## DON'T DREAM, BUT DO.

asy thing, if you want to know weet the summer is, just to go the fields, or deep in the wood, a toward the swash of the sea. y all will teach you how heavenly

Don't set at home with your brain-born balance questions and pry and look ce at this, or wonder how squares with some ancient doubt; t in touch with the throbbing now, And let your heart go out
To your fellow-men who are spent and blue.

Don't dream, but do!

Wark in the world for the folk thereof;
With every deed that is done in love
Some crisscross matter is smoothed for age;
The spirit sees straight and clear;
And heaven draws close that was far away,
As you whistle off each fear.
Work, for the days are fleet and few.
Don't dream, but do!

You may worry over God's grinding laws,
You may probe and probe for the great
first cause;
But an hour of life with an honest thrill
Of self-forgetting joy
Will ease your mind of its moody ill
And make you hithe as a hoy.
The plan is simple; then see it through:
Don't dream, but dol

"My daughter will have no trouble to

It was, then, with ill grace that he

with the curate he hastened to an-

nounce it to Olka. The father for the

first time invited him to sit down and

Then, also for the first time, the mu-

"What do I care for prosperity?"

"Olka, dear Olka, may God return to

more and more alarming.
"Ho! my Olka! unique treasure, you

are going to be a lady, my lady?"
His heart swelled with gratitude.

"If I played on my flute it might re-

"Ha! my green vitcher, The lord has broken it!"

"Do not cry, child; I shall pay for thy broken pitcher!"

on the white earth.

small voice.

which began thus:

And the lord answered:

Ponikla, after the dean.

## THE ORGANIST OF PONIKLA

THE CULMINATION OF A WANDERER'S AMBITION.

Translated From the Polish of Henryk Sienkiewicz, by M. Tyrand.

very deep. Kien, with his piercing of a knife. long legs, was walking This restored him to his full reason, briskly on the road from | and he repeated to himself a thousand | Zagrab to Ponikla. He times that never would Olka's father the wind, near these bushes. My! No! scantily clothed with his short give his daughter to a vagrant, and I should freeze on the spot." coat, his cloak still shorter, and his that he had better think no more of his ankles. And then—his shoes were but the knife had penetrated so deeply to much worn out. He pressed his flute | that the strongest pincers could not sly against his heart. He had have withdrawn it. a few small glasses of rum in his stomch and a great deal of contentment in Klen's music, then she had loved the his head. For that very morning he musician. That penniless fellow, queer had signed an engagement as organist with wild-looking eyes, dark complexwith the curate of Pontkia. ion, with clothes always too narrow

Until that day be had been roaming and too short, with long and thin legs like a Trigane, from inn to inn, from like those of a stork, had at last be one fair to another, from wedding to come dear to her. The father, though wedding, wretchedly getting his daily he himself also had often empty pockbread by playing the flute or the organ. ets, did not wish to hear anything of And, let it be said, by the bye, he Klen. played the organ better than any one else in the country. Now, at last, he find better," he declared. "Does not could settle down and live decently. every one admire her beauty? She will A house and a garden, 150 roubles a never be reduced to accept a man on year, without reckening the extras, and whose arm she would be ashamed to shove all the consideration attached to present herself." position in a church, to a profession levoted to the glory of God! He had opened his door to the musician—which never wished as much in his most am- did not often happen. But the death of ous dreams. All those who looked Mielnitzki changed everything. As at him as a kind of tramp should be soon as Kien had signed his contract pelled now to treat him as a gen-

For a long time Klen had coveted the m without any hope of getting it offered him one after another several while old Mieinitzki still persisted in little glasses of rum. And when the nostly paralyzed, but the curate would | that henceforth Klen was going to be a sideration of their twenty years' ndship. At last Michitzki died agh an accident and Klen hast- sician had been authorized to remain med to apply for the situation. The near Olka from noon until evening. curate, well acquainted with his talent, and night was coming as he returned fashion in which they carry their talls. well not only the flute and the | felt very warm at heart in recalling the | ergan, but also several other instru- smallest incidents of that decisive day. ts. It was not a case of heredity or of education. His father, a soldier in ropemaker in his old age, and the darkness.

