

THE STORY TELLER

THE DOORWAY.

In the heart of the day I strayed to the heart of a tangled wood, And there, like a dream, before me a desolate portal stood.

Strange and solemn and sombre it stood—and I was alone; Mystery fell like a fog; fear swept by like a moan.

It was bolted strongly above, and bolted below again, And one of the bolts was Sorrow, and the other bolt was Pain.

Two dim lights hung in the shadow, two red and misty spheres, And my soul sank as I saw them, for I knew they were Blood and Tears.

The way was lost behind me, backward I dared not go; I beat upon the portal, and my heart broke with the blow.

Bruised, and bleeding, and blinded, I forced the bolts to move— I passed through the dreadful doorway, and the other side was Love! —Ella Heath in Lippincott's Magazine.

A HOUSE BUILT UPON THE SAND

THE haze of a lovely day in October lay on Jamaica bay. A gentle southwest wind stirred the water into silencing ripples.

Afar on the horizon the salt meadows resembled the islands of the Blest. The wind, blowing over a thousand leagues of heaving sea, was redolent of salt and freighted with stimulation.

Crayfish Bill is a bayman. He lives on Ruffie bar, four miles away from shore as the crew flies, in the cabin of an old canalboat drawn up on a bar and surrounded by piles driven into the sand to protect it from the ice.

"Say, Jim," said Bill, as his visitor came down the cabin stairs, "this ere cabin ain't no Astor hotel, with a French cook, but I can give you some oysters right out of the bay."

Fifteen minutes later the visitor drew a cracker box to the table. The menu consisted of oysters on the half shell, soft clams, roasted in the oven with a slice of bacon over each, milk toast made of bread four days old and condensed milk, and tea brewed in a pot black as the stovepipe that projected from the top of the cabin.

"After this meal was finished and the cats were fed, Bill lit his pipe and his tongue began to wag. Said he: "You ain't been here since I lost my house last March."

"Where did you get money enough to buy a house?" said the visitor in playful irony.

"I saved it," said Bill. "It cost me about \$35. I s'pose I'll never have so much money again at one time. I'm over 50 and ain't so strong as I used to be."

"This 'ere is the oyster season and I'm watchin' the oyster beds to keep the thieves away. I watch nights and tong oysters in the daytime. I s'pose you never tonged for oysters with tongs 15 feet long in a strong tide-way?"

"Well, it ain't no child's play. A day's work is a boatful of oysters, and you have to cull 'em after you've dug 'em up. You don't do much dreamin' nights after you have been tongin' oysters all day—you're too tired."

"It took me two years to save that money to build my house. I got permission from an oyster planter to build a house on one of his bars. I had a kind of a feelin' that I'd like to own a house that was all my own and that didn't cost me nothin' for rent, and when I shut the door I could look aroun' at the stove and the cupboard and the bunks and the dollar clock and say to myself:

"This 'ere house is all my own. I built it with my own hands, paid for it with my own money. Laid every timber in it and drove every nail, from the cellar to the tarred roof."

"Of course, you understand, I'm only jokin' about drivin' nails in the cellar, 'cause there wasn't no cellar. At high tide there was two feet o' water where the cellar ought to be."

"I had that there house all planned out in my mind for a year before I started to build it, even to the vinegar barrel I was goin' to have settin' outside the door to catch the rain water from the roof, 'cause you can't get Croton water in the middle of Jamaica bay."

Bill laid his knotty, brown hand upon his knee and looked with unseeing eyes up through the companionway. He was aroused from his reverie by his visitor, who said, with a grin:

"Did you build your foundation of stone or of brick?"

"No, sir," said Bill. "My foundation was built of eight-inch piles, ten feet long. There was a contractor drivin' piles over the Canarsie side of the bay, and he had a dozen piles too short for his use. I bought 'em for half what he paid for 'em."

"How did you get the piles over to Ruffie bar?" said the inquirer.

"Made a raft of 'em and towed 'em over behind my skiff. Took me seven hours to do it on account of the tide, which carried me and the raft down to Barren Island. There were blisters on my hands as big as walnuts when I got over to Ruffie bar."

"How did you sink your foundation?" said the visitor, seeking to disturb Bill's serenity.

