The Soldiers Dream.

Lieutenant Deering lay back on his pillow quite pale and still, his emaciated face peeping wistfully out from beneath rough coverlet. For more than an hour he had watched with eager eyes the door through which the nurse usually came about that time.

The wound he had got from a Filipino's rifle came very near to costing him his life, and the siege of fierce fever which followed proved the hardsoldiers like him have to combat. More than once they had given up the great robust fellow for dead, when she almost held the breath in his body by sheer force of vigilance and unwavering care.

Aline Winston knew nothing of the Lieutenant except that he had been crippled in a sharp skirmish with the natives. brought to the hospital more dead than alive, and placed under her charge. But that was enough, certainly, she thought to enlist her untiring sympathy and attention. Could there be a more potent cause than that of humantiy? asked herself the question many times, but without once looking into her heart, where soemthing pleaded for this one, as it had never done for anyone else. She only knew that it was in the nature of any true-hearted woman to pray and work to save the lives of the brave men who had risked them for their

To go from the shelter of her home into a strange land was no sacrifice to the young woman, who would have given her very life, if need be, to serve the heroes of the nation she loved.

"You must get awfully tired," said Deering, when she came in at last, about the middle of the day, with his beef tea. He tried to raise himself on one elbow but fell back weakly on his cot.

"Don't try that again," she cautioned, holding up one slender finger in a tyrannical little way. "I am the General now, and you must obey me absolutely. There was something in her face which was, all at once, more beautiful to him than anything he had ever seen. For a long time he said nothing, but lay with his eyes fixed upon her in a strangely intent look.

Wondering at the Lieutenant's unusual silence and conscious of his keen glance, Aline turned to him with a look of inquiry, and their eyes met. Deering felt the blood mount to his face in a crimson tide, as he noted the little flecks of color glowing in the girl's cheeks. It was very awkward, and he felt as though he must say something. "Have I been sick much?" he asked, "and was I a very unruly patient?" The words were half playful, but his expression was quite changed and he was taring past her, a little absently.

The young woman gave him a curious glance, and when she spoke again it was rather lightly, as she busied herself about the ward, straightening things. "You were quite unmanageable," said, "and dreadfully spoiled."

The Lieutenant smiled at this, and then grew suddenly grave. He was thinking that but for her the end of it all might have been different.

"I shall never know how to thank you," he began after awhile, "for keep-ing me out of the grave." His eyes rested on her face in a grateful way as he went on, "The Doctor has told me all about it, and I am—you don't know

how pleased I am."
"I am afraid," she replied, blushing a little, "that I have been very much overrated." She was looking away from him, through the narrow window at the ning paddock beyond.

'You were with me day and night," he continued with a bright smile, and not taking any notice of her last words the Head Surgeon said you never left me except to take the three or four hours rest that he required.

Again the color rushed to Aline Winston's face, and she turned away her head to avoid his glance.

"It was my simple duty—" she began, "and—and"—she broke off weakly in the middle of her protest, and went across the room to lower the shade.

hospital, I'll venture, who can do her

While he was speaking he forced the appeal of his honest eyes upon her, and, resistless, she turned to meet them, half parting her lips to speak. "It is very kind in you to say so," she said with a smile. Her lashes drooped until they swept her flushed cheeks, and the soldier, seeing it, felt a strange thrill go through him.

"Aline"-he commenced eagerly, halfraising himself on one weak arm. "I—" he broke off, a little uncertainly, and a tide of crimson for a moment swept over his face. Then he sank weakly back upon his pillow, his eyes still fixed upon the face of his companas she stood carelessly arranging the bottles and papers on a table near

"You mustn't talk any more now," she was saying. "That's the Doctor's order, you know."

Deering opened his lips to speak, but she held up a warning finger. "Some other time—perhaps tomorrow. But you must go to sleep now. I'll be back later to see how well you can obey.'

The Lieutenant settled himself back with a rueful little sigh and closed his eyes. However, he gave himself up to a you always took the heads delicious sense of rest and fell asleep, just plain chicken salad.

conscious only that she was near him and with a sort of vague longing that he might keep her there always.

