

THE STORY TELLER

Lucy Jane's Birthday

By SARA LINDSAY COLEMAN

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ECSTASIZING over the loveliness of the dress Lucy Jane was fashioning for her eighteenth birthday party the girl, at the risk of a nip in the neck from the dressmaker's scissors, wriggled around viewing herself in the cracked little mirror that was so unfair to her young fairness and said: "It's lovely, you dear Lucy Jane. Isn't it a beautiful world?"

"Yes," said Lucy Jane, softly, "when one is 18 and loves it is."

"Ah," said the girl, "nobody understands as I do. You have been there yourself, if you are an old maid. And isn't it fun? Did one ever threaten to fling himself into the river and almost frighten you into saying it? And did another snip off a strand of your hair quick? And did he, he, Lucy Jane, take one dozen instead of only just one?"

Lucy Jane leaned over the girl breathlessly, for the moment they were girls together.

"Yes," she said, just over her breath. "It was on my eighteenth birthday."

"Then why, why?" the girl stammered, her eyes questioning Lucy Jane's.

"Never mind," said the woman gently. She opened the door for the girl to pass out a bit and an impulsive hand on her shoulder. "I hope you will be happy, dear," she said.

Lucy Jane went back to her work—but presently the girl's birthday gown fell from her hands to the floor and lay there. "It was Lucy Jane's birthday—she was 40. Her eyes wore a faraway look as she gazed down the long road she had traveled since that eighteenth birthday. The stones cut her feet, the dust choked her as she went with memory over it."

At a knock at the door she started from her reverie. It was more distress, no doubt. She was thankful for work, of course. But sometimes, when the house was piled ceiling high with work that never seemed to come to a finish and tired back and nerves cried for rest, she wondered wearily if the villagers would ever give her time to die.

At the door pink roses were thrust in her face by a little black messenger, who beat a hasty retreat.

She recognized the roses—only one garden in the village produced such—she recognized the messenger, and although she wondered at the unusualness of the occurrence, she sniffed them delightedly. She loved flowers as her neighbors loved their babies.

When Lucy Jane drew a card from among the roses and read: "If it's yes, wear these," she was almost stifled by her heart's swift beatings. Her lips trembled; her eyes blurred. The rough road of her life had a turn in it and she saw a glimpse of the blue sky, caught a snatch of song from the bird's glad throat.

There had never been a time when Lucy Jane hadn't loved the sender of those roses. Their laughing little faces had kissed each other through a broken paling in the fence; they had stolen out on snowy mornings to their rabbit trap—it was on his sled she had coasted, and later their voices had mingled in the village choir.

Lucy Jane's eyes went back to the written words—one couldn't doubt written words. She had waited, wearied, wondered, watched; then, seeing her faded face in the mirror, she had crushed the dreams into a tight little ball down in the bottom of her heart and gone through her days in colorless content.

As Lawyer Coates awaited Lucy Jane in her prim little parlor he fidgeted. His errand was an awkward one. He had come to explain about the roses and some old time memories had overtaken him. He had loved Lucy Jane since their babyhood days when he had pulled the palings off the back fence that divided them; she had given him letters to mail to his rival with such persistence that he had ceased his attentions to her.

As he sat there he remembered the mad whirl of love and anger that had swept over him, and he smiled somewhat grimly as he told himself that the fire of that old love had burnt itself out. Poor Lucy Jane! Life had taken the roses out of her cheeks before they fairly

bloomed. He wondered for the thousandth time who was the mysterious Jim Jackson, and what had come between them.

When Lucy Jane greeted the lawyer she wore roses in her cheeks, in her hair and nestled in the belt of her gown—and as he saw her thus attired a great dismay fell on Lawyer Coates. He had come to tell her the roses with which she had decked herself were for the young widow across the street.

He sat down and looked at Lucy Jane out of the corner of his eye. There were little furrows of loneliness in the cheeks that had been so round.

"Lucy," he stammered; "Lucy Jane."

She turned her happy eyes upon him.

The lawyer was a tender man, and he edged a little nearer, didn't he have to tell her about the muddle the little nigger had made of things.

"You don't care, Lucy?" He blurted out the words and hung anxiously on her answer.

"Care," she said. "I have cared all my life."

"Look here, Lucy," the lawyer said, earnestly. "I'm not worth it! And I want to tell you—"

"You needn't," her soft little laugh filled the room. "I always knew that you'd come back to me when you found out the truth."

"Lucy Jane!" desperately.

