

# THE STORY TELLER

## SAND MAN'S TOWN.

Come cuddle your head on my breast, little boy,  
And cover your drowsy eyes,  
And we'll away from the land of day  
To the dreamland in the skies.  
By the Shut-Eye route we will go, little boy,  
As the purpling sun sinks down  
And flashes its beams in golden streams  
And silvery shafts, to the land of dreams,  
That borders the Sand Man's town.

With your dear hands folded in mine,  
Little boy,  
We will travel to that land fair,  
Where the rose-bloom smiles in the leafy aisles.  
And the bird song fills the air.  
The sleepship waits at the port, little boy,  
With its snowy plinths a-lean,  
And its prow points straight for the golden gear.  
So let's go aboard or we may be late  
For the wonderful land of dream.

Then, away o'er the sea, little boy,  
By the beautiful land of dream,  
And, side by side, we will take a ride  
Down a roadway of chocolate cream.  
There are bonbon trees everywhere,  
Little boy,  
And an ice cream soda lake,  
While the walks are made and the highways laid  
With cinnamon drops of a crimson shade,  
And curblings of layer cake.

When the first faint flush tints the sky,  
Little boy,  
And crimson the peaceful bay,  
The ship's bell rings and the sand man sings:  
"All aboard for the land of day!"  
Then, out with the flowing tide, little boy,  
And over the spray and foam,  
While the pale stars gleam and the moon  
rays beam  
With a silvery light on the rippling  
stream,  
Till the harbor bells ring "Home!"  
—N. Y. Tribune.

# THE SOLVING OF A PROBLEM.

By Belle Maniates.

HE HAD been on the very verge of telling Claudia of his love when it so transpired that he found they were barely on speaking terms. The trouble had been of her seeking, for really Carter Heath's only fault had been that he wouldn't get angry, but had let amusement display itself about the corners of his eyes.

Claudia felt that her dignity could only be maintained by entirely ignoring his existence. After an interval of three weeks, during which time all his efforts towards effecting a reconciliation had proven unavailing, he finally realized that the affair was serious and that Claudia did not care for him as much as he had ventured to hope.

One evening he betook himself in evening dress and misery to the opera for the sole purpose of gazing at her from afar. His searching glance failed to locate her, but presently he saw her father and mother enter one of the boxes and immediately he made his way thither.

"Will not Claudia be here to-night?" he asked of Mrs. Lawrence after a few moments' conversation.

"Claudia is acting the part of a Sister of Mercy to-night," was the response. "Tom was in the depths of despair over to-morrow's arithmetic lesson and Claudia volunteered to stay at home and wrestle with the refractory problems for him. I left them in the library—Tom full of hope and gratitude, Claudia full of perplexity and figures."

Immediately Carter made his adieu and hastened to the Lawrence residence. He had been an informal caller there for so long that the maid upon his request willingly ushered him unannounced into the library.

Two flushed, perturbed faces were raised from slate and book as he entered.

"Good evening, Claudia," he said, and his tone showed none of the levity at which she had taken exception.

"Hallo, Tom! I heard you and your sister were revelling in mathematics, and I thought you might need reinforcements."

"You think me not capable of working problems, then?" asked Claudia, in distant tones.

"Some problems," he replied, gravely. "Now, take a sum in addition, say, or any kind where you wanted to get even, you would be successful."

Tom was very shrewd—outside of mathematics—and he had divided the situation. His gratitude to his sister was all that prevented an audible snicker, but he contented himself by bestowing an appreciative wink upon the newcomer.

"Can you work problems, Mr. Heath?"

"Some problems, Tom. There is one I have been trying to solve for some time, but I can't get an answer."

"Well, maybe I can help you. Let's do mine first."

Carter joined them at the table.

"Which were the ones you were working?" he asked.

"I have the first ten for my lesson. Claudia has done number one and number two. Three is sticking on, though," and he handed him the book and slate.

Carter was soon filling the slate with figures.

"You'll hardly need me now, Tom," said Claudia stiffly, rising from her chair.

"Oh, wait!" cried Tom in alarm.

"Yes, please," pleaded Carter. "I shall need your help, I am sure. Is this the answer, Tom?" and he read off his last total.

"That's it!" cried Tom, consulting the answer book, and then turning to look over Heath's shoulder.

"But that isn't the way to do it!" he cried in dismay.

"What difference does it make how I do it, so I get the answer?" asked Heath in surprise.

"You'd find out if you went to school. We have to do them according to rule."

