

THE STORY TELLER

SORROWFUL SIMEON.

Sim Griggs is always frettin'; he's never satisfied. Unless he's tellin' people about how hard he's tried. To be a patient Christian, and how it hasn't paid; He thinks the Lord is always upsettin' plans he's made. But, as for me, I reckon that greater things than Sim's Are claimin' God's attention and makin' work for Him.

Sim's always sure in April that frost'll kill the fruit; He always counts on missin' before he aims to shoot; Before he starts to poundin' he's sure he'll hit his thumb; He frets in pleasant weather about the storms to come; He thinks the Lord is watchin' him always, everywhere; And schemin' to keep sendin' more cares for him to bear.

Now, I have learned this lesson from hearin' Sim complain; To yell before you're hit brings a double dose of pain; The man that's always losin' his crops before he sows Does very little reapin', and any man that knows The Lord keeps busy tryin' to push him to the wall; Must have a sneakin' notion that God is mighty small.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

From Generation to Generation.

A Story of Indian Revenge.

By Marguerite Stabler.

THERE was no death-dance, no loud wailing, no burning. Of the five survivors of the horrible massacre, Sikra was the only one unscathed. When the first ray of daylight thinned the blackness around her sufficiently to give her bearings, she crept out of her covert, back to the scene. The white men were gone, but their work had been well done. The grasses were dabbled with blood, the pools were dotted and red, there were still faint grins on the upturned faces of the dead.

In the midst of the mangled bodies, Black Wing lay dead. Sikra was only a squaw; she did not know how to swoon and drip tears, but the sun was high before she moved a muscle or drew a deep breath. When, at last, however, she brushed over the sand, slipped into her canoe, and paddled slowly down the bay, she was not one of the survivors of the massacre. The Indian island not seemed to her soul.

The government was held responsible for the massacre by outsiders, and the overt acts of hostility on the part of some of the chiefs was cited as the cause by those more closely initiated. The perpetrators, perhaps citizens of Eureka, although suspected, were never charged with the crime, but as time went on it was generally conceded to be the work of private individuals, who had their own object in view.

As time went on and the Indians were herded onto the Hoopa reservation, the story of the massacre was buried beneath other debris of its kind—treachery on the part of the red-skin and bad faith of the whites—until the stronger race had gotten all the power into its hands and driven the Indian, his wrongs and his rights, out of the path of progress.

But the lapse of time that accomplished this condition did not wipe out the injustice of Black Wing's death from Sikra's memory. Grown haggard and old in the interim, she had not lost one detail of the island scene from her mind. The boy she bore a few months after the massacre was nursed and cradled in the hope of revenge. His lullabies were the death-groans of the wounded warriors and the wailings of the women and children who fell in the struggle. His first lisping words were a vow of vengeance for Black Wing's blood. He knew the gruesome story glibly before he was old enough to understand it, and by the time he was able to grasp the meaning of his early training, revenge was written large in the very fiber of his being.

"He is like Black Wing," Sikra said, as each year his straight young limbs grew longer, his little young frame stronger, and she saw a hope of her life's object being realized. Mrs. Howe, who lived in the big white house, often asked, when the old squaw came to do the weekly washing: "Why don't you make the boy work, Sikra?" But she straightened her old, bent back, and grunted: "Well—a I not raise him for that."

Meantime the boy fished up and down the streams, content to bask in the sunshine, or roamed through the forests and mountain solitudes, idle but thinking, always brooding, plotting, thinking.

"You will spoil the boy, Sikra, if you do not make him work," the kind woman of the white house said again, one afternoon, while a pile of snowy linen grew under the knotted hands of the old landress. "Idleness will get him into mischief," she added, as the stalwart figure of the young buck swung along the roadside, stopped at the driveway, and sauntered up to the back porch, where his mother was working. No one else could have said this much to Sikra, for her boy was the one raw spot in her heart. She never permitted the kind-hearted Mrs. Howe's advice to bother her, however, and only mumbled to herself as the big

fellow slumped down on the cellar door, his keen eyes following the chickens preparing to roost in the cedar trees.

But while the sounds splashed and the water streamed and dripped over the floor, the shrill housewife buried herself at doing things on the porch, for a glance at the young buck made her realize the propriety of her presence on the scene. "I'll do what I have always intended to do with this game-bag," she said, half aloud. "It has hung here long enough collecting trash. This is a good time to overhaul it and throw the rubbish away."

