

# THE STORY TELLER

## "Deuced Awkward"

By LAWRENCE HENRY

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IT WAS on a small steamer in the Mediterranean, sailing from Nice and bound for Cairo. Aboard among other passengers, was a small party of Americans consisting of Mrs. Travers, her entrancing daughter Marie, a Mr. Howard Lamont and Freddie Twombly. The Travers and Freddie had been leisurely doing the continent for several months. At Nice, some weeks before, they met Mr. Lamont, and he gladly accepted an invitation to accompany them to Egypt. His readiness could be accounted for because of any of a number of reasons. Among these several might have been: that Mrs. Travers, though of the parvenue, was a widow; that her daughter, her only heir, was of that charming type of American girl where-in beauty of face, symmetry of form and piquancy of manner cause admiration wherever found; that Mr. Lamont, a bachelor, possibly somewhat blasé, still was open to the seductions of the sex, and further, that he wholly appreciated the intrinsic and extrinsic worth of good American dollars; that well, there may have been other reasons why Mr. Lamont was there, but sufficient have been enumerated.

Freddie should also be accounted for in some manner. He had been with the Travers ever since they left New York. Freddie would be called by some people a chappie, and maybe he was. The girls called him peaches and cream, because of his complexion; the men, except in his own set, never grew serious because of his presence. Nobody seemed to know exactly whether he was a fool or not. One thing was certain, he had been doing the lackey part for the Travers all over the continent, and was still at it. But Freddie had a purpose in this; it was a qualification that put him in the man class—he loved, yes, he loved, deeply, profoundly, for all the littleness of the surface indication of his nature. He demeaned himself, he sacrificed his self-respect, he received orders and reprimands, was coddled like a poodle or snapped up like a servant, according to the moods of his task-mistresses, and he stood for it all, because he thought it was the way to secure the love of the woman he loved.

Of course, it was beautiful Marie that Freddie loved, and it was a sad day for him when Mr. Howard Lamont came upon the scene. Not that he had ever received what other men would have called encouragement from Marie, but at times when in a real sentimental relaxation, she would hold long tete-a-tetes with Freddie and languidly pick the strings of his heart like a harp, until the boy fairly stifled with emotion. His speech was always with a stutter, but on these occasions he would reach the stage where there would be only the stutter without speech. They always ended with a rippling laugh on Marie's part, but often her heart would fall her and on parting she would extend her hand for Freddie to kiss.

But with Mr. Lamont's appearance these rifts in the clouds for Freddie ceased. Marie's tete-a-tetes were monopolized by Mr. Lamont, the debonaire, the impressive, accomplished man of the world, and by the time they found themselves on the deck of this little Mediterranean steamer he was the apparently acknowledged savior for her hand.

Mrs. Travers was delighted, for she loved her daughter with all the strength of an honest mother's heart, notwithstanding her own little failings. She regarded Mr. Lamont as the genuine type of sturdy manhood, and she appreciated his position and lineage. It was because of Freddie's position and lineage that she tolerated him, but it was his apparent lack of the other quality that caused her to hold him in semi-contempt.

It was the second day out. Freddie was below, sipping an absinthe and whisky as a surcease for the aching of his wounded heart. Mr. Lamont and Marie were on deck enjoying the soft breezes from the Italian shore.

"Do you really think the man who truly loves a woman will sacrifice his life for her if put to the test?" inquired Marie, the conversation apparently having grown somewhat animated on her part.

"Undoubtedly," replied Mr. Lamont, in tones that thrilled with the conviction of the thought. "I sincerely believe that no woman can ever be absolutely positive of a man's genuine love until he has been put to such a test."

"Ah, Howard," and she spoke in soft, tender accents, as she inclined toward him until her sweet breath almost fanned his cheek. "You would stand the test, wouldn't you?"

"Marie," he looked fearlessly into her eyes, "do you doubt?"

"No, no," she breathed, as she permitted him to gently press her hand, "but there are some men who could not."

"Not men," he answered, earnestly. At that moment Freddie appeared, wore begone and almost inanimate. "Ha, ha," quietly laughed Mr. Lamont. "Freddie is possibly among those who are scratched."

Marie laughed also, but with little mirth. She now really felt sorry for him. Freddie, not as inanimate as he appeared, remarked, in passing them: "Aw, possibly I'm providing the amusement, don't you know. Not so deuced de trop, eh!" and he disappeared in the cabin.

So it was the voyage continued until fairly within the harbor, in sight of the classic old city of Cairo. Freddie sulked and drank his absinthe and whisky. Mrs. Travers purred, for everything was going to please the fondest hopes of an affectionate mother or an ambitious parent. Mr. Lamont and Marie had everything as they could wish, and the wedding day was all but set.

