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 hammer as I flew past."

But to the other the wind's voice said, "Hill 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 toilsome hill, Seeking his castle-is seeking still. JAMES BUCKHAM.



A TALE UF THE MINES. "Is that your last word, Kate?"

''My ' " "You have no love to give me?"

"How many times must you ask me?'

into your eyes and that they have kitchen, where he heard her moving your tongue. Deny it or not, Kate, your eyes have looked into mine and told me that I had a small place in you may, and though your voice was watch her preparations for supper. have whispered soft promises that to rush to my head, until I seemed | was a strange look upon her face. half mad with joy.

She, a stalwart English lass, brown as a berry, as handsome an example of a working woman as ever lived. laugned. It was a musical, bewitch- all three sitting together, chatting ing laugh, but it sounded like a death- gaily. With a curse he turned away knell to the man who stood before her, | and for hours tramped over the snow with face aflame with passion. He in the darkness. was a tall specimen of the Anglo-Saxon type of miner, with arms like a blacksmith and the legs and thighs of an athlete. Kate was the daughcame from the same part of England | derhand. This portion of the mine to America when the mining industry had caved in the year previous and here was almost in its infancy; when the rooms were filled and the posts there was no over-production of any more or less crushed, so that great ore, and fortunes were more easily care was necessary in taking out the made than now. For some time Geoffry had been suitor for her hand, of sets on the east side of the pillar and Kate had played fast and loose until at times the demon of jealousy | it. In mining these crushed pillars, raged so furiously that he was almost sets of smaller dimensions are used beside himself. To see his Kate, up- in order that very little ground should right as a sapling-Kate, whose every be opened at one time without timmovement was the majesty of motion ber. Here the ground was so soft heart and caprices of a maid; with back until the timber could be put the soft eyes of a deer and the in. This particular set was nearly tongue of a shrew-to see out and a prop and head board had Kate, the embodiment of noble physi- been erected to support the laths, cal development, in the arms of an- this prop resting on a plank laid other at the dance, with no word for across the lagging of the set below. him, was torture, keen and exquisite. Geoffry and the Norwegian were work- broad, womanly bosom, of this wo-And then when he approached her, ing silently, but now and then they man of the people. Her lips close to

your tongue. "Next time you think to win a sweetheart, learn how to treat her." "Kate, something oppresses me. Something is going to happen on the morrow. Should you care if I met my death in the mine?"

She laughed lightly. 'Not at all.'

Without a word he turned and vanishing in the light of the silver gazed at the messenger of evil. sun.

yet learned that no man on earth may drive me?"

softly.

"But it seems that I have looked ing from him, she went into the timber.

There was a knocking on the window. | with a will, men.' Turning she saw the Norwegian and smiled pleasantly. Then he came in por, took her place among the workyour heart. I have seen it, say what and asked permission to sit down and ers silent, your eyes, my bonnie Kate, This she granted and his eyes brightened as he followed her with his gaze. caused my temples to throb and blood | The light fell upon her hair and there | said.

"Will you not stay to supper?

she asked. He assented eagerly. Half an hour later Geoffey, passing by, saw them

* * *

On the day following, Geoffry and ter of the captain of the mine, and level mining out the fourth tier un- over the Englishman shouted : pillars. They had worked out one lot and were engaged on the one next to -with the figure of a woman, and the that laths were driven to support the was now resting on her bosom, the the angry flush upon his face, there gazed furtively at each other. The his whispered: "How do you heart of the Englishman was full of

into the office. 'An accident, captain---' "Where?"

"On the third tier. The Norwegian, Bnorgson, and Geoffry were working there."

covered with dirt and grime rushed

Kate gave a cry. Her face was the color of the pallid landscape now, and she sprang up like a deer shot to the walked away. She watched his figure heart, while with quivering lips she

"Is he-are they killed?" she "Fool!" she said. "Has he not asked, the words falling slowly.

"There isn't much chance." Now in the mine the men were Then she went into the house and working with a will, clearing away Journal. stood thoughtfully near the window the enormous masses of ore and rock. where were many flowers. She heard The only chance for the men was a step behind her and began to hum that they were imprisoned, not crushed, and that was a faint hope at "Art light-hearted, lass?" said her the best. Among the throng of father's voice, and the next moment | workers was Kate, who herself worked she was in his arms. He looked at until her strength was exhausted. her proudly, with her noble figure, Gang relieved gang and still the great her strong arms and her broad, hand- mass seemed to become but the more some face-a true woman of the impregnable. On the second day the people, a daughter of the mines. men paused, for they thought they Weel, thou art no featherweight, heard something. They listened inlass," he remarked, and then escap- tently. It was a faint rapping on a

"They are alive-at least, one of given me a different answer than about, still humming to herself. them," should a miner. "To work

Then Kate, aroused from her stu-

"Back, lass," said her father. "A stronger arm is needed here.'