* * * * *

I am so glad you have come at last. said Deering that afternoon, with a sigh of relief, "I thought you never would!" Aline smiled down into his half-petu ant face, as she smoothed the pillows on his cot and sat down at the head of

This is my third visit since mornwith a playful little nod of rebroach, "but you were so taken up with easant dreams that I really hated to disturb you.'

"Only about four or five hours." "How do you know that my dreams

were pleaasnt?"

"Oh, I can tell. For one thing—you

ere smiling and—"
"And?—Did I say things?" "Marvelous!"

Deering glanced up at her quickly, a sudden curious expression showing on his face. "What was it?"

his face. "What was it?"
"It?" Aline smiled in a tantalizing little way. "That is the disadvantage of being an invalid," she replied. "You ust gave yourself 'dead away," as they

'Won't you tell me?" he queried wistfully, lifting to her a pair of entreating eyes. 'I'm afraid—"

'You must tell me," he broke in ex citedly, "else I shall have to either get ick again or threaten you with a narrave of the dream myself."

The latter would in all probability be the more discreet calamity

"Would you be very—bored?"
"I think not. I like dreams."

'People don't generally.' 'I'm not people.

Deering glanced up suddenly and sur-prised a faint little smile glinting about the corners of her lips, and came near orgetting himself in the admiring contemplation of it. Aline felt his glance on her, and looked straight ahead. She also felt the warm blushes sweep her face from neck to brow and turned away that he might not see.

"You are very kind to me"—he went on after a pause, "It was an awfully peculiar dream. But I enjoyed it—especially the ending. Usually dreams are such unsatisfactory things, but this one—well, I wouldn't mind if part of it the last—were to come true." He was looking at her as he spoke, a half-wistful light shining in his eyes. Aline met his glance for a moment only, and changed Then she pulled herself together and tried to remember that she was only this great fellow's nurse, and that it wasn't exactly consistent to blush in that capacity. But she did not look very professional with the hot flush fadin rom her cheeks and the odd little look

that sat so prettily on her girlish face.
"I thought in my dream that I was going to be married," Deering went on "married to the woman who is dearer to me than all else besides." was watching her with a peculiar light his penetrating gray eyes. Aline shot quick glance at him from beneath pages of her book crackled under unsteady hands. She turned a page mechanically, waiting for him to go on. "Shall I tell you who—she is?"

"Shall I tell you who "If you wish," was the low response. Deering's hand crept stealthily toward ne fingers that toyed with the leaves of the book, and closed slowly "Don't you think that-the dream might be induced to-come true?"

There was a subtle, swift meaning in the dark blue eyes that met his clear gray ones for a second, but vastly more in the flush of vivid red that swept her face from neck to brow, as the soldier raised the hand he held and pressed it to his lips.

Washington.- 11es.dent Roosevelt has found a competent nan willing to under go the danger or another eruption of Mount Pelee.

He is John F. jewell, of Galena, Ill., who appeared before the Board of Officers at the S e Department and was examined to "certain his fitness to fill ddle of her protest, and went across to room to lower the shade.

"There is not another woman in the soital. I'll venture, who can do her to the Senate to-mortism will be sent to the Senate to-mortism."

epartment is anxious that he ch Fort de France as quickly as possi1 in order that he may relieve or il Ayme, whose post is at Gaudelor e, and who has been compelled to a end not only to the consular business f his own island, but to that of Martinique as well.

An Important Niagara Industry.
One of the most important industries attaching to the cheap power now produced by Niagara is the electrical tearing apart of the molecule of common salt resulting in the for-mation of caustic soda and bleaching

Smallpox Statistics Smallpox, as officially reported in the United States from December 28, 1901, to May 2, 1902, presents a grand total of 30,815 cases, with 921 deaths, in contrast with 22,344 cases and 349 deaths in the corresponding period of 1901.

