## TRAUMEREI.

t of the ashen day that's done— violin, wail for visions fied—) t of the shadow that was sun, t of the roses that were red, ac, as of old, ye dreams that died, yy and chill with a hope denied; be has blotted what Life begun; t dreams return, be they guick or dead.

Joy o' the morn is withered soon, (O violin, soft—the song grows old—) into its wonder fames the noon, Falters and fades and shudders cold; Dreams of the day—the stars drift high— Far, cold stars in a mocking sky. Life grows faint, and the hopes of June Fade and follow like tales untold.

None of the old, sweet loves remain— (O violin, whisper, love flees far—) Never a goal is left to rain, Come from the dusk, ye dreams and steep Heart and brain in your magic sleep. (Call, O violin — oth gadin—) Hope returns with the dreams that are, —Fannie Heasilp Lea, in New Orlean Times-Democrat.

# Mattie Hunter's Confession. By R. R. ENGLE.

REALERED REA

ness for nim. But Mattie thought differently. "I'll show them what a triumph love will work. I'll teach them not the vixen I seem," and so she married him. The wedding was a very pleasant af fair—something to look back to as long as they lived. Mattie looked very sweet in her white Swiss muslin and apple blossoms. Her jetty curls trembled and shone in the brilliant lamplight; her eyes sparkled like twin stars, and her soft checks were man-trustingly on the strong arm of the trustingly on the strong arm of the stalwart man who was to be her guard and guide through life. "Where are you going, my child?"

The honeymoon was rich with the pleasures of new-married life to the humble pair; but the time soon came

wholesome viands prepared by Mattle's own hands and cooked on the new stove. - Everything was new and strangely sweet.

the was triumphant. But all things earthly must change. Happiness does not come unalloyed. The weather grew warm and the kitchen hot, and one of the hottest days, of the season Mattin he d distances and he and Mattie had a distressing headache, and the supper must be ready at five o'clock. Mattie tried to get it ready, but burnt her wrist to a blister on the stove; then she burnt the bread in the Then she looked at the clock, oven. and saw it had stopped, and looking out at the door she saw Marsh wash-ing his warm face and hands in the water trough.

"Is supper ready?" he asked, and she blurted out something, and they had their first quarrel! Oh, dear me! the first quarrel! How sorry it made the sick little woman. But Marsh looked sullen, and went off to the field with-out kissing her. They never talked that quarrel over simply because each was too proud to

simply because each was too proud to broach the subject. After that quar-rels came often and easier. They did not mean to quarrel, but somehow an-

After a while a little boy came to their household, and it seemed a month or two a good deal like the well-remembered honeymoon; but Mattie's wretched temper would fly to pieces again, and the happiness was spoiled

"It's curious we can't get along without so much quarrelling," said Marsh, one winter day, after he had just put "Don't ask me, mother," sobbed the wretched little woman. "You haven't left home?"

"Yes, mother, forever!" "Don't say that to me! You shall go right back this instant!" said her mother, thinking of the scandal that was sure to follow such a proceeding. "Oh, don't, mother!" and Mattie looked the picture of despair. "Tell me about it, my child!" said the mother, melted into tenderness by that look that look

Then Mattie, through her tears, told her mother all, and ended with these

her mother all, and ended with these pitiful words: "But, oh, mother, I love him, the father of my child—I love him, but he doesn't understand me. If he could but understand me!' and she fell sob-bing beside her mother's knee. "Let me advise you, my child," said the mother, softly stroking her daugh-ter's glossy hair. "I've nassed

the model, solid stoking her dauger ter's glossy hair. "I've passed through it all, and i'll tell you a little secret. It is almost certain that little mistakes will come up beween hus-band and wife, and often words are spoken that are regretted a moment afterward. But, my child, such a word can do no harm, if it is repented of and confession made. If you have said anything to wound your husband's feelings, no matter what he may have Mattie had a fiery temper, but that was her worst fault. When she married Marsh Hunter, people opened their eyes in wonder, and said: "She'll make his life a warm busi-ness for him." But Mattie thought differently. "T'll show them what a triumph love will work. I'll teach them not the

where are you going, my child? asked her mother. "To make my confession," answered Mattle, through her tears. "Heaven bless you!" said her mother, with deep emotion. When Marsh Hunter came home that humble pair; but the time soon came when the bride must leave the old rooftree for the untried realities of a home of her own. That was the first sorrow—the trial of feaving home and mother—but it was faleting, for in the mother—but it was faleting, for in the fire was burning joyously on the hearth, and before it stool Mattie, dressed in a neat callco wrapper with laughed, when just they two sat down to the little new table and ate from the new dishes on the new cloth the wholesome viands prepared by Mattie's hearth.

hearth Marsh was cold, but such a warmed him. He went straight to the trangely sweet. Everything went on nicely, and Mat. ie was triumphant. But all things atthly must change. Happiness does commence. It was easy to think of beforehand, but when the time came 

Their eves met, and each saw the tenderness in those of the other, and all was told in an instant. Both had made their confession. Marsh opened his arms, and Mattie fell sobbing on his breast, while baby looked on in amazement

"Mother told the truth," she said; "It would be better than the wedding," whispered Mattie.