The game-bag was a ponderous leather thing, and its capacity apparently unlimited. Old fishhooks and tackle came first, rusted and rotten from long disuse. Then hatchets, horseshoes, gopher-traps, doorknobs, coils of wire, shot-pouches, rubber gloves—everything, in short, that a catch-all of such sort collects in the course of 20 years. The last thing brought up was an old hunting knife—an ugly-looking weapon, broad and short, with a rude deer-horn handle. The blade was rusted, and looked as if not cleaned after its last thrust.

The white hands touched it gingerly. "I don't know what to do with all these things after all," the woman said, looking up into the quizzical eyes of the tall young fellow, who came singing "Bonnie Doon" through the house whistled the dogs over from the stable, stirred the drowsy canary into a flood of song, and sent the cats scampering away from the neighborhood of the meat-safe. "They were your father's things, Hal, when he wasn't much older than you," she explained in the subdued tones in which one instinctively refers to the dead. But the duty on hand was temporarily dropped when the boy announced that a book agent was in the front hall, and the contents of the game-bag were left in a heap on the floor.

Sikra bent low over her tubs, but now her eyes were wild, and every nerve in her body tingled with excitement. The back of her benefactress was scarcely turned when the hunting knife was swept into her hands and stealthily concealed under her apron. Her boy did not follow her actions, but sat idly in the sunshine, watching the lower branches of the cedar filling with its tenants for the night. Meanwhile the pile of clean clothes grew with surprising rapidity. A wonderful energy was at work rubbing, rinsing, wringing, and soon the work was completed, and the squaw departed with her son.

The next week's washing was accomplished with the same degree of unwonted energy. Sikra stood upright, no longer bent and decrepit. Her hour of triumph was come. The knife still hung at her belt—the knife she had watched Black Wing make from the horn of the deer she had seen him kill. At last Sikra had found a trace of one of her man's murderers. This fact worked itself slowly into her darkened mind, for the knife is the game-bag which had Howe's implication in the crime.

But now, at the very moment of her impending triumph, a shadow fell upward her beam of hope. The boy, nurtured into stalwart manhood for one end, looked at her listlessly when, with dilated eyes and hushed voice, she told him the story of her discovery. He did not seem to even hear her tale. After a sleepless night, she went to rouse him and try again to wake the vengeance in his blood, but he did not know her.

Wild with apprehension, the old squaw's first thought was of Mrs. Howe, her never-falling source of succor. The kind eyes up at the white house grew large with sympathy and dread. "It's only a fever, Sikra," young Hal came forward to assure her, and catching up his hat he followed the distraught mother to her little hut.

The wild, black eyes that met his, as he entered, startled him with their ferocity, and the wilder words held him on the threshold. But Sikra's dumb look of appeal prompted him to enter the room. The calm presence, and the cool, firm hands of the white boy seemed to lay the fever-devils. And the thought that the fever might be contagious was overbalanced in his mind by the grief of the squaw mother.

"He must not die; he must not die," she wailed. "I raise him for now! For just now!"

The weeks that followed were a grim struggle with the fever-devils that filled the Indian boy's frame. When his wild ravings and threats of vengeance rose to shrieks and threatened to exhaust the flickering flame of life, nothing but the cool, strong hands that had first quieted him had any power to calm him.

"Poor old Sikra's heart seems set on his accomplishing something before he dies," young Howe explained, one day, to his mother. "It is pitiful to see her hopelessness whenever the symptoms are discouraging." And when others said: "Let the good-for-nothing red-skin die; he is a menace to the neighborhood," the boy's blue eyes flashed his scorn at their sentiments. "He is all she has," he answered.

When at last they were able to say to Sikra, "He will live," it was at young Howe's feet she flung herself, for it was Hal whose presence, she declared, had saved her boy.

In time the old conditions of the two households were re-established. Mrs. Howe tried to be more considerate of the old squaw. Her selfless devotion to her boy during those high-pressure weeks had awakened a sympathetic feeling in the mother-heart of the other woman. But Sikra was more stolid and grim than ever before—much to the surprise of the kindly lady of the white house, who had been Sikra's one friend. When she had fled from the scene of the massacre, hunted and helpless, it was Mrs. Howe who had taken her in and given her shelter and employment. When she had fallen ill,

it was Mrs. Howe's cool, white hands that had ministered to her, saving her and her child's life. Then in the dark hour, when the great aim of her life's struggle seemed about to be torn from her, it was Hal who had come to her assistance. She, like the poor squaw, had only the sea, the light of her eyes. A troop of such thoughts came in sluggish train through Sikra's mind as the suds flew high, frightening the canary from his perch by their rising tide; and she wondered if she could have raised this boy for the purpose of vengeance without this woman's help.

