

## THE DREAMER.

I shall never wed with flesh, I shall never ask of woman  
To make a home of love, a dwelling of delight;  
For I have no heart's desire toward the beauty that is human—  
Bodiless as joy are the dreams that come at night.

I shall never call one son, nor the fair, sweet name of daughter,  
For I live with dreams, and of them I make my home,  
And my kindred are the clouds, and the wind, and the wild water,  
The sunlight, the starlight, the shadows, and the gloom.

For they are a part of me, in my blood I hear them crying,  
And I know no rest, by noon, or night, nor day,  
When I think of the white hills in their lonely silence lying,  
And listen to the call of waters far away.

And I look toward the day when our home shall be together,  
When my voice shall sound in the music of the rills,  
When my soul shall be a breath of the golden summer weather,  
And my heart a pulse of the peace upon the hills.  
—R. G. T. Coventry, in the London Academy

## Love at Second Sight.

**T**M about sick of this place," remarked Bobby Dawes discontentedly to the snow-clad mountains. "To-morrow I shall pack up and go home."

The snow-lad mountains vouchsafed no reply, and Bobby Dawes, with that feeling of satisfaction which the taking of any resolution, good or bad, engenders—rose to his feet and sauntered along the baking lake side walk of Lugano back to his hotel.

There was no mistaking Bobby Dawes' nationality as he strolled idly along under the trees. Tall, fair, well turned out, a gray suit, a Panama hat, an irreproachable tie, he looked the possible hero of many amatory adventures, although few had ever fallen to his lot. Amatory adventures require reciprocity, and Bobby Dawes had rarely, if ever, reciprocated.

Arriving at his hotel, he communicated his decision to the stout head porter. That astute individual declared himself "desolate," and expressed his disbelief that Bobby could have adequately inspected the numerous lions of the locality in so short a time.

He speedily ascertained that M'sieu had not yet visited the local mountain, San Salvatore.

"It was impossible," he said decidedly, with a shrug of his massive shoulders, "for M'sieu to leave without ascending the famous funicular." And, before Bobby could protest effectually, it had been arranged for him to postpone his departure by at least one day and to ascend the mountain by the first funicular in the morning.

Thus it was that an early hour on the ensuing day found Bobby Dawes reluctantly ensconced in a corner of an ascending car, thanking Heaven fervently that modern inventions had relieved the traveler from the painful labor of mountain climbing.

He admired the usual view, disliked the usual wind, bought and dispatched the usual postcards, imbibed the usual drink, and, honor being satisfied—honor is easily satisfied in that climate—prepared to descend.

A simple act enough, but fraught with the most momentous consequences to Bobby Dawes.

Suffering acutely from chattering tourists, he leaned well out from his corner seat watching the other car as it approached, wondering idly when they would meet and pass. It was some twenty yards off when his eye was caught by a white and frilly hat adorned with bunches of red cherries.

A rather smart hat, he thought lazily to himself. A decidedly smart hat. And, by George!—as the car drew nearer—what a lovely girl!

He gazed at her spell-bound, moved to the very depths of his being.

"What glorious violet-blue-gray eyes!" he murmured to himself. "What a wealth of softly waving golden-brown hair! What a perfectly indescribable air of indescribability!" he went on incoherently.

Their eyes met for a moment—to him it seemed an eternity; the car passed on and she was gone.

And Bobby began to realize he had met the only woman he could ever love on the car of a funicular railway, while he was going down and she was going up. Every moment cruel fate—represented by a wire rope—was dragging them further apart. Bobby fairly danced with anxiety on his seat, straining his eyes uselessly after the departing car. Immediately he reached the bottom he purchased another ticket and sat in the car, possessed with a fury of impatience until it commenced its upward journey.

At last it started, Bobby Dawes sitting in the front seat, his eyes fixed on the summit. He no longer speculated as to the strength of the wire rope; he was wrapped in a blissful reverie in which golden-brown hair and violet-blue-gray eyes took a prominent part.

He was even oblivious of the approach of the other car about to pass them on its downward journey. Glancing carelessly at it his heart stopped beating. For there, appearing over the back of the car, was the cherry-trimmed hat.