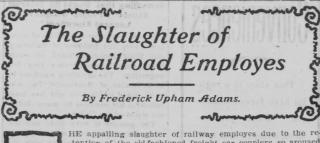
"Have you seen her? Did she tell ou the same she told me?" cried

Marsn. "I don't believe I want any supper tonight, do you?" said Marsh, after they had their talk, and the supper had become cold. "I guess I'll drink a little tea," said Marsh, and he did.—New York Weekly.

### The Unchaperoned Boy.

We chaperon our girls and carefully guard them against unworthy boys but we leave the boy to choose for but we leave the boy to choose for himself his associates and his achieve ments

Girls are naturally winsome, gentle companionable. They win their way in homes and hearts. But the boy noisy, awkward, mischievcus, is invit ed int few homes, and feels 1 much at home in his own About the only door that swings with sure welcome to the boy, about the only chair that is shoved near the



HE appalling slaughter of railway employes due to the re-tention of the old-fashioned freight car couplers so aroused public sentiment, years ago, that congress was forced into passing a law, making, obligatory the use of automatic de-vices. The railroad interests had figured it out, to their own satisfaction, that if was cheaper to keep on killing and maining tens of thousands of their men than it was to buy new couplers. 'Every possible influence has been employed to delay and defeat the enforcement of this law, the aim of which was to check the wholesale murder of hard-working employes. The corporations declared that there were no practical coupling devices, so puerits a falsehood and so absurd on its face that even those who would have been willing to aid in the outrage declined to do so on this ground. The railroad companies fought the law in the courts and were beaten. It seemed incom prehensible to them that a corporation should be compelled to spend money for so vain and profitess a thing as the saving of human life. They induced congress to give them an extension of time. That exten-

for so vain and profitless a thing as the saving of human life. They induced congress to give them an extension of time. That exten-sion has long since expired, yet the statement is made and not denied that that there are thousands of cars not provided with automatic brakes. The more progressive railroad managers now recognize that the change from the murderous old couplers to the new ones is a profitable one. No modern war has wrought so vast a devastation in human life and happiness as the retention of the antique couplers years after inventive genius had solved the prob

A report recently issued by the Interstate Commerce Commission shows that the total number of casualties to persons on railroads in the United states, during the fiscal year ending. June 30, 1904, was 55,130, comprising 2787 killed and 51,343 injured. This shows a large increase over any other year. It is a large total, and, in comparison, may be said to be similar to the complete destruction of any one of such cities as Salt Lake City, Utah; San Antonio, Texas; Racine, Wisconsin; Topeka, Kansas; Waterbury, Connecti-cut; Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania; or Augusta, Georgia, neither of which has anything like 53,000 inhabitants. In both the American and British armies, September 19, and October 7, 11, and 12, 1777, in the series of fights and movements around Saratoga, as included by E. S. Creasy, in his "Fifteen De-cisive Battles of the World," there were less than twenty thousand men; while the highest total given by C. K. Adams, in Johnson's "Cyclopaedia," of the killed, wounded, and missing on both sides at, Waterloo, one of the great-est battles of all time, is 54,428 men—not so many by 702, as last year's total of United States railroad casualties. The number of collisions and derail-ments during the past year was 11,291, involving \$9,383,077 in damages to rolling stock and roadbeds. This gives the astounding increase of 648 colli-sions and derailments over 1903—astounding but for the reduction of em-ployes, in 1994, by 75,000.—Success. A report recently issued by the Interstate Commerce Commiss



It knows more than both its parents put together. If it is a boy he will patronize his father and call him the "governor" or "the old man;" if a girl she will take precedence of her mother on all occa-sions, answering when the latter, is spoken to and acting in a general way as though she—the daughter—were the one to be most considered. If the girl who speaks disrespectful to her mother only knew the impres-sion she creates on outsiders, I am sure she would try and change her way of speaking. There is nothing that so prejudices people against a girl as seeing her by word, look or deed show the slighest disrespect to her parents. The false pride that makes a girl ashamed of the hard-working mother and father, who have toiled and sacrificed themselves in order that their chil-dren may have luxuries and education, is the outcome of an ugly feeling that should be strangled at its birth. Many girls who really love their parents grow into the habit of thinking

Many girls who really love their parents grow into the habit of thinking hem old-fashioned and ignorant.

