

# THE STORY TELLER

## YOUNG SCUNDLING'S EXPERIENCE

It is not probable that young Scundling ever gambled in his life before unless, perhaps, at school he played marbles for "keeps." He was a well-conducted and industrious young man—punctual in his attendance at the office and with a good capacity for business. His salary was small and the consciousness of this made him carry his natural modesty to an extreme, but he lived within his means and even put a trifle aside for a rainy day. That was Scundling.

The way it came about was that Plimston, the out-of-town order clerk, had come into possession of a one-fifth ticket of the Honduras Lottery company (guaranteed by the Honduras government). He had invested two dollars in this security, but as it was nearing the end of the week and his finances were at a low ebb he proposed to make up a pool of eight among his fellow employees, which would bring his and their interests to the modest amount of 25 cents each, which seemed less like plunging. Scundling shook his head at first when Plimston made the proposal, but when it appeared that his 25 cents was absolutely needed to make up the pool he handed over the coin with the remark that a fool and his money were soon parted.

"Oh, I don't know," said Plimston. "That ticket may rake off the capital prize and that wouldn't seem so foolish. Two thousand thousand dollars isn't found growing on every bush."

"You're mistaken," said Scundling. "The bushes are full of 'em. There's millions all around us inviting us to gather 'em in—only they've got a little string to 'em. I don't expect to get that quarter back, but I guess I can afford to lose it."

"Make a note of the number, anyway," said Plimston. "I may try to switch it on you. If that isn't a lucky one there's no virtue in nine—four of 'em, d'you see? Nine to begin with and then eight and one, nine; seven and two, nine, and five and four, nine. See?—9817254."

"Nine million chances to four that you lose," said Scundling.

The drawing was to be three weeks later and Scundling promptly forgot all about it. He had plenty of other things to think of, the chief in importance being Mabel. Matters were not going well there. Mabel herself was as sweet as ever and gave him no uneasiness, but Mabel's father was getting worse and worse. He had never thought favorably of Scundling as a suitor for his daughter's hand, maintaining that the young man was what he termed a stick-in-the-mud. "I don't hold it out against him that he's poor," he said. "I was poor myself once—poorer than Job's turkey—but I wasn't satisfied to plug along that way and that chap seems to be. He may be saying, but he's holding down the same job at the same wages he was three years ago, when he first came mooning around. That doesn't look well."

So he took a decidedly unfriendly attitude toward poor Scundling, who was doing the very best he could, and went the length of telling him a week after the lottery-ticket purchase that he would better cease his visits to the house until his prospects looked a little rosier—and Scundling dejectedly acquiesced.

Scundling was sitting in his rooms one evening meditating upon his unhappy lot when the invidious demon of chance suddenly whispered in his ear and he straightway extracted from his pocketbook a slip of paper on which was written the figures 9817254 and looked at them with a dawning interest. What if the number should prove to be the winning one! There really was a chance of it after all. Some number had to win. If it was a swindle at least it would occur to the swindlers that it would be well to allow one "Yankee" to win, if only to encourage the others. He had heard that common card sharpers pursued that policy. Then the magic nine—but that was a superstition, of course. Scundling sat there for perhaps an hour regarding that slip of paper, and by the time he put it back in his pocket he had acquired what the vulgar term a "hunch."

In the course of a few days the "hunch" developed into an absolute certainty. Scundling had figured out that his share of the prize would be \$5,000. Well, he had that \$5,000 as good as in the bank. It was all over but the drawing. As besetted such a capitalist, his manner took on a certain dignity and self-assurance which before had been lacking. His face grew brighter as he felt himself relieved from the anxious thought of struggling for years on small means and his air more generally alert. A large part of his burden of modesty slipped from him and his courage rose to such an extent that he decided to go and see Mabel.

He had enjoyed a delicious half-hour with her, tete-a-tete, in the familiar back parlor before her father entered. Scundling, however, instead of appearing embarrassed, greeted him with a confident and cheerful bearing that seemed to take the old gentleman somewhat aback. Instead of the explosion Mabel and Scundling expected he merely said to the young man: "I'd like to see you a few moments when you can spare the time."

"All right," said Scundling, promptly. "I'll go with you now." And he followed his prospective father-in-law into another room.

