

Bellefonte, Pa., July 12, 1907.

OPEN THE DOOR OF YOUR HEART.

Open the door of your heart, my lad, To the angels of love and truth; When the world is full of unnumbered joys, In the beautiful days of youth...

THE DREAMER.

Directly opposite the Dreamer's desk in the fifth floor office of the "Evening Times" were two windows. And between the windows was a door from which a staircase ran to the floor below.

Through the haze of a dream, the Dreamer saw a forest of brick and iron smoke-stacks, telegraph poles, and ugly ventilation shafts. All day long the chimneys belched bituminous smoke, so that the gravel roofs were black, and the air was so gaseous that not even the city sparrows would perch on the sagging wires which ran from pole to pole.

At other times he could see the Dragon walking with the Love-Lady, and then he would hide behind a big black oak tree and motion to her to come when she could.

So day after day the Love-Lady was wooed by her dreamer husband through the smoke stack grove, and always the Dreamer leaped the hedge just as the Dragon came out of the door—or just as the Chief asked what the Coppers were doing.

And the Dreamer was a Star of the First Magnitude—a Star that everybody in the "Times" office wondered at. No one on Staff knew where he had learned the Street work. He just walked into the "Times" one day and asked the Chief for something to do.

"Ever done reporting?" that dignitary growled. "No," the Dreamer replied, "but I've had experience in the Street. Give me a trial."

Now it happened that one of the Finance Men was ill at the time, so the Chief said: "Know the Street, eh? Well, report to me tomorrow—seven sharp—and I'll give you a chance."

The Dreamer reported, and from that day the Street was his regular Beat. In three months he was doing the work alone, and better than two men had done it before.

fortune had taken unto itself wings, and his friends had gone back on him. Now he was fairly started as plain Peter, and he didn't intend to let any fancifully named ghosts of the old life rise up to bar his way to success.

Only in one way did he keep in touch with the life that was Peter Glover's before Peter G. came to the "Times" office. That was through the Valley of Contentment. When he first discovered the resemblance between the "Times" door and the forest of smoke-stacks, and the old country-house with its quiet grove, he almost decided to give up his desk.

Once again he went to the Valley of Contentment with the Pal. Between the writing of Market Reports, he met and walked through the grove with the Love-Lady. He told her of his love; she kissed him, and thereafter he dwelt in the phantom grove and was reasonably happy.

But, as before, the Dragon opposed their love—his and the Love-Lady's. The Dragon had no personal feeling against the Dreamer, but he wouldn't have his daughter married to any Young Fool who had more money than brains, and who couldn't support a woman by his own earnings.

The Dreamer lived that sweet secret all over again. Day after day he struggled with the Market both as a "Times" reporter and as a Young Speculator, and during his leisure time he climbed over the dream-hedge into the dream-grove and walked with the Love-Lady. That one day came the same old Crash—a dream-crash this time. P. Glover went broke and the Mad Tide of the Street washed him up on the shore of the Valley of Contentment.

He entered the quiet old house and asked for the Dragon. But the Dragon had heard, and he merely sent down word that the Dreamer was never to trespass on his property again.

Sadly the Shorn Lamb left the house. Out in the garden he met the Love-Lady and told her all that had happened. Then with the enthusiasm of youth and love, he asked her to go with him.

"But how can we live, dear?" she asked. As it was with P. Glover, so it was with the Dreamer. He was hurt and startled by her answer—so startled that he jumped to his feet to find the whole Staff staring at him. That day he dreamed no more; and the Chief marvelled at the rapidity with which the Finance came in.

But the next day, when he should have been writing the story of how the Bears had shorn another rich Lamb, the Dreamer found himself staring again into the smoke-stack grove. And there stood the Love-Lady, just where he had left her, asking: "But how can we live, dear?"

"I'll work," the Dreamer replied, "work as I never have before."

Then the Love-Lady laughed. It was a loving little laugh, but a careless one, and it cut the Dreamer deeply. He made some angry retort and they quarrelled—they who had never before spoken a harsh word to each other.

In anger the Dreamer stalked out of the gate, and the Valley of Contentment knew P. Glover no more, and a week later Peter G. joined the "Times" force.

For months after that day's dream the Financial Editor tried to devise a happy ending for the romance of the smoke-stack grove, the phantom Dreamer, and the telegraph-pole Love-Lady. But always their story ended with the quarrel in the garden, and always the Financial Editor awoke and made his typewriter hum as he viciously pounded out Market Reports. Yet he could not get away from his dreams. Every time he looked up from his desk those two windows and the grimy door came into view, and just so surely as he looked into the forest of chimneys and poles he began to dream.