d man practiced no other wind in "What

Tet Kien, from his childhood, had ter that your position be settled." shown a decided talent. Michitzki had even him some organ lessons. But lously murmuring: urchin one day suddenly departed h a band of strolling players. He ndered for several years. Then the ony trace. Kien returned to his pative ought to have said many things differ-culars of Zagrab. He was as thin as a ently; omitted this, added that, and particularly answered better to so im-So far he had just shifted by playing portant a declaration; think of a young a tride, but often for the love of girl telling a young man that, if it was led. People wouldered at his irregular not for her father she would follow and precarious life, but they were him all over the world! It seemed to us when praising his talent, him that both were walking together zagrab to Ponikia all declared on the white road. This did not pre-"When Kien begins to play vent him from hurrying his steps, as he Lord is pleased and men are in rap- the snow was cracking in a manner

t did not prevent them from addng with much concern: "He must be sed by a peculiar and devilish rit." The remark was judicious, Ha! had she really been near him how for at times he had the look of a sor. he would have pressed her in his arms cerer, particularly when during these with all his might! This is, yes, this is ast years, on some holidays, he re. what he ought to have done one hour placed old Mielnitzki at the organ of before at Zagrab! But it is always so. nikla. Then he was unconscious of At certain moments one feels dizzy, all that was not his adored instrument. and the tongue goes astray precisely It happened that in the middle of mass, when it ought to say so many, many when the congregation was the most things. Decidedly it is much more deeply engaged in prayers, and when easy to play on the organ than to exthe priest, enwrapped in the fumes of press in words what one has in one's incense, gave his benediction, Klen's heart, organ seemed to spread over the whole | In the cold sky the stars began to in impalpable gauze, and to raise slow. twinkle with a sparkling light. Klen ington Star. ly toward heaven the priest, the cen- felt that his ears burned. To save time ser, the vapors of perfume, the congre- he took a small, familiar path across tion, and even the tinkling of the fields. His shadow lengthened funnily

he was the one who performed these the organ played unaided, that the like birds frightened by the surround- ago the supply ship Glacier made her earthquake came on that same night." the leaden pipes, to scatter first like shroud which covered the land. And meat for the Philippines. In the harrain, then like dew, in order to fill up Klen modulated the gayest tunes of bor lay the British flagship Royal Arthe church and make vibrate together the alters and the bearts. Sometimes he was terrified at the thunderbolts starting from the magic instrument, and the next moment he enjoyed listening to a melody falling like the pearls of a rosary. When he came down from his sent after mass he looked baggard. and tottered as if inebriated, or rather as one suddenly awakened. The curate, putting some money in his hand, complimented him. The people bowed respectfully to the vagrant in whom, at that moment, they felt an eminent

Klen did not lotter before the church in order to enjoy praises. It was to old workingman. iplate in passing what was the And now, along the little path across at dear to him in the world, after fields, Klen, with an ecstatic smile, music, of course. We mean Olka, the played "The Green Pitcher," or rather | Get-rich-quick marriages usually have daughter of a working man of Zagrab. attempted to play it. He admired her eyes, the color of the sky; her hair, the color of gold, and he give up as this journeying took his Press.

breath more and more at every mo-He had not thought that the snow

was less hard and deeper in the fields than on the roads, and that he could not always trace the path. He allowed himself to be directed by chance. Then he tumbled at every step, burying his long legs in some unseen ditch.

> The stars sparkled still colder, and then the wind rose again. Klen was in perspiration, but he shivered. He tried nce more to play on his finte. But he could not feel his fingers and could hardly move his lips. An impression of overwhelming solitude dawned upon him. He thought of the well-heated house which was ready for him at Ponikla; then of the one where he had spent the afternoon.

"Olka must have retired at this bour, and, thank God, under her roof it is WHITE."

