

The Cry of the Dreamer.

I am tired of planning and toiling
In the crowded hives of men;
Heart-weary of building and spelling,
And spelling and building again;
And I long for the dear old river,
Where I dreamed my youth away;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

"I am sick of the showy seeming
Of a life that is half a lie;
Of the faces lined with scheming
In the throng that hurries by;
From the sleepless thoughts' endeavor
I would go where the children play;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

"I feel no pride, but pity,
From the burdens the rich endure;
There is nothing sweet in the city
But the patient lives of the poor.
O the life here is so skillful,
And the child-mind choked with weeds;
The daughter's heart grows wild,
And the father's heart that bleeds.

"No, No! from the street's rude bustle,
From trophies of meat and stage,
I would fly to the wood's low rustic,
And the meadow's kindly page.
Let me dream as of old by the river,
And be loved by the dream, away;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

THE SILVER RING.

There stood in Berkshire, far out upon a quiet country road, a little inn, which the wood sign swinging at the door declared to be known as 'The Magpie's Nest.'

It had been thus named because of the number of magpies in the neighbourhood. And straight before the door stood an old oak tree, a century old, among whose uppermost branches, year in and year out, always hung a magpie's nest, to which the country people believed that the same old magpie returned regularly.

No very elegant entertainment was offered at the 'Magpie's Nest' for either man or beast; but its patrons thought the fare good; and then it was served to them by the most charming, rosy-cheeked maid, who wore a cap with bright ribbons, and had a waist that could have been spanned by two hands—a well-behaved little maid also, who was known by the rector of the parish church to have been the best girl in his Sunday school.

So, though she was a poor orphan, and had only her little meed of wages, Betty might have married many a stout farmer. However she refused them all, and kept on with her duties at the 'Magpie's Nest' until the son of her master, coming home from India, where he had served as soldier for several years, fell in love with her, and offered her his hand and heart. Betty did not prove unkind. The innkeeping father was willing enough to secure his handy Betty for a permanent assistant, and amid the chattering of the magpies Betty and John exchanged their vows under the nest hung oak tree one bright afternoon; and John put upon her finger a thick silver ring, which he had obtained abroad, perhaps by purchase, perhaps by gift, perhaps as a soldier obtain many things in the time of war.

It was not a costly gift—to our eyes it would not be a beautiful one—but Betty valued it highly. She kept it polished to perfection, and wore it with great pride on high days and holidays; but though she loved John, and looked forward to her wedding day with joy, she would not alter the bright, coquettish manner which had always belonged to her. She joked with the farmers, flung them back repartee for repartee, and even gave them those bright glances which John, the soldier, thought should be only given to himself. So John grew jealous, and, being a moody sort of man, said nothing about it.

It never entered Betty's mind that the very manner which had once enchanted John should now offend him; and she herself grew angry with her lover for his scowls and sulks.

Therefore, when a young Frenchman from Mar-tilla, black-eyed, black-haired, and polite in his manner, as Frenchmen usually are, chanced, in the course of a business journey, to stop at the 'Magpie's Nest,' she felt that he really would be a fine example for early John Leaf, and was amiable to him to a degree that might have made a less jealous man angry. Then, indeed, John Leaf spoke out, and Betty discovered the secret of his ill-temper.

Her pride being flattered thereby, she forgave him, and retired on Saturday night with the firm intention of winning back John's smiles on the morrow, her holiday, when she would go to church in her best attire and charm his heart from him over again as he walked by her side. What woman ever had any design on a man's heart, ever desired to win from him any favor or any gift, that she did not bethink her of all her finery? Before Betty slept she took from her trunk her Scotch plaid dress, her fringed shawl, her blue-ribboned cap, her Sunday shoes, and her silver ring, and having given the latter an extra polish laid them where they would meet her eyes the first thing next morning.

John Leaf awoke in his room under the garret eaves, had no thought of this. Those slow natures do not forget and forgive in a hurry any more than they do anything else. The morning sun, shining aslant against the inn's walls, aroused Betty with his first rays. She rubbed her eyes, opened them, put her little feet out upon the floor, knelt down and said her simple prayer, and then flew to the glass. It was only a crooked thing, with a flaw in it, and a rough oaken frame, but sufficient to make her happy. She braided her hair, put on her cap, tucked her dress, tied about her throat the gay neck ribbon, laced her shoes geometrically, and then looked for her ring. It was gone!

She knew the very spot upon the red heart-shaped pin-cushion into which she had thrust the needle over which the silver ring had been hung. There stuck the needle still. It was below the window-sill, on a little table; it could not have rolled out; but it was not in the room. She shook out her dress, her shawl, her bed clothes. She swept the floor. It was gone. That was the end of it.

