

# THE STORY TELLER

## HOW THEY TURNED OUT.

Elijah Brown, the cobbler, was enamored of the muse, and all his time was given up to stanzas and to shoes. He scorned to live a tuncless life, in gloriously mute, and nightly laid his last aside to labor at his lute. For he had registered an oath that lyrical renown should trumpet to the universe the worthy name of Brown.

And, though his own weak plinths failed to reach the heights of song, his genius hatched a brilliant scheme to help his way along; and all his little youngsters as they numbered came. He christened after poets in the Pantheon of fame. That their poetic prestige might impress them and inspire a noble emulation to adopt the warbling lyre.

And Virgil Brown and Dante Brown and Tasso Brown appeared. And Milton Brown and Byron Brown and Shakespeare Brown were reared. Longfellow Brown and Schiller Brown arrived at man's estate. And Wordsworth Brown and Goldsmith Brown filled up the family state. And he believed his gifted boys, predestined to renown. In time would roll the bowlder from the buried name of Brown.

But still the epic is unsung, and still that worthy name is missing from the pedestals upon the hills of fame. For Dante Brown's a peddler in the vegetable line, and Virgil Brown is delving at the bottom of a mine; Longfellow Brown, the lightweight, is a pugilist of note. And Goldsmith Brown's a deck-hand on a Mersey ferry boat.

In Wordsworth Brown Newcastle has an estimable cop. And Schiller Brown's an artist in a London barber's shop. A roving tar is Virgil Brown upon the bounding seas. And Tasso Brown is usually engaged in selling cheese. The cobbler's bench is Milton Brown's, and there he pegs away. And Shakespeare Brown cleans boots and shoes for eightpence a day. —Tit-Bits.

## THE MURDER THAT WAS NOT COMMITTED.

By Martin Burke.

"WHAT are the chances, doctor? Is the operation absolutely necessary?"

Dr. Scott, seated by the patient's bedside, looked down into the anxious eyes of the man, a smile of confidence on his clear cut face.

"Were it not necessary, Fenton, I should not advise it," he said. "As to the result, you need have no anxiety, for if I feared failure I would rather let things run their inevitable course than shorten your life by a day, and risk, at the same time, my reputation." The doctor spoke in tones so full of assurance that the anxiety swept out of Fenton's heart.

"Yours is a peculiar case," Dr. Scott went on, "but it presents no difficulties for me. I have watched its progress day by day with the closest attention, and to delay the operation any longer might be fatal. As it is, I promise you you will be as well as I am in four months." And he meant truly every word he uttered.

"Thank God!" Fenton said, sincerely. "It's not that I am afraid of death," he hastened to add. "Don't think it holds any terrors for me, or that I am a coward. My anxiety is for another—a woman; the best woman on earth. She believed me innocent, as I was, and has suffered for her faith; but, there, it's a long story, doctor—too long to tell now. I only want to get better and go into the world again to find her."

"You will get better, right enough," the doctor answered, rising. "But you must not talk now; the throat wants all the rest it can get. Later, perhaps, you can tell me your story; but don't let this trouble prey on your mind. Any mental worry on your part will not hasten your recovery after the operation has been performed."

The case of George Fenton was a peculiar one, into the medical details of which it is not necessary to enter. Suffice it to explain that to beat off certain death and effect a permanent cure an operation on the throat was essential. More peculiar still was the position of George Fenton.

Four years previously he had been secretary of a large commercial company. Comfortably off, he had married shortly after his appointment. Three months later he was arrested on the charge of appropriating huge sums belonging to the company, and, notwithstanding a brilliant defense, found guilty. Two years' penal servitude was the sentence he received, though he was as innocent of the crime as the judge who had sentenced him.

No one but his wife believed in his protestations, the evidence against him was so clear and deadly. And the verdict left her penniless, homeless, and friendless, for the costs of the defense had necessitated even the selling of their home.

Fenton worked out his sentence for 14 months—a most exemplary convict. For the first eight he had heard from his wife as frequently as the regulations permitted; then her letters ceased, and the doubt and fear that filled his mind on her account drove him well-nigh mad. Six months later he was set at liberty, given a free pardon for a crime he had never committed; for the trusted manager of

the company confessed he was the guilty man and blew out his brains. Naturally, Fenton was handsomely compensated by the company; he was offered, too, the position left vacant by the manager's death, which, however, he refused.