"I shall have to reascend and re-descend this wretched mountain before I can even hope to see her again," he groaned to himself.

When he finally reached the bottom station thirty minutes after, naturally all trace of the cherry-trimmed hat was lost. He haunted the railway station, he haunted the steamer landing places. He had tea at every confiserie in the town—sometimes five in an afternoon—but all without avail.

Bobby Dawes became embittered, and laughed discordantly at the snow-clad mountains. "It is exactly what I have always expected," he remarked

to Monte Rosa. "There is but one woman in the world I could ever have loved, and we have met—but on opposite cars of a funicular railway. I have lost her, perhaps forever, without even the satisfaction of knowing she is married to another!"

He was proceeding to enlarge on this theme, Monte Rosa being a sympathetic listener, when his eye fell idly on an approaching steamer, and there, immediately abaft the funnel, was she! There were the violet-blue-gray eyes, there was the softly waving golden-brown hair, there was the same indescribable air of indescribability which he would have known among ten thousand—a million thousand!

The steamer stopped. Would she land? She did!

He followed her to her hotel, named appropriately enough the "Splendide." That afternoon he removed there, bag and baggage. On the way he congratulated himself there was now a chance—and, if he knew anything of himself, a very excellent chance—of making her acquaintance.

As he neared the hotel the omnibus belonging to it passed him laden with luggage, obviously on its way to the station. He glanced carelessly at its occupants. He caught a glimpse of violet-blue-gray eyes and softly waving golden-brown hair and groaned aloud! He had missed her again!

In two minutes he had buttonholed the respectful hall porter and asked the destination of the ladies in the omnibus.

"Ze ladies mit de logosh?" inquired the functionary.

"No, with the violet—no—I mean, I dare say they have got luggage," stammered the distracted Bobby.

"Zey go to catch de last train to Milano," was the reply.

A hasty study of Baedeker informed Bobby that the cathedral was the great attraction. "I might turn up there with luck," he murmured hopefully, "if I caught the first train in the morning."

He spent the next two days in the cathedral, in the Piazza, in the Piazza in front of the cathedral.

On the third day, as he was leaving the soft gloom of the interior for the blinding sunlight of the Piazza, he suddenly saw in front of him something exquisitely striking yet exquisitely familiar. It was the cherry-trimmed hat, chaperoned by an older edition of herself—obviously her mother.

His first impulse was to clear the steps of the cathedral at a bound, but he fortunately restrained himself in time and descended decorously. As he drew near he could see that they were engaged in a most unequal altercation with a rapacious Milanese cabman. The violet-blue-gray eyes met him—recognized him as a compatriot and appealed for aid. He felt that a few stern words in Italian was all that was required. Unfortunately he spoke no Italian.

Fixing the man with a glance of authority he surreptitiously pressed five lire into his willing hand and said in his most peremptory manner, "Parafinarata-sagerhets-Tantstickor!"

The man was dumfounded. He gasped and fell back, while Bobby triumphantly swept off the cherry-trimmed hat and her mother into the interior of the cathedral.

After that the path of Bobby Dawes was strewn with roses. They stayed at the same hotel, they did Milan together, they lunched together, they dined together. He never spent a more glorious week in his life, and today regards Milan as the most charming and interesting city on the continent. If pressed, however, as to details, his recollections are hazy.

He suggested for various reasons they should spend their honeymoon at Lugano. And Betty seemed delighted at the idea. One evening, not long after their arrival, they were floating idly in a boat upon the lake listening to mandolins playing softly in the distance.

"To-morrow we will go to San Salvatore," he said, looking down on her fondly. "You know why?"

"No, I don't," said Betty.

"Oh, yes you do," he replied, "and what is more, this time we'll go together in the same car," he added playfully.

"I hope so, indeed," said Betty. "I've never been up in a funicular before, and I know I shall be awfully frightened."

There was a pause. "You've never been up?" he said slowly.

"Never," she said. "Mother was always so frightened of funiculars; besides, we only slept a night at Lugano, and went on."

A chill struck to Bobby's heart. "But the cherry-trimmed hat," he faltered.

"Fancy you remembering that old thing," she said. "I've always rather liked it, because, do you know, I was wearing it that day I first met you in Milan. Everybody was wearing cherry-trimmed hats just then."