"And you are just as scared, now that you've got here, as if you were stepping on eggs. How did you find out? I used to pray till I wearied the Lord when I heard—never mind how—that you were jealous about those letters, 'Lord, let him find out that Jim Jackson was the cook's beau and not mine.'"

The lawyer stared at her stupidly. He had been a jealous young fool, but Lucy, his Lucy, had loved him: straight through; they had lost more than 20 good years of happiness, and now, he groaned audibly, he was still a fool—the worst kind—an old one. He had rescued a flirtatious young widow's boy from a mud hole and her pretty thanks that sounded through his sentimental, empty soul through the long hours of the summer afternoon and prompted him to send the roses and with them an avowal of love.

With the instinct of the homing pigeon Lucy Jane nestled to him at the sound of that heartfelt groan.

"Dear," she said, "what troubles you?"

The lawyer, folded her in his arms. He didn't care a rap for all the scheming widows in the land—not if he had submerged them with roses, and pursued them with attentions—he would confess like a man. But suddenly, it came in a



THE LAWYER WAS A TENDER MAN AND HE EDGED A LITTLE NEARER.

liberating flash of thought, he remembered that there was no confession to make to the widow—Lucy had got his roses; she had his declaration—the widow wasn't even aware that the tranquil waters of his life had been ruffled by pulling her Bobby from a mud hole. But Lucy was talking, her smothered voice coming from the depths of his coat, already she was taking the airs of a matron and saying: "Some men get such poor wives. I'm sorry for the poor young fellow that's going to marry the pretty widow across the street, even if I have just a picture acquaintance with him, for she's flighty, and," whispering, "she's an awful cook."

"Lucy Jane," said the lawyer, making one last desperate effort to be honest with her at the mention of a cook, "I never knew a breath of Jim Jackson being the cook's beau and of your writing those letters for her. I came to—"

"For the land's sake, Johnny," said the smiling, breathless Jane, "then 'twas the Lord!"

The lawyer got his breath in a quick little gasp of relief and checked the last scruple down deep in his heart to lie there with what he knew about those blessed roses till the judgment day.

"It was the Lord," he echoed, piously.

PAINTS OF THE ANCIENTS.

Water Colors Were Invariably Used in the Olden Days—Pictures in Oil Are Modern.

Paints as now employed in the arts, both mechanical and decorative, were not known to the people of ancient times. Pigments they had in abundance, but the art of mixing them so as to make them enduring had not been discovered. Nowadays when the artisan is applying varnish he puts up a sign warning passers-by to beware of paint, which shows that by the average man varnish is regarded as a species of paint.

The two are, indeed, closely related, but it will surprise most people to learn that while varnish is a product known in very remote ages, paint as used to-day is of comparatively recent origin.

The paint used in Babylon and Nineveh and in Pompeii was composed of pigments mixed not with oil but with water, to which had been added a lit-

Art in Architecture

Designed and Written Especially for this Paper

IT is essential to health that the sanitary condition, since the home homes be in every way in a good is where everybody spends the greater part of his or her life. A permanent home should be built with care and planned with special reference to the wants and necessities of the family. Let us have permanent homes built in accordance with the times and most modern styles.

I have the pleasure of illustrating therewith a conveniently planned dwell-

ing in a style of design suitable for a suburban residence. It is well constructed and finished throughout, and when surrounded with ample grounds it is very effective. In the first story the hall, library, parlor and dining-room are so located and connected as to be easily thrown together. The culinary arrangement is deserving of special mention for convenience. The small kitchen, furnished with brick-set range, sink, dresser, etc., is reached from the front hall through a lobby, from which also



E. A. PAYNE ARCHT. CHICAGO, ILL.

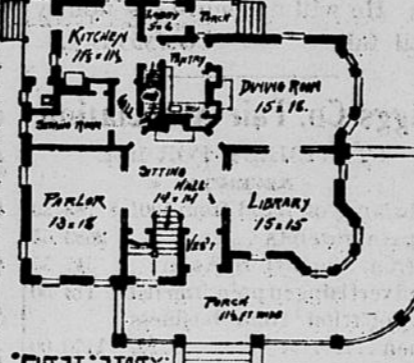
AN IMPOSING DWELLING FOR CITY OR SUBURB.

four chambers and bathroom. The chambers are provided with large closets, and the bathroom is wainscoted and furnished complete. Several bedrooms could be provided in the third story if desired.