"My arm is strong, father," she

They gazed at her and let her have her way

"Her sweetheart's there," said one of the men.

'Yes; the Norwegian."

On the third day the tapping was fainter and then it ceased. Next morning they reached the men. The Englishman was dead, apparently. Both bodies were taken to the surface. At the word "dead," Kate, worn out, the Norwegian were working on the had fallen unconscious. Suddenly footwall on the third tier from the one of the men who had been bending

'There's life here. The captain knelt by his side and heard the faint beating of the heart. "Carry the lad to my house," he commanded.

When Geoffry came to himself he was lying in a small room near the Upon the window sill were window. flowers. Bending over him was a woman. Someone held his hand: lips were pressed to his forehead; kindly, sympathetic eyes gazed into his, and their tender light bewildered

him. "Kate!"

"Geoffry!"

"It is you, sweetheart?"

"It is I, dear.

What did this mean? His head

"How do you feel.

"Don't drive me too hard with love, then, so impatient? A man THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Not Well Equipped -- Fourteen Dollars Difference -- Her Reply -- A Dissembler -- Etc., Etc.

NOT WELL EQUIPPED.

Griggs-Don't you think that Dr. Bolus is a pretty good physician? Briggs-Good physician! Well, I Why, that man should say not. couldn't cure a ham !-Somerville

FOURTEEN DOLLARS DIFFERENCE.

"Paw, is there any difference beween a cold and a influenzy?"

'If the doctor calls it a cold, the bill is about \$4. If he calls it influenza, it's about \$18. The difference is \$14, my son."-[Chicago Record.

HER REPLY.

"You look sweet enough to eat," said Josh Sassafras to his best girl on Sunday afternoon.

you'll see me eat," was her reply .-Harlem Life.

A DISSEMBLE R.

Bragg-I know a thing or two. Scapely-You sly dog !- [Life, AN EXCEPTION.

Watts-Large bodies move slowly. Journal.

A CURIO.

Railroad Man (angrily)-I have just found out that that cow we had to pay for had not given any milk for five years. Farmer Smartt-Yaas; that's so.

plate was on a pretty woman, you 'It is, is it? Now, sir, what right know. had you to put such a high value on her? Tell me that.'

"Wall, you see, I valued that cow

as a curiosity."-[Life.

MITIGATED CIRCUMSTANCES.

Bob Keyworth was paying attention | with him. to a rich widow in Harlem. "Madam," he said, as he offered

her a bouquet, "you are getting more back, I'm yours." and more beautiful every day. "You exaggearte, my dear sir," ex-

claimed the lady, very much flattered. | bill. "Well, then, let us say every other

day," said Bob .- [Texas Siftings. TRYING TO THINK.

not wait. I've got to get to my place Physically little 'Liz'beth was in before next summer."-[Detrcit Free] the bath tub; but her mind was soar- Press. ing into infinity, as it has a very uncomfortable habit of doing.

He-I want to marry a worhan who 'Why are you keeping your eyes I know knows more than I do. shut?" asked her mother. "'Cause I'm trying to think of

She-Well, if she is wist she will never let you know it.

overcoat.

'What are you trying to think of?' PERENIALLY LARGE. "Of how things looked before the

They had been talking learnedly of world was made." -- [Washington Star. the crops, and the varying yield from Sold by druggists, price Tac. year to year. The Hawailan difficulty-How to pro-"Well," said one, "other crops nounce the Queen's name. may be poor, or even fail almost If your Back Aches, or you are all worn out, good for nothing, it is general 'ebility. frown's Iron Bitters will cure you, _ ake you strong, cleanse your liver, and give you a good appetite—tones the nerves. entirely, but there is always a good date crop, especially of the American variety.

WISDOM.

THE SWEET POTATO.

Made Into a Pie, Fried, Escalloped in m Deep Dish.

Ordinarily the sweet potato is sither roasted or boiled. When it is recooked, it is generally fried; but there are several other ways of preparing it, according to the New York Tribune. A method that is almost unknown at the North is to fry the raw potato in hot fat. For this purpose the potato should be peeled and cut in thin lengh-wise slices, and laid in a broad spider of hot lard, deep enough to immerse the slices. As they brown on one side and rise to the top, turn them and let them brown on the other, as the under side of an article immersed in boiling fat browns before the upper side.