The bonnie blue skies smiled blandly on the summer world, and the air hung heavy with a stillness and peace that brought a certain lethargy to her determination. Young Howe's voice, whistling or singing, came floating through the roof of her fancies and recalled the hours he had sat patiently in her fever-ridden little hut in his effort to save her son. For what?

As Hal dashed out of the pantry, a moment later, he caught a look in her eyes as guilty as his own, which prompted him to count the pies to see if she had been stealing, too.

"Here's one for you," he said, finding the number even and slipping her a turn-over. As he perched on the bin to munch his plunder, his hat fell back. His face was very fair, and his hair curled on his forehead like a woman's. But in his laughing blue eyes shone the image of the elder Howe. The hideous grin of Black Wing's upturned face mocked her from the seething suds. A stifled groan seemed to rise from the hissing steam. The warm stream that trickled down her arm was only water, but the red, clotted pools were still vivid in her memory. Howe had killed Black Wing. Was she this white woman's slave, or was she Black Wing's squaw? Before nightfall the question was definitely settled in her mind. The victuals always left for her to take home to warm over were tied into her apron, under which the rusted knife still hung.

The Indian boy grew stronger each day with the recuperative power of a wild thing. Day in and day out he loitered idly around the white house, and sometimes a doubt arose in the mind of the white house woman as to the effects of this ill-assorted friendship between the two boys. Once, as she saw her son turn and fling his arm across the broad shoulders of the Indian lad in evident affection, she flinched instinctively. Since their babyhood they had tumbled over the porch together, squabbled, fought and played like brothers—this blue-eyed, rollicking young Saxon and the swart, lithe aborigine.

There were many new squirrel traps devised, new schemes for spearing fish and snaring small creatures in the forest, and enthusiastic preparations for a deer hunt in the mountains before the young fellow's vacation should end.

"Well, leave all these things just as they are, and let me get back on our trip to Redwood creek," Hal said, one day, as he planned his going with the Indian, "and finish them when we have more time." The Indian did not answer. The moon was bright, and the young fellow's blue eyes shone with the light of future hopes and plans.

The hunting trip was prolonged from one week to two; then three. At the end of that time, Hal's mother began to grow uneasy. At the expiration of the fourth week, when the Indian returned without young Howe, consternation spread throughout the town. Ragged, gaunt, barefooted, half starved, the Indian had arrived in the village, telling of a fierce storm, separation from his comrade, and weeks of search and danger to find him in the impenetrable forest. Search-parties were quickly formed, and the mountains and lagoons scoured in the hope of finding the boy.

"I can't believe anything has happened to him," Hal's mother repeated day after day, when the searchers reported failure at every turn. She would not let her lips form the word "dead." "I can't. Oh, I can't!"

Sikra knew the pangs of this woman's soul. She had learned that tone and look when Black Wing lay dead before her. But she regarded the white, stricken face in stolid silence.

It was now late in the summer. All search for young Howe had proved fruitless. His mother, suddenly old and feeble from grief and suspense, stood, one day, looking toward the bay in a blind hope. The Indian came swinging slowly toward her. The boy had been found. It was on Indian island. A knife-wound gaped in his breast, his wide blue eyes were upturned in a mocking grin, and the grass around him was clotted and red.

Again there was no swooning, no overt demonstration of grief. Weeks of suspense had taught the family in the white house stolid endurance.

Sikra came every week to do the washing as usual, while her son loitered near the cedar trees. One evening he brought the heartbroken woman what he considered a rare present, a melon of prodigious size. The Indian sat down silently, and slowly and carefully he cut it. It was a trifle over-ripe, the rich, red heart gleaming as with blood. The knife with which he dextrously sliced the melon was ugly looking, broad and flat, and the deer-horn handle broken, as if by a desperate struggle when last wielded.

The woman did not recognize it. "You are a good boy," she said absently to the Indian, "to do these little kindnesses to Hal's mother."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Hard on the Doctor.

"Well, Tam, are ye gaun hame wi' your work?" was the invariable greeting of a doctor to a tailor of his acquaintance when he met him carrying a bundle. Once the tailor saw the doctor walking in a funeral procession. "Well, doctor, are ye gaun hame wi' your work?" he asked.—From "Reminiscences" by Sir Archibald Geikie.