You often hear a girl say, "Oh, mother means all right, but she doen't know," and then the daughter goes ahead and does some foolish thing that, had she consulted her mother's wiser judgement, she might have been saved

from doing. Excepting in very rare cases, the mothers always know best. Guided by the instinct of love and mature wisdom, they invariably choose what is best for their children. Not long ago I overheard a delicate mother complain of not feeling well. "Oh, mother," broke in her disrespectful daughter, "I'm tired hearing of sick-ness; you're always ill." What do you think of that daughter's manner to her mother, and if any man who was thinking of marrying her had been there, don't you think he would have gone away in a very thoughtful mood? One thing that leads to this state of affairs is the badhabit of many Ameri-can parents of effacing themselves when their children have visitors. The re-

ious type faces and the early manu-scripts from which Aldus and Jensen made their types were shown by means of lantern slides, as were a number of title pages by the various printers, and finally the new type face designed for the University Press bas-ed on some of the best of the manu-script volumes of the "Humanities per-iod" in Italy.—Bostcn Transcript.

"A National Calamity."

The announcement which was made



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PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Custom is the arch foe of progress

Self-conceit deceives no one but

Returned wanderers may make the est guides.

Adversity tries faith; prosperity

Our service does not depend upon

Righteousness is praised by all, bu

Character may be lost, but it can ever be stolen.

To neglect the moral is to under

As the deed is, so was the thought

A little forethought usually saves such afterthought.

A man may be measured by his esti-nate of other men.

The idle rich are paupers, as truly s are the idle poor.

The higher you climb the easier ou fall, and the harder.

The man who suspects everybody is urely a suspicious character.

Running in old ruts may be more risky than blazing new trails.

If the mind is open to the sunlight, here is no room for the darkness

The man who sows nothing always

aps something a good deal worse

Individual honesty is the only last-g foundation for national prosper-

It is easy to preach on the benefits f walking when you are in the band

When a man thinks he has a cinch on sin he is apt to find that the halter

THE PRINTED BOOK.

Its History Traced Down to the Pre-

sent Day. "The Evolution of the Printed Book om the Ancient Manuscript to the resent Day" was the subject of an in-

William D. Orcut, of the Subject of an in-teresting lecture delivered recently by William D. Orcut, of the University Press, in Wesleyan hall, before the members of the Society of Designers and Engravers. The lecturer first

o the Romans, Chinese and Coreans of the Romans, Chinese and Coreans of the Romans, Chinese and Coreans of the rever applied in a large way or

with a knowledge of its possibilities intil by Gutenburg about 1439. Soon ofter this came the period of the Humanities" in literature and the naking of elegant manuscript books.

On the splendid work of the scribes n the manuscript books of this period was based the type races which have become the standard for all time in

the Occident. The lecturer described the various viclositudes of erratic forms in types through which the title page went, and told of the contributions made to the

cause of printing by such men as Aldus Manutius and his sons; Jensen, Chris-topher Plautin, the Dutch printer, who carried the title page to elaborate per-fection, and William Morris, who

fection, and William Morris, who might be said to have restored the art of printing to its early glory. Some of the defects of the Morris style were pointed out, especially his aversion to putting leads between the lines of type, which resulted in a mas-sive page without any relief in color value to the lines. Still Morris ef-fected a revolution and placed book printing on a higher plane that it had

printing on a higher plane that it had been for centuries. Mr. Orcutt called attention to the American faces that had been the re-

sult of the Morris movement in Eng-and—the De Vinne, Renner, the Mon-taigne by Bruge, Rogers and the Mer-rymount face, by Goodhue. These var-

us type faces and the early manu

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hy can't we have sum schoolless towns? An' workless work to do? ' sparkings that are slipperless? An' dogless orchards, too?

n' acheless stomachaches as well? An' wetless hair, so w'en Ve go down to the swimmin' hole Ma won't know where we've b'en?

An' w'en we getsthese lessless things 'Twill fill our hearts with joy, An' then you'll never see again A hapless, joyless boy. ---New York Press.



Poet—I can't get a bit of fire in my lines today. Friend—Here's a match. -Chicago Record-Herald. "Oi was at a wake last night." "Was Kelly there?" "Whoi, Kelly was the loife av th' wake; he was the corpse. -Puck.

