

TWO DREAMERS.

Under a tree two dreamers lay. And unto one did the wind's voice say, "Castle Pleasure is building fast; I heard the hammers as I flew past." But to the other the wind's voice said, "Noble Endeavor lies just ahead." The dreamers rose. The years sped by, and the wind blew out of the changing sky. He who wrought for his brother well Came to the castle of Joy to dwell; He who turned from the toil-ome hill, Seeking his castle—is seeking still. —James Buckham.

A GOOD BEGINNING.

"Well," impudently queried the man as he stood in the door of a fourth floor room and looked into the face of a woman whose cheeks had grown white as she heard his step on the landing. "I'm sorry, sir, but—" "Same old story, is it?" "I've had to tell you for the last two months that I was out of work and couldn't pay my rent. That was bad enough, but now my Tom is out of work, too. He's there on the bed, sir, and the doctor says it's a touch of pneumonia." "You owe two months' back rent," he said as he inspected the poor old furniture and wondered if it would pay to attach it. "Yes, sir, but if you'll only have a little patience we'll pay you." "Patience! won't pay taxes nor make repairs. I'll give you the day to pack your traps." "But where will I go?" "Beat some other landlord out of two months' rent." "I haven't a shilling in the house and there lies my sick boy! Give me a week anyhow. It will be the death of Tom to be carried out. It's too cold in the room here, but I've only a little coal and have to use it more carefully than you do gold." "You can talk to the constables when they come; I'm sick and tired of hearing these yams." "Before the week is out I may find work. If Tom was well I wouldn't say a word, but don't set us out with him so badly off that the doctor—" "Talk to the constables!" shouted the man, as he turned to go. "But, sir, if you would only let us stay another week, I'm sure you wouldn't lose by it. There's such a thing as the Lord raising up a friend for the widow and the fatherless just when they are ready to give up." "Can't stop—talk to the constable—two months' back rent or out you go." "That was the way the year opened for the Widow Flint and her boy Tom. It was hard times all around. Plenty of energetic, skillful mechanics were out of work and behind in their rent, and dealers and manufacturers who generally had plenty of work to give out were holding back to watch the business outlook. Tom might have kept his place at \$3 per week in the box factory, but the want of proper food and clothing had made him susceptible to exposure and brought him low. There wasn't money enough in the house to get the doctor's prescription filled out at a drug store, and it was well that the boy's fever blunted his appetite, as a loaf of bread was the only palatable thing in the house. Neighbors! Yes, plenty of them. There were forty families under that roof, but most of them had little else but bread. When poverty begins to hunger their poverty is selfish to herd them together. The sight of each other's destitution blunts all sentiment. "But—he's like the mayor, ain't he?—never noticing anybody but well-off folks?" "Tom, the Lord looks down upon us all—the poor as well as the rich. We are all in His keeping. Don't doubt His goodness. It's hard work to be sick and freezing and hungry, but if it's our burden to bear, we must do it. You must have medicine, Tom. I'm going out to see if I can pawn my shawl." "And then you can't go out to look for work." "But it may save you." She went out and walked about for an hour, but pawnbrokers and second-hand clothing dealers were taking a holiday with the rest of the world. She finally entered a drug store, and asked of the urbane proprietor, who came forward rubbing his hands, to take the shawl and fill the prescription. "Very sorry, you know, but we couldn't do it," he replied. "Medicines are cash, and the shawl is old and thin and not worth anything." "But my Tom is threatened with pneumonia, sir." "Yes, sir. Just the sort of weather for pneumonia, and most of the cases seem to prove fatal." "And must he die for the want of this medicine?" "Good-day, ma'am—good-day. I notice the thermometer is down to zero, and I shouldn't wonder if it would go lower before night." She had assured Tom that there was only one God, and that He watched over the poor as well as the rich, but as she wended her way homeward she had to combat her doubts. His fever was worse, and he was out of his mind, and all day long he moaned and tossed about, and she could do no more than hold a cup of water to his lips now and then. When night began to fall she made up a bundle of Tom's clothes. They were old, but of more value than her shawl. If he died she would not redeem them; if he got well—Well, she had said that the Lord sometimes raised up a friend for the poor and distressed. "Humph! Four o'clock p. m., and New Year's Day, and you not out of bed yet?" It was a young man of 25, who had gone to bed at 2 o'clock that morning. His face was pinched and pale, his eyes hollow and bloodshot, and one looking at him might have taken him for an old man. "Made a fool of yourself again last night, didn't you?" he growled, talking to himself as he lay looking around.