It was evening when the vessel anchored before the city. The quarantine regulations prohibited it from docking until morning. The few passengers were on deck breathing the soothing air of the summer night and viewing the lights of the old town far ashore. The lover's were in the bow, seemingly alone, but not far off sat Mrs. Travers, with the motherly instinct of ever looking



SHE WOULD LANGUIDLY PICK THE STRINGS OF HIS HEART LIKE A HARP.

after her own. Marie seemed to be very much interested with the lap of the waves against the side of the boat, for often she would lean far over the rail and look down, and as often her mother would appeal to her to be careful. Mr. Lamont would also gently restrain her, but perhaps she was self-willed.

However, she did it once too often. The boat was old, the rail in places was rotten, and suddenly there was a shriek and a splash, and Marie disappeared in the murky waters.

The anguished mother shrieked for somebody to save her daughter.

There was great commotion on deck. It was dark, the passengers rushed hither and thither, while Mrs. Travers continued her cries of "Save her! She is drowning! Save her!"

Almost a minute elapsed; it seemed an hour, when there was another splash. A man was seen to plunge into the blackness below.

"He has her! He is holding her up!" shouted some one, peering over the rail. "For Heaven's sake, lower the boat!"

And the boat was down with all possible speed. The man in the water was making a heroic struggle. With one strong arm stroke he kept both afloat, while with the other he held the half-unconscious girl's head above the surface.

A few seconds more, and the rescuers reached them. Willing hands drew them over the gunwale of the life saving boat, and a shout of joy went up from the deck of the vessel above.

As soon as taken into the small boat the man almost swooned, and fell back in the darkness, but Marie unexplainably recovered, and with hysterical sobs dragged herself to where he lay, and cried in tones of joy:

"Howard! Howard, you saved me! You risked your life; you stood the test. You are brave, you are noble. You love me, Howard!"

A faint voice, scarcely audible, could be heard in response: "Aw, I ain't Howard, don't you know. I'm Freddie. Deuced awkward, don't you think?"

The next week there was a wedding in old Cairo at the American consulate. The debonaire Mr. Lamont was not there, not even as a witness, but Freddie was there, and Marie was there, and they were more than witnesses, for they were the whole thing.

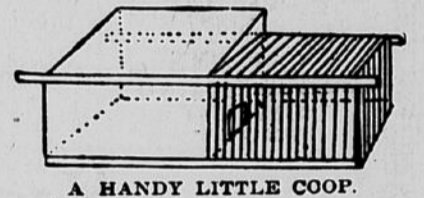
As an addenda, it might be well to say that Mrs. Travers was as beaming as if her daughter had captured a prince.

# POULTRY AND BEES

## MODEL COOP FOR CHICKENS

As a Labor Saver the Contrivance Here Described in Detail Has But Few Equals.

Sketch and description of coop and run for setting hen and chicks. They can roost in it till the hen leaves them. Ends 1 inch thick or more; make ends first 2 feet, 2 1/2 inches long, back edges 2 feet 3 inches, front edge 1 foot 11 inches. Front and back should be one-half-inch thick. Nail box together and nail two pieces on inside of back and front of coop 3x1, on which put a loose floor. Now take two pieces 2 1/2 x 1-inch 7 feet long. Nail one on each side of coop at top edge of front, keep back one same distance from bottom. Let them overhang 6 inches at each end, to form handles. Put two on bottom 6 feet long;



A HANDY LITTLE COOP.

nail cross pieces same size, between the ends to form the run. Now, cut plasterer's lath in half for end of run and leave a space of 5 inches to slide a thin board in, another space 2 1/2 inches to slide a piece in. Space the remainder and nail on. Cover front, back and top with lath or wire netting. Make an opening in end of coop for hen, and cover with a sliding board from back to front to keep hen in and skunks out. Now make your roof. Let it project 3 inches both ends and front; put leather hinges all the way along the back and shingle the joints to keep rain out. Now put in nest, and you can carry it around anywhere. To make the above give the best results it needs two pieces in between the rails, thus, X. Then nail the laths on 1 1/2 inches apart. When you want to confine the chicks in the run, put loose laths in between them. When they are big enough to run around, take the loose laths out, so they can go in and out at will. Now put a piece 2x1 on each end 12 inches from the floor to put perches on, and put dirt, water, feed and grit in the coop when you set the hen. —J. Hagley, in Epitomist.

## POULTRY YARD CHATTER.

Cheap food is always at the expense of quality.

No food is cheap that does not bring paying results.

Provide plenty of nests where there are many hens or pullets.

Damaged food invites indigestion and various bowel troubles.

It's "trouble" to look after a flock of poultry in the way it should be done—but it pays.

Grit, either oyster shells or crushed granite, should be kept under cover accessible to the poultry.

Air the poultry house once a day, no matter how cold it is. Don't neglect to clean out the house every morning because "it is so cold."

Keep the cockerels and pullets separate until a couple of weeks before you commence saving eggs for hatching. Both will be the better for the plan.