"It's queer about that," said Bill. "On the 12th of the middle of the

bay the tide rises from four to five feet, accordin' to which way the wind blows. A nor'easter would blow the water out o' the bay so there wouldn't be a foot o' water on my lot. And then agin a sou'-wester for two days would make a tide six or seven foot high. Consequence is I had to sink my piles at dead low water."

"Did you have a pile-driver to sink your foundation?"

"None o' your guyn', son," said the veteran. "I chopped one end o' the piles wedged-shaped and worked 'em down into the mud and sand. It's surprisin' how that meadow sand does stick to a stick o' timber. One man can work it down about three or four feet and 20 men couldn't pull it up."

"How big was this wonderful house of yours, Bill?"

"'Twas just 12 feet square. I measured it with a six-foot oar," replied the bayman. "When I had all the piles worked down solid in the sand I sawed off the tops so they were all even, and the foundation was finished. There were three rows of piles, four feet apart."

"'Twas two months before I got enough money to get the floor beams. They were six-inch pieces of hemlock that I got from a second hand dealer in lumber at a bargain."

"When I got the beams laid down solid I laid some pieces o' scantlin' down on top of the beams and did a song and dance on the floor, my floor, the only floor I ever owned."

The look of reminiscent gratification on the bayman's face was so real, so earnest, that the cynical visitor was shamed into quiet.

"After that the clammin' was poor and the oysterin' was worse, and 'twas six months before I could afford to buy my joists and weather boards. When I got my joists and boards up it didn't take long to finish the house."

"The roof was made of smooth pine boards, tongued and grooved, and covered with tarred paper. To make the house warm I put tarred paper under the flooring. When I got the house finished I had four winders in it, with panes of glass a foot square, and two bunks in the corner with excelsior mattresses in 'em."

"On summer nights I used to lay in the lower bunk with the door open listenin' to the tide talkin' just like folks, a-babblin' and a-gurglin' agin' the pile, and a-murmurin' sleepily through the grass. But when the nor'easters blew I shut the door. That's when the tide got noisy and quarrelsome."

"It spit spray agin the winders and jumped up agin the floor as if it was jealous that my house was finished and I was snug in my bunk. But, Lord bless you, I wasn't afraid o' the tide. The ebb and the flood are old friends o' mine."

"Did you ever see the tides meet? The ebb runnin' out and the flood runnin' in? 'Here's a place in the bay where they meet and pile up in a ridge o' foam a foot high."

"The ebb seems to say: 'Git out o' my way; I'm goin' out to sea.' And the flood humps itself and says: 'Don't be foolish, I'm goin' all over the bars and the meadows, and I've got the sea behind me pushin' and, of course, the flood wins."

"But 'twas the ebb and the flood and the wind and the ice that wrangled together and agreed to push my house off the bar, and they did it."

"Were you in the house at the time, Bill?" said the visitor.

"Sure," replied Bill. "I was inside with my three cats."

"Three cats?" said the visitor. "I should think that one cat would have been enough for one man."

"One cat is enough for one man ashore, but three ain't any too many when you're out here in the winter, four miles away from solid ground, and a nor'easter playing peekaboo with your winders."

"When I got the house finished and a half ton o' coal in the locker, I went ashore to Canarsie to get some groceries. When I got there I saw a man comin' down to the shore with a bag and inside of it were three kittens that he was goin' to drown."

"They looked so measily and they meowed so sorrowful like that I grabbed the bag, cats and all, and took 'em over to the house. I bought a quart o' milk for 'em before we started, and that was the last drink o' fresh milk they ever had, for there ain't any cows or goats on Ruffie bar."

"I named the cats after the three men in the Bible that went through the fiery furnace—Hayshack, Meshack and Bendigo, for I knew the cats was up agin it and were bound to get trouble before they got through with me."

"How long was it after your house was finished before it was swept away?" said the visitor.

"From August till March," replied Bill. "I got along all right through the winter, and the comfort them cats was to me in the long evenin's was a caution. I used to lay in my bunk and watch 'em rollin' over each other, while the wind was screechin' round the house and the tide talkin' noisy in the cellar."

"I think I'd 'ave gone crazy with lonesomeness if it hadn't been for them cats. You ought to have seen Hayshack sparrin' with a spider crab I tonged up one day!—A spider crab, you know, is all claws and bone and has no innards to speak of."