The certainty that Olka was warm made him happy, but caused him to suffer from the cold still more, He had passed the fields and was stepping through prairies bristling with

HE snow was hard and not | felt at his heart a sharp pain like the bushes. He was so tired that he thought only of sitting down, no matter where. "I am going to rest a moment against

is cloak still shorter, and his that he had better think no more of the walked again—not much the young girl. This was easily said, hausted, he let himself fall down. "If I sleep, I am lost"

He stretched his eyelids, shook his arms, moved his fingers, unfastened Olks, on her side, at first had loved his lips and played on his flute the first notes of "The Green Pitcher." A few thin sounds rose in the icy night, and died away, slow and melancholy. Klen let fall his flute, but continued

to struggle against the unconquerable slumber. He felt astonished to be alone in that desert of snow. "Olka! Where are you?" he mur-

mured. He moved once more his fingers, epened once more his eyes, and whis-"Olka!"

Dawn lightened; near a bush of broom, a human form with long and thin legs. A flute lay by its side. The bluish face were still an expression of wonder and attention. Klen died in listening to the old song:

"Ha! my green pitcher.
The lord has broken it!"

The Tale of the Tall.

A writer in tracing the ancestry of the dog to wolf and jackal notices typimg. The fingers of the latter were young girl came in he gravely told her | cal differences in the cast of their eyes, their body colors and markings, the have consented to replace him, gentleman-much better, the first in habit of turning around three times before lying down, and other interesting peculiarities, but he does not mention the most striking and infallible way of distinguishing them, namely, by the ged him immediately. Kien was to Ponikia with the snow crackling un- Wolves and coyotes have a sneaking ng most of his life, had turned a joy like a light across the intrensing which retain many of their racial characteristics, carry their tails lowest of all; setters and pointers, a few degrees of the world! But for father it is bet and Newfoundlands effect a curve over | London for a time. Twenty years ago Then he had kissed her hands relig- full twist. An old plainsman could tell a wolf or coyote as far as he could see him, and in buffalo days this was n

Reminder of British Vandalism.

A vivid reminder of the burning of the Capitol by the British in 1814 came to hand recently in the repairs which are being made in the document room of the House of Representatives. This room is a three-cornered space in the northwest corner of the old hall of the derneath was a charred window case. there was a quantity of lead found; the old window weight had been melt | the Brazils. crevice of the stone wall. This was low fever, and on his recovery he be- vertiser. dug out by Joel Grayson, and is being came saloon steward in the Isle of preserved by him as a memento. The Man service. He served two seasons window sashes were covered with a with this company, then joined the coat of dirty white paint, but their Polytechnic steam yacht Ceylon as workmen, and the paint was scraped ; off sufficiently to show that they were the Hamburg-Harwich line. This postsolid mahogany, showing that nothing | tion he resigned before he succeeded to was thought too good to use in the original construction of the Capitol.-Wash-

The British Beat Us.

It isn't often that a British boat crew inds sprang by themselves out of ing silence, the intense frost, and the regular call at Sydney for a cargo of day of the race was made almost a bolfown was on the water or on land lord. This prodigiously amused the reigned. - New York Commercial Ad-

the same wind-up as the other invest-

His fingers did not revive; he had to ments of the same kind.—New York

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* A FIREMAN'S HEROISM.

tenement, and ran up the stairs to a swords. window on the sixth floor. Horrified, the crowd saw him rest one foot on the coping below his window, and reach with his right hand for the window in ing. He was suspended six stories up. knew he must gradually release as he would run."--Chicago Inter-Ocean. extended his reach to the other window. By working the fingers of his left hand from groove to groove he was enabled to move over and cautionsiv curl the tips of his right hand around the edge of the casing of the burning by the pressure of his bent finger-tips against the wood. He was so finely polied that a feather-weight would have unbalanced him. Little by little Ryer worked the fingers of his right hand along until he got a sligh, hold on the inside of the window, and then, amid the cheers of some and the groups of others, he entered the burning room. There he found the woman unconscious on the floor, the flames langhed at by the boys who made a licking her skirts. A rope with which quick run. some citizens had attempted the poor crenture's rescue dangled from the leg, so as to hold himself from falling. gan to swing the woman like a pendu-

A STRENUOUS LIFE.

an's Home Companion.