A nice way to prepare cold boiled sweet potatoes is to escallop them. Slice them in thin circles, sprinkle them with salt and pepper, and put them in a shallow dish which has been well buttered. Moisten the potatoes with a little brown stock or gravy, thins ed with water, and add a few bits of butter. Continue till the dish is full. Then set it in a very hot oven for ten or fifteen minutes to brown. Few Northern housewives are acquainted with the sweet potato pie of the South. This is made of dry, mealy potatoes, which are rubbed through a sieve in the same way as pumpkin. To two cups of the strained potato add a pint of milk, two eggs, a saltspoon of salt, half a teaspoon of nutmeg, a teaspoonful of cinnamon, with sugar enough to weeten the pie. The amount will lepend largely upon the sweetness of the potatoes. Bake in an under crust like a pumpkin pie.

Precaution Against Cold.

Mrs. Inchbald had a child-like directness and simplicity of manner. which, combined with her personal Marie-The one on the fashion loveliness and halting, broken utterance, gave to her conversation, which was both humorous and witty, a most comical charm. Once, after traveling all day in a pouring rain, the There's a young lawyer in Detroit whose reputation for prompt pay is dripping coachman offered her his not the best. A friend called on him arm to help her out, when she exclaimed, to the amusement of her the other day to have him go out fellow-travelers: "Oh, no, no! Y-y-yyou will give me my death of cold! 'but if you will wait until I come Do bring me a-a-a-a dry man." . . .

The Tobacco Habit.

"Around to my tailor's to pay a The latest statistics prove that more than two-thirds of the grown The friend began to button up his male population of the globe use tobacco in some one of the many forms "Thanks," he said, "I guess I'll in which it is taken.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cared With local applications, as they cannot reach the scat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to curre it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts di-rectly on the blood and mucous surface. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, com-bined with the best blood purifiers, acting di-rectly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing ca-tarrh. Send for testimonials free. F. J. CHENET & CO., Proyn. Toledo, O. Sold by drugsists, price 75c. Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

Mr. D. Webster Baker

and dysprpsia troubled me. After using other preparations without success, I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and it benefited me more than a:

other medicines combined. In fact, it cured me." D.W. BAKER, 28 South Penn St., York, Fa.

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ONE OF A LARGE CLASS.

"No," said the young man, in reply to his old tutor's question, "I haven't begun my life work yet, but in the future-

"I'm afraid, young man," said his tutor, severely, "I'm afraid your excessive and arduous labors in the future will always keep you from doing anything in the present."-[Chicago Record.

ACCEPTED.

She-You want me to be your wife? I thought you said you wouldn't marry the best woman in the world. He-But I've changed my mind, and I will if you'll have me .--- [New York Press.

HEROIC TREATMENT.

Servant-Mrs. Youngwife wants you to send up five gallons of mustard right away.

Storekeeper-What is she going to use so much mustard for? Servant-The baby is sick and the

doctor ordered a mustard bath for it? -[Puck

CAPABLE.

Gallup-Do you think I can safely 'You just wait till supper time and trust a business secret to Banks? Higbee-I should say so. I lent him \$5 nearly a year ago, and he has never breathed a word about it since. -[Tid-Bits.

COMFORT FOR HER.

Ethel-He kissed me and told me he loved me.

Clarissa-Then he must love you, Potts-Did you ever see a fat man for it is not usual for him to kiss a slip on a banana peel?-[Indianapolis girl when he tells her he loves her.-[New York Press.

like the one on the fashion plate, but

WAITING.

"I can't go right now," he said,

"Where are you going?"

THE REASON. Maudie-This dress is made just

I do not like it.

of her father's cottage. The sun was liquor working in his brain, mad degoing down in a haze like that seen sires chased one another through his on the ocean. It was not a golden mind and he regarded the Norwegian sun, though so near its resting place, with the glance of a wild beast-a look but a sun of silver, bright and shin- that impelled the latter to the greatest ing, in harmony with the snow-covered caution. Never once did he turn his surface of the earth and the gray sky. back to the Englishman; never once woman.

me?'

'Pshaw! A woman's eyes, Geoffrey ! They may say many things they do not mean.'

"You mean you have been playing with me."

"Oh, I do not say so."

"Kate, take care."

"Of what ?"

"You are playing with fire, lass. My love must have its way-you must be mine.'

"Must? Indeed! You have a pleasant manner of winning a woman. Surely I may love whom I choose."

'Yes; and you love that Norwelooked at him-how you encouraged him, while I stood aside with the ing in the greatest pain and Geoffry rage in my heart to kill you both. lifted his head and pressed his flask Before that scoundrel came between to the lips of the dying man, whose us two-

"You forget yourself to defame a man behind his back. It is cowardly picture was that of primal man, born ----------if he were here-----

"You defend him. You love him?" Defiantly: "And if it were true?" He grasped her arm with a cry.