"Old man, do you know that I'm about ready to cut your acquaintance? A young man of decent family—plenty of money, good prospects, and yet how are you using yourself? Champagne, cards, dissipation. Going right to the dogs on the gallop. At 25 you feel like a man of 50. Health, prospects and the whole outfit going to the devil, and what are you getting in exchange? You are the son of your father and a high roller—that's all. When you come to figure it down you are a champion fool—nothing less."

He lazily turned over, sat up on the side of the bed and continued: "Head as big as a house, and your stomach full of vitriol. Nice chap you are. A decent mule ought to be ashamed to kick you. No sand—no energy—hardly strength enough to get into your clothes and wash up. You and I are going to have a talk after a bit. Had no idea where the boys tucked me away this morning, but I guess this is a hotel, and I'll order up a bite to eat."

HOW PAPER MONEY IS MADE.

Work of Uncle Sam's Expert Engravers at Washington.

If you will look at the pictures upon a one-dollar bill, you will see that the portrait of Martha Washington or of Stanton is composed altogether of curved or straight lines—the only kind of engraving that is allowed to be done in the bureau; because unless it is done in this manner and unless the lines are cut very deep, the engravings cannot be used. Now this portrait was engraved in a piece of steel by the use of a very sharp little instrument known as a graver.

Every little scratch on the steel plate will, in printing, show a black line, so you will see how very careful the engraver has to be that he shall not make any false scratches, and that the lines shall be just so long and just so broad.

Now, steel engraving is the direct opposite of wood engraving. The scratches and cuts made on a wooden block will be white in the print, and it is only the uncut portions of the block that print black; while on the steel the unscratched portion leaves the paper white.

When a design has been cut on a steel plate, and is ready to be printed, the ink is put on the plate or block, and all the cuts and scratches become filled with ink. Then the ink is carefully rubbed off of the surface, so that none remains except what is in the lines. When a piece of dampened paper is placed on the plate and subjected to very heavy pressure, it sinks into the lines; and when it is taken off it draws the ink out with it, and thus the picture is printed on the paper.

It takes an engraver about six weeks or two months to complete one portrait, and a man who engraves the portraits never does any other kind of engraving. Each engraver does only a certain portion of the work on a note; no one is permitted to engrave an entire note; so that besides the portrait engravers there are some who do nothing but engrave the figures, the seal, the lettering, the border, etc. In this way it would be impossible for an engraver to make a complete engraving for his own use, if he were dishonest enough to want to do such a thing.

Besides this manual work, some of the engraving is done by machinery, as for example, the background of the portrait and of the borders, and the shading of the letters—this being done by what is known as the ruling-machine, which can rule several hundred perfectly straight lines within an inch. The intricate scroll and lace-like work around the figures on the face and the back of the note is done by a wonderful machine known as the geometric lathe. This machine consists of a large number of wheels of all sizes and in all sorts of arrangements, together with a complicated mechanism of eccentrics and rods, all of which is incomprehensible to any one but an expert machinist.

By a proper adjustment of its parts the delicate diamond point that moves about over the face of the steel is made to work out a perfect and artistic pattern with greater accuracy and much more speed than could be done by hand; and hence this delicate and intricate part of the engraving is one of the greatest obstacles with which the counterfeiter has to contend, for he finds it next to impossible to imitate it correctly.

Fortunately for Uncle Sam, the geometric lathe is a very complicated and very expensive machine, and the counterfeiter is generally a poor man; and even if he did manage to lay up enough money to buy the lathe, it is hardly likely he would live long enough to learn how to use it properly; for there are only four men in the world who understand how to operate it.

Indeed, the man who now has charge of the geometric lathe at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing is the only one in the United States at the present time who knows how to manage it; and if anything should happen to him, it might tangle matters up for a while in this important branch of our Uncle Sam's big government.—(St. Nicholas.

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

UNAVOIDABLE.—Why She Decided—An Infant Phenomenon—An Unexpected Confession, Etc., Etc.

UNAVOIDABLE.

Tapeleigh—When the boss commenced to bully you for not showing up yesterday you ought not to have lost your head.

Scrapleigh—How could I help it? The first thing he did was to cut it off.—(New York Herald.)

WHY SHE DECIDED.

Maud—Which will you accept, Frank Waite or Charley Pruyn?

May—Well, I prefer Charley, but I think I shall accept Frank.

Maud—For his money?

May—No; for his asking.—(Truth.)