"Were they?" he gasped.

"Yes; I bought mine as we passed through Paris. But, talking of San Salvatore," she continued, "why were you so surprised at my never having been up?"

Bobby Dawes put much hard thinking into the next few seconds.

"Should he tell her everything or not?" he asked himself. "Make a clean breast of it," urged half of Bobby Dawes. "Don't; turn the conversation," insisted the other half. He must decide. Already she was looking at him in vague surprise. In his panic he endeavored to think of other topics of conversation, but in vain. The wash of the passing steambot made his position a trifle insecure—

"Take care, dear," cried Betty. "The very thing," he murmured, and carefully losing his balance he fell overboard, and in the subsequent confusion the subject of San Salvatore was happily forgotten.

To this day Bobby wonders whom he has married. He knows it is not the girl he fell in love with at Lugano—the girl of the funicular railway.

"Have I," he asks himself, "married the girl in the steamer? Have I married the girl in the hotel omnibus?" The only thing he knows for certain is that he married the girl he met and fell in love with in Milan. But has he married all the rest?

He will never know!—Ada and Dudley James, in the Grand Magazine.

**No Sight, No Cigar.**

"On general principles, I'd hate to be blind," said the man with the red mustache. "For one thing, I would then have to leave off smoking. So far as actual physical ability goes I'd probably be equal to puffing away as usual, but I don't believe I'd enjoy it nearly so much. Blind men don't. In fact, they get so little pleasure out of it that they don't even try to smoke. I have met a number of poor fellows who had lost their eyesight, and every one of them abjured the weed. Some of them had been pretty tall smokers, too, in their palmy days. But now a cigar has no attraction for them."

"Nobody has been able to give me a satisfactory explanation of this change in habit, but after a good deal of investigation I have come to the conclusion that the reason the blind do not care to smoke is because they cannot see the smoke. The tobacco has the same flavor, and with a friend to attend to the lighting the smoking can be managed with comparative safety; yet the fellow who has no eyes to watch the smoke curl and drift about his head apparently has no use for a cigar. Smoking to the absolutely blind is something entirely different from smoking in the dark. Besides, few people smoke in total darkness. Always there is starlight or firelight enough to enable a man to keep track of the smoke. When deprived of that fascinating pastime, the cigar loses its charm, and the man who is blind resigns himself to a smokeless old age."

**Absent-Minded.**

"We have the prize absent-minded man in Streator, Ill.," said Henry Oswald, of that city, to the Milwaukee Sentinel. "Not long ago his wife took him to task for his absolute helplessness when it came to remembering things, and he promised to do much better."

"Less than an hour afterward he started downtown, when she handed him a letter which she wished dropped in the postoffice. He promised not to forget it and to make good carried it in his hand through the street. Just as he reached the letter slot in the postoffice a friend asked him the time. He drew his watch from his pocket, answered the question, dropped the watch through the slot, and started off, with the letter still tightly held in his other hand."

"The friend knew of his peculiarity and went after him. When the watch had been secured the absent-minded man went on, and it was not until late that night that his wife discovered the letter he had started to mail reposing in his overcoat pocket. In the excitement he had placed it there instead of in the box."

**Odd Festival in Roumania.**

Halmagen, in Roumania, possesses a unique public festival. It is a little town of about 1200 inhabitants, and on the morning of its annual fair day the population from about eighty villages comes trooping in swarms. Then there goes out to meet them all the young women, married or single, of Halmagen, each bearing a small flower-garlanded vessel of water, and all attended by their godmothers. As the visitors approach the young women offer to each a taste of water and a kiss. This strange custom is supposed to have its origin in the escape, centuries ago, of some Halmagen women, after being carried off by Turks. As they neared their own homes their joy caused them to embrace every neighbor at sight.—New York Globe.

**The Costliest Diadem.**

What is probably the most valuable diadem in existence is the gift of the women of Spain to Our Lady del Pilar, whose shrine is situated near Saragossa. The diadem is an imperial crown surrounded by a Gothic wreath. It is composed of solid gold, but such is the number of precious stones that hardly a square inch of gold is visible. There are 6000 large diamonds, of which the finest is the gift of the queen-mother, and 3000 smaller ones. The remaining stones are emeralds, sapphires, rubies, pearls, turquoises, opals, topazes and amethysts.—New York Evening World.