Grocer-Be that an auto out in front b' the store thar, Ezry? Boy-I dunno, sir, I god such a cold I can't smell nothink.--Puck.

He-What would you do if I should attempt to kiss you? She-I would call for help. He-But I don't need any.-Philadelphia Record. "What do you think of railway re-bates?" said one citizen. "Any chance of our getting any?" "None whatever."

'Then, I'm against 'em."-Washington.

Teacher-Now Johnny, if your papa caught one fish of three pounds, one of five, and one of four, how much would they all weigh? Johnny-Twenty.-Harper's Bazar.

Hick—Didn't somebody tell me that Bjenks has a house over in Chelsed' that he wants to sell? Wicks—I guess so. Bjenks has a house over in Chel-sea.—Somerville Journal.

Ma-Willie, what's your little brother crying about? Willie-Jist 'cause he don't want to learn anything. I jist took his candy and showed him how to eat it .- Philadelphia Ledger.

First Chauffer—What's the matter with you lately? You ain't got no more nerve than a motorman. Second more nerve than a motorman. Secon Chauffeur-Oh, I cut out the hit-and get-away game lately .- Brooklyn Life Mrs. Wheeler-Whatever else his faults, we can't but say Elsie's young man is constant. Mr. Wheeler-"Con-stant"? Humph! I should think "continuous'" expressed it better.-Judge. She-So you loved me for six months

before you dared to tell me? He-Yes. 'Your dad was mixed up in that copper deal, and I thought he was on the wrong side of the market.-Judge. Mike-Sure, me rich Unde Terry died and left me all his money. Pat-An' did you get it? Mike-Oi' did not; after his death they found he was a pauper, an' oi' didn't get a cint av his fortune!-Puck.

Mrs. Kalm (angrily)-Vat your brudder means by running down mein soll-taire ven I show it to him? Mr. Hock-ski-Excoose his absent mindesses. Id's second nature to him to run down eferydings .- Judge

"Is your husband a very generous man?" "Indeed, he is. You rememby your muscand a very generous man?" "Indeed, he is. You remem-ber those nice cigars I gave him for a birthday present? Well, he only smoked one and gave the rest to his friends."—Pick-Me-Up.

Burroughs—Can you lend me a dol-lar, old man? Markley—Don't talk that way. Surely you don't mean that? Burroughs—Why don't 1? Markley— You mean, "Will you lend me a dol-lar?"—Philadelphia Press.

Clarissa—Of course, I love you, Clar-ence. Haven't I just danced eight dances with you? Clarence—I don't see any proof in that. Clarissa—But you would if you only knew how you dance.—Chicago Daily News.

"After all," said the moralist, "the Almighty Dollar is man's greatest ene-my. It—" "If that's so," inter-rupted old Roxley. "I guess that by the New York correspondent of The Times recently of the sale of the great Rowfant library will come as a young wife of mine merely for the enemies I've made."-phia Press. real shock to many book lovers. That such a collection should be bartered away for American dollars seems lit-tle short of a national calamity. Fred-Alice-When I came in she was turning her rusty black silk inside out." Carrie—And no doubt singing, "Turn erick Locker-Lampson had a genius fo collecting. As his friend, Mr. Austin Dobson, recently put it, " he may have haunted Christie's and the bric-a-brac shops but he certainly never ground Dobson. ye, turn ye, for why will you dye?' She invariably sings something appro priate, no matter what she ia doing.-Boston Transcript. laboricusly at handbooks, or worked anorheusiy at handbooks, of worked museum cases. Not the less, he sel dom failed to secure the rare copy with the A flyleaf, the impression with the unique remarque, the imprecable sang de boeuf, the irreproachable rose Lady—For goodness sakes. Bridget, what kind of greens are these? Brid-get—The spinage was fed to the cow by mistake, ma'am, so I cooked up one o' them parlor palms. The guests won't know the difference. Lady— But, Bridget! Those palms were ar-tificial!—Detroit Free Press. bulk to be a set of the set of th this way the 'Rowfant Catalogue "Ma," said Tommy Twaddles, look-ing up from his reading of "Terry the Tenspot," "what is a bootless at-tempt?" "It's the sort your father makes to get in without my hearing him when he comes home late from the club," answered Ma Twaddles, in-cisively." Pa doesn't stop to remove a standing monument, a veritable treasure-house of Shakespeare's quartos, priceless manuscripts, first issues, tall copies, and Blake and Chodowiecki plates."—London Chroncisively." Pa doesn't stop to remove 'em at the foot of the stairs now. He knows it's no use.—Cleveland Leader. A Well Spent Life.

from doing.

can parents of effacing themselves when their children have visitors. The re-sult is that the young people get into the way of thinking that they can run things themselves and that the presence of their elders is guite unnecessary. The American girl is the best girl in the world, but she is just a trifle too

Independent and cavalier in her treatment of her elders. A well brought up English girl would exclaim in horror at the free and easy way her American cousins have of speaking to their parents.



back log.