The best "condition remedy" for poultry is good care, cleanliness in the houses, variety of sound food, grit, pure water, etc., and making the stock exercise in a scratching shed.

Keep the poultry busy scratching. Plenty of short, dry straw litter or leaves under a shed or in the house is the way and place. Scatter a little cracked corn or wheat several times during the day. Late in the evening give enough warm food to provide for the required amount.

## THIS GOOSE IS A JUMBO.

Truthful Reporter Says Fowl Weighs 144 Pounds and Wears Rubbers in Winter.

Harry Pinkham, of Nevada, Story county, Iowa, owns a Toulouse goose which is indeed a monstrosity and has attracted a great deal of attention at the various places at which it has been exhibited by Mr. Pinkham. The fowl, which is a little over two years of age, weighs 144 pounds, and has been exhibited at the fat stock show at Chicago, at Des Moines at the Iowa state fair, and will be taken to St. Louis to be exhibited this summer at the Louisiana Purchase exposition. The enormous weight of the goose has been too heavy for its web feet, and in order to protect the goose from the frozen ground this winter Mr. Pinkham made for the fowl a pair of rubber shoes which fit on the two web feet. The goose has been in the habit of laying an egg about every day, and these eggs are of enormous size, being as large as an ordinary water bottle, and the landlady at Pinkham's boarding house recently made 14 pies out of one of the eggs which the goose had laid.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## Meat for Egg Production.

If eggs are low, meat yields so small a profit as to be a questionable food for egg production, but in the winter time, when eggs are always high, it pays well to feed it. Patty portions of meat should not be used, as the object is to furnish nitrogen or albumen. Fat and starch are furnished in a cheaper form by grain. The cheap portions of beef, such as the neck, are best for the fowls. An ounce a day is about the right quantity for winter layers.—Prairie Farmer.

## MONEY IN RAISING GEES.

It is a Pleasant Occupation and One That Provides Several Sources of Income.

If there is abundant pasturage little feed is required during the summer months, as geese depend almost wholly upon grass. In winter provide an inclosure or portection and feed some grain, shredded silage or hay twice a day. If too much grain is given laying will be induced too early and the eggs will not be fertile. Geese seek mates in February.

A profitable cross for market purposes is obtained by mating an Embden gander with a Toulouse female. The green goose, as styled by the English, is marketable at about four months, although they are often placed upon the market at two months if large and well-fatted.

Young goslings should be given warm quarters, not allowed to get chilled, and much the same treatment given as to ducklings, until strong enough to follow the mother.

While plenty of drinking water must be provided, and a bath occasionally is beneficial, yet it is not essential; that ponds be prepared nor that geese should dabble in water at all times. If the geese have access to running water or a pond it will be necessary to pen the goslings and the mothers for a few weeks until the down is well out. Cornmeal, slightly salted, should be fed goslings, and scraps from the table are liked.

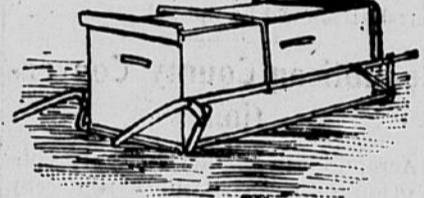
To fatten geese they should be placed out of sight or hearing of their mates, or they will not fatten easily. Give plenty of grass and water daily, in addition to grain or scalded meal. Cooked turnips are relished.

A pound of feathers is about the average amount obtained from six geese when picked for their feathers; when killed, three geese generally furnish one pound. The Toulouse lays from twenty to twenty-five at a clutch. The first clutch should be set under hens, the goose being allowed to sit on the last. If well managed each goose ought to raise 20 goslings in the season, and when ready for market each should weigh ten pounds.—New England Homestead.

## VERY HANDY HIVE CARRIER.

A Little Device Which Saves a Lot of Work and Can Be Made for a Few Cents.

I am sending you a hive carrier. I used it in putting in my own bees, and find it much easier work with the carrier, as I can carry them into the cellar and pile them up without setting them



GREENWOOD'S HIVE CARRIER.

down. It does away with a lot of heavy lifting. With it I can tier up the hives in double rows with backs six or eight inches apart, and four inches apart in the rows. The carrier set is made for ten-frame bottom boards, 22 inches long, but will pick up boards up to 23 1/2 inches just as well. It is the only one I have made, and can be improved; but you will be able to tell whether or not anything as good or better has been gotten up before now. The material cost about fifty cents.—H. E. Greenwood, in Gleanings on Bee Culture.