## HORTICULTURE

**SOIL EXHAUSTION.**  
Exhaustion of the soil in fruit growing does not come so much from the growing of the trees as the leaves, but in the demand for phosphoric acid to perfect the seed. Proper thinning of the surplus fruit in good season saves this drain.

**THE PERSIMMON TREE.**  
The despised persimmon tree, which stands the solitary possessor of fields on nearly all farms, is capable of yielding a marketable quality of fruit when cultivated. Our native variety is said to be equal to that imported from Japan when treated under equally favorable conditions.

**FULL SUPPLY OF FRUITS.**  
One decided advantage, at least, in growing a full supply of fruits and vegetables on the farm is that the farmer cannot only have them at cost, but can have them first. To a very considerable extent on the farm purchasing fruit and vegetables means going without them.

**SOUTHERN GROWTHS.**  
Lemon or orange trees can be grown in tubs if the seeds are started under glass, in damp moss, and then transplanted. Tamarind seeds have been taken out of jam and propagated in moist cocoon fibre kept near a hot fire. Peanut vines will grow, to a pretty greenery, at least, in our Northern garden in the summer months.

**A LESSON IN PRUNING.**

Lewis Terrill, one of the biggest fruit growers in Northern Kentucky, is a firm believer in pruning of trees. He says: "In the first place, establish a definite object to be accomplished. Don't go into the orchard simply with the idea that you are to cut off limbs. Keep in mind that the objects are to give shape to the trees and to remove dead and injured parts. Pruning for the first purpose should be done almost entirely while the trees are young. Having decided what cutting is necessary for each particular purpose, remove the parts, as far as possible, with the pruning knife, using the saw only as a last resort. Large limbs should not be removed where it is possible to avoid it. Parts which are to be removed should be cut off as close to the main limb or body of the tree as possible, so no knots will be left to decay and make a place for fungus diseases to get in and spread to other parts. Cover the wounds with two coats of white lead and oil. Then dig around the base of your trees and remove all sprouts. It is a good idea to dig a circle a foot or so around your trees and fill up the hole with wood or coal ashes. It makes a tree healthy."—E. L. Helms, in the Indianapolis News.

**THE PEACH BORER.**

"Worming" the trees to destroy the peach borer is the routine of the peach grower.

The moths are practically two, the male and female being different, and except as each would at first glance be called a hornet would hardly be considered as belonging to each other. Both have dark steely blue bodies. The male, the smaller of the two, has the body striped with yellow, whereas the female has a single bright orange band. The wings of the male are transparent, while of the female the fore wings are opaque and dark colored. The female is about an inch in length.

The external evidence of infestation is in the gum exuded by the tree and sawdust. The worms do not penetrate far, nor do they feed much, and only upon sap the tree could spare but they dig out large places to rest in and a half dozen or more, the usual complement, will nearly girdle a tree, creating a disturbance in its functions which generally, when severe, has the indications of "yellows," the foliage changing color, the fruit ripening prematurely or dropping.

The worm is active in its burrowing until the trees become dormant in autumn, when it also becomes quiet, resuming operations with the opening season. When fully developed it leaves the tree, going into the surface of the soil near by to pupate, and from this emerges as the moth.

Careful time saving growers, and who dislike having their trees probed with knives or wires, look for the eggs, and are careful either to destroy these or to so prepare the tree trunks that the moth will consider before entrusting her eggs to them, or, if laid, will be to no purpose, as the larvae, unable to get into the tree, will die.

To this end the trunks are sometimes painted with white lead and linseed oil, or "whitewashed" with one quart soft soap, one peck unslaked lime reduced with water so it can be applied with a brush. Another is to band the trees with paper or wire cloth or bur-lap from two inches below the surface to two feet up, to prevent the eggs being laid over wood, the worm can penetrate and covering all that would be available.

A method which meets every end desired, and is without objection, is that of the New Jersey experiment station of covering every portion of the bark through the space to be protected with a paint of hydraulic cement thinned to the proper consistency with skim milk. Water will not answer. This keeps out the borer, and in no way has it proven injurious.—American Gardening.

## SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY

If odors were solid particles, they would tend to form nuclei of cloudy condensation in supersaturated air. Dr. John Aitken has tested musk and twenty-three other odorous substances without finding such nuclei, and he concludes that odors are gaseous and that smell has gas as its fundamental basis.

The highest kite ascent was lately made at Lindenberg, Prussia, 21,100 feet being reached, with six attached kites and sixteen thousand yards of wire. The temperature fell from 41 degrees at the surface to 13 degrees below zero; the wind—eighteen miles at surface—was fifty-six miles an hour at highest point.

In a London hospital a wave siren is used to test what sounds a deaf person hears. When once it is discovered that a certain note is not heard or only heard indistinctly a tuning fork of this note is selected, and an attempt is made to stimulate the muscle and to arouse the nerve. If the tuning fork is not sufficient, the sound is increased by means of a resonator.

In an attempt to liquefy helium, Prof. Olzewski recently produced the remarkably low temperature of 455 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. It was done by suddenly expanding a mass of the gas helium which had been subjected to a pressure of about 2700 pounds to the square inch, in a temperature so low that it nearly solidified hydrogen. The helium showed no sign of liquefying.

One's hair, if never cut, would furnish a record of his health during life. This is the interesting discovery of Matura, a Japanese physiologist, who shows that the hair—like the fingernails—grows smaller in disease, and that the duration of the malady may be estimated from the length of the thinner section of the hairs. The variations are most striking in the coarse-haired races of people.

The telemicroscope, designed by a Dusseldorf inventor, for enabling a pilot to detect a ship near at hand in a fog, depends upon the fact that electric waves are reflected when they strike a metallic object. The apparatus consists of a long box or tube, pivoted at one end and opened at the other, containing a spark generator near the pivoted end and two lenses for collecting the electric waves into a bundle. A suitable motor turns the box horizontally on the vertical pivot. As the box, slightly inclined toward the water, is swung around, the electric waves are projected outward, and if they strike an object containing metal they are reflected back, acting upon a receiver similar to that used in wireless telegraphy.

**Broadly Hinted At.**

A business man has a daughter and also a confidential clerk, and the confidential clerk has for some time been attentive to the daughter, but he has not—or had not a month ago—sufficient courage to come to the point, though the young woman, goodness knows, has never done anything to scare him off, for he is a first-class fellow in every respect. The other evening he was making a call, and about 9 o'clock her father came in.

"Ah, George," he said, "how about that deal we were talking of this afternoon? Did you see the party?"

"Yes, sir," replied George, "and I expected to see you this evening and tell you about it."

"My dear," said the father, turning to his daughter, "will you retire for a few minutes? George wants to speak business for a while."

The daughter rose up, but hesitated. "Why do I have to go?" she asked, doubtfully.

"Because, dear," smiled the father, "you are not interested. Why do you want to stay?"

She blushed and fidgeted. "Because, papa," she twittered, "I'd rather like to hear George talk business just once."

Then George got red, and the father looked at them both significantly, and the girl fled.—Tit-Bits.

**Puzzling Question in the Navy.**

"A question without precedent in naval history," said a veteran naval officer yesterday, "has arisen in the cases of Rear Admiral O. M. Chester, superintendent of the Naval Observatory, and Rear Admiral F. E. Chadwick, on waiting orders. Those two officers were born on the 29th day of February, 1844, and would be sixty-two years of age—the statutory retiring age in the navy—on the 29th day of February, if such a date were possible. As they could not be retired on a date that does not occur, the Department decided that they be retired on the last of the month, as the only possible corresponding date."

"The courts have assumed that the last day of February shall be considered the 29th day for all legal purposes when that date has arisen as an anniversary. Although born on the same day, Admiral Chester has had nearly two years more service in the navy than Admiral Chadwick, the former having entered in October, 1859, and the latter in September, 1861."—Washington Star.

## HERITAGE OF CIVIL WAR:

Thousands of Soldiers Contracted Chronic Kidney Trouble While in Service.