"Well," said Mabel's father, "I thought I told you to keep away."

"Until I had some better prospects," said Scundling, still sustained by his absurd delusion. "Well, I have."

"May I ask what they are?"

"I don't think I'd be justified in telling you at the present moment," said Scundling, "but I think inside of two weeks I'll be able to satisfy you."

"Well," said the old gentleman, "I've always given you credit for being square, if you weren't a hustler, so I suppose you have got some sort of a move on you. But I'll suggest that you keep away until you are at liberty to tell me, all the same." He held out his hand in a more friendly manner than he had ever shown and said "Good-night," and Scundling went back to Mabel. "I'll take this evening, anyway," he said, to her father. "Then I'll keep away for two weeks if it will make you feel easier."

"Something's happened to him," said the old gentleman, when he had recovered from the shock. "He's changed, certainly, and I think for the better."

Much the same remark was made by Scundling's employers the next week after Scundling had made an astonishing demand for the position of cashier—no less—which he had been filling temporarily during the illness of the 50-year-old incumbent. He said he understood that Mr. Dobsey was not going to return and that the firm was looking for somebody to take his place. The firm admitted it—but—

"Of course, I wouldn't have applied otherwise," said Scundling, coolly. "But it seemed to me that I could do the work better than an outsider, and since I have taken hold of it I have seen where several radical changes might be made in the present system that would be to the firm's advantage. I'll just outline them to you now."

He took a pencil and a pad of paper and proceeded to a demonstration of his plans, and in about a minute the two members of the firm were hanging over his shoulder in undisguised interest. When he had concluded they looked at each other.

"Well," said the senior, "we'll take these matters under consideration, Mr. Scundling. Your idea may not be



MEDITATING UPON HIS UNHAPPY LOT.

a bad one, but—well, this would be quite a jump in promotion for you."

"I haven't taken any of that exercise for some time," said Scundling, "and it might do me good."

"Well, well, we shall have to think this over," said the senior partner. As Scundling went out he turned to his associate. "Did you think that boy had it in him?" he asked.

"I didn't," said the partner. "Until very lately I thought he was a good plodder—but with no snap to him. He's changed."

A week later the drawing of the Honduras lottery was announced and Scundling's air castles came tumbling down with a crash that nearly overthrew his reason. He came out of the ordeal with a bitter realization of his folly, but with all hope crushed out of him for the time. When he thought of Mabel he was in despair and at the idea of his presumption in applying for Mr. Dobsey's place he blushed to the tips of his ears. One morning he went to the office and saw a new man at his old desk and his heart sunk. At the same moment he was called into the partners' room and informed that the firm had decided to give him the position he had applied for at what seemed a magnificent increase of salary.

When the wedding took place the bride was observed to be wearing a most peculiar breastpin. It was of blue enamel and in pearls thereon appeared the mysterious numbers 9817254. It was presented to her by the groom.

"It will remind me that if a man wishes to succeed he doesn't want to trust to chance, but to his own exertions," he said.—Chicago Daily News.

### TO PAY BICYCLE TAX 50 YEARS.

Enforcement of Paris Law Brings to Light an Unusual State of Affairs for Owners.

Enforcing the law regarding the taxation of bicycles in France has led to a curious state of affairs. When an owner registers a bicycle he is given a plate proving that the police tax was paid. Until this plate is returned to the tax collector he is supposed to be still the owner of the wheel. When selling the bicycle, and leaving the plate affixed, he is liable to go on paying for the machine that he has not got for the rest of his natural life. A recent case was that of a former owner of two bicycles who had been paying a tax for the last five years, and will go on paying it for 50 years to come as he sold the machines forgetting to keep the plates, and is now unable to show them.

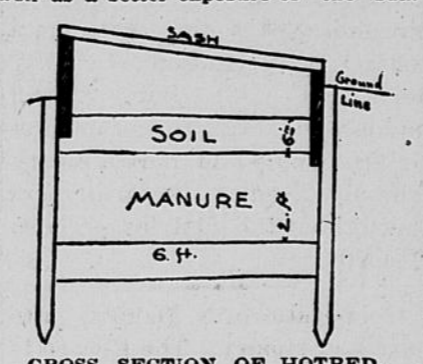
# HORTICULTURE

## TALK ABOUT HOTBEDS.

They Enable Gardeners to Raise Earlier Vegetables at But Slightly Higher Cost.