"It cannot be, Kate. You must love no one but myself. You belong to me, lass, and I----'

"Let go my arm." "I will not.

"Coward !"

"Perhaps."

"I shall hate you."

"It is as well since you do not us,

me. "At last I understand you. I de-

spise you now that I know you. Let go of my arm." "No."

"It is the part of a man to exert brute strength over a woman. I believe you are coward enough to strike • woman.' "What !"

He released her arm and stood bepassed nervously through his hair, while his features worked convulsively. She, with figure erect and blazing eyes, confronted him.

"If that is your last word, goodbye," he said. "Tell your Norwegian to look out or I will kill him." "Perhaps he's a better man than

glance she shot at him, and he forgot | insane jealousy and he was not himhis resentment in the contemplation self that morning. After his long bad dreamof her face. And now at twilight time | walk the evening before he had drank they two stood just without the door until daylight, and now with the

like a statue. When he recovered his my treasure?' senses he heard the groan of the Nor-

wegian and saw that he was pinned again to hear such words." to the earth by masses of ore. Hastening to him, as best he might, he Geoffry. Rest, rest. The doctor removed the ore from the crushed said you must sleep. Close your

body, which he took in his arms and eyes, for your Kate is watching over bore to the other end of the chamber you. gian. At the dance I saw how you in which they were literally entombed. The Norwegian was groan- you, Kate?' eyes never even in his agony left to kill, to slay, to annihilate, now it them in surprise. was a picture of that human brotherhood which lies deep down beneath all evil desires and toward which the young world is struggling and struggling. Into the eyes of the Norwegian the Englishman was gazing. Both were members of the same fraternal

fore her, pale as death. One hand he draft of air was apparent, and it was silver sun; fade, evident there were crevices some- the hills; come, darkness, with ebon where.

had spread far and wide. The cap-tain was busy over his books in his the day-dawn of the soul! For mines little office and near him sat bonny may give out, external things may Kate. Why did she come? Was it change, but there is that which ento catch a glimpse of the Norwegian dures forever. - [The Detroit Free as he swarged from the shaft? Was Press.

"In heaven, Kate. I have had a

"Hush, dear heart. Get well, for my sake.'

'For yours, Kate?''

'Yes, yes, for mine-for mine." "Then you-

Love you? Yes, yes.

'My sweet lass ! But why----

"Geoffry, Geoffry, sweetheart, did

you know your Kate so little you Above the hills the shaft-houses were | was his attention detracted from his thought to drive her? You could not | sharply defined against the sky, and danger. Like two dumb brutes, filled command me-your jealousy could in the distance the forests - those with savage impulse, the primal wish not force me to be yours-but you noble Michigan forests-seemed like a of man to kill, they worked side by may lead me to the end of the world. dark fringe around the pallid land- side in the narrow place. The Nor- There, close your eyes. You are scape. The man drew nearer to the wegian moved to the other end where worn and weary. You have nearly work mas necessary, when suddenly passed from me and my life would "Can you deny, Kate, that your he slipped. With a hoarse cry the have been misery. Think how I sufeyes have told me you might care for | Englishman sprang forward with up- fered, darling, while you were in that lifted implement to brain his fellen tomb. Then I knew what my love antagonist, when suddenly there was for you was and I prayed that you a crashing behind them; the frame- might be saved, that I could hold you work gave way: huge masses of ore in my arms and beg you to take me and rock descended with a rumble and cherish me. I prayed that you like an avalanche. The Englishman | might be saved so that my devotion stood stock still, thinking his last day could undo the harsh words of the had come; in a moment he was frozen past. Do you forgive me, my own,

"Lass, lass, pray God I might die

"There, there! Speak no more,

"As I may some day watch over

"While this life lasts, if you will." "Kiss me, dear."

For the first time she pressed her lips to his, and then he slept peacethose of the other. While before the fully, with a flush upon his cheek. When her father entered he looked at

"Is it so, lass?"

"Aye, father." "I thought it was the other."

But she only smiled and gazed fondly at the sleeping man.