AN INFANT PHENOMENON.

Fond Mother—Big? Do you think so? Why, we think he is rather small for his age. Talk? Oh, yes, he talks; but he hasn't said anything remarkable—yet.

Visitors (together)—What a wonderful child!—(Judge.)

WOMAN'S WAY OF KEEPING PACE.

Mrs. Muzler (on a visit)—I trust, my daughter, that you make your husband happy?

The Daughter (bride of one year)—Oh, yes, mamma! Whenever we quarrel I get him to give in and make up.—(Chicago Record.)

AN UNEXPECTED CONFESSION.

"I know I play a poor game of billiards now," said the man with a cue in his hand, "but—" "You used to play a great game," interrupted a sarcastic bystander.

"But," continued the man with the cue, not noticing the interruption, "but, as I was saying, I used to play a far poorer game."—(Detroit Journal.)

DESERVING OF MEDALS.

"Brown has received fifteen medals from the cycle club this week. Are they for good work?"

Bragg—Yes; they are for the people he has run over and not killed.—(Chicago Inter-Ocean.)

A SLIGHT CONFUSION.

She tripped down the stairs and answered the postman's knock, for she was expecting letters far too precious to be entrusted to footman or maid.

"What have we here?" she inquired smilingly, as she took the missives; "Bills or dough?"

"Not exactly, miss," replied the new letter-carrier with a blush, "my name's Billy Dooley."—(Washington Star.)

IT THROUBLED HIM.

Willis—You have a cold. Does it trouble you much?

Wallace—Yes. Every blamed fool I meet asks me about it.—(Music and Drama.)

CONDITIONAL.

The Old Gentleman—And you really think you must have my daughter's hand, my boy?

He (devotedly)—I do, sir.

The Old Gentleman—Well, remember it includes a sixteen-button glove. Take her; be happy!—(Truth.)

IT OFTEN WORKS THAT WAY.

Mrs. Wayback—Young Jim Junckett don't seem to amount to much since he left college.

Mr. Wayback—No; you see his college education made him too smart to work and not smart enough to get along without work.—(Puck.)

HIS LAST WORDS.

"What did you get, popper?" asked the little fish, as he saw his parent make a dart at a nice fat worm.

"Hooks," answered the parent. And then he soared to the world above.—(Indianapolis Journal.)

THE ESSENTIAL FEATURE.

"I'm afraid this picture is spoiled; the baby moved her head."

Mother—Oh, that doesn't matter; her dress looks perfectly lovely.—(Chicago Inter-Ocean.)

ACTED ON HIS PRINCIPLES.

Mr. Goodman—When Willie Tuffin called you a liar, did you remember that a soft answer turneth away wrath?

Johnnie—Yes, sir.

Mr. Goodman—And what did you say to him?

Johnnie—Nothing, sir. I threw a rotten apple at him.—(Truth.)

A DEGENERATE NEW ENGLANDER.

"Beans, ma'am," exclaimed the man at the kitchen door, agast. "Beans! Why, ma'am, I've come more'n a thousand miles to get away from 'em!"

And the tourist from Boston went sadly away and tried the next house.—(Chicago Tribune.)

A DIABOLICAL SCHEME.

"I want to go home. Not one gentleman has come near me the whole evening," said a neglected maiden at a Harlem sociable. Whereupon her mother whispered in her ear:

"I'll tell you what to do. There is a gentleman's hat on that chair. Sit down on it, and the owner of that hat will have to hunt you up sooner or later, and then you can escape an acquaintance with him."—(Texas Sitings.)

NOT TO BLAME.

Tenant—See here! That house you rented me is infested with rats. Every night we are waked up by the racket.

Agent—That's very strange. The last tenant never said a word about rats.

"Well, then, of course you are not to blame."

"No. The people who lived there before never complained of anything except ghosts."

HEROIC REMEDIES.

Student—Professor, is it proper to amputate when you can't check erysipelas?

Professor—Always, sir.

Student—I thought so, but I was a little nervous before I decapitated that patient at the hospital.—(Litt.)

NATURAL HISTORY.

Teacher—Now, children, who can tell me what comes under the head of meat?

Bright Boy—The neck, ma'am.—(Puck.)

AND HE LEFT.

"Rose," said the adorer, taking his hat and cane for the seventh time, and making the third bluff at leaving since 11 o'clock, "Rose, bid me but hope I could wait for you forever."

"That's all very well, Mr. Staylate," said the beautiful girl, coldly, "but you needn't begin to-night."