A score of times he lived the story all over again, hoping against hope that it might end differently. Then he began inventing little scenes between himself and the Love-Lady, and for hours he would wander in that grove of his dreams and forget that newspapers want Workers, not Dreamers.

One time it would be afternoon, and he would be having tea with the Love-Lady beside the little fountain which tinkled so much like a typewriter. They would hold hands and say foolish, loving things about the amount of sugar they liked in their tea. And maybe the dragon, peaceful and tamed now, would sit with them and talk in a bless-you-my-children way.

Another time it would be evening at the quiet house. Just inside the tall French windows the Dragon would be reading his book. Outside, the Love-Lady and the Dreamer would be sitting in a big low wicker chair. Away off among the trees the little birds would twitter as they settled down for the night, and the two Loves in the chair, like the birds, would sing together and pretend to sleep. But whenever or however they met, the Love-Lady and the Dreamer were always happy in the phantom grove among the chimneys.

Then one day something happened in the Street. A mere Pretender tried to make himself Corn King. His Crowd bought bushels and bushels of Corn and the Hungry Public seemed to be in a pretty tight corner. But some one turned traitor. The Crash came, and when the excitement was over, the Pretender lay crushed and penniless.

All that morning the Dreamer had been on the Street. Not a detail of fight had escaped him, and about noon he started for the "Times" to write it all up in the most approved, sensational style. His hat was gone, his coat was torn, and his eyes were hollow and red. Every bone in his body ached as though he had been pounded with a club.

It seemed that he could never climb those awful stairs, but the story had to be written and he staggered on. When he reached his desk, he dropped into his chair like a wooden thing. The noise seemed to drive every thought from his head, but the News Fever was upon him, and he stretched out his arm for copy paper.

Like a man in a trance he pounded the keys of his typewriter. One page—two—five—ten he wrote and as fast as they came from his machine, the Chief grabbed them up and hurried them off to the composing-room. At last it was all done, and the Dreamer sank back in his chair, his head drooping and his eyes shut.

He was going home now—going home to the Love-Lady in the Valley of Contentment. In that far-off land of dreams, he

wandered along the country drive, leaped over the hedge, and stood by the big oak tree behind which he had been wont to hide from the Dragon. The little fountain tinkled softly—but devilishly like a typewriter—the birds were singing and everything was soft and balmy. It seemed so good to be home and away from the dirt and clatter of that "Times" office. But where was the Love-Lady? Vaguely he heard steps in the doorway. She was coming to meet him. No, there was two—it must be the Dragon with her. The Dreamer stirred in his chair, then settled down again but the Staff rose to its feet and gaped.

Through the grimy door between the windows had come a Vision that brought even the Chief to his feet, and behind her walked an Old Man in a frock coat. She looked questioningly about the office and saw the Dreamer. With a soft cry she started for him, the Old Man close behind her. The Dreamer looked up blankly and smiled. They were coming to meet him now and he was glad, for he was so tired.

"Pete—Pete," the Vision cried, and the Old Man said: "P. Glover, I think you had better come home."

The Dreamer jumped to his feet and rubbed his eyes. But the Love-Lady, with her arms outstretched, was still there.—By Arthur Ruhl, in Collier's.

THE CRAFTY WOLF.

Stories of His Man Eating Feats Said to Be Untrue.

A skeptical person calling himself St. Croix has been trying to find out whether wolves and bears are maligned by the popular stories of their man eating ways and writes his conclusions for Recreation.

First he tried running down the stories told in newspaper dispatches. Filled in this effort, he turned to the Indians. They knew the gray wolf, having wintered and summered with him. Had they ever known of an Indian being killed by one? No, no, but Mingan was very crafty and very much to be dreaded.

Quite so. But, once for all, had he ever to their knowledge killed a man? No, but they had heard—So it went—always the same intangible, unconfirmed rumor and the same absence of proof.

"Now for a few facts as to the wolf," writes St. Croix. "He can go eight days without food and can then eat forty pounds of meat at a sitting, so the Indians say. This is pretty fair for an animal weighing but eighty pounds. Yet we do not know the length of the sitting."

"The wolf will not venture on glare ice; he never crosses a lake until there is enough snow to hide the ice. To wetting his feet he is as averse as the domestic cat. He will not kill his game in the shelter of the forest, always driving it into some open place for the kill."

"When chasing a deer, he goes at a leisurely lope, sitting down at intervals to give the most dolorous and bloodcurdling howls. This drives the poor victim into a wild gallop and soon exhausts it, and as the wolf never tires he is sure sooner or later to catch up with the quarry."