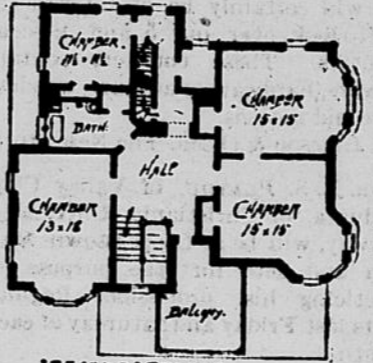
The materials used are a combination of stone, wood and brick. The foundation walls and underpinning are built of rough faced stone of a light grayish blue color, laid up and neatly pointed in white mortar. The first and second stories are veneered on the exterior with

lighted by stained glass windows, shedding a soft and pleasant light over the upper and lower halls. The fireplace is built of brick and has a hearth laid in mosaic and an oak mantel. The parlor is treated in ivory white and gold in a delicate manner. The library is trimmed in mahogany. The dining-room has a parquet floor and is trimmed in oak. It has a neatly designed brick fireplace and mantel set in an arched recess.

The second floor is trimmed in white pine finished natural. On this floor are



"FIRST STORY"



"SECOND STORY"

risers the back stairs, and is connected with the dining-room through the pantry. The pantry is thoroughly equipped. Passage to the rear outside is through an entry porch, and to the cellar from the kitchen inside.

The principal feature of the interior is the hall and staircase, which is trimmed in oak, the walls being paneled four feet high. The ceiling is heavily beamed, forming deep panels. The hall has a parquet floor and a staircase with carved newels. The stairway is

Roman gray pressed brick. The remaining portion of the exterior is covered with shingles. The roof is shingled. The striking feature of the exterior are the towers, balconies, spacious piazza and ornamental chimneys. Cemented cellars under the whole house contain laundry, furnace room and other necessary apartments. The house is heated by hot water and can be erected in most places for from \$6,000 to \$7,000.

E. A. PAYNE.

HEART PULSATIONS.

Combining of Kinetoscope with X-Rays Will Make Visible the Organ's Beats.

To stand before a kinetoscope and see there produced the actual pulsations of your own heart, to note in the flying squares its location and appearance, and to deliberately count its strokes—that is the startling scientific possibility being made to mankind by the experiments now being made by Dr. M. K. Kassabian, of Philadelphia, are successful.

The result is to be reached by the combination of a powerful Roentgen ray and a specially contrived photographic apparatus operated on the principle of the kinetoscope. This machine, if constructed, would be so timed as to correspond with the pulsations of the normal human heart.

The proposal to thus lay bare the innermost secrets of anatomy was suggested by Dr. Kassabian in a paper read before the convention of the American Roentgen Ray society in Houston hall, University of Pennsylvania. It aroused instant attention, and has been the subject of widespread comment.

Dr. Kassabian was disinclined to predictions when interviewed, but he is earnest in his opinion of its feasibility. Thus far his experiments have convinced him the only problem lies in the construction of a photographic machine adapted to the work.

"The advance in X-ray appliances," said Dr. Kassabian, "together with the skill now being shown in the operation of the machines, makes the moving picture of the heart's action entirely practical. Formerly a single X-ray photograph took from two to four minutes. Now it can be secured in a second or less. The pulsation of the normal heart is 72 strokes to the minute. A photographic machine on the kinetoscope principle would show the dilation and contraction of the heart and the action of the diaphragm with mathematical exactness. It would reveal also the identical location of the heart. I am quite convinced of the feasibility of such photographs.

"As it stands now we have only a

single view of the heart, and as the photograph might be taken during either contraction or distention we can never have an accurate view of its size. I consider the idea entirely feasible."

A further possibility of the machine is the recording by the watch how varying emotions react on the heart. Physicians can then determine just what effect excitement, fear, distress, joy, etc., have in accelerating the movement of the organ. Dr. Henry Hulst, of Grand Rapids, is another believer in heart motion pictures and an active experimenter.

Enormous Waste of Power.

Probably the greatest waste of power in this country, outside of the natural water power daily going to waste all over the land, can be found in the Conneville coke region in Pennsylvania, where the gases from thousands of coke ovens pass off into the air without any effort being made for their utilization. These gases might be used to operate gas engines, just as illuminating gas is made to do at present, and the gas engines could in turn operate the dynamos with which to generate thousands of horse power for commercial use in the adjoining districts. It has already been proved, in the case of the Niagara Falls Power company and another long line in California, that distance is no barrier to the transmission of electric power, and even Pittsburg, with all its manufacturing industries, is not beyond the reach of this enormous quantity of power which is now going to waste.

Moissan Process Diamonds.