"On the night before St. Patrick's day the wind was roarin' around the shanty. It had been blowin' from the north-west, and it shifted to the south-east and blew the water tumblin' back in the bay. To make things worse for the cats and me, the bay was full of float ice six to eight inches thick."

"The ice was floatin' back and forth on the tide, and at low water it was stranded on the bars ten-foot high. Some o' this ice came sailin' along and jammed up in my cellar, and it lay there groanin' and grindin' agin the piles."

"The top of a big wave came slap agin the house and a thin stream o' water ran under the door and over the floor. The crab had been sparrin' with Hayshack as usual, and got one of his claws fast in the cat's whiskers, and when the water came in Hayshack and the other cats jumped up on the table, and the crab was still hangin' to Hayshack's whiskers."

"Things got pretty lively after that and I didn't have no time to see what become o' the crab. The cats were meowin' with fear. In about five minutes there came another big wave that lifted one end o' the house off the piles about a foot, tumbled the clock off the shelf and sent a pot full of bollin' potatoes rollin' over the floor."

"When the big wave rolled away the house came down on the piles again with a crash that smashed all my dishes, put out the lamp and made a big hole in the floor where the ice and water came through. This time the water was a foot deep on the floor."

"I jumped out o' the bunk, grabbed my coat, and yelled to the cats, and I'm blamed if them cats didn't jump off the table, swim over to me and stick their sharp claws into my bare shins. I grabbed one of 'em in each hand and shoved 'em into my pockets, and Hayshack climbed onto my shoulder."

"I waded to the door, and when I opened it the wind came roarin' in and tore off the roof like a leaf. 'All this happened quick'n I'm tellin' w. I knew the next big wave would carry the house away, and I moved quick. In stormy nights I still can hear the wind howlin', the cats squallin' and the ice grindin' agin the floor."

"Did you swim, Bill?" said the visitor.

"Swim!" said Bill in quiet contempt. "I couldn't live three minutes in that sea and that ice-cold water."

"I had a duckboat tied to my piazza. The piazza was two boards wide. The boat was jumpin' around like a frisky colt right agin the side o' the house. I jumped in and pushed off."

"'Twas a cloudy night, but not very dark. I got 100 feet away, when I saw the house lift up agin five or six feet and the red-hot stove slid through the back joists and scantlin', and when I looked agin the house was gone."

Bill smoked reflectively for a moment, with Hayshack purring against his leg. Then he led the way up the cabin stairs, and, pointing with his pipe across an arm of the bay, now dimpling in the sunlight, while the tide loitered lazily to the sea, resumed his tale.

"It looks peaceful enough now, don't it? But on the night I'm tellin' about the white-horses were jumpin' five foot high. I could never tell you how the duckboat lived in that sea, but she floated like a cork and me and the cats got over here alive."

"Did you save anything out of the wreck?"

"Yes, I saved them four piles you see stickin' out o' the sand and a pickle jar."

"A pickle jar?"

"Yes, you see, I kept my savin' in the pickle jar in cents and nickels and quarters. There was \$15.50 in the jar. It had a glass top screwed down on a rubber band, so it was watertight. If it had been empty it would have floated away, but the cork took it to the bottom and I found it on the sand at low water."—N. Y. Sun.

With or Without.

Mr. Bulteel was gazing darkly upon an invoice which the new office boy had just drawn up. "What's this?" he growled, as he noticed the neat "with compliments" which the lad had written at the bottom of the document. "We don't deal in that sort of hypocrisy here, my lad. Compliments, indeed! Bah! Make out another, without compliments. D'ye hear?" A day or so passed, and Mr. Bulteel was astonished beyond words to receive a letter from his customer, curtly informing him that the account was closed "by reason of flagrant discourtesy." What it could mean puzzled him tremendously until he glanced at the returned invoice which had accompanied the final check. And when he saw that the lad had taken him literally, and had written "without compliments" in place of his former message, there was more trouble.—Stray Stories.

Bad Case of Seasickness.