Hotbeds are frames covered with glass and heated by some artificial means, usually by fermenting manure placed under the whole structure. They are used for several purposes, but mainly for the purpose of starting plants for transplanting earlier than they could be started out of doors, and for the forcing, on a small scale, of some of the more common and hardy vegetables, such as radishes.

The frames may be made of various materials, but when they are to be used for several years, they should be made of two-inch stuff so fitted together as to be easily taken apart for convenient storage. These frames are commonly made 6 by 12 feet, so as to give room for four sash, each of which is 3 by 6 feet. The south side of the frame is usually made 4 to six inches lower than the north, thus giving drainage from rain water as well as a better exposure to the sun.



CROSS SECTION OF HOTBED.

Frames should be planned so that the glass is as close as possible to the plants, without crowding them—about a foot or a foot and a half above the soil on the average. The sash is so placed upon these frames that the lower end may be raised for ventilation and for whatever work and care may be necessary. They should also be so arranged that they can be completely removed in hot weather.

Having prepared the frames and the sash, the next thing is to find a location and to furnish the heat. Preferably hotbeds should be located in some place sheltered from winds and slightly sloping to the south, where they will receive the full benefit of the sun's rays. Convenience is another thing which should not be overlooked, for the beds require considerable care and so should be handy to the house and to the water supply. Having chosen our location we should dig the pit which is to contain the manure for heating. This should be done in the fall before freezing weather. By filling this pit with some manure or rubbish the ground may be kept from freezing, so that it is warmer and more easily worked when ready for use in the spring.

The best manure for heating is fresh horse manure containing about half straw or litter. This should be piled so as to allow heating for about two or three weeks before ready for use. At first the manure ferments unevenly, and so it must be piled several times, taking care to distribute the heating manure evenly throughout the pile. When it has heated evenly throughout it is ready for the hotbed. Care should be taken to have the manure firmly and evenly packed in the pit, and to get it in this condition it is best to put it in layers and allow each to settle somewhat before the next is put in. When the manure is all in, level off the top and place about six inches of rich, light loamy soil, preferably with considerable humus, upon it.

After the manure has been placed in the bed the temperature will rise very rapidly for several days until it reaches a maximum temperature, after which the temperature gradually recedes. When it has fallen to about 80 or 90 degrees it is ready for the seed. The depth of manure depends upon the climate, purpose for which it is to be used, and the length of time heat is required. L. H. Bailey says: "Hot beds which are supposed to hold two months should have about 2½ feet of manure. For a light hotbed, to be used late in the season, 6 or 8 inches may be sufficient."

By bearing in mind these general directions and the cross-section shown here, one may easily construct a hotbed that will make possible earlier and better vegetables at but very slightly increased cost and trouble.—M. L. Merritt, in Prairie Farmer.

**What Cold Storage Does.**  
Cold storage will not make bad fruit good, but proper cold storage will keep good fruit sound. If proper care is taken from the time they are taken out until put on the market, there will always be a sale for apples the year round. Care at picking time and proper storage advances the consumption of the apple crop 12 months, against four or five months a few years ago; in fact, if the present growth of apples had to be marketed under the old conditions, I question if they could all be sold.—W. N. White, in Orange Judd Farmer.

**Too Close Tree Planting.**  
We should make 32 to 35 feet the minimum distance apart in planting, and we will always get better results from 50 trees to an acre than from 75 to 100. Trees planted too close will not do well when they get to bearing age. The branches interlace and shut out the sunlight that should get in about them, and if you could see the roots, they are interlaced far worse than the branches. Then, it is impossible to spray such an orchard properly.—G. C. Caston, in Farmers' Review.

## BERRIES FOR MARKET.

It Pays to Raise Them, Provided the Crop is Disposed Of in the Right Way and Place.

Having been asked, by a farmer subscriber, if it will pay to grow berries for market, in reply I will say "yes"—if the business is managed right, and the crop disposed of in the right way and place. A good many of our towns are not properly supplied with berries; what they get, if any, are second class—the overflow or refuse from the cities, where the market is often glutted. The commission men send circulars out before the berries are ripe, giving prices of berries shipped from the south, inducing many home growers to ship. By the time their berries get ripe the demand is supplied, prices drop, and the berries being a perishable product, have to be sold for what they will bring.

