

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."

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

"Is that your last word, Kate?"
"My?"
"Have you no love to give me?"
"Have many times must you ask me?"
"But it seems that I have looked
into your eyes and that they have
given me a different answer than
your tongue. Deny it or not, Kate,
your eyes have looked into mine and
told me that I had a small place in
your heart. I have seen it, say what
you may, and though your voice was
silent, your eyes, my Bonnie Kate,
have whispered soft promises that
caused my temples to throb and blood
to rush to my head, until I seemed
half mad with joy."

"Don't drive me too hard with
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
walked away. She watched his figure
vanishing in the light of the silver
sun.
" Fool!" she said. "Has he not
yet learned that no man on earth
may drive me?"
Then she went into the house and
stood thoughtfully near the window
where were many flowers. She heard
a step behind her and began to hum
softly.
"Art light-hearted, lass?" said her
father's voice, and the next moment
she was in his arms. He looked at
her proudly, with her noble figure,
her strong arms and her broad, hand-
some face—a true woman of the
people, a daughter of the mines.
" Weel, thou art no featherweight,
lass," he remarked, and then escap-
ing from him, she went into the
kitchen, where he heard her moving
about, still humming to herself.
There was a knocking on the window.
Turning she saw the Norwegian and
smiled pleasantly. Then he came in
and asked permission to sit down and
watch her preparations for supper.
This she granted and his eyes bright-
ened as he followed her with his gaze.
The light fell upon her hair and there
was a strange look upon her face.
"Will you not stay to supper?"
she asked.
He assented eagerly. Half an hour
later Geoffrey, passing by, saw them
all three sitting together, chatting
gaily. With a curse he turned away
and for hours tramped over the snow
in the darkness.
On the day following, Geoffrey and
the Norwegian were working on the
footwall on the third tier from the
level mining out the fourth tier un-
derhand. This portion of the mine
had caved in the year previous and
the rooms were filled and the posts
more or less crushed, so that great
care was necessary in taking out the
pillars. They had worked out one lot
of sets on the east side of the pillar
and were engaged on the one next to
it. In mining these crushed pillars,
sets of smaller dimensions are used
in order that very little ground should
be opened at one time without tim-
ber. Here the ground was so soft
that laths were driven to support the
back until the timber could be put
in. This particular set was nearly
out and a prop and head board had
been erected to support the laths.
This prop resting on a plank laid
across the lagging of the set below,
Geoffrey and the Norwegian were work-
ing silently, but now and then they
gazed furtively at each other. The
heart of the Englishman was full of
insane jealousy and he was not him-
self that morning. After his long
walk the evening before he had drunk
until daylight, and now with the
liquor working in his brain, mad de-
sires chased one another through his
mind and he regarded the Norwegian
with the glance of a wild beast—a look
that impelled the latter to the greatest
caution. Never once did he turn his
back to the Englishman; never once
was his attention detracted from his
danger. Like two dumb brutes, filled
with savage impulse, the primal wish
of man to kill, they worked side by
side in the narrow place. The Nor-
wegian moved to the other end where
work was necessary, when suddenly
he slipped. With a hoarse cry the
Englishman sprang forward with up-
lifted implement to brain his fallen
antagonist, when suddenly there was
a crashing behind them; the frame-
work gave way; huge masses of ore
and rock descended with a rumble
like an avalanche. The Englishman
stood stock still, thinking his last day
had come; in a moment he was frozen
like a statue. When he recovered his
senses he heard the groan of the Nor-
wegian and saw that he was pinned
to the earth by masses of ore. Hast-
ening to him, as best he might, he
removed the ore from the crushed
body, which he took in his arms and
bore to the other end of the chamber
in which they were literally entom-
bed. The Norwegian was groaning
in the greatest pain and Geoffrey
lifted his head and pressed his flask
to the lips of the dying man, whose
eyes never even in his agony left
those of the other. While before the
picture was that of primal man, born
to kill, to slay, to annihilate, now it
was a picture of that human brother-
hood which lies deep down beneath
all evil desires and toward which the
young world is struggling and strugg-
ling. Into the eyes of the Nor-
wegian the Englishman was gazing. Both
were members of the same fraternal
working order. The breath of the
dying man came in gasps, shorter
and shorter; the light faded from
those deep-set eyes and the form be-
came stiff. Geoffrey's rival was dead.
The Englishman, shut up in that
horrible prison, threw himself upon
the body and wept. How long he re-
mained thus he never knew, for what
a certain divinity to human nature,
Geoffrey did not suffer from suffoca-
tion. Although shut out from the
world by what seemed a solid wall, a
draft of air was apparent, and it was
evident there were crevices some-
where.
Meanwhile the news of the disaster
had spread far and wide. The cap-
tain was busy over his books in his
little office and near him sat bonny
Kate. Why did she come? Was it
to catch a glimpse of the Norwegian
as he emerged from the shaft? Was

love, then, so impatient? A man
covered with dirt and grime rushed
into the office.
"An accident, captain—"