But of his wife he could learn nothing. All he knew—and that he had learned from her letters to him—was that she had been a governess. He sought her high and low, in every spot but the right one. He never communicated with the warden of the prison wherein he had been confined, and, consequently, he did not know that she had made inquiries for him after his release, nor that her silence had been due to long illness.

For 18 months Fenton continued his search; then, under the strain, his health broke down, he became a physical wreck; and, his money largely diminished, drifted into the hospital.

Dr. Roland Scott was a man to whom success had come early in life, for at the age of 23 he found himself in the enviable position of house surgeon at one of Chicago's largest hospitals. He had a brilliant record, and a still more brilliant future seemed to stretch before him. At that period, too, there crossed his path the one woman in the world who could make him happy—Millicent Graham.

She was governess to a trio of tiny nephews in his brother's house, where he had first met her six months before, and the sight of her had transformed Dr. Scott from a cold passionless being into a man of flesh and blood. He had never given a thought to her sex before; now, although he did not know it, since the matter had never presented itself to him, he was willing to barter his future to possess her.

The time had arrived, he decided, when he must put his fate to the test and ask her to become his wife.

Fortune favored him that evening, for both his brother and Mrs. Scott had gone to the theater. For some time he sat and talked mere commonplaces to Miss Graham in the drawing room; then he asked her to play something on the piano.

"If it will give you pleasure, doctor, certainly," she said, rising and crossing the room. "Have you any preference?"

"No," he answered. "I am sure I cannot do better than leave the choice to you."

"I am doubtful," she said, with a smile, as she took the stool. "I am in a strangely sad mood to-night."

"But you and sorrow should be the bitterest of enemies," he replied. He rose and crossed to her side. "No, do not play," he continued, as she ran her fingers over the keys. "I came here to say something to you—to tell you something—and ask a question. But the words stick in my throat, and I—"

He stopped as she looked up at him in surprise.

"I wanted to tell you, Miss Graham—Millicent—I love you. I—"

She jumped from her seat as he caught her hands.

"No, no, Dr. Scott!" she gasped, turning her face away. "Please release my hands. You do not know—it is impossible!"

"Nothing is impossible!" he answered. "Perhaps I have been too sudden; but then I have never proposed before— with a dry laugh that vanished instantly. "I have never loved before. Do not tell me it is vain!"

"It is impossible," Miss Graham said again. There was a break in her voice and tears in her eyes. "Believe me, it is." He dropped her hands and she sank into a chair.

"I am sorry," he apologized—"very sorry; but I loved you, and I thought you might care for me, or, if not, that you might learn to. At least I may hope; your answer is not final!"

"It is useless hoping," she answered—"as useless as hoping for the stars. Believe me, I fully appreciate the honor you have done me in asking me to become your wife. I believe you would make me happy; but again I tell you it is impossible."

"Not if you care for me!" he insisted. She shook her head.

"I can convince you," she answered; "but I must trust you with the secret of my life, a burden that has brought me endless sorrow. You will not betray me, I know, for I have seen you are my friend."

"I would never repeat a word," he assured her. "You may trust me fully. I do not ask your confidence, because I have no right. I am your friend, and would give my life to be of the least assistance to you."

"Then it is because I am married that I cannot accept your offer, Dr. Scott," she said, slowly.

The young man gave a gasp of pain. "I see," he answered, with a catch in his voice.

"A wife, and yet husbandless," she went on. "Fate has dealt hardly with me. But it was not my husband's fault. We were happy for a few months; then—then—" But sobs choked her utterance for some minutes.

"Never mind, Miss Graham; I understand. It causes you pain. Forgive me. Forget it now." Dr. Scott spoke in tones full of pity. "I will go now."

The woman dried her eyes.

when he was released from prison? "Months before I was taken seriously ill. For long I lay between life and death. I could not divulge to any one who I was, that they might write to him for me, and so he never knew. When I was better, and wrote, I got no reply. Then I went to the prison myself, to learn that he had been set free. I learned later he had been making inquiries for me, but, though I have searched, I have never been able to find him. For some time I was forced to go abroad with a family."

"And you do not know if he is dead or alive?" he asked, in a dry voice. She shook her head sadly. "If you knew—but no, I must not ask you that," he said.

"I love him still," she said, "and I pray God every night that He will send him back to me."

Dr. Scott walked slowly back to the hospital. What he had learned that night had surprised him beyond words. It had brought him, too, the deepest pain, for he clearly saw that, as Miss Graham had told him, his love was hopeless.