Mrs. Youngwife-I want to get some

Dealer—Yes'm. How many heads? Mrs. Youngwife—Gracious! I thought you always took the heads off. I want

SPECIMEN SLOW RAILWAY, A CELESTIAL VOICE.

Train Was "Held Up" While a Hunter Went Out for a Little

Game. Speaking about rapid transit, I re-Speaking about rapid transit, I remember a few years ago traveling on
a go-as-you-please train in Florida,
and although it took the greater
part of a day to travel 30 miles, I enjoyed the trip." The speaker was Jack
Flanning, the crack trap shooter, at the
Fifth Avenue hotel, the other day, relates the New York Times.
"It was in 1894; I went down to Florida on a hunting trip, intending to join

"It was in 1894; I went down to rior ida on a hunting trip, intending to join a party at Leesburg. A steamboat carried us up the St. John's river to Astor, all right.

"A dinky-dink line called the St. John's & Lake Eustis railway runs between Astor and Leesburg, a disbetween Astor and Leesburg, a distance of 30 miles, and the return trip takes from five o'clock in the morning until midnight. The conductors on trains down south are all called cap-

tain, and the particular 'genus homo' on this train was Capt. Tucker, and he was all right. "We hadn't been out of Astor station three minutes before Capt. Tucker was taking the measure of my guns and dogs and wanted to know why 1 didn't

dogs and wanted to know why I didn't stop off at Sellers Lake.

"'If you'ens would like to git a shot at a deer,' said he. 'I'll hold her up (meaning the train) out at Bay Head.'

"'Much game out here?' I inquired.

"Some deer out with the cattle and plenty of quail and robins.'

"Finally the train pulled up at a little stating called Rayenswood a de-

tle station called Ravenswood, a dethe station called Ravenswood, a de-cayed village with two or three inhab-ited houses, and Capt. Tucker pointed in the direction of the bay head and said he would 'hold her up for yer,' and I went in search of game.

"I was gone about an hour, and agged seven or eight brace of quail, id, returning to the train, found trainmen and passengers (there were two besides my self) fast asleep under a besides my self) fast asleep under a shed, the engineer playing a game of solitaire in the baggage car. Capt. Tucker was absent, and, the engineer promising to whistle for me before the train started. I wandered off in the di-

rection of a neat-looking house to get a glass of milk and something to eat. "Here I found my conductor engaged in conversation with the lady of the house, who was apparently a widow and on seeing me the 'genus homo' exclaimed: 'I'll be starting her in about 20 minutes.' "'What's keeping us?' I inquired.

"'Ad artted turkey has just gone on her nest, and she'uns (pointing his thumb to the widow) wants to send a dozen eggs to town, and she's just one

shy."
"We reached Leesburg that night."

VOLCANOES IN KAMCHATKA.

A Number That Are Always in a State

Kamchatka has many volcanoes, the only ones in Russian territory that are still active. They are unusually im-pressive. Their summits are always smoking and often glow with molten lava, though they are clad in eternal snow and are covered with glaciers. The volcanic eruptions are very grand, but being witnessed only by a few na tives or Russian officials they awaken but little attention in the west. About 40 of the mountains are of volcanic or-igin, but of these not more than 12 are

still active, states the New York Sun. One of these remarkable eruptions courred last fall at the Avacha voloccurred last fall at the Avacha vol-cano, 8,210 feet high, on the southeast coast of Kamchatka. The eruptions were accompanied by subterranean rumblings that were audible for 60 miles. These phenomena were often attended by violent earthquakes which sometimes raise the waves to a great height, flooding the coast and sweenheight, flooding the coast and sween ing away the tents of the natives. This

was the case in the recent eruption.

The accounts that have been sent to St. Petersburg of this eruption say that a more magnificent and awful spectacle was probably never present-ed. Lava flowed in deep streams down the sides of the mountains. The streams looked like wide, molten riv-From fissures in the earth noxious gases escaped, destroying animal and vegetable life near the mountain. Even fish were killed by thousands in the neighboring streams. The volcanic eruptions in Kahchatka

probably surpass those of any other part of the world in violence and dura-tion. An eruption mentioned by Krasheninnikov lasted four years, from 1727 to 1731, and that of 1737, which was far more violent, discharged vast lava streams, melting the glaciers and sweeping the glaciers and sweep-ing avalanches of ice and water into the surrounding valleys.