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.
JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY
MEN OF THE PRESS.
Not Well Equipped--Fourteen Dol-
lars Difference--Her Reply--A Dis-
sembler--Etc., Etc.
NOT WELL EQUIPPED.
Griggs--Don't you think that Dr.
Bolus is a pretty good physician?
Briggs--Good physician! Well, I
should say not. Why, that man
couldn't cure a ham!—Somerville
Journal.
FOURTEEN DOLLARS DIFFERENCE.
"Paw, is there any difference be-
tween a cold and an influenza?"
"If the doctor calls it a cold, the
bill is about \$4. If he calls it influ-
enza, 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 just wait till supper time and
you'll see me eat," was her reply.—
[Harlem Life.
A DISSEMBLER.
Bragg—I know a thing or two.
Scapely—You sly dog!—[Life.
AN EXCEPTION.
Watts—Large bodies move slowly.
Potts—Did you ever see a fat man
slip on a banana peel?—[Indianapolis
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.
"It is, is it? Now, sir, what right
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
to a rich widow in Harlem.
"Madam," he said, as he offered
her a bouquet, "you are getting more
and more beautiful every day."
"You exaggerate, my dear sir," ex-
claimed the lady, very much flattered.
"Well, then, let us say every other
day," said Bob.—[Texas Sittings.
TRYING TO THINK.
Physically little 'Lizbeth was in
the bath tub; but her mind was soar-
ing into infinity, as it has a very un-
comfortable habit of doing.
" Why are you keeping your eyes
shut?" asked her mother.
" Cause I'm trying to think of
something."
" What are you trying to think of?"
" Of how things looked before the
world was made."—[Washington Star.
A DELICATE ATTENTION.
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.
"Time and tide wait for no man."
I've a question apropos
Of that: I would like to know—
Don't they have to wait for a wo-
man?—[Puck.
A LONG SIEGE.
"I'm ready now," called Mrs. Swiz-
zles, down the balustrade, to her hus-
band, 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, any-
way."—[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 lunch-
eon)—This being Friday, Mr. Castle-
ton, we don't have as much as on
other days.
Castleton—Neither do I, as a rule.
The Hostess—Why, do you fast on
Friday because you think it right to
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-
day!

ONE OF A LARGE CLASS.
"No," said the young man, in re-
ply to his old tutor's question, "I
haven't begun my life work yet, but
in the future—"

THE SWEET POTATO.
Made Into a Pie, Fried, Escaloped in a
Deep Dish.
Ordinarily the sweet potato is
either roasted or boiled. When it is
cooked, it is generally fried; but
there are several other ways of pre-
paring 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 pur-
pose the potato should be peeled
and cut in thin lengthwise 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 scallop 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, thinned 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 min-
utes 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
sweeten the pie. The amount will
depend largely upon the sweetness of
the potatoes. Bake in an under crust
like a pumpkin pie.
Precaution Against Cold.
Mrs. Inebald had a child-like di-
rectness and simplicity of manner,
which, combined with her personal
loveliness and halting, broken utter-
ance, gave to her conversation, which
was both humorous and witty, a most
comical charm. Once, after travel-
ling all day in a pouring rain, the
dripping coachman offered her his
arm to help her out, when she ex-
claimed, to the amusement of her
fellow-travelers: "Oh, no, no! Y-y-y-
you will give me my death of cold!
Do bring me a-a-a-a dry man."
The Tobacco Habit.
The latest statistics prove that
more than two-thirds of the grown
male population of the globe use to-
bacco in some one of the many forms
in which it is taken.
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With local applications, as they cannot reach
the seat of the disease. Cataract is a blood or
constitutional disease, and in order to cure
it you must take internal remedies. Hall's
Cataract Cure is taken internally, and acts di-
rectly on the blood and mucous surface. Hall's
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prescribed by one of the best physicians in this
country for years, and is a regular prescription.
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bined with the best blood purifiers, acting di-
rectly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect
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strong, cleanse your liver, and give you a good
appetite—loses the nerves.
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preparations without success, I took Hood's
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other medicines combined. In fact, it cured
me." D. W. BAKER, 25 South Penn St., York, Pa.
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