My advice is to grow berries for local market towns that are not well supplied. Such places can be found in the west; land can be bought for less than half that close to large cities, pickers are cheap, and, as a rule, more reliable. Berries that get too ripe on account of rain, and which will not do to ship, can be sold in the home market; all the rough handling of the railroad men, shipping expenses, commissions, etc., are saved, also crates and boxes. Then when consumers get fresh, wholesome, home grown berries, they often get twice as many, and the growers in the local market often can regulate the price.

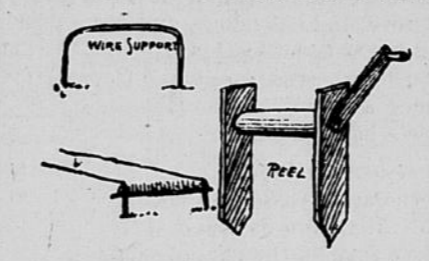
It is a mistake to plant too large an acreage. We have to pay two cents a quart for pickers; one cent for strawberries and blackberries and one and one-half to two cents for raspberries. The pickers can make good wages. I have had boys and girls under 16 years old make a dollar a day. I, 18 years ago, sold as high as \$40 worth of strawberries in a day. I remember selling five dollars worth of raspberries from one picking off one row the length of ten acres. Blackberries, 12 or more years ago, were not profitable, as so many grew wild; but of late years, growing blackberries has become more profitable.—Jacob Faith, in Midland Farmer.

## PROTECTION FOR PLANTS.

A Simple System Which Will Pay for Itself in the Course of a Single Week.

Market gardeners, and even the maker of a kitchen garden, feel the need of some wholesale means of protecting newly set plants from the drying effects of sun or air. A cloudy day is usually taken for transplanting, but the sun may come out with scorching heat at any moment, and much harm be done to unshaded plants. Make a reel, as shown in the accompanying illustration, and a lot of wire supports, using No. 12 wire. Make the reel roller and the wire supports about a foot wide.

Now buy a lot of cheap cotton cloth



PROTECTOR IN OPERATION.

a yard wide, and as long as the rows of plants over which it is to be used. The cloth can be divided into three strips, each strip being tacked at one end to a reel, and at the other end to a 15-inch rod of wood. Stick the sides of the reel into the earth at one end of the row with wire supports at intervals along the row, and pull the cloth along over the plants, fastening the end at the last wire support, as shown in the cut. Occasionally slip a wire support down over the cloth to keep the latter from blowing off the wire supports below it. Wind up the cloth on the reel when the plants no longer need cover.—Orange Judd Farmer.

## The Right Way of Pruning.

Set a green hand to pruning trees, where limbs of any size are to be removed, and the chances are ten to one that he will commence on the upper side of the limb and saw it off, sawing through until, by its own weight, it falls, tearing down the bark and wood, inflicting an ugly wound which it may require years to heal, and which, if not carefully protected from the weather, will cause such decay as to destroy the tree. To prevent injury to the tree, saw one-fourth or one-third through on the under side, and then saw on the upper side, or, with very large limbs to have them supported by a crotched pole, held by an assistant below.—N. Y. Tribune-Farmer.

## Starting Early Vegetables.

Select a warm, sunny place, dig a trench four feet deep, fill with horse manure well packed down and made moist, put on six inches fine soil, cover with sash and let stand a few days. Then plant sweet potatoes, cabbage, tomatoes and celery. If the bed is big enough, cut choice Irish potatoes to one eye, fill small pasteboard boxes with soil and plant one in each. When soil is warm enough they can easily be transplanted. Cover the bed with heavy straw matting and boards in cold storms. The back part of the bed should be raised so the sash slopes to the south to catch the rays of the sun and carry off rain.—M. Peet, in Farm and Home.

The milker should wash his hands thoroughly with soap and water just before milking. Under no conditions should the hands be wet during the milking.