"In winter the deer often makes for some wild rapid, into which it plunges, knowing that the wolf will not follow. Too often the deer drowns, but better such a death than one by the fangs."

"In summer a couple of wolves will secure all the deer they need by very simple tactics. Having put up the quarry, one wolf drives it by easy stages to some little lake—and on reaching the shore the deer plunges unhesitatingly in, for its instinct tells it the enemy will not dare to follow."

"So on it swims, while the pursuer sits on his haunches and howls dismally, no doubt because he sees his dinner escaping. At length the tired deer drags itself wearily from the water and shakes the drops from its coat on the sun warmed strand. Then the companion wolf, which has waylaid its coming, springs at its throat, and when the first wolf joins him they have a gorge that makes them independent of fate for a whole week."

Drinking Excuses. Here are the five familiar ones: Good wine, a friend, or being dry. Or let us should be by and by—Or any other reason why.

If they don't suffice one can always fall back upon Dr. Sam Johnson's, "He who makes a beast of himself gets rid of the pain of being a man." On the other hand, here are three reasons, one of them cogent, that a Bostonian gave for not drinking: "First—I can't drink, for I've just lost a near relative. Second (when much pressed)—No, I really can't. You know I'm president of a temperance society. Third (when he was much more pressed)—No, I can't, indeed. I've just had four or five cocktails."—Boston Globe.

Shopping in London. One of the first things an American man or woman rushes out to buy in London is a serviceable well cut mackintosh, and the second article to be purchased is usually an umbrella. A man can buy in London a smart waterproof which with occasional reproofing will last him a lifetime for 3 or 4 guineas. In New York a very bad imitation will cost him from \$40 to \$50. The British umbrella is not only a thing of beauty in workmanship, but it will outlast all competitors across the seas.—London Express.

Mixed. Here is a mixture of kingdoms, if not of metaphors, taken from a history examination paper: "He stretched his sultry length beneath the ewe tree's shade." "Away back as far as the time of Jack Cartier England sent her ships into Hudson bay to trade beads and muskets with the Indians for ivory off the walrus tree."—Century.

Not an Expert Opinion. "He has just returned from Mexico. He says a Mexican burro is the most aggravatingly stubborn thing on earth." "He isn't married."—Houston Post.

Vague. "My husband is really very attentive. Yesterday he bought me a dozen veils."—Meggendorfer Blatter.

He Who Kepteth His Tongue. "An old fashioned minister was visiting his son in New York recently and was taken to a fashionable church for the Sunday morning service. The pastor is a young man of great culture, but evidently his oratorical efforts did not greatly impress the visitor, for when they were walking homeward the son remarked approvingly: "That was a good sermon, an excellent sermon. The congregation like Dr. Blank very much."

Yes, a good sermon undoubtedly," his father replied. "It could not possibly have touched a sore spot anywhere."—New York Herald.

THE POOR CAT.

One Occasion When the Animal Did Not Come Back.

When the cat died the whole family went into mourning, figuratively if not literally. No common back door cat this, but one that must be buried with all honor. The question was how and where.

Some one proposed cremation, but this was rejected on the ground that it sounded too much like lynching. It was finally proposed that the father, who had to cross a ferry every day to his place of business, should drop it overboard, and as a burial at sea rather appealed to the sentimental members of the family this idea was received favorably.

The following morning the remains of the cat were made into a package and securely tied. It was a lovely day, and the ferryboat was crowded with passengers, and what had seemed so simple at home assumed unexpected difficulties in the face of a curious crowd, ready to imagine anything and to put the worst construction on an apparently mysterious action.

Finally it occurred to the father that the best time would be the evening, and he could slip the cat overboard without attracting notice in the dusk. Through the day it occupied a corner of his office, and he was glad when the time came for the return trip.

He waited until the boat was well out in the stream and glancing around furtively, laid his hand on the package. Suddenly it struck him what would seem strange in broad daylight would seem doubly so at night.

With a smothered groan he replaced it on the seat beside him. There was no help for it—he would have to carry it home again.

As he took his seat in the train that was to convey him the rest of the way he placed the cat on the shelf above his head and for the first time that day forgot all about it. Hurrying to get off the car when he reached his destination, he was halted by some one behind him, who thrust into his hand the ill fated package.

When he reached his house he threw it down on a chair in the hall and went in to supper. In the middle of it the maid came in and asked how she should cook the meat he had brought with him?