Recent experiments with the Moissan process for the artificial production of diamonds has shown that crystals of perfect octahedral form and transparency may be obtained by the fusion of a rock similar to the matrix of the South African diamonds. The crystals, however, are of microscopic size, and no way has yet been discovered to make the diamonds of sufficient size to be sold individually at a profit. If it should be possible to produce these crystals in large quantities, there might be a field for them as an abrading and polishing agent along with emery and corundum.

This Is Miraculous.

Manhattan, Kans., March 14.—One of the strangest cases that has ever been heard of in Riley Co. is that of the three-year-old daughter of Mr. Jonas Brubaker of this place.

Some time ago the little girl took whooping cough, which was followed by pneumonia. When the pneumonia left her, she was taken down with malaria fever with all the symptoms of Spinal Meningitis.

The family doctor brought her safely through these troubles, but after the fever Bright's Disease set in and the doctors gave her up. Her father tells the rest of the story:

"We began to give her Dodd's Kidney Pills and after she had taken about three and a half boxes, she was entirely cured. Now she is well as any child, running and playing as if nothing had ever been the matter with her. The doctors said she was beyond the reach of medicine. Dodd's Kidney Pills certainly saved our little girl's life, when she was so far into the chronic stage of Bright's Disease that we thought nothing could save her."

Not Bigoted.

Brown—I thought you were a vegetarian, but I hear you eat mutton.

Robinson—I am not a bigoted vegetarian. I only eat the meat of such animals as live on vegetable food.—Stray Stories.

Salzer's Home Builder Corn.

So named because 50 acres produced so heavily, that its proceeds built a lovely home. See Salzer's catalog. Yielded in 1903 in Ind. 157 bu., Ohio 160 bu., Tenn. 98 bu., and in Mich. 230 bu. per acre. You can beat this record in 1904.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THESE YIELDS PER ACRE?

120 bu. Beardless Barley per acre.
310 bu. Salzer's New National Oats per A.
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1,000 bu. Pedigree Potatoes per acre.
14 tons of rich Billion Dollar Grass Hay.
60,000 lbs. Victoria Rape for sheep—per A.
190,000 lbs. Teosinte, the fodder wonder.
54,000 lbs. Salzer's Superior Fodder Corn—rich, juicy fodder, per A.

Just such yields you can have, Mr. Farmer, in 1904, if you will plant Salzer's seeds.

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

"Pa, how much is Mr. Rockefeller worth?" "Oh, about a billion dollars, my son."

"How much is that in doughnuts, pa?"—Town Topics.

It Cures While You Walk.

Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for hot, sweating, callus, and swollen, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Just as you are pleased at finding faults, you are displeased at finding perfections.—Lavater.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

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

Unbidden guests are always welcome when they are gone.—Shakespeare.

Put on Fadeless Dyes are fast to light and washing.

Ungratefulness is the very poison of mankind.—Sir P. Sidney.

Fastidious.

"The front porch is dreadfully dirty, Maria."

"Yes, I know. But the new girl says she won't wash it off until her trunk comes."

"And what has her trunk to do with it?"

"She says she always wears her best stockings when she washes porches."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Gilbert—"I went to the lunatic asylum yesterday." Noyes—"And they let you come away? Perhaps the places were all taken?"—Boston Transcript.

In order to be popular, forget to say a word.—Felix G. Prime.



Miss Agnes Miller, of Chicago, speaks to young women about dangers of the Menstrual Period.

"TO YOUNG WOMEN:—I suffered for six years with dysmenorrhea (painful periods), so much so that I dreaded every month, as I knew it meant three or four days of intense pain. The doctor said this was due to an inflamed condition of the uterine appendages caused by repeated and neglected colds."

"If young girls only realized how dangerous it is to take cold at this critical time, much suffering would be spared them. Thank God for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, that was the only medicine which helped me any. Within three weeks after I started to take it, I noticed a marked improvement in my general health, and at the time of my next monthly period the pain had diminished considerably. I kept up the treatment, and was cured a month later. I am like another person since I am in perfect health, my eyes are brighter, I have added 15 pounds to my weight, my color is good, and I feel light and happy."—Miss Agnes Miller, 25 Potomac Ave., Chicago, Ill.—\$2000 worth of original above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

The monthly sickness reflects the condition of a woman's health. Anything unusual at that time should have prompt and proper attention.

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Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

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For 10c and this notice we mail you free lots of farm seed samples and one big catalog, telling all about this oat wonder and thousands of other seeds.

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from Female Troubles can trust themselves with **Orange Balm**. You apply it direct to the afflicted part, and it does what no amount of medicine taken inwardly can do. For sample and my testimonials, apply to Mrs. M. E. Prentiss, Detroit, Mich.

A. N. K.—G 2013

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