HE KNEW.

Mrs. Kings-Dorset (impressing one of her proteges)—Be brave and earnest and you will succeed. Do you remember my telling you of the great difficulty George Washington had to contend with?

Willie Rags—Yes, mum; he couldn't tell a lie!—(Puck.)

GONE FROM HIM.

First Steamship Passenger—Do you know what they had for breakfast this morning?

Second Steamship Passenger—No. I gave it up long ago.—(Judge.)

WANTED TO BE KICKED.

Caller—I have a little bill here which—

Hardup (interrupting)—The cashier is out.

Caller—Very well; I'll call around some other day and pay it. Good day.

Hardup requested the office boy to kick him six times.—(Philadelphia Record.)

TWENTY-ONE IN ALL.

"How many neighbors have you, all told?"

"Eighteen, and three my wife doesn't speak to."—(Detroit Tribune.)

A SENSIBLE YOUTH.

"How do you begin to shave, Chaplie?"

"Aw—I follow the good old wule, deah boy, youah know: first catch youah baiah."—(Truth.)

AN INAPPROPRIATE SMILE.

"Milton is a regular mouse in disposition, isn't he?"

"Great Jupiter! no; his wife hasn't an idea of being afraid of him."

ANOTHER KIND OF BIRD.

"Mrs. Jones, your husband is down town on a big haul."

"Is that so? He told me he was only going on a little lark."—(New York Press.)

NO HELP FOR IT.

Dashaway—Old man, can't you dine with me to-morrow night?

Stuffer—Certainly, old fellow; but you will have to make it eight o'clock.

Dashaway—Why so late?

Stuffer—I have another at six.—(Puck.)

TO BE CONGRATULATED.

Willis—Borrowit has removed to Kansas. He says his nearest neighbor is thirty miles away.

Wallace—Lucky neighbor.—(Brooklyn Life.)

EVERYTHING IN STOCK.

Customer—I'm looking for a tall man with one arm.

Floorwalker—Certainly. The remnant counter is just across the store.—(Puck.)

NOT A RARE CASE.

"That woman doesn't know her own mind."

"What's the reason?"

"She changes it so often."

"Gatored Mules."

The Washington News says that a "gatored" mule is, according to Florida dialect, a mule that has been driven partially insane by an alligator. There are hundreds of such demented mules in Florida, and it is a fact that they are never the same after a genuine fright of this sort.

I helped to 'gator one myself, writes a traveller. I had been staying at Ocala, and finally agreed with several friends to go hunting in the south. Some distance from town we located upon a small stream abounding in game. After pitching camp I went for a walk, and before long I found a 'gator hole. From the strong, musty odor issuing from it I knew the owner must be at home. I decided to capture him, and called my companions. Several times we rammed a long pole into the burrow. Finally we heard a snap like the report of a gun, and the pole remained fast. The 'gator had seized it. We tried vainly to pull him out. Then some one suggested that we try our camp mule. The mule was led down to the hole, a chain fastened to him and the pole, and the frightened animal was started. There was a creaking of chains, a roar, and an alligator, fully seven feet in length, came out with a rush, as the mule started on a wild run for the road. The saurian's teeth were sunken so deeply in the pole that he could not release himself, and away went mule, pole and all. The alligator spun round, hissing like a steam-engine; but he held on, while the mule, thinking himself pursued, snorted and ran. We followed. Into the main street of Ocala flew the mule and his queer load. Completely exhausted, he was stopped by a party of men near the post-office. The 'gator was dead. We skinned and stuffed him. The mule recovered, but the sight of a swamp now throws him into a perfect frenzy of terror.

A PUZZLE.

Among the puzzling questions sometimes put to young men and women in collegiate examinations is this: "What were the ten days in the world's history in which nothing was eaten, nothing drunk, and nothing spoken?" The answer is, of course, the period between October 5th and 15th in the year 1582, when Pope Gregory XIII. sliced ten days off the calendar. That was the beginning of the Gregorian calendar. From 1582 to 1700 the difference between the old and new styles was ten days. In the eighteenth century it was eleven days. In the present century it is twelve days. From 1900 to 2100 it will be thirteen days.—(Worthington's Magazine.)

In 1890 Pennsylvania had 3,250,000 inhabitants and produced 4,250,000 tons of pig iron.

A NEW ENGLAND MIRACLE.

A RAILROAD ENGINEER RELATES HIS EXPERIENCE.