Mattie felt the tears in her eyes in a moment, and her heart softened to-ward Marsh, and she was about to con-fess her failings and ask his forgive-ness, when he continued:

"It is all your hateful temper, Mat-

tie; you know it is." "Oh, dear me! It is my wretched temper-l know it is." sobbed Mattie, after Marsh went out; "but he needn't have said so

"If I wasn't so blunt," said Marsh to himself, with a sigh, as he sauntered toward the stable. to him

things went from bad to worse Little mistakes were magnified into terrible wrongs. The neighbors had their fill of gossip about the matter; and finally, one day, when Marsh was away, Mattie thought the thing over. 'I am a wretched little nuisance,

"I am a wretched little nuisance," she said, mentally: "I don't know why I am so, either; but I can't help it!" she said, despairingly, her lips quiver-ing, and her eyes filling with tears. "I've a great mind to take Neddie and." go home, and stay there. My unhappi-ness couldn't be greater than it is." She clapsed the baby close to her arms and the big tears fell fast on his

curly head. Her heart seemed bursting within her, but she wrapped the child in her shawl, and with quicken-ing step she fled the place and hurried lic affairs and exercising little influ across the snow-covered fields to her "What's the matter, child?" asked mother's.

her mother, as Mattie, pale and shiver- absolutism is a worse foe of monarch ing, appeared at the door.

fire especially for the boy, about th only place where he is sure of cordia greeting, is where he ought not to

It is one of the hardest things in the world to get hold of a boy-to get a sure grip on him. He is hungry for companienship.

He is hungry for companienship and will have it. You can't chain him away from it. He wants the compan-ionship of boys, and nothing will take

its place. If the rime of selfishness has so en cased your heart that the joys and hopes of your boy cannot enter into it, the boy is to be pitied, but so are you.—Milwaukt Journal.

The Real Grand Duke Vladimir, The Grand Duke Vladimir, who, c the authority of the less well informe part of the London press, has been held up to oblequy as the leader of the grand-ducal ring which seeks to sweep back the rising tide of reform with the knout and the sword, is said by the

knowt and the sword, is said by thos most conversant with Russian affair to occupy an isolated position in th imperial family, taking no part in pub ence on them. A recent corresponden

than anarchy itself."

way ner American cousins nave or speaking to their parents. Nothing is more beautiful than the tender respect and deference shown by youth to age, and it is a great shame for the American girl to let her charms be marred by this one blot.—New York Journal.



AN is a creature of his senses; woman of her ideals. And that is the main reason that woman can never understand why men do not and cannot love as women do. A woman loves the man that honors her; he loves the woman that takes care of his confort. Like a dog, he loves the hand that feeds him, and no other. He may claim to have the higher ideals and expatiate on them, but he must be com-fortable before he can expatiate on anything

higher ideals and expatiate on them, but he must be com-fortable before he can expatiate on anything. The great cause of the mass of human unhappiness is that we expect too much of each other. Our ideals are very largely formed by our literature. The heroes and heroines of our best fiction always present fifty year heads on twenty year shoulders, but marriage dispels all such illu-tions

A man marries simply for a home, and the woman that takes care of it and him can do anything with him, and if she does not she can do nothing with him. When a man is looking for a wife he does not demand beauty or and him can do anything with min, when a many is looking for a wife he does not demand beauty of with him. When a many is looking for a wife he does not demand beauty of accomplishments, but does want the "good face to have around the house." in a boat after shipwreck. But in the accomplishments, but does want the "good face to have around the house." in a boat after shipwreck. But in the 40 years he has learned throughly dreak a difference of the select a hush and; any woman over forty will acknowledge that. A man that a girl would elope with at twenty she would despise at thirty, fight at forty, and shoot at lalian, such ad marriage.

elope with at twenty she wo fifty, if he proposed marriage.

The other day a man died at the Limerick Infirmary at the age of 644 who had been brought there when 24

# "Sunk Upward."

Occasionally a mine-shaft is "sunk pward," to use a paradoxical expression, for some special reason. The shaft is divided temporarily by brat tice-work, the space on one side being filled with excavated rock, and form-ing a platform for the men.—Engi-neering and Mining Journal. being