"Unless," he said to himself—"unless Fenton was dead."

He shuddered as the thought rushed into his mind. Fenton was at his mercy completely; the matter of the man's life or death rested entirely in his hands. A twist of the scalpel an eighth of an inch from its proper course, and George Fenton could not recover. And his death would only mean that the operation had been unsuccessful. No one would ever know that Dr. Roland Scott was a murderer. Discovery was impossible.

And how he loved this woman! He must possess her, for without her the world would be black desolation, life unbearable to think of her ever as the wife of another. He cursed aloud the fates that joggled so with the human toys; he cast from him the idea of not doing his duty as it should be done; he gave up the woman. Thus he condemned himself to life-long misery. That was one moment. The next the scalpel slipped, Fenton died, the woman he loved was his, and the world happiness.

It was a horrible temptation. A hundred times he threw it from him, but it came rushing back again. He paced the room through the hours of the night, and the way the devil pointed out was the easiest. He could not—would not—give the woman up. His head was splitting; his eyes burned as though sand irritated them; his mouth and throat were parched. But the time slipped swiftly and found him undecided. He sank into a chair and held his throbbing brain between his hands.

The scalpel had slipped. That was nine months ago. Dr. Scott had explained it all to Mrs. Fenton, though he never said that his was the hand that guided the keen edged knife. He only found out an hour after the man's death that George Fenton might be her husband, for it was not a case in which he had taken a great interest. He lied admirably, and his sympathy with the young widow was most sincere.

It was at the end of nine months that he repeated his offer of marriage to her. She accepted this time. Three months passed and they were married. It was then that George Fenton came back! He was as dead and buried as man could be, but he came back the moment that Roland Scott put the wedding ring on Mrs. Fenton's finger. The doctor staggered, swept his hand before his eyes, and turned ghastly white.

He had been seized with a sudden faintness, he said. And when he looked it was, of course, his wife who stood where Fenton had been, and it was her sweet face on which he gazed. It was only hallucination, the awakening of a murderer's conscience.

George Fenton came every day. As sure as the doctor sat before his wife at breakfast or dinner she faded away, and he dined and talked with the man he had killed. If he took her hand and gazed upon it for a minute it became the bloodless hand of Fenton. Later it was Fenton's voice that spoke to him when Millicent opened her lips.

Scott knew full well it was his mind; he knew full well that others were ignorant of Fenton's presence; that his wife never suspected it.

He tried to fight it down, afraid he might give away his secret. But it was impossible. Others saw a terrible change in the doctor as the days and weeks went; he grew pale, and thin, and nervous; he could not eat, nor drink, nor sleep. He, too, saw the change, and understood fully the penalty of his crime. He must leave his wife—there was nothing for it—but he loved her so!

The end came unexpectedly, and, luckily, it came in the presence of others, or it might have gone hard with Fenton and—Mrs. Scott. Some one made some remark that caused a roar of laughter. Above the roar rose the harsh rattle of a laugh, as it sounded to Scott's ears, that was Fenton's, and there, where his wife had been a moment before, stood the man, laughing at him.

With a cry of rage he rose to his feet and hurled himself on Fenton. He caught his throat; felt it solid in his grasp, and then they went to earth. What happened after that—Dr. Scott woke from the sleep into which he had fallen. The sunlight was pouring into the room, but he was shivering, and perspiration ran down his forehead like rain.

He rose and mixed himself a strong bracer, shuddered as he drank it, and somehow the desire to make Mrs. Fenton his wife was not so strong.

The scalpel did not slip. Five hours after the operation was over Mrs. Fenton was sitting by her husband's bedside holding his hand, while he slept on to recovery.—Chicago Tribune.

# ROAD AND FARM IMPROVEMENT

CONVENIENT FARM DEVICE. For Carrying a Heavy Water Barrel the Cart Here Described Is Just the Thing.

In sections of the west where irrigation is not practicable and trees must be watered the first and sometimes the second year after planting, a device about two-thirds cart and one-third sled is used to draw the water barrel from tree to tree with one horse. The cart is easily and cheaply made. In its construction, as shown in the illustration, are used a three by four inch timber for axle, two long pieces of two by three inch scantling for sides of frame, and two short pieces of the same material for crosspieces, two wooden wheels and a single runner.



DEVICE FOR CARRYING BARREL. Round down the ends of the three by four inch piece, making about seven inches of each end into a spindle two and one-half inches in diameter.