The Limit e said he was inquisitive."

"Well, he asked her the cost of her

gown."
"I should call that very—"
"O, that's not what she objected to." "Indeed!"

'Then he said: 'Are you engaged?'"

"By Jove. That was—"
"She didn't object to that."
"Didn't object?"
"No. Then he asked her what size

of shoe she wore. "Well, of all the-"

"Well, of all the—"
"That didn't disturb her."
"What did, then?"
"He finally asked her if she would
mind telling him her age."
"Oh, I see."—Detroit Free Press.

Descriptive. Bacon-Who is that short, thick man

Thad Brandon was one of those han py-go-lucky, hail fellows that everybody likes and nobody understands. He had more acquaintances and fewer friends than anyone. Of the latter Burt Bayton, who lived in Philadelphia, was the dearest. Companionship was as neces sary to Thad as air and light. He used to boast to Payton that he meant to build up and cement sure friendships with three men and two women, and that if he could do that he would live content and die satisfied. But in five years of the most persistent "circulation" Payton alone had earned and held the title. It was early in May that Brandon. spotless but threadbare in his last year's nomespun, dropped in suddenly at Payton's office, borrowed a cigar, put his feet on the desk and sighed.

"Burt, I would'nt marry the best woan that ever breathed.'

"It'd be pretty rough on her if you did. quoth Payton, softly.

"That's one of my reasons. But it's only one and not the chief. If I had a wife I'd want her to be my best friend-friend in the true, old, everlasting sense, and no such woman ever lived, Burt. I tried 'em all-that is all I've ever met-and it's no go. I generally fall down first-make some break. About half the time I find that it's the woman's physical attractions that have been holding me. Sometimes I relapse into my old drinking habit. Sometimes I catch myself telling her a lie. I have caught them doing the same-I mean fibbing. But anyway the jig is up. man can't have a woman friend. oughtn't to have a wife who is not his friend; ergo, me to the home for the aged and decrepit bachelors."

And Thad got up and whistled a dirge. He was always like that, looking for adtures in Platonic fields.

One day he came into Payton's office a state of great excitement

"Burt,' he began, "you don't use your telephone much, do you? That's what I hought. He took a few excited turns

about the office. Then:
"Say, Burt, would you mind if I used your 'phone for about half an hour each Thanks. You'll hear my end of the talk anyhow, so I might as well tell you my scheme. I think I've found her. That's right. I don't know her name, or where she lives, and I swear, Burt, don't want to. I'm never going to touch her hand, look into her eyes, sit near her. I'm determined to go no further than talking to her, and-

"How in the deuce are you going to talk to her if you don't even know her

"Just lock the door and watch me," said Thad, springing to the telephone, and calling for "eighteen-naught-three." In a moment he hemmed nervously and, evidently having been answered, comnenced the following talk:

"Is Miss Celeste there?" "Excuse me—I might have known our voice."

or voice."
'You would not know if I told you. No, you have never seen me—"
"Just another moment, Miss. I did not mean it so. I don't expect to see

"It was your voice attracted me. cannot forget.' "The Sixth avenue elevated."

know how hopeless that is. shall never venture such audacity."
"Thank you. Your voice did not be-

lie your gracious heart."
"Only this. That you permit me to hear you every day at this hour.'

"I shall not complain-a moment will delight me more than all the other hours of my day."

'No motive whatever beyond this selfish boon-

At this moment the astonished Payton was called into the anteroom to meet one of his few clients, and fifteen minutes later, when he went back, Brandon was just saying: "Till to-morrow, then, Miss Celeste. You have been more than a fulfillment of my

"Are you in love again, Thad?" grinned Burt.