Regarding seasickness a traveler says: "Before sailing, it is just as well for a man not to take too many farewell dinners and not to start out 'with a head on him.' One of the worst cases of seasickness I ever saw was accumulated by a man who had never been seasick before and had sailed all over the world. But he was sailing from Honolulu and the day before had been to a farewell 'luau' where he had eaten poi and raw fish, mixed with a great deal of frapped champagne. His friends came down to see him off and hung many floral leis about his neck. They also poured more champagne into his neck. As a result the acute case of seasickness which he developed alarmed even the ship's surgeon."—Chicago Daily News.

Had Use for His Hair.

An aged clergyman with silvery hair was the recipient of several simultaneous requests from young ladies for a lock of his hair. The requests were complied with, the clergyman being pleased to fulfill wishes which seemed founded on a sentiment of respect, and all went well until his wife received this note: "Dear Mrs. —: Won't you please ask your husband to send me a little lock of his hair? We have all been taking lessons in making hair flowers. So many of the other girls asked him, and he sent it to them, that I thought I would rather ask you to get it for me. Won't you please do this for me? It is so hard to get white hair for lilacs of the valley."—London World.

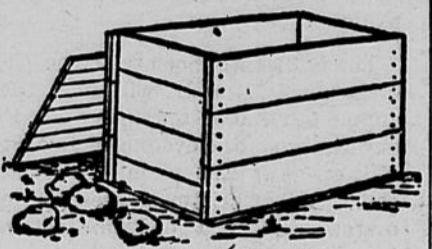
FARM AND GARDEN



FUMIGATING SEED GRAIN.

Box in Which It May Be Treated to Fumes of Carbon Bisulphide to Kill Insects.

The great damage to the Canada field pea seed by the pea weevil led to experiments by the Ontario college for a cheap and effective method of combating the evil. The box shown below is the result of these experiments. The peas are placed in this box and fumigated with bisulphide of carbon. This style of box has been in use at the station for seven years; it is five feet long, three feet wide and three feet deep, and is capable of holding 30 bushels of peas.



FUMIGATING BOX.

Their method of treatment is given as follows:

Immediately after threshing, the peas were put into cotton and jute bags. As soon as 30 bushels of peas were threshed they were placed in a fumigating box for treatment. One pound of carbon bisulphide was poured out into three flat pans, which were placed on the top of the peas; the cover was then put on the box and weighted with heavy stones. After 48 hours the cover was removed and the box ventilated. The peas had become dry, as the liquid had changed into a gas, which, being much heavier than air, had sunk down among the peas, penetrating them and killing the weevils.

The quantity of carbon bisulphide used by us was larger than that usually recommended, as a pound or a pound and a half is generally considered sufficient for 100 bushels of peas, but we wished to err on the safe side. Carbon bisulphide may be purchased in small quantities from any druggist at about 30 cents per pound, or 40 cents per pint. For larger quantities better rates can be given by the druggist. The gas, or vapor, which comes from carbon bisulphide is not only combustible, but it is very explosive when mixed with air. Great care should, therefore be taken to treat the peas in the daytime only, for a light or a flame of any kind brought near the liquid may cause a serious explosion; and smoking near it should be positively prohibited. Moreover, the vapor should not be inhaled, as it is very injurious, even a small portion causing headache, giddiness and nausea.

The treatment with carbon bisulphide should be made in boxes, barrels, or "bughouses," located some distance from the insured buildings on the farm. With the strict observance of the preceding precautions, no one should hesitate to use the carbon bisulphide. As a matter of fact, says the Prairie Farmer, we have never heard of any bad results following its use in the treatment of peas. When pure it will not injure or stain the finest goods. The commercial liquid has an acrid taste, and an odor like that of rotten eggs. The vapor is more than 2 1/2 times as heavy as air. Any tight box or barrel may be used for this purpose and the principal of fumigation may be extended to any kind of seed grain or other articles that are attacked by any kind of insects.

WINDOW GARDEN FERNS.

Care and Interest Alone Essential to Grow Ferns in the House.

Of all the green things that condescend to live with us in our furnace-heated, gas-lighted houses, perhaps none adapt themselves more readily to conditions far removed from nature than ferns, says a writer in Country Life in America. It is astonishing how many seemingly "improbable laws" can be discreetly disregarded, if the love for growing things is sufficiently strong to "make a way." Shade, moisture, and a mild temperature, the books warn us, "are essentials of success in growing ferns." As a matter of fact, fern boxes have given satisfaction for years under the most trying conditions, and the only secret of success is to be interested in ferns. Sooner or later the peculiar beauty of ferns takes hold of one. "Nature made ferns for pure leaves," said Thoreau.