## Get the Right Kind.

Gainesville, Texas, Feb. 22nd.—Mrs. L. E. Burton of 907 Glad street, this city, writes the following letter:—

"I have been awfully troubled with my kidneys. I was in a bad fix and had been doctoring with the Doctors, but was getting no better. I tried a remedy called Dodd's Kidney Pills and I found they did me lots of good. I had a slight return of my trouble and I went to the Drug Store and called for Dodd's Kidney Pills. They said there was no such pill. I told them there was. They said they had the best pills that were made and persuaded me to try a box of another kind, not Dodd's. As I needed some medicine, I bought a box, but they did me no good, so I went elsewhere and got the real Dodd's Kidney Pills, and very soon was completely cured. I took a box up to the Drug Store and showed them that there was such pills and asked them to order some, but as I haven't needed any more I haven't called to see whether or not they got them."

The man who is above his business may one day find his business above him.—Drew.

Do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

Vanity makes a cheap chrome feel like an oil painting.—Chicago Daily News.

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

Circumstances alter cases—especially reduced circumstances.—Chicago Daily News.

No muss or failures made with Putnam Fadeless Dyes.

Truth has many robes, but only one face.—Chicago Tribune.

## CUTICURA SOAP

The World's Greatest Skin Soap—The Standard of Every Nation of the Earth.

Millions of the world's best people use Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, the purest and sweetest of emollient skin cures, for preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair; for softening, whitening and soothing red, rough and sore hands, for baby rashes, itching and chafings, and many sanative, antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, especially mothers, as well as for all the purposes of the toilet, bath and nursery.

Borrowing is not much better than begging.—Lensing.

## Millions in Oats.

Salzer's New National Oats yielded in 1903 in Mich., 240 bu., in Mo., 253 bu., in N. D., 310 bu., and in 30 other states from 150 to 300 bu. per acre. Now this Oat if generally grown in 1904, will add millions of bushels to the yield and millions of dollars to the farmer's purse. Try it for 1904. Largest Seed Potato growers in America.

Salzer's Speltz, Beardless Barley, Home Builder Corn, Macaroni Wheat, Pea Oat, Billion Dollar Grass and Earliest Cane are money makers for you, Mr. Farmer.

JUST SEND THIS NOTICE AND 10c in stamps to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and receive in return their big catalog and lots of farm seed samples. [K. L.]

The street is full of humiliations to the proud.—Emerson.



Mrs. Elizabeth H. Thompson, of Lillydale, N. Y., Grand Worthy Wise Templar, and Member of W. C. T. U., tells how she recovered from a serious illness by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I am one of the many of your grateful friends who have been cured through the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and who can to-day thank you for the fine health you gave me. I was thirty-five years old, I suffered severe backache and frequent bearing-down pains; in fact, I had womb trouble. I was very anxious to get well, and reading of the cures your Compound had made, I decided to try it. I took only six bottles, but it built me up and cured me entirely of all my troubles. My family and relatives were naturally as gratified as I was. My niece had heart trouble and nervous prostration, and was considered incurable. She took your Vegetable Compound and it cured her in a short time, and she became well and strong, and her home to her great joy and her husband's delight was blessed with a baby. I know of a number of others who have been cured of different kinds of female trouble, and am satisfied that your Compound is the best medicine for sick women."—Mrs. ELIZABETH H. THOMPSON, Box 105, Lillydale, N. Y.

Thousands upon thousands of women throughout this country are not only expressing such sentiments as the above to their friends, but are continually writing letters of gratitude to Mrs. Pinkham, until she has hundreds of thousands of letters from women in all classes of society who have been restored to health by her advice and medicine after all other means had failed.

Here is another letter which proves conclusively that there is no other medicine to equal Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I suffered with poor health for over seven years, not sick enough to stay in bed, and not well enough to enjoy life and attend to my daily duties properly. I was growing thin, my complexion was sallow, and I was easily upset and irritable. "One of my neighbors advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I procured a bottle. A great change for the better took place within a week, and I decided to keep up the treatment. "Within two months I was like a changed woman, my health good, my step light, my eyes bright, my complexion vastly improved, and I felt once more like a young girl. I wonder now how I ever endured the misery. I would not spend another year like it for a fortune.

"I appreciate my good health, and give all the praise to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. M. TILIA, 407 Haberstein St., Savannah, Ga.

Mrs. Pinkham has on file thousands of such letters.

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

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