"I don't like doing things according to rule. But show me your system."

"You explain to him, Claudia," begged her brother.

So Claudia loftily showed him the workings of the preceding problem, and in a moment his comprehensive mind had grasped the proposition, and No. 3 was solved according to methods prescribed.

"You're all right!" admired Tom.

"Say, do you know how to find the greatest common divisor?"

"Oh, Tom! I know how to find everything but the one thing I want most."

"I think that I can do No. 4 now that I see my mistake in No. 3," said Claudia, becoming interested in a mathematical way.

"All right," said Carter cheerfully. "You try it and I'll see what I can do with No. 5," and he went speedily to work, anxious to finish the ten examples so "little brother" could depart in peace.

"I guess," said Tom, "I'll be copying them as fast as you two work them. We have to take them in to the class worked out on paper."

A moment later he exclaimed:

"I've spoiled my last sheet of paper. Say, Claudia, can't I have some of that paper you make your sketches on?"

"Certainly; I will go and get it for you," she replied.

"No," he objected, jumping to his feet. "I'll go. Where is it?"

"In my room—in my desk-top drawer."

When he had left the room Heath laid down the slate and pencil.

"Claudia!" he said in low, intense voice.

Claudia's eyes remained glued to the arithmetic, and she made no outward sign of having heard him speak.

"Claudia," he said again, "let me tell you my problem that I, nor Tom, nor any one but you can solve. I love you. How can I incline your heart to me?"

At this critical moment Claudia's aunt, a gentle maiden lady, entered, bearing a little server on which were two cups of ice.

"Why, good evening, Mr. Heath," she said, as he rose and took the burden from her. "I didn't know that you were here. I thought these scholars needed a little collocation."

"Hooray!" shouted Tom, entering with a quantity of paper in his hand. "Is it recess time?"

The maiden aunt went to prepare another cup of ice for Heath.

"It's pineapple," exclaimed Tom, slipping his. "We served ices the last time you were here. Don't think we live on ice, Mr. Heath."

"Claudia does," murmured Carter insinuatingly.

Tom stopped short in his shout of glee and said stoutly: "Claudia's a brick."

Claudia put her arm about the boy and drew him to her.

"So are you, Tom."

Carter welcomed the entrance of a servant with his ice and some cakes, the maiden aunt having gone to her room for the night.

When they had partaken of the ices, Tom announced that school was again called. Carter and Claudia resumed their figuring. Tom, in picking up the sheets of paper he had laid aside, dropped them on the floor. Too lazy to get out of his big armchair, he leaned over the arm, and by much stretching and reaching succeeded in recovering them, one at a time. He had secured in this way perhaps half a dozen sheets when he assumed an upright position and gazed absently at one of the sheets.

"I say, Mr. Heath! Who does this look like? I know, but I can't think," he said, innocently, thrusting the paper towards Carter.

When Heath's eyes fell upon the sheet of paper his heart leaped with a sudden wild joy. Claudia had a decided talent for catching likenesses and she had made a sketch of himself that not only greatly resembled him, but she had, as he saw at the first glance, idealized him. It was no careless, offhand sketch, but one on which much care and thought had been expended.

She looked in quick alarm at the sketch and then grew pale.

"I—I did that long ago!" she said, trying to speak lightly. And Heath, filled with joy unspeakable, forebore to say: "Yes, as long ago as yesterday," for the date was in the left-hand corner.

At this moment, a servant entered and announced that Mr. Newborough, a neighbor, was in the reception room and wanted to see Mr. Lawrence.

"Papa is at the opera," replied Claudia. "I will see Mr. Newborough and explain. Pray excuse me" (to Heath), she said, and gladly left the room.

"Well, hurry up and do the examples," commanded Tom.

Carter groaned as he commenced on the sixth problem. With his heart full of love and longing and new-born hope, it was maddening to work at these dull sums. With feverish haste he finished numbers six and seven.

"How long will that neighbor stay?" he then demanded.

"Old Newborough is a stayer and such a bore. You'll have time to do them all."

He worked No. 8 and then rebelled. "See here, Tom, won't you help a man out?"

"Sure! Haven't I been helping you?"

"Yes, but if you have any pity in your soul take this note to your sister and pretend it's one of your problems."

"Shall I ask her for the answer?" laughed Tom as he complied with the request.

"Good evening, Mr. Newborough. Claudia, just look at this example and see if it's O. K.," and he handed her a folded slip of paper. She opened it and read:

"Dear Claudia: There are two more problems to be worked, and I don't know how. Couldn't Newborough come out and do them while I take his place with you? It was all my fault, Claudia. Aren't you going to forgive me—and love me?"