The Tops of the Corn Shocks.

Many good farmers often neglect to tie the tops of their corn-shocks. If this is not done, it is a common thing to see them twisted or blown down. No matter how well the corn is set up at cutting time, a heavy wind will do more or less damage by blowing off the outside layers, often overturning the entire shock. I find it great help to have a short ladder to use in this connection. It should be high enough so that when a man is at work his head will be on a level with the top of the shock. There are many little home-made devices which are a great assistance in drawing the top of the shock together.—Midland Farmer.

Diversify.

Diversify! Plan to raise at least fruits and vegetables enough for home use. Special farming, or one crop farming, is well enough in its place, but we must not depend too much upon it. What do you think about it?

HALF-ACRE GARDEN.

The Profits Which Were Realized from a Small Plot of Ground.

This year our garden was 6x12 rods, or a little less than half an acre. In it we raised strawberries, raspberries, radishes, lettuce, early and late peas, beets, carrots, cabbage, early potatoes, cucumbers, summer squash and tomatoes. There have been five adults in the family all the time and an additional one much of the time. We sold 500 quarts of strawberries for \$24.45, canned 16 quarts and had them two meals a day for four weeks.

We sold only a few bunches of radishes and lettuce. We raised the Early Triumph potatoes and had six rows of six rods long. We sold a few and had enough to use for two months and two bushels for seed. We sold small cucumbers at 20 cents per gallon, large ones for slicing at 10 cents per dozen, ripe ones for 50 cents per bushel. We sold 40 bushels of tomatoes for \$23, receiving one bushel for early ones, and 50 cents per bushel for the green and late ripe ones. We have 20 quarts canned with five bushels or more yet on the vines in good condition October 15. Total sales from garden to that date were \$53.50.

We had on hand then five bushels tomatoes two bushels potatoes, 400 cabbages, 200 to spare at three cents each, five bushels beets with three bushels to sell at 50 cents each, two bushels carrots, with one to sell, which will bring our income from the garden to quite \$60. I have given no account of our sweet corn which was in a field near by. What we sold came to \$13.75. We could have sold twice as many strawberries and I think double the amount of vegetables. We sold to private customers in town on the way to deliver cream.

Next year we shall add parsley, celery, parsnips, onions and cauliflower. We shall try to have earlier tomatoes and earlier cabbage. Our garden proved so successful that we have set out one acre in raspberries and blackberries and a larger strawberry bed. Our best this year was 3x6 rods and the first year bearing. Vegetables were in sows six rods long and were cultivated with a horse.—N. E. Chapman, in Farm and Home.

STORING SEED POTATOES.

Safe Method of Keeping Them During the Winter So They Will Not Sprout.

Seed potatoes should be firm and sound, from which no sprouts have ever grown. Keep in a cave, made especially for the purpose, arranged so as to control the temperature as near the freezing point as possible and not have the potatoes freeze. A cave of any kind will do, even if nothing more than a pit in the ground covered with poles, a few



A SIMPLE POTATO PIT.

corn stalks, little straw and six to eight inches of dirt.

A ventilator, a four feet long and 7x7 inches inside should extend through the roof near the center, projecting 18 inches below the roof. Make a square plunger of one-inch boards, the same length as the ventilator, of dimensions so that it will fit snugly inside. Nail a board on the bottom and a larger one over the top, so that when placed in the ventilator it will not slip through into the cave. Fill the plunger with sawdust and pad the top with cloth of some sort, so that when placed in the ventilator the hole will be completely stopped and frost-proof. Hang a good thermometer, b, at the bottom of the plunger, so that at any time by drawing out the plunger the temperature can be read without having to open the pit.

After the ground has frozen hard, throw snow around and over the cave and cover it with straw or old hay, says Farm and Home. The snow will keep the cave warm in winter and cold late in the spring. If it is too warm, leave the ventilator open cold nights. If it goes below 34 degrees hang a lighted lantern on the plunger and this will warm up the cave in a little while.

GRIST.