the heads of the horror-stricken crowd,

projected the woman into the out-

wirdow which he had quitted.-Wom-

Lord Lyveden, who is to bring over lly a remarkable artist. He never der his feet. The frost was sharp, but way of carrying their tails low, almost a party of Parliamentarians this fall Canada, is big and tall and vigorous moved they are from the general type, and only forty-five. He has been a Along the deserted road, to the fields says Charles Hallock, the higher they soldier, a sailor, a waiter on the Bowburied under the snow, he carried his carry them. Shepherds and coilles, ery, a ship's steward, an actor and a

Lyveden was a clergyman's son. As capital and became a Bowery waiter. Presently be turned up in Charlotte,

N. C., without money. "Like a young you all the happiness you give me in most useful indication of buffalo berds fool," he says, according to M. A. P. spin-ling so." went to the best hotel and stayed dered for several years. Then the spinishes spinishes to the lower disappearing without leaving mortified at his own foolishness. He herd.—Philadelphia Record.

These predatory or went to the best note: and was creatures always followed a moving three days. I had no money and was there disappearing without leaving mortified at his own foolishness. He herd.—Philadelphia Record.

The days of the days. I had no money and was turned out, but as I was leaving the door a clerk pressed fifty cents into my band, saying, 'I guess you'll want a bed to-night, old man.' I lodged over stable and in the morning got work driving a carriage. Eventually the hotel-keeper became my partner and

best friend." In 1890 Mr. Vernon returned to England, married and started in the nur-House, or Statuary Hall, as it is called sery business, originating a tomato, window sashes were taken out. Un- as third steward on an Irish sea boat, The negro had the halter about his alight." as assistant steward on the unlucky neck, and the trap door was ready to Mrs. Nexdore-"Some and when that, too, had been removed City of Paris, and as bedroom stew- be spring open. Campbell then turned cine?" ard on the steamship Nile, sailing to to the sheriff and confessed the name | Mrs. Sharpe-"Well, yes. I told him

the title.

In 1885 Lord Lyveden was in Charsmall fishing boat," he rays "and as we over the bar we shipped an enormous beats an American; the balance of vic. sen and the boat went to the bottom. Sometimes, even, the cars stop too tory hangs heavily on our side, but re- | The three hands and myself were forvive my fingers." A few sharp notes cently in Sydney the Yankee jackles tunate enough to be rescued, but we marrels. He completely imagined that flew away in the night. They seemed got an awful walloping. Some months lost everything. To crown all, the

FRIGHT IN BATTLES.

"A most unusual thing," said the serhis repertoire, those Olka had asked thur, and the crew of the Glacker chal- geant, "happened in our company in of the brakes on trolley cars are hardhim to play in accompaniment to her lenged her crew to a boat race. While West Virginia. There had been a shire by powerful enough to secure perfect the conditions were being talked over | mish in the mountains across the river | safety.-Success. An old song, called "The Green it came time for the American ship to from camp and our company was or Pitcher," had particularly pleased the leave so the race was postponed. Ac- dered up the road. We found signs of father and the daughter. It was a dis- cording to British reports when the the enemy in less than a mile, and logue between a lord and a maiden. Giacler got back to Manila she got the | finally heard the noise of a heavy ad- the annoyance of professional mashers

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* for carrying a musket. But in the Thirteenth Massachusetts, which saw a good deal of service in the Army of the Potomac (we were in over twenty engagements), the adjutant, sergeant, major, captains and lieutenants generally came out of a fight with rifles in their hands and empty cartridge boxes. The boys were in the habit of saying that the shoulder straps picked up store HE act of Dennis Ryer stands out in splendid iso- rifles to keep up their courage, but we stands out in spiendid iso-lation. Ryer rescued a woman from the sixth story of a burning build.