"P. S.—Tom is sleepy. Hurry up and solve the problem how to get rid of Newborough."

"Yes," she said, retaining the note. "It's right, but I'll keep it and copy it for you."

"How did she look, Tom?" Carter asked, eagerly, when the boy rejoined him.

"She blushed and smiled."

So Carter added to his sum of hope and talked football with Tom.

Very soon they heard the caller depart and Claudia returned to the library.

"Tom," she said, shamelessly, "don't you want to go to bed? I'll do the remaining two sums for you in the morning."

Tom obligingly consented to this arrangement and left the room.

Then Carter expounded at length his problem and received a correct answer. There followed a series of reviews—the quarrel, his feelings before and after, his hopes and fears had to be expatiated upon and she had similar confidences to relate. They had just adjusted matters up to the present moment when Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence returned from the opera. There was then a little, general, polite conversation, and again Claudia and Carter were left alone to solve the problem of the future.

She was just deciding upon the number of bridesmaids they would have when a violent cough of warning was heard outside the door and Tom discreetly and slowly entered in demitole.

"When papa and mamma came home," he said, "and when I saw how late it was, I thought maybe Mr. Heath would rather work them now, and then you wouldn't have it on your mind all night that you had to get up early. Besides, I fear you may forget them in the morning."

"Oh, Tom!" remonstrated Claudia, while Carter exclaimed:

"Of course, Tom. I shall always feel grateful to arithmetic after this. Now, here goes No. 9!"

"And I will be working No. 10," said Claudia, magnanimously.

"I will pick up Claudia's paper," said Tom. "Where's the sketch?"

"I have it, Tom," said Carter, emphatically. "And I am going to keep it."

"You should label it," laughed Claudia. "A Study in Arithmetic."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

## POOR KIND OF RELIGION.

Wouldn't Do for Black Man in a Region Where 'Possums Were to Be Had.

Rev. V. G. Carroll, a prominent southern clergyman, according to the Mobile Register, tells the following story: "We were driving out one Sunday from Decatur, when we came upon a negro with a club in his hand and a freshly killed 'possum on his shoulder. We stopped to examine his prize and the colonel said:

"My friend, do you know it is Sunday?"

"Sartin, boss."

"Are you a religious man?"

"I are. I see jist on my way home from church."

"And what sort of religion have you got that permits you to go huntin' on Sunday?"

"Religion? Religion?" queried the man, as he held the 'possum up with one hand and scratched his head with the other. "Does you 'spect any black man in Alabama is gwine to tie himself up to any religion dat 'lows a 'possum to walk right across the road ahead of him an' git away free? No, sah! A religion which won't bend a little when a fat 'possum heads you off couldn't be 'established round yere by all the preachers in the universe."

What He Charged For.

A world-famed artist, in the witness box one day, was asked the price he had obtained for a certain picture.

"One thousand guineas," said he.

"How long did it take you to paint it?"

"About a day and a half."

"And do you mean to tell the court, sir, that you have the audacity to charge one thousand guineas for the work of a day and a half?"

"No, sir; I charge it for the knowledge of a lifetime."—Caswell's Journal.

## Veranda Confidence.

Grace—Did you marry the man of your choice?  
Gertrude—No; I was over 30, so I married the man who chose me.—Indianapolis Journal.



AT THE ST. LOUIS FAIR.

## INSECTS LURED BY LIGHT.

Numerous Species of Bugs Afford Good Feasts for Nocturnal Animals.

Interesting results have followed the introduction of the electric light in the streets of Port of Spain, Trinidad. The largely populated insect world of that region had never before seen such brilliant illumination as the arc lights offered, and they have shown great curiosity, says the New York Sun.

Every morning the ground under the lamps is found to be strewn with thousands of dead insects of many varieties. It is impossible to walk without treading on them.

If the supply of insects were not inexhaustible, some of the varieties would certainly be doomed to extinction. In fact, one kind is evidently less numerous now than before the electric lights were installed.

This is a kind of giant waterbug, of which such incredible numbers were destroyed that the bug has come to be generally known as the electric beetle. The lamps are no longer visited by the crowds of these bugs that at first came to inquire into the meaning of the strange brilliance. Either the species has been greatly depleted through the destruction of many thousands of its members, or else some kind of instinct has told them that arc lamps are dangerous things to meddle with.