"No-never again in the old sense. never met this girl and I never will. shall never tell her my name nor ask I heard her voice in the elevated the other night. I even refrained from looking at her, but I overheard her tell her telephone number to the old lady That old lady disclosed all I care to know when she said 'Good-night, Miss Celeste.' I don't know whether Miss Celeste is pretty or ugly. I'm sure she's a perfect woman. I not fit to touch the aem of the and I shall never intrude myself further. Understand?"

Payton didn't understand this latest vagary of his friend, but ne on,g' ed and said, "A" right. Thad! Go ahead."

And for two weeks thereafter Thad
Brandon and Miss Celeste, at 2 o'clock
But sweetest of all are the blossom: each afternoon, talked over the tele-phone. Burt Payton had never suspected his friend of such rare and superlative eloquence. Wit, wisdom, sentiment, imagination self-sacrifice manly tenderness and gentle manliness spoke in every sentence, every word he utregister—Are you blind? That man is tall and slim.

"Oh, you haven't talked to him. He's short of money and thick in the head."—Yonkers Statesman.

"Oh, you haven't talked to him. He's short of money and thick in the head."—Yonkers Statesman.

But Brandon stuck religiously to his de-But Brandon stuck religiously to his de-

FACTS AND FIGURES

You recognize this as the figure of the majority of the stout women you know.

The corset makes the figure, and makes it either good

There is no longer any excuse for a bad figure. The "Century" is constructed especially for stout women. Diagonal boning underneath makes it simply impossible for the abdomen to protrude or for the corset to break at the waist line in front.



ores. We give you exclusive territory. We give to big commission. Our bright women are making ily \$25.00 a week. You can't make that amount in

We teach you thoroughly, so that you can become knert corset fitter.

Write us to-day for territory. Send \$3.00 for outfit complete, including our two most popular corsets, advertising matter to distribute, &c.

We will send you measurement blank and make of the sample corsets to fit you.

CENTURY CORSET CO., 109 South Fifteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

termination that the affair should have

"It is a spiritual and intellectual friendship, that's all," Brandon would say. "I shall never see Colost, shall she see me. I hear her every day "I shall never see Celeste, nor and she hears me. That is enough. In this wedding of two souls there is and shall be nothing fleshy, nothing selfish, nothing personal"

It was some time near the middle of May when Thad began to show a sign of furtive doubt about this spiritual af

"Your voice is not attuned today, Celeste," Payton heard him say, "I hope no sorrow or annoyance has marred the unruffled surface of your life or of BUSINESS your dreams?'

"It is not that. I am an unwearying

soul. An indomitable optimist."
"No. If you had not assured me in All the voice of a woman that your are Celeste I should have suspected the strange discordant tone and note I hear. Are you ill?" "Not physically, perhaps; but a men-

tal, or a spiritual indisposition is far more dreadful than even physical death? You know, for me, you have no life but your corporal existence is real." "Quite content, glorified indeed and helped each hour that it is so. But the

quavering-really, Celeste, your voice Tomorrow. Somebody had entered the office and Payton was at his elbow with:

"Sh-sh! Just a moment. Mr. Bran-Thad Brandon, blushing, hung up the receiver and sat down in the corner, wondering if the intruder had heard the conversation, or rather, his part of

Listening nervously he heard the "I am Miss Thorndyke, sir; Colone! Thorndyke's daughter, and mother is too

Then she and Burt Payton talked for a moment in suppressed monotones. The young lawyer went to his cabinet and ot out a packet of legal documents. Brandon fidgeted about in his corner and looked at a paper without noticing that it was "upside down." After a while he heard Payton cry:

"Oh, Thad," and coming forward he saw his friend and the strange girl

"Miss Thorndyke, this is my friend,

Thaddeus Brandon Thad looked into her smouldering eyes for a moment. Then he smiled and bowed as courtiers do, but his heart beat like a triphammer, and all his dreams

surged into reality as he said "How do you know, Miss Celeste?"
"I asked central," she answered, glancing demurely at Payton, and presently

ON THE BREAST OF MILADY

With the breath of Spring on the wooded slopes,

Or down in the glen's sweet solitude, Where the bluebirds sing of the walking The scent of arbutus fills the wood.