## Trimming Incubator Wicks.

At this season, incubator and brooder lamps are being lighted up in all parts of the country, and trimmed with the scissors or a sharp knife. Much better results can be had by using a small piece of woolen cloth. Put the light out and turn the wick up so the charred portion stands above the wick-holder, and rub that portion of the wick crosswise with the cloth; then turn up a little more, and rub from center to each edge. The latter method will leave the wick slightly higher in the center, and it will burn with a clean, oval flame. This same cloth will do to clean the metal parts of the burner, and will last a long while. We trim our house lamps in the same way, and never have uneven flame or "letters in the candle" effect. If you will use this cloth method of cleaning in a thorough manner, you will never have dim lights and uneven heat.—D. E. Howatt, in Country Gentleman.

## Foundations for Sections.

Foundation for sections may be ordered by the pound, and costs little. A pound goes a long ways if used only as top starters. Full sheets of foundation are advised by those who make a business of bee-keeping. Cut them true square and fill the sections within one-quarter inch of the bottom and one-eighth inch of the inside width of the section. But if one desires to be economical, top starters an inch wide may be used as comb-guides and will be found an important factor in the production of fancy comb honey.—Midland Farmer.

## Small Broods Are Safest.

Chicks in small broods will do better, and while there are people who succeed excellently with 100 chicks in a brooder, the average person will do better if only 50 are placed in a flock, and still better if the number be reduced to 25. In large flocks chicks will crowd, and if they once get into a jam and are overheated they are of very little value afterwards. Once overheated they are tender and will crowd whenever a number are together, no matter what the temperature of the brooder may be.—Commercial Poultry.

Quality in food for poultry is what gives it value.

# "PE-RU-NA TONES UP THE SYSTEM IF TAKEN IN THE SPRING."

SAYS THIS BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRL.



MISS MARJORY HAMPTON, OF NEW YORK.

Miss Marjory Hampton, 2616 Third Avenue, New York City, writes: "Peruna is a fine medicine to take any season of the year. Taken in the spring it tones up the system and acts as a tonic, strengthening me more than a vacation. In the fall and winter I have found that it cures colds and catarrh and also find that it is invaluable to keep the bowels regular, acting as a gentle stimulant on the system. In fact, I consider it a whole medicine chest."—Miss Marjory Hampton.

## PURE BLOOD.

Blood Impurities of Springtime—Cause, Prevention and Cure.

Dr. Hartman's medical lectures are eagerly scanned by many thousand readers.

One of the most timely and interesting lectures he ever delivered was his recent lecture on the blood impurities of spring.

The doctor said in substance that every spring the blood is loaded with the effete accumulations of winter, deranging the digestion, producing sluggishness of the liver, overtaxing the kidneys, interfering with the action of the bowels and the proper circulation of the blood.

This condition of things produces what is popularly known as spring fever, spring malaria, nervous exhaustion, that tired feeling, blood thickening and many other names.

Sometimes the victim is bilious, dyspeptic and constipated; sometimes he is weak, nervous and depressed; and again he may have eruptions, swellings and other blood humors. Whichever it is, the cause is the same—effete accumulations in the blood.

Nothing is more certain within the whole range of medical science than that a course of Peruna in early springtime will perfectly and effectually prevent or cure this almost universal affection.

Everybody feels it in some degree.

A great majority are disturbed considerably, while a large per cent. of the human family are made very miserable by this condition every spring.

Peruna will prevent it if taken in time.

Peruna will cure it if taken as directed.

Peruna is the ideal spring medicine of the medical profession.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

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heals Old Sores quickly.

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cures Sprains and Strains.

## SANCTUARY.

"Appoint out for you cities of refuge."—Joshua 20:2.

There was, in that dim, ancient day, A place where men might find retreat, A place whose portals would not away However hard the foe might beat. However they might rage and chafe; He found, who to that city went, A sanctuary strong and safe— A place of freedom and content.

So, shut the door when night is come; Forget the world that lies without— The world of problems wearisome, Of worries, of defeat and doubt. Here on the hearth is cheering blaze; Here is the coaxing linoleum, With pipe, mayhap, incense to raise Above the dream-inspiring book.

Bar out the world; learn to forget The echo of its rasping call; Let neither care, nor fear, nor fret, Find footspace once within your walls. Forget the babel of the street, Forget the roughness of the way.

## For here are blossoms fair and sweet—

Outside are shadows dull and gray.

Be this your sanctuary, then, What of to-morrow? It may wait, For here is health and home again, And here contentment holds its state. These four walls shield us roundabout— What greater peace is there to win? Now all the darkness is shut out, And all the light and love locked in.—W. D. N., in Chicago Daily Tribune.

**Fair Trade Is No Bobbery.**

King Menelik has a glorious future before him, remarks the Washington Star. He will bring to the St. Louis exposition some ivory, tropical fruits and the like, and take back the cakewalk, the ragtime song, the opossom and the persimmon.

**Would Come In Handy.**

An enterprising drummer should do a good business with a neat line of cyclone cellars in Vladivostok, remarks the Chicago Daily News, after what has happened to Port Arthur.