The owls in their wisdom have learned to profit by the fascination which the arc lamp has for insects. As the illumination is turned on at nightfall the owls may be seen wending their way to the neighborhood of the lamps, for they have discovered that their prey is more abundant there than anywhere else.

The feast is spread before them and all they have to do is to dash out from the trees and capture a moth or a beetle that is winging its way to the dazzling goal. Then the owls return to their perches and wait for the next comer.

The bats also have learned to make use of the lights in this unsportsmanlike manner, for catching moths and other insects.

Not a few explorers in tropical regions have complained that it is impossible to have a light in camp during the night without incurring unpleasant visitations from myriads of insects. One of them recently wrote that he was often forced to dine in the dark, as an attempt to use a light attracted swarms of flies which got into his eyes and dropped into his food.

The naturalist, Eugene Andre, in his recent description of journeys in the Orinoco basin, found that he could carry on his work of collecting insects at night by the use of lights. One evening an assistant took a number of flashlight photographs by using the magnesium light.

An invasion of the camp by moths and other insects at once occurred, and Andre secured more than 100 specimens. On the following morning he found the stung and mutilated remains of many others that had perished miserably, lured by the strange spell which a bright light casts upon them.

## EDUCATION AND ROMANCE.

Records Show That Sentimental Attachments Are Rudely Shattered.

That coeducation discourages matrimony is the solemn conviction of the president of a Boston coeducational institution, and the theory is not without the support of logic and the evidence of experience, states the Chicago Chronicle.

The sentimental attachments of youth are found largely on idealization of character, which a mingling of the sexes tends to destroy. While some philosophers argue that all sentiment is the result of contiguity, it is also true that contiguity often results in the degree of familiarity that breeds contempt.

The maiden who is devoted to study has little time for loveliness, and besides the knowledge of men and affairs she acquires in a college course dispels many illusions concerning the masculine sex and enables her to penetrate the thin veil of romance and discern the stern realities that lie behind it.

It is recorded that a well known heiress was once cured of an infatuation for a celebrity who approximated Apollo on seeing him dine heavily upon oysters, beef and cabbage. Doubtless many a college romance has been destroyed by incidents of a trivial character which revealed the object of affection as a person with the appetites and desires of an ordinary human being.

Although much might be said to support the learned and solemn college president on this subject, his contention is extremely weak in one particular: A large majority of college girls continue to fall in love and to marry.

## WOMEN MAKE PAPER MONEY.

Even the Guides at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing Are Girls.

The government and the banks, and even the post offices, would be in a hole for a time if all the women in the bureau of engraving and printing should drop dead all at once. That shop would have to close up pretty quick. Why, you can't even go over there and look around without a woman to show you. All the guides to the Bureau for the benefit of tourists and other ignorant people—which includes all Washington people, for Washington people are the most ignorant people on earth about Washington institutions—all the guides, and there are seven of them, are women, young women and pretty women at that, says the Washington Post.

And how the people do visit there! Three thousand a week, said a guide. That's 500 a day. And that's one a minute for every working hour of the day. Pretty constant stream of callers that.

Not so many years ago three decrepit old men were the guides. Now the seven are women, which is significant, and one that typifies the work done in the bureau, for here, of the 3,000 employes, more than half are of the feminine persuasion.

These young and good looking guides will explain how American money is printed on the back, then put in cold storage, where it goes through a drying process; then sorted and the imperfect sheets thrown out; then printed on the face, and then perforated and put up in packages to be sent to the treasury for the government seal.

They generally tell how useless it would be for any one to try to rob the wagon containing this money. In the first place, because six guards always accompany it; and, in the second place, because the money at this stage of its manufacture wouldn't be any good, anyway.

"It is seven days after a bill is printed on its back before it is printed on the face," said the visitor's guide. "It takes 30 days to make a silver dollar bill, and 40 to make a gold one. The gold one is printed three times, twice on one side, because it has to have the word 'gold' and a little plow of gold on this side before the face can be printed."

Then she led the visitor to the framed dollar bill fastened to one of the walls in the hall, and showed these bills, calling special attention to the gold certificate, and then led the way back to the front door and said adieu. It was all over in ten minutes.

## ENJOYED BY THE SERVANTS

Newly-Rich Mistress Gets Left on Entertainment Intended for Guests.

An English woman socially entrenched behind great and new riches once engaged a well-known entertainer to give an entertainment at her country house. She left instructions that when the entertainer arrived he was to dine with the servants. The butler, who knew better, apologized, but the entertainer was not a man easily disconcerted. He dined well and after dinner arose and addressed the assembled company in the servants' hall, relates the Chicago Chronicle.