Farming is poor business when the farming is poor.

The richest part of any manure is that which water will wash out.

Much labor and expense may be saved by planning ahead of time.

By using the drill for sowing the depth of covering is uniform and there is no loss of seed.

Never let the farm work or stock stand still or retrograde, but keep both progressing steadily.

The value of wood ashes in the orchard and of coal ashes on heavy wet clay can hardly be overestimated.

According to the experts' report on crop valuation for the year the total value of all crops will exceed \$5,336,000,000.

Turning Fence Posts.

Now comes the time for getting out fence posts, which will soon rot at or in the ground. To double, or more than double, the life of the post, get it 18 inches or more longer than hole is deep and fence it high. Then when the post rots off turn it upside down and get another life from it.

The Question of the Farm Power.

The gasoline engine has become extremely popular among the very best class of farmers, serving its purpose economically and admirably in furnishing an ideal power for grinding feed, pumping water, sawing wood, etc.

EVERY WALK IN LIFE.

A. A. Boyce, a farmer, living three and a half miles from Trenton, Mo., says: "A severe cold settled in my kidneys and developed so quickly that I was obliged to lay off work on account of the aching in my back and sides. For a time I was unable to walk at all, and every makeshift I tried and all the medicine I took had not the slightest effect. My back continued to grow weaker until I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills, and I must say I was more than surprised and gratified to notice the back ache disappearing gradually until it finally stopped."



Doan's Kidney Pills sold by all dealers or mailed on receipt of price, 50 cents per box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

AN INVITING PROSPECT.

Will Canada in the next quarter of a century take the place of the United States as the great wheat exporting section of the western hemisphere? Everything points that way. In the opinion of experts the United States has reached high water mark as a wheat exporting country. The increasing population over there has reached the point when home consumption is becoming annually greater in proportion than the increase in wheat production. As a matter of fact wheat production is decreasing over there as the land becomes more valuable and by reason of the demand for other forms of produce for home consumption. It is said that the wheat crop this year is not more than 70 per cent. of the crop of 1901 and much below the crops of 1902 and 1903. It is estimated that this year the United States surplus for export will not be over 100,000,000, which is less than any year since 1878 with two exceptions. Not only is this the case, but a considerable quantity of the best Canadian wheat is being imported into Minnesota and also Chicago.

All this tends to keep the price of wheat near the dollar mark, and "dollar wheat" is the loadstone that will attract farmers to the Canadian Northwest, where land is cheap and can be farmed on a wholesale basis, particulars of which may be had from any agent of the Canadian Government. The reduction of American exports will have the double influence of increasing Canadian production and keeping up the price. It constitutes a rosy prospect for this country, and needs no exercise of optimistic enthusiasm to foresee the near expansion of the Dominion into the actual position of the "granary of the empire."

PARAGRAPHIC PERSONALS.

Manuel Garcia, at one time a noted singer, is living in London. He is 100 years old.

Mrs. Louise G. Smith, whose mother was a sister of Thomas Jefferson, is dead at Louisville.

Hon. Manuel Lucuano Diaz, secretary of public works for Cuba, is in this country for the purpose of studying improved railroad methods.

Dr. Chrysanther, formerly private secretary to the great Bismarck, is a patient in a lunatic asylum at Hamburg. He suffers from fits of nervousness.

The Pills That Cure Sick Nerves



Mrs. Dora B. Frazier, No. 140 Althea St., Providence, R. I., has been cured of Nervous Prostration by the use of

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills For Pale People.

She says: "I suffered for three years and was several times at the point of death. My weight went down to seventy-five pounds. I was afflicted with nervousness, dizziness, suffocating spells, swelling of limbs, sleeplessness and irregularities. I had a good doctor but he could not help me. The first box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did me good and I continued their use until I was cured. I am now perfectly well."

These pills are a specific for all disorders of the nerves from neuralgia to partial paralysis.

Sold by all Druggists.

Strawberry and Vegetable Dealers

The Passenger Department of the Illinois Central Railroad Company has recently issued a publication known as Circular No. 12, in which is described the best territory in this country for the growing of early strawberries and early vegetables. Every dealer in such produce should address a postal card to the undersigned at Bismarck, Iowa, requesting a copy of Circular No. 12.