ing. He dashed into the adjoining at home in a fight with rifles than with "It is true, nevertheless, that men in battle often joked with each other to over her husband's death." keep up their courage. At that time I "Yes, even her hair has turned black had a very full eye-an ox eye, the again."-Brooklyn Life, which the woman stood. But he could boys called it-and as I was one of the not make it; he could barely touch the shortest men in the company, I came, edge of the casing with the tips of his as a rule, next to our left guide, old fingers. Some ornamental iron piping Jerry B., whose face showed how he separated the buildings, and this he felt when the bullets began to fly. But bad practically to straddle. It seemed no matter how badly scared Jerry was, an impassable barrier, but Ryer he always called my attention to the stretched forth his right foot, barely fact that my eyes were sticking out so placing his toes upon the desired cop that he could hang his hat on them. This was said to me a hundred times, with only one hand grasping the casing and a hundred times I told Jerry that -a none too-firm hold - and this he if he was half as scared as I was he

THE BULLY WEAKENED. "At the battle of Fredericksburg our regiment was on the skirmish line for eighteen hours, and hard at it all the time. When the assault was ordered window, until he was held from falling | we were directed to lie down, that the advancing line might run over us. Then we were to rally on the reserve. eighty rods to the rear. To reach the reserve we had to cross an open field over which bullets were flying like hall. Even in that crisis I hesitated to run the eighty rods, fearing that after facing the enemy for eighteen hours I would get a bullet in my back. So I side-stepped that eighty rods and was

"We had in our regiment one of the old-style builtes, who made a good deal roof in front of the window. Seizing of noise in battle. He was always this. Ryer passed it twice around the larging our boys and shouting threats | Folk to walk on, like that feller in the woman's body under her arms, and to the enemy. Most of the younger story books, but I'll be hanged if I'm a made the other end fast about his own | men in the regiment thought the loud | goln' ter be beat in perliteness by waist. Then he lowered her from the talker was a great fighter, but at Fred- further anyway."-New York Times. window, and himself straddling the cricksburg he received a slight flesh sill, brought the sash down upon his wound in the leg which took all the conceit out of him. He blubbered like wound, while dozens of men with seri- man is silenced if not convinced." lum. Back and forth she went over tos wounds stood grim and silent. He-"Yes, and the woman is conthen with a last tremendous effort he get our bully into another fight, and News came to the conclusion that he was stretched arms of some firemen in the terave through ignorance, and that when he learned from experience that fullets would hurt be lost his nerve."- to put up that shelf to-day or not?" Correspondence Chicago Inter-Ocean.

IN CIVIL WAR DAYS. Out in Chattanooga they tell this News. and studied music, but he played mar- Klen had never been so happy, and he hanging on the ground, while dogs and show them the United States and story of Civil War days: Chattaneoga the outposts of the Federal and Confederate armies, and during a bill in hostilities the pickets of both cultivased one another's acquaintance, having agreed not to fire on one another. One Percy Vernon he enlisted in the artil. day when the captain of the Union them."-Chicago Post, mt than his smoking pipe, which, Olka had told him sweetly. "With you higher, stiffening out straight their lery, but bought himself out and joined guard saw General Grant with his staff Is true, seldom left the corner of his I would go beyond the seas, to the end talls to the spinal line; St. Bernards Mr. Bancroft's Haymarket company in approaching he said to his men: "Turn out the guard for the commanding genthe back, while pugs actually come to a be came to this city with \$18 cash eral." The Confederates on the other side of the creek, not more than fifty feet away, heard the order, and their captain, conceiving the idea of paying a compliment to the enemy, shouted: "Turn out the guard for the commanding general of the Federal army." The ragged Confederate pickets stood at attention for several moments, and

then saluted Grant as he rode away. A DRAMATIC REPRIEVE. On the stage it happens that the hero is reprieved at the eleventh hour when | ing-room furniture."-Syracuse Herald. on the scaffold, and there are cases recorded in history. Few, however, have been so close to death as Joe Campbell, a negro, who had been condemned to of his accomplice. He was instantly I was sure I heard burglary down ed in the fire and run down into the | In Buenos Ayres he contracted yel- reprieved.- New York Commercial Ad- stuirs."-Philadelphia Press.

Philosophy of Railway Brakes.