The experience of Capt. John L. Ely, of Co. E, 17th Ohio, now living at 500 East Second street, Newton, Kansas, will interest the thousands of veterans who came back from the Civil War suffering tortures with kidney complaint. Capt. Ely says: "I contracted kidney trouble during the Civil War, and the occasional attacks finally developed into a chronic case. At one time I had to use a crutch and cane to get about. My back was lame and weak, and besides the aching, there was a distressing retention of the kidney secretions. I was in a bad way when I began using Doan's Kidney Pills in 1901, but the remedy cured me, and I have been well ever since."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

**Had a Thirteenth Rib.**

That a man may live his whole life with one more rib than his physiological allotment and never know a thing about it is cause enough for considerable uneasiness. But he may, as the surgeons at the Medico-Chirurgical hospital discovered. This man however, found his thirteenth rib and both the rib and the finding were unlucky, which is to be expected were thirteen is concerned. The patient was a day laborer, and the ice on Saturday gave him a bad fall. He was taken to the hospital and there told that he had dislocated a rib.—Philadelphia Record.

## AWFUL SUFFERING

From Dreadful Pains From Wound on Foot—System All Run Down—Miraculous Cure by Cuticura.

"Words cannot speak highly enough for the Cuticura Remedies. I am now seventy-two years of age. My system had been all run down. My blood was so bad that blood poisoning had set in. I had several doctors attending me, so finally I went to the hospital, where I was laid up for two months. My foot and ankle were almost beyond recognition. Dark blood flowed out of wounds in many places and I was so disheartened that I thought surely my last chance was slowly leaving me. As the foot did not improve you can readily imagine how I felt. I was simply disgusted and tired of life. I stood this pain, which was dreadful, for six months, and during this time I was not able to wear a shoe and not able to walk. Some one spoke to me about Cuticura. The Cuticura Remedies of one of my friends, who was a druggist, and the ointment that I gave after the second application is beyond description; it seemed a miracle, for the Cuticura Remedies took effect immediately. I washed the foot with the Cuticura Soap before applying the Ointment, and I took the Resolvent at the same time. After two weeks' treatment my foot was healed completely. People who had seen my foot during my illness and who have seen it since the cure can hardly believe their own eyes. Robert Schoenhauer, Newburgh, N. Y., Aug. 24, 1905."

## FINDS WASHINGTON RELIC.

Historic Locket Worn by General's Wife Turns Up at Capital.

A valuable and historic locket belonging to General Washington which has been lost for a number of years, was found a few days ago in Washington City by Joseph I. Keefer. The locket contains the miniature painting of Mrs. Washington which the General had painted after their marriage, and which he wore around his neck until his death.

Mr. Keefer, who is a cousin of General Washington, through his mother, Mary Hall, in conversing with Mrs. Moorhead, found that she has the locket in her possession and prizes it highly. He has been hunting for the locket for years.

**Million Bushels of Wheat Wasted.**

"During 1905," writes George R. Metcalfe, M. E., in the March Technical World Magazine, "the railroads of the United States ordered new locomotives to the number of 6,300, together with 3,300 passenger cars and 340,000 freight cars. These last figures give a good idea of the relative importance of passenger and freight traffic to a large railroad. The rail mills started the new year with orders for 2,500,000 tons on their books."

"In spite of these great orders, and in spite of the best efforts of the railroad managers, pile after pile of thousands of bushels of corn has been heaped up on the ground in Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska, for want of storage room or transportation facilities; while in North Dakota alone over a million bushels of wheat has rotted on the ground for want of freight cars to move it."

## THE EDITOR

Explains How to Keep Up Mental and Physical Vigor.

A New Jersey editor writes: "A long indulgence in improper food brought on a condition of nervous dyspepsia, nearly three years ago, so severe that I had to quit work entirely. I put myself on a strict regimen of Grape-Nuts food, with plenty of outdoor exercise and in a few months found my stomach so far restored that the process of digestion gave me pleasure instead of distress."

"It also built up my strength so that I was able to resume my business, which is onerous, as I not only edit my own paper, but also do a great deal of 'outside' writing."

"I find that the Grape-Nuts diet enables me to write with greater vigor than ever before, and without the feeling of brain-fag with which I used to be troubled. As to bodily vigor—I can and do walk miles every day without fatigue—a few squares used to weary me before I began to live on Grape-Nuts!" Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.