Art in Architecture

Designed and Written Especially for this Paper

THIS eight-room house of colonial design will cost \$3,000 built upon a stone foundation. The arrangement of the room, etc., is very good, and sizes are shown herewith:

Parlor	12 x 16
Dining-room	12 1/2 x 13
Library	10 x 17
Kitchen	10 x 18
Chamber	12 1/2 x 12 1/2
Chamber	12 1/2 x 12 1/2

flooring and has tar paper between finished siding and sheathing. Siding is four inches, laid three inches to the weather. Shingles on roof are cedar. Veranda roof deck is tinued. Glass throughout is American double thick. All floors are double having tar paper between them.

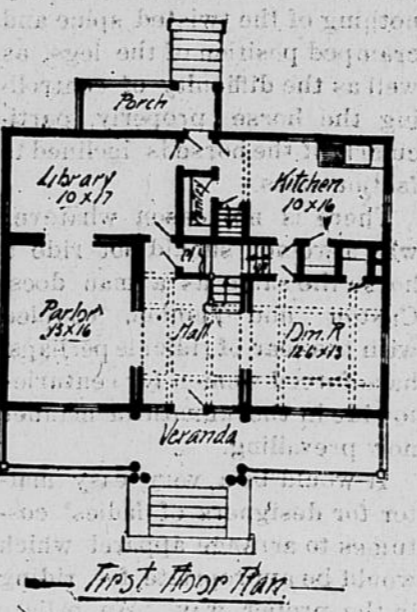
The hall and dining-room have beamed ceilings. All inside finish is of



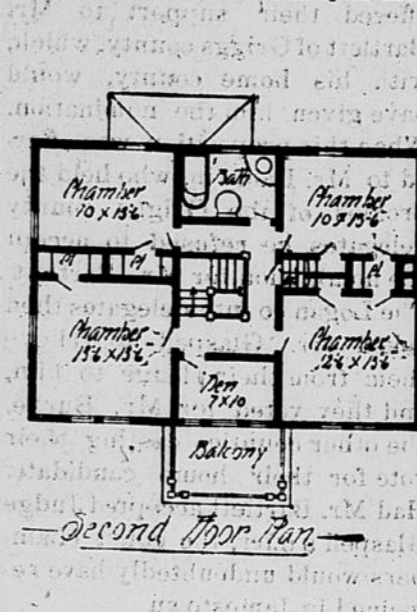
Front Elevation

Chamber	10 x 12 1/2
Chamber	10 x 12 1/2
Den	7 x 10
Bath	6 x 7
Pantry	6 x 7
Veranda	6 x 36
Balcony	6 x 10
Porch	4 x 12

yellow pine. Finished floors are of yellow pine. Painting is three coat work, plastering two coat work. The rear stairs lead from kitchen and dining-room. Stairs to attic lead up from second-story hall. Stairs to basement from kitchen. Bathroom fixtures are of an up-to-date



First Floor Plan



Second Floor Plan

have sliding doors, so as to admit of other rooms being closed off. The height of first story is nine feet, basement seven feet. Entire house is sheathed with fence

kind and properly set in place. Owner will furnish shelf hardware and art glass. The entire basement has a cement floor. All doors are to have five cross panels. GEO. A. W. KINTZ.

HYGIENE OF HUMAN MOUTH.

Many Annoying and Some Serious Diseases Can Be Avoided by Cleanliness.

A great many of the bacteria that cause disease enter the body through the mouth. Germs are always to be found upon the gums. Those peculiar to the contagious diseases have been repeatedly discovered within the mouths and throats of healthy persons. Some of them persist for months in individuals who are not susceptible to infection; but if, from exposure physical exhaustion or other cause, susceptibility is developed, the germs promptly produce illness.

There is also a group of diseases which affect only the mouth. The most dangerous of these are known as "ulcerative stomatitis" and "noma." The former generally begins at the junction of the lower gum and the teeth, and may destroy the tissues down to the bone. It is highly contagious. Noma begins on the inner surface of the cheek, and causes extensive destruction. Its progress is so rapid that it sometimes terminates fatally within a few days unless checked by vigorous treatment. It attacks delicate children or those who are recovering from an acute disease, particularly measles or diphtheria.

Fortunately it is comparatively rare, but the possibility of its occurrence indicates the importance of frequent cleansing of the mouth during illness.