Betty sat down and wept bitterly. All the country people of the day were superstitious. The ring had disappeared in a most mysterious way, for her door was bolted, and her window high from the ground, and she firmly believed that the loss portended some great evil.

Meanwhile at the bar of the inn a little scene was going on. The Frenchman had asked for a glass of ale, and John

who was always tapster on Sunday mornings, had drawn it for him, when, as their hands met in the act, he saw upon the little finger of his customer a thick silver ring, the very counter part of that which he had given to his Betty.

'You've a pretty ring, monsieur,' he said, with a sort of catching of the breath. 'May I ask where you got it?'

'Ah, yes, certainly,' said the Frenchman. 'One does not boast, but a very pretty girl gave me that. Yes, and a kiss also.'

John turned as pale as any florid face could turn. He made no answer, but marched straight out of the room and into Betty's kitchen.

She stood near the door in her holiday dress, with her white cotton gloves on, and the church bells were ringing. 'You are not going to church with me, John?' she asked, softly, with a smile.

'That depends,' said John Leaf.

Then he walked straight up to her, and looked full into her honest eyes.

'You don't look like a cheat,' he said; 'but who knows a woman? Take off your gloves, Betty.'

She obeyed.

'Where's your ring?' he asked.

Betty burst into tears.

'It's lost, John,' she said. 'I can find it nowhere.'

'You haven't looked on monsieur's finger, then?' said John. 'You poor fool, to give it to him, and think I shouldn't know it.'

'Oh, I'll swear I never did,' sobbed Betty. 'I give your ring to anyone else! Why, John—'

But he pushed her from him with his rough hand, and would hear no words from her; and the next day he left the inn, and enlisted once more, and was sent away again to India. And Betty left the inn also, and took service with a farmer's wife close by; and whatever the magpies chattered about, it was no more of the love-making that they heard when John and Betty sat together beneath the old oak-tree.

Five years went by. At last John received a letter from England, telling him that his father was dead, and had left all his little possessions to his only son.

John Leaf's fighting days were over, in any case, and he was an invalid for life. He fought as desperate men do; had been commended and promoted, and had some medals and ribbons to show and had some compensation for a wooden leg. So he went home again, and settled down as proprietor of the 'Magpie's Nest,' and was a sort of hero among the neighbors; but he was very lonely. Mead do not quite forget in five years. He could still see Betty's buxom form flitting about the kitchen in imagination; and when the magpies chattered in their nests he could fancy that he sat with her under the oak branches. Then he grew wroth with the magpies, who seemed to mock him, and ordered his pot-boy to tear the nest down.

In vain the boy pleaded for the birds. In vain he declared that, even if the new nests went, the old one in the topmost branches should be left for luck.

If the old magpies that built that nest it gone, they'll peck some one's eye out in the night-time,' said the boy. 'It's been known to be done often.'

But John Leaf, the soldier, had cast away all his superstition.

'I'll have those magpies chattering about my ears no more,' he said. 'Up and leave not a nest of them all. Some of the noisy rascals will take possession of that old rag if it is left hanging.'

So the boy obeyed. He planted a ladder against the tree, and then swung out upon the branches. There was a grievous noise; and doubtless to this day old magpies tell their children of that massacre of the innocent; at the great oak tree. But there were no birds to chatter and scream in that great rag of a nest which the boy's hands cut-bled at last. He came down with the relic in his hand, and stood before his master with a grin.

'Eh, master! may I have a'll I found in the old nest?' he asked.

'If it is not a magpie's egg,' said John Leaf.

'It's better than that,' said the lad. 'It's a silver ring.'

Let me see it,' cried John Leaf, and snatched it from his hand.

It was the ring with which he had plighted his troth to Betty under the oak; and he knew that the magpies had stolen it, and that the Frenchman wore one that resembled it.

The first thing that John did was to call himself hard names: 'A jealous fool! A suspicious brute!' Heaven knows what else. Then he melted, and all by himself in the wood beyond the house, shed tears, and vowed to find Betty if she still lived on earth.

Where he went, of whom he inquired, matters not. But one day when the sun was setting in the west, he opened a little cottage gate to which he had been directed, and saw at her knitting, under a vine-covered porch, his Betty, not changed one single bit. And she? She looked at him and did not know him with his thin, sallow face and his wooden leg.

'What may you be wanting, sir?' she asked. And he said: 'Betty!'

And she cried out: 'Why, mercy, it's John Leaf!'