They push their petals of sea-shell hue
Up through the leaves of a bygone vear. And the finder cries in his glad surprise,

'What a dainty fairy land is here! On the breast of milady in the town

Or she decks her hair with the petals rare,
A duo of peerless grace.

O sweet is arbutus down in the wood. Peering above the dead leaves brown,

On the breast of milady in town! Sis Hopkins-Mis' Lummis, ma wants

t' know 'f you can let her have a cup o' sugar, two eggs, 'n' a few raisins, 'n' some flour. Oh, yes!—'n' a little butter? Mrs. Lummis-Well I never! Sis Hopkins, you go home 'n' tell your mother I said if she'd wait till I had time t' make it, she could come over 'n'

take the cake.

ECZEMA Tetter, Salt Rheum, Barber's Itch, Seald Head, Ring Worm, Itching Piles, Sore Eyelids, Facial Blemshes, and all Skin diseases promptly cured by ishes, and all Skin diseases promptly cuted. Spencer's Olutiment. Sent to any address on receipt of 25 cts. A. O. PILSON, Pharmacist, 1327 W. Baltimore St., Baltimore, Md.

FARMS FOR SALE.—Now is the time and the Eastern Shore of Maryland and Virginia the F Eastern Shore of Maryland and Virginia the place to secure bargains in attractive Farms. We have them suited for stock, poultry, fruit and truck raising; fertile lands; mid, healthful climate; best markets. Send for descriptive price list and map. F. H. DRYDEN & CO., Pocomoke City, Md.

F. W. MAGAULAY,

...BROKER...

150 NASSAU ST., N. 1. TELEPHONE, 3616-JOHN. Kinds of Business Sold, Gity or Gountry. Hotels for Sale All Parts of the United States. Real Estate Sold and Exchanged

PATENTS SOLD. ESTABLISHED OVER 20 YEARS anted, legitimate paying businesses of all s, any part of the United States. We have

TRADING WITH THE POSTAL

Philadelphia.—It is officially stated that negotiations are in progress between the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and the Postal Telegraph Comny, concerning the operation of the telegraphic system over the railroad npany's lines. The Western Union Telegraph Company at present operates Pennsylvania Railroad telegraph ines, but the contract will terminate in about six months.

A vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad admitted that a conference of officials of the two companies had taken place, but he said that he could not anticipate the result of the meeting. ed if the contract with the Western Union was likely to be renewed, he said: "While no agreement with any company has been reached, I fully believe that after December 1 the telegraph ser-

vice along the Pennsylvania system will be in the hands of another company." GRUMBLING AT LIPTON

London.—The annual meeting of the company known as "Lipton, Limited," produced some complaints from shareholders because of a reduction in the amount of the dividend

One man said that if Sir Thomas Lipton, chairman of the company, attended more to business and a little less to yacht racing the conditions would be improved. Other shareholders loudly denounced the action of Sir Thomas in going into the liquor business.

Sir Thomas' gift of the company's advertising expenses was also criticised.

A shareholder, amid remarks of approval declared that he did not want to be bolstered up by one man and be the recipient of charity. Sir Thomas replied by saying that it was not too late for the shareholders to refuse the gift,

but this offer produced no takers. Eventually all the directors were reelected and the meeting passed a vote of thanks to Sir Thomas

In your defeat 's no disgrace-For you have done your best; On hist'ry's page vou'll have a place Along with all the rest

Who fought against o'erwhelming might And shed their blood in vain; And as your cause was just and right,
Be sure 'twill rise again.

Though wrong may triumph, don't for-

That God still reigns on high; And freedom's cause will triumph yet-It's cause can never die. O'er all the earth, in every tongue, Wherever men are free,

For countless ages will be sung Your fight for liberty.

-Thomas O. Clark

ing me bac

cup

oth

ma