The silver sun went down that night again in a silver haze. Over the hills working order. The breath of the in solemn procession the miners, with dying man came in gasps, shorter bowed heads, carried the Norwegian and shorter; the light faded from to his grave. No funeral hearse, no those deep-set eyes and the form be- carriages were there. Sadly the silcame stiff. Geoffry's rival was dead. ver sun sank out of sight. More viv-The Englishman, shut up in that idly the shaft houses were defined, horrible prison, threw himself upon marking the places where human the body and wept. How long he re- beings went down seeking that which mained thus he never knew, for what is in the earth, where they are born are periods when anguish annihilates and where they must die. There is time-when the lines of the poet, no happiness not tinged with sorrow. "out of space, out of time," give a But in the small room a woman, whose certain divinity to numan nature. face was touched with silver light, Geoffry did not suffer from suffoca- bent over the man with the solicitude tion. Although shut out from the that a mother displays while looking world by what seemed a solid wall, a on her slumbering child. Sink, light. from shroud; murmur, gloomy voices. Meanwhile the news of the disaster through the whispering Michigan

A DELICATE ATTENTION.

something.

Vivian (of certain years)-You treated me as if I were an old maid to-day when Mr. Spooner was calling. Guinevere-Nonsense, my dear. Why, he and I had been talking about old people and we changed the

subject the minute you came in the room.-[Chicago Herald.

FIRED.

His heart was fired by love of her-The old man had retired. But soon he ambled in and then The rest of him was fired.

-[Detroit Free Press. A QUESTION.

fime and tide wait for no man," I've a question apropos

Don't they have to wait for a wo- terial.'

man?-[Puck.

A LONG SHEGE.

"I'm ready now," called Mrs. Swiz- Ocean. zles, down the balustrade, to her husband, who had been waiting half an hour to start for the theatre. "I'm

ready, all but my hat." "Well, tell Maria," shouted back Mr. Swizzles, as he stretched himself

out at full length on the sofa and composed himself for a nap, "tell Maria to wake me at 9 o'clock, anyway."-[Chicago Record.

HOPE AT LAST.

"I told the minister you were troubled with insomnia," said Mrs. Manchester to her husband; "that you were nearly dead from loss of sleep, and he said he'd come and see

you. "Well," replied Mr. Manchester, with a sigh of relief, "if he only thinks to bring one of his sermons along, I will get some sleep at last.' -[Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

WHAT HE LEARNED.

Mother-Well, Georgie, have you learned anything new to-day at school?

Georgie-Yep.

Mother-What was it, my son? Georgie-Tom Harper has the measles an' I've been playin' with him all the afternoon .-- [Chicago Inter-

Ocean. A REGULAR THING.

The Hostess (apologetically at lunchother days.

The Hostess-Why, do you fast on Friday because you think it right to to another with the inside, or at times do so?

Castleton (going)-Oh, no. Be-cause I'm broke.-[New York Herald. A SAD TRUISM.

Markby-This shall never happen again!

Friend-What? Markby-It is my fiftieth birth-

"What is the American variety of date, I'd like to know?" l awyers may be poets ; they write lots of "The candidate." -- {Pittsburg Versus.

Chronicle Telegraph.

WHAT HE COULD KEEP.

"You can never keep anything," exclaimed a testy wife to her rather overgenerous husband.

"Yes, I can, my dear," he replied softly, "I can keep still.

A TARD WIDE.

"One thing about Rev. Hangon's Of that: I would like to know- sermons, he uses the very best ma-"I don't exactly understand."

"Jerusalem, can't you notice they never shrink any."-[Chicago Inter-

A NEW APPLICATION.

Maude-I take everything Charlie says with a grain of salt.

Katie-Why, isn't he truthful? Maude-Yes, but he's so fresh .-[Detroit Free Press.

Nervous Headaches MRS. YOUNGMA EXPLAINS.

Young Son --- What is bricks made of

Mrs. Youngma-Bricks are made of

'But clay is noft, ma." "After the cley is shaped, the bricks

are baked." "Oh, yes; I know now. Like your biscuits."-Good News.

BAROMETRIC INDICATIONS.

Senior Partner-One thing I like about our new clerk is that he is reliable. You can always tell what he is going to do next. Junior Partner-And what is that?

Senior Partner-Nothing,-[Truth.

Football in Sumatra.

Among the Malays football has been in existence from time immemorial, says the New York Times, but it is, with them, essentially a game, as, for instance, battledore and shuttle-SOLD BY CROCERS EVERYWHERE.

cock is with us, and it is not a coneon)-This being Friday, Mr. Castle- test. The football is rather smaller ton, we don't have as much as on that that used at Eton, and is made of wicker work. Those who join in Castleton-Neither do I, as a rule, the game arrange themselves in a wide circle and kick the ball from one with the flat of the fost. The object of the players is to keep the ball passing about without its ever touching the ground or the hand of any one. Great dexterity is shown in its performance, and the ball is usually kicked to a very respectable height. There seems to be no penalty to be exacted from a player who may kick the ball badly or fail to kick it at all.