Then he sat down on a bench close by her side. 'You know I never had many words to spend on anything, Betty,' he said. 'I'll come to the point at once. I know now that you were true, and no cheat, and that you never gave my ring to Monsieur. I found it—or my lad did, for I'm not very good at climbing now—in the old magpie's nest in the oak tree.'

'So the magpie stole it, eh?' said Betty. 'Well, they are strange birds. I've heard they've taken spoons before now.'

'And so, Betty,' said John, 'if you'll overlook the past and let bygones be bygones I'll be a happy man.'

'I owe you no grudge,' said Betty; 'and bygones are bygones, John Leaf.'

'But you'll let things be as they were, Betty?' said John. 'You'll be my sweetheart again?'

She laughed. 'Don't you know?' she said. 'Why, look there.'

He looked. Through the gate came a foreign-looking man, with gold rings in his ears and a silver ring upon his finger, who led by the hand a toddling child.

'Why, it's Monsieur,' said John.

'You see,' said Betty, 'I went to him to ask him how he came by his ring, and he proved it was none of mine. It has a name and date on it that mine never had. And he was kind to me and you had been cruel, and so we have been married three years—eh, Louis? And this is our boy.'

'I had better go home, I think,' said John Leaf. 'One is always punished for being a fool. But this is your ring. Will you have it, Betty?'

'Pray keep it for your sweetheart,' said Betty. 'You will find one soon, no doubt.'

But John Leaf never found one again, and the silver ring found in the old magpie's nest was buried with him when he died.

Would Any Sane Housekeeper Use Oleomargarine?

DANGER IN ANOTHER DIRECTION.

Would any sane housekeeper in Canada buy oleomargarine or imitation butter in stead of the finest production of the creamery or dairy? We think our Canadian women are too wise to be deceived in this important matter. Lard colored to resemble good butter will never be acceptable to our people.

There are, however, other deceptive agents that sometimes find their way into our homes; we refer to imitation and adulterated package dyes for home dyeing. Some dealers sell imitations of the celebrated Diamond Dyes. The contents of these imitation packages carry ruin and disappointment to every user.

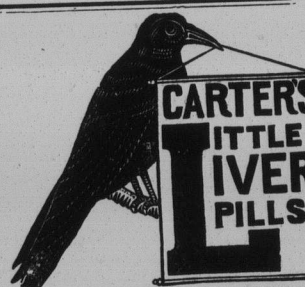
A few dealers, for the sake of long profits, are now selling soap dyes composed of a very large amount of common grease and an infinitesimal quantity of coloring matter. Such dyes, after trial, have been found weak and uncleanly, giving dull and muddy colors, fading quickly in washing and sunlight.

As millions of thrifty and experienced women already know, the Diamond Dyes are the only reliable home package dyes, having stood the test of long years. Diamond Dyes are easy to use, and give brilliant and lasting colors that cannot be equalled by any other make.

Coon and Muskrat Fight.

Mr. J. Hal Grimes caught a muskrat in the freight office at the depot. Joe Booth thought his pet coon could 'do' the muskrat, and in order to see which was entitled to the belt the two were placed in a slatted box car, the coon being favorite.

They had hardly touched the floor before they began feinting and sizing each other up. Finally the coon lit on to his opponent, forced him to the corner, and it looked like he would be a sure victor, and the odds jumped to \$5 to \$1 in his favor. But



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in round number two the muskrat put on his fighting clothes, and no coon before ever got such a wall-ping. His child like screams led a number of residents of the neighborhood who didn't know what was going on to believe that some mother was whipping her baby at the depot. At the first pass in the third set to the coon ran up the slats to the top of the car and refused to fight, while the muskrat walked about the floor as if to say: 'Bring on two or three more just like him.'—Harrowburg (Ky.) Democrat.

TWICE WARNED IN DREAMS.

Widow of one of the Garrison Wreck Victims saw him in Sleep.

It was a woman's poignant intuition, the tender bond of sympathy between a loving wife and husband, that revealed to Mrs. Thomas Reilly, in two terrible and dramatic dreams, the fact that the husband whom she was awaiting and the son whom his old mother had crossed the ocean to embrace had been killed in the frightful disaster on the New York Central Railroad near Garrison.

The Herald has told how the body of Thomas Reilly was rescued from the recent half-submerged wreck in the Hudson. Mr. Reilly was in a good position in St. Louis, Mo. He had come to this country one year ago. He was fifty-five years old and had a family.

Mr. Reilly sent his wife, Ellen to England several weeks ago to bring his mother Rachel, seventy-four years old, whom he wished henceforth to live with him. 'Tell mother,' he said, 'to make preparations for all the other children to follow her. I can take care of them all now.'

