

The Cry of The Dreamer.

I am tired of planning and toiling
In the crowded hive of men,
Heartweary of building and spoiling,
And spoiling and building again.
And I long for the dear old river
Where I dreamed my youth away,
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming
Of a life that is half a life;
Of the faces lined with scheming
In the throng that hurries by.
From the sleepless thoughts' endeavor
I would go where the children play;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a thinker dies in a day.

I can feel no pride, but play,
For the burdens the rich endure.
There is nothing sweet in the city
But the patient lives of the poor.
Oh, the little hands too skillful,
And the child mind choked with weeds;
The daughter's heart grows wilful
And the father's heart that bleeds.

No, no; from the street's rude bustle,
From trophies from mart and stage
I would fly to the wood's low rustle
And the meadow's kindly page.
Let us dream as of yore by the river,
And be loved for the dream always
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a thinker dies in a day.

—JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

A Lovers Lucky Guess.

With a gesture expressive of firm resolution, as if the affair were quite settled, the Countess Madeline pointed to her lacquered Japanese cabinet that shimmered in the lamplight and said very gravely;

"Open one of those three drawers, Valentine, and be sure that you choose the right one. Each drawer contains an answer to the prayer which you have addressed to me for the last six months. If you open that which contains the answer 'Yes,' I will be yours and will marry you as soon as you please. But take care that you do not get the wrong answer, for if you do you will never see me again!"

"Alas!" said Valentine, "there are two chances against to one against me. How cruel you are, my darling!"

"Well," said the countess, "if I marry you I can at least lay the blame on fate."

The young man hesitated a long time. His hand wandered from drawer to drawer, not venturing to touch any, and his heart sank with the fear of choosing wrongly. At last he shut his eyes and opened a drawer at hazard.

O, rapture! the little piece of pink paper, when unfolded, disclosed to his glad eyes the exquisite word "Yes." In ecstasy he clasped the blushing Madeline in his arms and covered her face with kisses. She could not deny him now without a disgraceful violation of her promise. But Madeline was an upright person who always kept her word, and he was soon able to call her his wife.

Still, even amid the rapture of the honeymoon, Valentine was not entirely happy. At times a gloomy expression appeared at his brow and in his eyes.

"Ungrateful man," sighed Madeline; "you are not yet satisfied. What is the matter?"

"I am troubled about something."

"About what?"

"I owe my wife to chance, not to her own inclination."

He remained pensive for a time, while she looked smilingly at him. Suddenly she broke into a merry laugh.

"Stupid man!" she cried. "Don't you see that I put the same answer in all three drawers?"

A Fatal Answer.

The smart lawyer is always intent upon getting at weaknesses in the character of the principal and witnesses on the other side. A Congressman, as a Washington paper relates, recently told the story of an exploit of his own when, as an attorney for the defendant he was examining the complainant in a certain case.

His client, "Hat" Wheelock, had got into a quarrel with one "Pat" McDonald over a horse trade. The quarrel had gone so far that far that McDonald had made application to a magistrate to have Wheelock bound over to keep the peace, alleging that he had threatened to do him bodily injury.

When the case was called, McDonald testified to the circumstances under which Wheelock had threatened him. The cross-examination began.

"Now, Mr. McDonald," the lawyer said, "you declare that you are under the fear of bodily harm?"

"I am, sorr."

"You are even afraid for your life?"

"I am, sorr."

"Then you freely admit that Hat Wheelock can whip you, Pat McDonald?"

The question roused McDonald's "Irish" instantly.

"Hat Wheelock whip me? Nivver!" he shouted. "I kin whip him, and anny half-dozen like him!"

"That will do, Mr. McDonald," said the attorney. The court was already in a roar, and the lawyer rested the case without further testimony or argument. The case was dismissed, for it was evident that Pat could not be under serious bodily fear of a man whom, in his own opinion, he had only to use one-seventh of his strength to whip.

Big Sales of Spruce Deals.

One of the largest lumber manufacturing firms in Bangor has sold 8,000,000 feet of spruce deals for shipment to Europe this season, this amount being 3,000,000 feet in excess of that sold by the same firm last year. Other firms, it is said, have made or are now negotiating for large sales and there seems now to be no doubt that the export business in this class of lumber—which many predict would amount to nothing this year—will exceed that of 1897.

A Kansas farmer who could not get harvest hands put this sign on his fence: "Harvest hands wanted. Hired girl, blonde and genial. Cabinet organ music in the evening. Pie three times a day. Three spoonfuls of sugar with every cup of coffee. Hammocks, feather beds or leather divans at your option for sleeping. Rising hour, 9 o'clock in the morning. Three hours rest at noon. Come one, come all."

An exchange declares that a certain Boston lady is so careful to be proper in her correspondence that every sentence ends with a glacial period.

Have you bought your roller blinds? R. P. & Co have the largest stock in the village.

An old soldier says that pumpkin pie is fit for a soldier. When he ate a piece, he always felt like fighting—for another one.

That Poor Horse

Needs a Spring Tonic as much as you do yourself. The long winter has told on his health. Feed him up! Make him feel like himself! Give him a little of

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