THE WONDERFUL STORY TOLD BY FRED C. VOSE AND HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW TO A REPORTER OF THE BOSTON HERALD— BOTH ARE RESTORED AFTER YEARS OF AGONY.

[From the Boston Herald.]

The vast health-giving results already attributed by the newspapers throughout this country and Canada to Dr. Williams' "Pink Pills for Pale People" have been recently supplemented by the cases of two confirmed invalids in one household in a New England town. The names of these people are Fred C. Vose, his wife and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Oliver C. Holt, of Peterboro, members of the same household.

To the Herald reporter who was sent to investigate his remarkable cure Mr. Vose said: "I am thirty-seven years old, and have been railroaded for the Fitchburg for fifteen years. Since boyhood I have been troubled with a weak stomach. For the past seven years I have suffered terribly and constantly. My stomach would not retain food; my head ached constantly and was so dizzy I could scarcely stand; my eyes were blurred; I had a bad heartburn, and my breath was offensive. I had physicians, but they failed to help me. My appetite gave out, and four years ago I developed palpitation of the heart, which seriously affected my breathing. Had terrible pains in my back and had to make water many times a day. I finally developed rheumatic signs and couldn't sleep nights. If I lay down my heart would go pit-a-pat at a great rate, and many nights I did not close my eyes at all. I was broken down in body and discouraged in spirit when, some time in February last, I got a couple of boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before I had finished the first box I noticed that the palpitation of my heart, which had bothered me so that I couldn't breathe at times, began to improve. I saw that in going to my home on the hill from the depot, which was previously an awful task, my heart did not beat so violently and I had better sleep when I reached the depot. After the second and third boxes I grew better in every other respect. My stomach became stronger, the gas belching was not so bad, my appetite and digestion improved, and my sleep became nearly normal. I was disturbed. I have continued taking the pills three times a day ever since last March, and to-day I am feeling better than at any time during the last eight years. I can't describe it and conscientiously say that they have done me more good, and their good effects are more permanent, than any medicine I have ever taken. My rheumatic pains in legs and hands are all gone. The pains in the small of my back, which were so bad at times that I couldn't stand up straight, have nearly all vanished, and I find my kidneys are well regulated by them. This is an effect not claimed for the pills in the circular, but in my case they brought it about. I am feeling 100 per cent. better in every shape and manner."

The reporter next saw Mrs. Holt, who said: "I am 57 years old, and for 14 years past I have had an intermittent heart trouble. Three years ago I had nervous prostration, by which my heart trouble was increased so badly that I had to lie down most of the time. My stomach also gave out, and I had continual intense pain from the back of my neck to the end of my backbone. In 14 weeks I spent \$300 for doctor bills and medicines, but my health continued so miserable that I gave up doctoring in despair. I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills last winter, and the first box made me feel ever so much better. I have taken the pills since February, with the result of stopping entirely the pain in the spine and in the region of the liver. My stomach is again normal, and the palpitation of the heart has troubles me but three times since I commenced the pills. An analysis of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills shows that they contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus's dance, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, neural effect of grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female, and all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid, on receipt of 50 cents (50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., or Brockville, Ont."

Another Great Ship Canal.

The great canal between the North and Baltic seas is fast approaching completion, and the engineers say that it will be opened without fail next year. It has no locks or sluices along its course, but at each end there are gates regulating the water level in the canal. The average level will be the same as that in the Baltic. The bed of the canal is 27 feet below normal water level and it has a bottom width of 68 yards. The slope of the sides is either two to one or three to one, and the least depth of water is to be about 18 feet deep. The Baltic trading steamers generally draw less water than this minimum and are of such a beam that they can easily pass in the canal. The greatest amount of curvature is made with a radius of 3,000 feet, and 63 per cent. of the canal is straight. During the summer about 5,000 men have been at work on the great ditch, and up to the present time about 100,000,000 cubic yards of excavation have been completed at an expense of about \$17,500,000. The entire cost of the canal is estimated at \$38,000,000, of which sum Prussia contributes \$12,500,000 and the German Empire the balance.



Mrs. Eliza Logree, Western, N. Y.

SORE EYES

and headache made me blind. I tried everything I heard of, and went to the Rhode Island Hospital, but found no relief. A friend advised Hood's Sarsaparilla. I have now become well as ever. My eyes have healed and the headache is cured. Hood's Sarsaparilla has done it all. Mrs. E. Logree.

Hood's Pills were the favorite cathartic with every one who tried them. 25 cents per box.