The fundamental principle govern ing the application of the brake to a weight attracted the attention of the chief steward. Afterward, employing car, says an engineer who has recently his own name, he became caterer on investigated the subject, is to stop short of the point where the wheels liegin to slip or "skid." When this occurs it not only flattens the wheel, but effective braking ceases. "Skidleston. "I was then the partner in a ding," however, ought not to occur in practice, for by the use of sand cars returned to the harbor, laden, going | may be stopped as quickly as is conspannt with the passengers' safety. quickly for comfort, and "it looks," as a critic says in an electrical journal, "as if any material increase in brake efficiency would have to be followed by putting the passengers into padded ompartments." Hand brakes are found to be quite ineffective, and most

Two Cents For a Masher American women who complain of

ticked carsmen in the American fleet | vancing column. The company was | in the streets of Paris might profit to take back to Sydney with her. The posted to command the mountain road. from an experience I heard a bright and the captain with two men went American girl relate the other day. day in Sydney. Practically all the forward to reconnoliter. They came, at | She was walking along in the daytime, a sharp turn of the road, not ten yards accompanied by another girl, and nowhere they could see the sport, and away, face to face with the enemy's ticed a man following them. An idea Olka, of course, figured the maiden when the Britishers beat the Yankees advance guard, and the captain, who struck her. Reaching in her purse she lives." with the green pitcher, and Klen the by ten lengths in two miles bedlam was carrying a musket, blazed away found a small piece of white paper, without an instant's hesitation and then looked around shyly. The masher, deal of money, too?" killed the officer in command of the encouraged, caught up and grasped at enemy. Thereupon the Confederates the paper she had in her hand. Inthrew themselves bodily on the captain stead, however, of receiving the little and his two men and all were sent to note evidently expected he found him. has pulled out of the water?" self clutching two sons (two cents). "I suppose," said the corporal by Needless to say, he did not follow they put their own valuation on the brevet, "that the captain was criticised further,—New York Hernid. goods saved."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE HERO OF THE HOUR.

He gladly lets you.

He smiles and shakes you by the hand And then forgets you.

Weshington Star.

DEEP MOURNING. "Mrs. Jones seems to be heartbroken

DEVOTED.

She-"You say you are devoted to art. What is the particular art that von love hear?" He-"Thou art."-Kunsas City Times.

COULD MOVE.

The Exasperated One-'I'm afraid. sir, this town isn't big enough to hold both of us!" The Imperturbable-"H'm-why don't

fou start a suburb?" -Tit-Rits. HER DEVOTED KNIGHT.



"I ain't got no coat to lay down for

MATTER OF SEX.

She-"At the conclusion of an argu-With wonderful muscular power he be- a whipped boy under his trifling ment between a man and a woman the fighting to the last. We never could vinced, but never silenced."-Chicago

AN ULTIMATUM.

Mrs. Enpeck-"Henry, are you going

Eppeck-"Well, my dear, you see---Mrs. Enpeck-"That will do, new, Either put up or shut up."-Chicago NOT A GOLD MINE.

a man profits by his mistakes." "No. I don't. Why, I've made enough mistakes to be rich if I could profit by

"But I don't believe," he said, "that

SOMEWHAT DIFFERENT. "Why, George, what an enorme pile of letters," exclaimed the bride of a week. "Billets doux, I suppose." "No, my dear," replied the other half of the sketch. "They are billies overdua."--Chicago News.

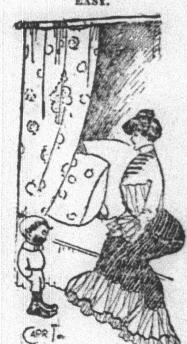
HARMONY DESIRED.

Knippe-"Why did Johnson hire all such portly people for his servants?" Tucque-"He says that his wife insisted upon having them like that, so they would match her new heavy din-

SOPORIFIC.

Mrs. Sharpe-"My husband's been troubled with insomnia terribly of late. now. In making the repairs the old but the enterprise failed and he sailed death for murder at Yazoo City, Mo. but he got some sound sleep last

EASY.



Johnny, what's become of the jam?" "Guess, ma."-New York Journal,

ALL MARKED DOWN. "Oh, yes, he's saved a good many "Then I suppose he has saved a good

"No, he's poor." "That's strange, How about the rewards from the grateful people he "Oh, the trouble with them is that