According to the Youth's Companion the less serious class of mouth diseases includes several which, although not dangerous to life, are painful, and may prove injurious, especially to children, by interfering with mastication and impairing nutrition. The simplest of them is characterized only by redness, with perhaps a few small ulcers on the tongue or lips. It often results from neglect of the teeth or the habit of introducing into the mouth such improper substances as pieces of wood or rubber, and in older persons from the use of tobacco. Although it is generally of short duration, it is sometimes followed by other more serious affections. The contagious mouth diseases are often communicated from child to child by the fingers or through the exchange of toys and pencils, or by the eating of fruit and confections in common.

Decay of the teeth is due to the action of bacteria which thrive upon the remnants of food that adhere to the gums and teeth after every meal unless removed with the brush.

The infectious diseases cannot be prevented with any degree of certainty

solely by attention to the mouth, but those of a local nature rarely attack a mucous membrane that has received proper care.

The Work of Ocean Currents.

We have been told of fossil rain and fossil wind, and Prof. Stanislas Meunier has now pointed out the existence of certain rocks of fossil ocean currents. In many localities the stratified sand and sandstone show peculiarly curved and interlaced layers. This interlaced structure is now to be seen in formation by the river Seine, and the rivers of the ocean have transplanted sand and mud to deposit in their windings in a similar way. If the seas were dried up the course and history of the Gulf stream and other currents might be traced in these deposits. The sand and sandstone of interlaced structure are found from widely separated geological epochs, and an interesting lesson taught by them is that the ocean currents and their work have been substantially the same at all periods of the earth's evolution.

Studies in Light and Darkness.

Since 1896 the effects of light and darkness upon crustaceans, batrachians and fishes have been studied in a biological laboratory of the catacombs of Paris. In the underground portion of the laboratory animals accustomed to daylight are kept constantly in darkness, while in a section above ground cave animals are kept in ordinary light. Life in darkness brings a gradual fading of color. The organs of smell, touch and taste soon increase to three times their former size; the eyes remain normal for a time, but in fishes doubled in size at the end of five years, though with loss of power and evident coming atrophy. The size of fishes becomes much reduced. The cave animals show that light is disagreeable to them, and in a few months develop color.

Fertilizer from the Air.

The problem of obtaining nitrogen from the atmosphere for fertilizing the land appears to have been solved, at least from a scientific point of view, by Dr. Eriwein, a German experimenter. His method is first to separate nitrogen from oxygen by passing an air-current over red-hot copper, when the oxygen combines with metal, leaving the nitrogen free. Then the nitrogen is caused to combine in an electric furnace with a mixture of powdered charcoal and lime. The product is a black substance suitable to be spread on the land, and possessing the fertilizing properties of Chili saltpeter and potassium nitrate. It remains to be demonstrated that the new fertilizer can be produced on a large scale and at an economical cost.

Thought She Couldn't Live.

Moravia, N. Y., June 6.—Mr. Benjamin Wilson, a highly respected resident of this place, came very close to losing his wife and now that she is cured and restored to good health his attitude knows no bounds. He says:—

"My wife has suffered everything with neuralgia. She has been sick four years. She has been treated by two good doctors but kept growing worse. The doctors said she would not live. She failed from 200 pounds down to 130 pounds. This was her weight when she began to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, and now she weighs 180, is well and feeling stronger every day. "She used to have Rheumatism so bad that it would raise great bumps all over her body and this is all gone too. "Dodd's Kidney Pills are a God-send to those who suffer as my wife did. They are all that saved her. We can't praise them enough."

The Engines of War.

At a dinner during the Franco-German war Durand did not open his mouth till near the end of the entertainment, when he observed in his most sententious manner: "The French embarked in this war because they conceived that they had the superiority in arms of precision; they had the chassepot and they had the mitrailleuse (which he pronounced "mitrail-house"); but of the third engine, called a man, they did not possess even a single specimen." This said, he relapsed into perfect silence.—From the Diary of Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff.

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We are selling the highest grade standard binder twine made, shipping it to any address in any quantity and at a much lower price than dealers can buy in carload lots. For our special inside price, our guarantee and money refund offer, for our insurance proposition against hail or storm, for the lowest price, the most liberal binder twine offer that will be made this season, cut this notice out and mail to us today and you will hear from us by return mail. Address, SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Chicago, Ill.

No Use Trying.

He—Suppose I should ask your father if I could marry you? Do you think I would stand any chance?
She—No; your case would be hopeless.
He—Do you think he would really say "no"?
She—Not that; but he would leave it to me.—Stray Stories

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.

What a great wrath a little sass kindleth!—St. Paul Globe.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Ave., N. Y., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

We have noticed that a good talker is apt to talk too long.—Athens Globe.

Pat—Yis; but all me other senses is Judge.

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