorator, whose home is at 308 Anne street, this city, makes the following statement:

"I was laid up with some kind of pains. Some said it was Lumbago, others Sciatica, and others again Rheumatism. A few of my friends suggested that it was lead poisoning, but whatever it was it gave me a great deal of pain, in fact, almost completely crippled me. I had to use two canes to walk about and even then it was a very painful task.

"A friend advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills and I began the treatment. After I had used the first box I was able to throw away one of the canes and was considerably improved. The second box brightened me up so that I could go about free from pain without any assistance and very soon after I was completely cured, well and happy, without a pain or an ache. Dodd's Kidney Pills seemed to go right to the spot in my case and they will always have my greatest praise."

Clean Sweep.

Sister Lillian—Well, Bob, how's the rival football team shaping up?

Brother Bob—Aw, say, Lil, they're a lot of eggs. We got up last night and even wiped the floor with them.—Judge.

PILL TRADE MARK IMITATED.

Druggist and Clerk Are Held in Jail for Court.

Charged with infringing upon the trademark of Carter's Little Liver Pill Company, Joseph T. Griffith, a druggist at the southeast corner of Seventh and Pine streets, was held in \$500 bail for Court this afternoon by Magistrate Jermon, and at the same time Griffith's clerk, Joseph C. Fore, was held in \$500 bail for Court on the same charge and also for selling certain articles the sale of which is prohibited by law.

The men were arrested this morning upon warrants issued by Magistrate Jermon at the instance of Ben Good, No. 130 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York, and Charles C. Orcutt, No. 12 Jumet Terrace, New York, representatives of the Carter Company. They stated that the latter had spent \$3,000,000 in advertising and getting their label known, and did not purpose to permit others to reap the benefits.

The label in question is a small one containing a large letter L, and the one used by Griffith is an exact copy, except that it does not contain Carter's name.

The prosecution showed how easily the imitated product could be named off on the would-be purchaser of Carter's pills, owing to the similarity of the labels, and held that it was evidence of a deliberate attempt to deceive.—Philadelphia Telegraph, Jan. 27, 1914.

Stather Lively.

Tingaling—Hello, old chap! Haven't seen you for some time. How's business?

Jogging—On Joe jump. I've got three frog farms in Missouri.—Chicago Daily News.

Historic Route to Florida.

The shortest and most attractive route from Chicago or St. Louis to Florida is via Nashville, Chattanooga and Atlanta, over the historic Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Ry., and Western & Atlantic R. R., via Lookout Mountain, Chickamauga Park, and through the famous battlefields of the Civil War. This is the route of the "Dixie Flyer," the all-year-round train that carries sleepers between Chicago and Jacksonville and St. Louis and Jacksonville. It is also the route of the "Chicago & Florida Limited," a solid vestibuled train operating during the winter season between Chicago and St. Augustine, with sleepers between St. Louis and St. Augustine. If you contemplate taking a Southern trip, and desire interesting literature about the route, write to B. F. Hill, N. P. A., N. C. & St. L. Ry., 350 Marquette Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

"I don't take any stock in these trusts, anyway." "Don't believe there are such things." "No, they're all right; the trouble comes after they thaw out."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Mardi Gras, February 10-16.

Rates via Mobile and Ohio Railroad from Chicago to New Orleans and return, \$25.00; Chicago to Mobile and return, \$24.00. Low rates from all points. For full particulars write Jno. M. Beall, M. & O. R. R., St. Louis, Mo.

Straight running makes better speed than the swiftest circling.—Ram's Horn.

### Steps the Cough

and works off the cold. Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25 cents

The best armor is to keep out of gu-shot.—Bacon.

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

Hypocrisy is the necessary burden of villainy.—Johnson.



### Fibroid Tumors Cured.

A distressing case of Fibroid Tumor, which baffled the skill of Boston doctors. Mrs. Hayes, of Boston, Mass., in the following letter tells how she was cured, after everything else failed, by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mrs. Hayes' First Letter Appealing to Mrs. Pinkham for Help:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have been under Boston doctors' treatment for a long time without any relief. They tell me I have a fibroid tumor. I cannot sit down without great pain, and the soreness extends up my spine. I have bearing-down pains both back and front. My abdomen is swollen, and I have had flowing spells for three years. My appetite is not good. I cannot walk or be on my feet for any length of time. "The symptoms of Fibroid Tumor given in your little book accurately describe my case, so I write to you for advice."—(Signed) Mrs. E. F. HAYES, 252 Dudley St., (Roxbury) Boston, Mass.

Note the result of Mrs. Pinkham's advice—although she advised Mrs. Hayes, of Boston, to take her medicine—which she knew would help her—her letter contained a mass of additional instructions as to treatment, all of which helped to bring about the happy result.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Some time ago I wrote to you describing my symptoms and asked your advice. You replied, and I followed all your directions carefully, and to-day I am a well woman. "The use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound entirely expelled the tumor and strengthened my whole system. I can walk miles now.

"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, 252 Dudley St., (Roxbury) Boston, Mass.

Mountains of gold could not purchase such testimony—or take the place of the health and happiness which Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound brought to Mrs. Hayes.

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 displacements 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.

Mrs. Hayes at her above address will gladly answer any letters which sick women may write for fuller information about her illness. Her gratitude to Mrs. Pinkham and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is so genuine and heartfelt that she thinks no trouble is too great for her to take in return for her health and happiness. Truly it is said that it is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that is curing so many women, and no other medicine; don't forget this when some druggist wants to sell you something else.

**\$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.

## \$100.00 Reward

will be gladly paid to anyone who will furnish convicting evidence against imitators and substitutes who try to sell you worthless preparations when CASCARETS are called for. Don't ever take substitutes, but insist on having

# CANDY CATHARTIC

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