"Meat!" he exclaimed. "That isn't meat! It's"—

But at this moment the maid produced the package and showed him a choice piece of meat. History does not say what the man said who got the cat.—New York Sun.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

A boy's idea of a hero is another boy who runs away from home. Nothing is so often overestimated as the information given confidentially.

As a rule, what a man calls his rights represent merely desired privileges. You may have forgotten more than the other man knows and still be a short horse.

The man who is scared into being good is the one most likely to boast of his exceeding virtue. There are lots of ways of wasting time. Feeling sorry for yourself brings about as little returns as any.

When a man goes to church and hears a sermon which seems intended expressly for him, he never enjoys it very much. As the prize winner in the biggest baby contest, the man who doesn't get sick very often is a strong competitor when he does.—Acheson Globe.

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USED BIBLE AS CIPHER.

A Verse From Solomon Told of a Marriage Engagement.

When she left her home in the small town to come to New York to take up a special course of study her pet sister was fast reaching the crisis of a love affair. The pet sister was a most winsome young lady and had long kept a goodly train of suitors a-sighing. Was this affair to be the grand affair? The older sister hoped so, for she liked the young man cordially—thought he was just the sort to make a proper brother-in-law.

But the weeks passed, and not a bit of definite news about the progress of the affair did the older sister receive in her city boarding house. She became anxious. Louise, she thought, must not go on recklessly trifling in such important matters.

Then one night about 10 o'clock, just as she was going to bed, came a telegram. The servant brought it up. The elder sister was country girl enough to be thoroughly frightened by the pale manila, black inked envelope. How ominous it looked! At length she gathered courage to open it. This is what she read:

Solomon six three. LOUISE. Solomon six three! Whatever in the world! Oh, why, yes, stupid, it of course meant the Song of Solomon, sixth chapter, third verse! But—and her cheeks flushed with shame—she had no Bible!

There was a great scurrying about the boarding house to find a copy of the sacred book. The girls were routed out in vain. On all sides the cry arose, "Who's got a Bible?" Just think of the sister trying to sleep that night without knowing what that verse was!

It would have been just like a woman to lie down to pleasant dreams, content to know that she could satisfy her curiosity in the morning—not!

The landlady, good soul, came to the rescue. She was no heathen. She had a Bible. Up to her room with it flew the sister and shut the door. Such a turning over of pages by eager, nervous fingers! Solomon six three. She found it, and then she cried "Hurrah!" and laughed, for the verse was:

I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine.

—New York Press.

THE SPECTER SWIMMER.

A Legend of the Sea That Still Appeals to Sailors.

The sailor as a class still holds fast to the superstitions that have been his especial heritage throughout all ages. To him the sea is still peopled with phantoms. Men there are still who sail the sea believing in the power of the Swimmer, men who believe in the Walrus of unholly fame and in the existence of the specter bark Lhaio to be seen at any time dodging in and out of the creeks and bays of the South Carolina coast. This is the tale of the Swimmer:

Near Cape Finistere there lived a fisher maiden in days when the world asked fewer questions than now, and with her lived her fisher sweetheart. On their wedding night, runs the yarn, smugglers came down on their village, a thieving, drunken band. When they left, having done all the damage they could, the fisher maiden's sweetheart had disappeared, whether with them or through them was never known.

Instead of pining uselessly, as would most women, she dressed herself in men's clothes and started to find him. Dead or alive.

For years she wandered over the earth and ocean, and though her disguise was penetrated several times and she passed through a host of troubles which vary with each telling, she succeeded in keeping up her hunt. Finally after escaping from an English prison the vessel she was on was lost at sea, and the simple Breton fisherman enshrined her in a legend which has her forever swimming the seas still in search of the man she loved and hailing each craft she hears. A sailor, be he Yankee or Portuguese, matter of fact in all things else or grossly superstitious, believes firmly that if you hear the hall of the Swimmer on a dark night at sea and an swer it not woe follows swiftly.—New York Herald.

The Perfect Servant. The thoroughly trained English servant is in his way the most perfect kind of servant to be found anywhere, and in his station and for his duties he is not to be matched in the world. Where will you find any men so competent in their work, so completely trained and apparently emotionless in manner, so punctual, so clean, so smart, as an English butler, coachman, footman or valet? Certainly not on the continent of Europe, in the United States, in Canada or in Australia.—Country Life.

Metals and Metaphors. "It is most amazing," said a metallurgist, "how the world relies on metals for its metaphors and similes. Thus an orator is silver tongued or golden mouthed. An explorer is bronzed by African suns. A resolute chap has an iron will. A sluggard moves with leaden feet. An ostrich has a copper lined stomach. A millionaire has tin. A swindler is as slippery as quicksilver. A borrower has brass."—New York Press.