The length of the axle can be made to suit. Mortise and belt the long two by three inch pieces on axle and on the two cross-pieces which are placed about 18 inches apart, making a frame two or two and one-half feet wide and six feet long. From a two by eight inch plank cut a runner of proper length to fit between the cross-pieces as illustrated.

Saw two wheels from a tree 14 inches in diameter, with about a five-inch wide face or rim. The wheels are kept in place by a wooden pin or iron bolt in the protruding end of the axle. Set the barrel well back over the axle and the front end of the cart will be nearly or quite clear of the ground when in motion. A couple of strips may be nailed across the frame to hold the barrel from sliding off. Put tug hooks at front to hitch to. Two cultivator or harrow wheels may be used and an iron axle substituted. —J. G. Allshouse, in Farm and Home.

## GOOD ROADS ARE WANTED.

Prominent Men from All Sections of the Country Are in Favor of Their Construction. The adjournment of the international good roads convention at St. Louis was marked by the adoption of resolutions recommending federal and state aid in highway construction. It was plainly the earnest intention of the delegates to make a political issue of "good public roads" and there is a probability that both parties will incorporate appropriate clauses in their platforms.

As many of the speakers said, including a few from other countries, the states on the American continent ought to have the best highways in the world. The material for construction is at hand nearly everywhere; funds are available if federal, state and county authorities will act in concert, and there should be no difficulty in obtaining labor at terms which would be reasonable for this class of work. Public interests would derive benefit from the employment of convicts and vagrants in roadbuilding; and there does not appear any reason why this system should injure any special interests.

Of the many conventions which are scheduled for this year, the good roads convention is to be ranked as one of the most important. There are indications that the officers and committees appointed will hasten the solution of the problem. The purpose is to make a political issue of the good roads question, and it may be said that the purpose is already accomplished. The senators, representatives and governors who were present were among the warmest advocates of good roads. A large majority of them urged federal and state aid.

Both parties should be induced to incorporate definite clauses in their platforms. Both parties should be induced to pledge themselves to the idea of federal cooperation in building interstate highways and state roads. Within the various states both parties should pledge state aid for the construction of state roads, and wherever it is possible, without seriously disturbing labor conditions, the parties should ratify the suggestion for using convicts and vagrants in the work.

The advantages of good public highways are many, as has been frequently mentioned. The crusade should result in the construction throughout the United States of the best public highways in the world.—St. Louis Republic.

## When Eye Is a Nuisance.

Eye is an excellent crop for certain use when grown by itself, but when the grain becomes mixed with wheat it is as bad as weeds and it is almost impossible to separate them. This, of course, lowers the quality of the wheat, injuring the price for market and the quality of the flour if taken to the mill. As rye shoots up ahead of the wheat the heads can easily be cut off with a sickle before they ripen. However, wheat should be carefully cleaned before it is sown because the greatest possible care cannot prevent more or less of the rye maturing with the crop of wheat.

# NATIONAL AND STATE AID.

Good Roads Advocates Favor Both Plans Because They Embody the Same Principles.

In the northeastern states, from Maine to Pennsylvania, more progress has recently been made in building good roads than in any other section of the United States. This is mainly due to the adoption of the state aid plan.

New Jersey was the first state to adopt this plan. The law enacted there in 1891 provided that the state pay one-third of the cost of improving the roads, and the counties two-thirds, part of which may be charged up to the towns in which the roads are built. The farmers were at first opposed to this law, but now they are enthusiastic in its support. More than a million and a half dollars has been appropriated by the state under this law. Nearly 1,000 miles of road have been macadamized. The state-aided roads must conform to the plans laid down by the state commissioner of highways.

In Massachusetts the state pays the entire cost of building the roads, but requires the counties to pay back one-fourth of the cost. Nearly a half million is appropriated annually for this purpose. Nearly \$5,000,000 have already been invested in roads by the state. As a result Massachusetts has hundreds of miles of as fine roads as any in the world.

Connecticut has also operated under this plan since 1895. The state puts up two-thirds of the money for road building. The plan is considered a great success. More than a million and a half has been appropriated and spent, and about 500 miles of fine roads have been built.

In New York the state pays one-half the cost of building the roads, the counties 35 per cent, and the townships 15 per cent, and the plan is working admirably. Last year \$600,000 was appropriated by the legislature, and over \$2,000,000 have been voted since the law was enacted. It is now proposed to raise by an issue of bonds \$50,000,000 to be spent during the next ten years.

Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island and Delaware all have state aid laws which are working satisfactorily, though expenditures and operations are on a smaller scale than in the other states named.

Pennsylvania is the latest convert to the state aid plan. The last legislature enacted a law providing that the state should pay two-thirds of the cost of road improvement, the counties one-sixth and the townships one-sixth. The sum of \$6,500,000 was appropriated to be spent in six years.

The fundamental principle on which the state aid plan rests is that the public highways are for the use and benefit of the whole people, and that all should, therefore, share in the cost of their improvement.

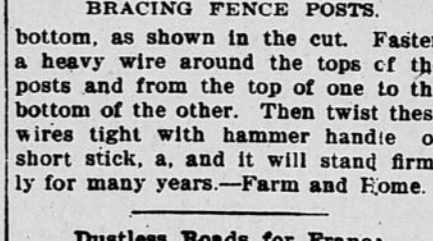
From state aid to national aid is but a single step. Both embody the same principle. It is an interesting fact that the people of these states are enthusiastically in favor of taking "Uncle Sam" into the general scheme of co-operation. The state highway commissioners of New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Vermont are outspoken advocates of national aid, and the New York legislature has memorialized congress to enact the Brownlow bill.

If national aid would accomplish for the whole country what state aid is doing where adopted, it certainly deserves serious consideration.

## ANCHOR POST FOR FENCES.

How to Put Up One That Will Stand Firmly and Securely for Many Years.

Take two good posts, eight or nine feet apart. Put a good, stiff brace between them half way between top and



BRACING FENCE POSTS. bottom, as shown in the cut. Fasten a heavy wire around the tops of the posts and from the top of one to the bottom of the other. Then twist these wires tight with hammer handle or short stick, a, and it will stand firmly for many years.—Farm and Home.

Dustless Roads for France. The engineer for the Seine and marine departments in France reports that trials of a mixture of oil and petroleum as a dust preventive have been unsuccessful. In the summer of 1902 a coating of tar was tried on seven different lengths of road. After careful investigation during a period of 12 months, it was found that dust and mud had wholly disappeared and the cost of maintenance had been reduced. The tar forms an elastic skin, which deadens the sound of traffic and reduces the resistance. It appears that the tarring method involves no greater outlay than that for coating with oil.

## The Vigor of the Redwood.

It is reported that the redwood area of California has been reduced to about 2,000 square miles. Most trees grow so slowly that it takes a half century or so to get a marketable tree. Not so the redwood. In 30 years trees from sprouts will attain a height of 80 feet and reach a diameter of 16 inches. This means that a little protection to the redwood forests will give the future generations all the wood they need.



Miss Whittaker, a prominent club woman of Savannah, Ga., tells how she was entirely cured of ovarian troubles by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I heartily recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as a Uterine Tonic and Regulator. I suffered for four years with irregularities and Uterine troubles. No one but those who have experienced this dreadful agony can form any idea of the physical and mental misery those endure who are thus afflicted. Your Vegetable Compound cured me within three months. I was fully restored to health and strength, and now my periods are regular and painless. What a blessing it is to be able to obtain such a remedy when so many doctors fail to help you. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is better than any doctor or medicine I ever had. Very truly yours, Miss EASY WHITTAKER, 604 39th St., W. Savannah, Ga. — \$5000 forfeit. If original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced. We are constantly publishing from grateful women prove beyond a doubt the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to conquer female diseases.

# SORE FEET SORE HANDS One Night Treatment with CUTICURA

Soak the feet or hands on retiring in a strong, hot, creamy lather of CUTICURA SOAP. Dry, and anoint freely with CUTICURA OINTMENT, the great skin cure and purest of emollients. Bandage lightly in old, soft cotton or linen. For itching, burning, and scaling eczema, rashes, inflammation, and chafing, for redness, roughness, cracks, and fissures, with brittle, shapeless nails, this treatment is simply wonderful, frequently curing in one night.

## PISO'S TABLETS

The New Boon for Woman's Ills. SILENT suffering from any form of female disorder is no longer necessary. Many modest women would rather die by inches than consult anyone, even by letter, about their private troubles. PISO'S TABLETS attack the source of the disease and give relief from the start. Whatever form of illness afflicts you, our interesting treatise, CAUSE OF DISEASES IN WOMEN, will explain your trouble and our method of cure. A copy will be mailed free with a Generous Sample of the Tablets, to any woman addressing THE PISO COMPANY, Clark and Liberty Streets, WARREN, PA.