The wife and mother arrived on the St. Paul Saturday morning. When Mr. Reilly did not appear at their hotel Sunday night the woman began to grow hysterical. They had not been allowed to see the newspapers. Mrs. Ellen Reilly told Mr. Waddell, the hotel proprietor, that she feared something had happened to her husband.

She then related to him in detail an extraordinary dream she had had a little after five o'clock on Sunday morning. Although at the time unknown to the unsuspecting wife, this was just previous to the moment when the train was hurled from the track at Garrison.

'I dreamed that something terrible happened to Tom,' said Mrs. Reilly. 'I do not know whether it was a railroad accident or what, but I saw Tom distinctly in the midst of it all.'

'His face was white, and he put his hand over his mouth and struggled to free himself from something. Then he reached his arms out and called me by name. "Help me, Nellie!" he cried.'

'In the dream I tried to do something for his relief. I tried and tried, my heart beating with terror and my forehead wet with perspiration.'

'During all this time I saw Tom distinctly. He was continually trying to get away from something that held him, but it seemed that he could not free himself. He kept up his struggles for a long while, his face showing awful agony.'

'Then Tom's hands dropped and he lost his vigor. He faded away and everything became black. I awoke with a start.'

Mrs. Reilly was in a terrible state of agitation as she related her dream. Mr. Waddell calmed her as best he could and reassured her. He still sedulously kept the news of the disaster from the two women. He decided to wait and see what could be done.

The two women were in a nervous state although utterly unaware of the railroad wreck. Mr. Waddell then told Mrs. Ellen Reilly that she had better accom-

pany him to the Grand Central station, and he would try and find out what had delayed her husband.

Leaving the old mother in her room Mrs. Reilly went out with the manager. On the way she told him she had had a second dream that morning.

'I know there is something wrong with Tom,' said she. 'I feel it. I dreamed that a man on a jet black horse rode up in front of the hotel. He halted there for a moment, raised both hands and disappeared. It was so horrible that my heart seemed to fly to my throat.'

Mr. Waddell then told the poor wife that he feared Mr. Reilly had been killed in a railroad wreck up the Hudson. The woman nearly fainted. Then she bravely gathered herself together and, with tears streaming down her face, accompanied the manager on the train to Cold Spring.

At the morgue, Mrs. Reilly fully identified the dead man as her husband.—New York Herald.

D.O.D.D.S

THE PECULIARITIES OF THIS WORD.

No Name on Earth So Famous
—No Name More Widely Imitated.

No name on earth, perhaps, is so well known, more peculiarly constructed or more widely imitated than the word DODD. It possesses a peculiarity that makes it stand out prominently and fastens it in the memory. It contains four letters, but only two letters of the alphabet. Everyone knows that the first kidney remedy ever patented or sold in pill form was DODD'S. Their discovery startled the medical profession the world over, and revolutionized the treatment of kidney diseases.

No imitator has ever succeeded in constructing a name possessing the peculiarity of DODD, though they nearly all adopt names as similar as possible in sound and construction to this. Their foolishness prevents them realizing that attempts to imitate increase the fame of 'Dodd's Kidney Pills.' Why is the name 'Dodd's Kidney Pills' imitated? As well ask why are diamonds and gold imitated. Because diamonds are the most precious gems, gold the most precious metal. Dodd's Kidney Pills are imitated because they are the most valuable medicine the world has ever known.

No medicine was ever named kidney pills till years of medical research gave Dodd's Kidney Pills to the world. No medicine ever cured Bright's disease except Dodd's Kidney Pills. No other medicine has cured as many cases of Rheumatism, Diabetes, Heart Disease, Lumbago, Dropsy, Female Weakness, and other kidney diseases as Dodd's Kidney Pills have. It is universally known that they have never failed to cure these diseases, hence they are so widely and shamelessly imitated.

Will Prevent Flow of Blood.

The arrest of bleeding in surgical operations is now said to be assured by means of an instrument due to the ingenuity of Lawson Tait. A platinum wire, so arranged as to carry a current of electricity, is enclosed in a pair of steel forceps, or any other required instrument, the wire for that purpose being insulated by a bed of burnt pipe clay. This arrangement being perfected, a current of suitable voltage is turned on, the artery seized and compressed and in a few seconds the tissues and arterial walls are so agglutinated that the passage of blood is rendered impossible. The temperature employed is about 80 degrees Fahrenheit, the fact being thus apparent that the principle involved in this device is different from that of electrical cauterizing instruments.