Mamma Remembered. Papa (enraged)—Well, Constantia, daughter, I've never in all my life seen as soft, green, unsophisticated, spongy an idiot as young Puddington. Mamma (emphatically)—I have!—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Still His Daughter. Old Gotrox—But if my daughter marries you, will she have all the comforts to which she has been accustomed? Young DeBroque—Well, it will be your fault if she hasn't.—Chicago News.

The Wary Crow. The crow is useful in killing mice, snakes, lizards and frogs and is a splendid scavenger. He is quite wary, will always flee from a man with a gun, but pays little attention to the ordinary pedestrian. These birds are gregarious in their habits and make their large, untidy nests at the tops of trees. They come in flocks to the sleeping grove, sit around on the ground, and when all are assembled they also simultaneously and scramble for nests. Crows mate for life.

Lincoln's Last Law Case. Lincoln tried his last case in Chicago. It was the case of Jones versus Johnson in April and May, 1860, in the United States circuit court before Judge Drummond. The case involved the title to land of very great value, the accretion on the shore of Lake Michigan. During the trial Judge Drummond and all the counsel on both sides, including Lincoln, dined together at the house of Isaac N. Arnold.

At the conclusion of the dinner this toast was proposed: "May Illinois furnish the next president of the United States." It was drunk with great enthusiasm by the friends of both Lincoln and Douglas.—Chicago Record-Herald.

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THINKING ALOUD.

A Ruse Which Roused Lord Dudley and Formed a Friendship.

One of the earls of Dudley, who was addicted to the practice of thinking aloud, found himself in a very awkward predicament on a certain occasion. He was to spend the evening at the house of a friend and ordered his carriage early, as he had a long drive back to his own home.

When the hour arrived the carriage was not forthcoming. Seeing that Lord Dudley was considerably annoyed by the delay, one of the guests, whose way homeward lay past his lordship's house, politely offered him a seat in his carriage. The gentleman was almost a stranger to Lord Dudley, but the offer was accepted.

The drive did not prove a very sociable one. Lord Dudley took his seat and immediately relapsed into silence, his thoughts apparently engrossed by some unpleasant subject. Presently he began to speak in a low but distinctly audible tone of voice, and his companion, to his astonishment, heard him say: "I'm very sorry I accepted his offer. I don't know the man. It was civil certainly, but the worst is I suppose I must ask him to dinner."

Silence followed this bit of audible thinking. His lordship was unaware that he had betrayed his thoughts and was probably still meditating upon the same unpleasant subject when the voice of his companion broke the stillness. Apparently this stranger was afflicted with the same malady from which his lordship suffered, for he exactly imitated Lord Dudley's tone as he said: "Perhaps he'll think I did it to make his acquaintance. Why, I would have done the same to any farmer on his estate. I hope he won't ask me to dinner, for I shan't accept his invitation."

Lord Dudley's abstraction was all gone. He listened to the other's words, immediately comprehending the joke against himself, and frankly offered his hand to his companion, making many apologies for his involuntary rudeness.

The stranger proved magnanimous, and from that night the two became fast friends.

THE TAXIDERMIST.

He Stretches Animal Skins Over Plaster of Paris Forms.

Recently a prominent taxidermist of St. Louis was taking a party of visitors through his establishment. He had some very rare specimens of big game fish, both of the sea and river, besides a large collection of birds of every clime about the walls.

"Is that stuffed, too?" asked a lady, indicating the lifelike form of a small pet dog which sat motionless upon the hearth.

The taxidermist frowned and returned very indignantly: "Madam, we do no stuffing here. We stretch our hides over plaster of Paris forms. The day of stuffing is past, and no up to date establishment does it."

The party was taken upstairs, through the rooms where the real taxidermy is done. They had expected to see hides being crammed full of sawdust, shavings and perhaps hair. No such thing was seen, however, and in place of this were men and boys molding out the forms of deer, antelope, fish and other kinds of animals in the smooth white plaster. This is done very much in the same way as the terra cotta cornices are molded to grace the corners of buildings. The hides after going through the cleaning process are stretched tightly over the plaster form, which indeed is more lasting than the old fashioned manner of stuffing them.

Even specimens of fish are treated in this manner," resumed the taxidermist, "and you may easily see how a skin would retain its shape a great deal longer over the hard, smooth surface of the plaster than if a softer material were crammed into it, which if improperly done will bulge and last but a short time."—Exchange.

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