"Well, now, my good friends," said he, "if we are all finished and if you are all agreeable, I shall be pleased to present to you my little show."

The servants cheered. The piano was dispensed with and he amused them for half an hour without it.

At ten o'clock a message was sent to him. "Would Mr. — kindly come up into the drawing room?" He went. The company in the drawing room were waiting, seated.

"We are quite ready, Mr. —," remarked the hostess.

"Ready for what?" he inquired, pleasantly.

"For your entertainment,"

"But I've given it already," he explained, "and my engagement was for one performance only."

"Given it! Where? When?"

"An hour ago—downstairs."

"But this is nonsense!" she exclaimed.

"It seemed to me somewhat extraordinary," he assented, "but it has been my privilege to dine with the company that I am asked to entertain. I took it you had arranged a little treat for the servants."

America's Rivalry of Europe.

America is becoming a keener rival of Europe every year. When the Panama canal is opened the field of battle will be in South America and eastern Asia. There the interests of Germany and Great Britain are seriously threatened in an equal degree, and both countries will therefore be dependent upon one another in future possibilities.—Berlin National Zeitung.

Still More Evidence.

Bay City, Ill., August 8 (Special)—Mr. K. F. Henley, of this city, adds his evidence to that published almost daily that a sure cure for Rheumatism is now before the American people, and that that cure is Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mr. Henley had acute Rheumatism. He has used Dodd's Kidney Pills. He says of the result:

"After suffering for sixteen years with Rheumatism and using numerous medicines for Rheumatism and more medicines prescribed by doctors, I at last tried Dodd's Kidney Pills with the result that I got more benefit from them than all the others put together."

"Dodd's Kidney Pills were the only thing to give me relief, and I recommend them to all suffering from Acute Rheumatism."

Rheumatism is caused by Uric Acid in the blood. Healthy kidneys take all the Uric Acid out of the blood. Dodd's Kidney Pills make healthy kidneys.

Where the Mask Comes In.

Patience—He married a woman with money, I believe.

Patrice—Yes, she's got all kinds of money.

"Honestly, I suppose?"

"Frightfully! But he doesn't mind it. You see, they spend most of their time in their automobile, and she wears a mask."—Yonkers Statesman.

"Yes," said the teacher, "you must always remember that all liars will have their portion in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone." The little scholar looked thoughtful. Suddenly he exclaimed: "That settles paw's hash; he goes fishin' twice a week!"—Atlanta Constitution.

The woman a man may occasionally be brought to acknowledge as his mental equal always sympathizes with his love for baseball, and doesn't inquire how much he has lost in poker.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Why don't my flowers grow taller?" asked the young wife. "Well, ma'am," explained the florist, "the beds are pretty hard, and mobby they don't sleep well."—Cleveland Leader.

One of the war correspondents informs us that the Russians always go into battle "singing a merry tune." The Japs, it appears, do their singing after the battle.—Washington Post.

Men feel sorry for a woman who has to support herself; they feel sure she would be much happier doing housework without salary for a husband.—N. Y. Press.

To ask personal questions in society is impudic; to answer them, criminal.—Everybody's Magazine.



To be a successful wife, to retain the love and admiration of her husband should be a woman's constant study. If she would be all that she may, she must guard well against the signs of ill health. Mrs. Brown tells her story for the benefit of all wives and mothers.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will make every mother well, strong, healthy and happy. I dragged through nine years of miserable existence, worn out with pain and weariness. I then noticed a statement of a woman troubled as I was; and the wonderful results she had had from your Vegetable Compound, and decided to try what it would do for me, and used it for three months. At the end of that time, I was a different woman, the neighbors remarked it, and my husband fell in love with me all over again. It seemed like a new existence. I had been suffering with inflammation and falling of the womb, but your medicine cured that, and built up my entire system, till I was indeed like a new woman.—Sincerely yours, Mrs. CHAS. F. BROWN, 21 Cedar Terrace, Hot Springs, Ark., Vice President of the Ladies Club.—\$8000 forfeit if original of above letters proving genuineness cannot be produced.

## BARGAIN RATES

On August 9th and 29th, and September 13th and 27th, round trip tickets will be sold via M. K. & N. Ry. from St. Louis, Kansas City, Miami, and other Missouri and Kansas points, to Indian Territory, Oklahoma and Central and Eastern Texas, at

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