

The Cry of the Dreamer.

I am tired of planning and toiling  
In the crowded hives of men;  
Heart-weary of building and spoiling,  
And spouting 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 feel no pride, but pity,  
For the burdens the rich endure;  
There is no living sweet in the city,  
But the patient lives of the poor.  
O the little has so skilful,  
And the child-mind choked with weeds;  
The daughter's heart grown willful,  
And the father's heart that bleeds.

THE SILVER RING.

There stood in Berkshire, far out upon  
a quiet country road, a little inn, which  
the wood sign swinging at the door declared  
to be known as 'The Magpie's Nest.'

It had been thus named because of the  
number of magpies in the neighbourhood.  
And straight before the door stood an old  
oak tree, a century old, among whose  
uppermost branches, year in and year out  
always hung a magpie's nest, to which the  
country people believed that the same old  
magpie returned regularly.

No very elegant entertainment was offered  
at the 'Magpie's Nest' for either man or  
beast; but its patrons thought the fare  
good; and then it was served to them by  
the most charming, rosy-cheeked maid,  
who wore a cap with bright ribbons, and  
had a waist that could have been spanned  
by two hands—a well-behaved little maid  
also, who was known by the rector of the  
parish church to have been the best girl in  
his Sunday school.

So, though she was a poor orphan, and  
had only her little meed of wages, Betty  
might have married many a stout farmer.  
However she refused them all, and kept on  
with her duties at the 'Magpie's Nest' until  
the son of her master, coming home  
from India, where he had served as soldier  
for several years, fell in love with her, and  
offered her his hand and heart. Betty did  
not prove unkind. The inkeeper father was  
willing enough to secure his handy  
Betty for a permanent assistant and amid  
the chattering of the magpies Betty and  
John exchanged their vows under the nest  
hung oak tree one bright afternoon; and  
John put upon her finger a thick silver  
ring, which he had obtained abroad, per-  
haps by purchase, perhaps by gift, perhaps  
as soldiers obtain many things in the time  
of war.

It was not a costly gift—to our eyes it  
would not be a beautiful one—but Betty  
valued it highly. She kept it polished to  
perfection, and wore it with great pride on  
high days and holidays; but though she  
loved John, and looked forward to her  
wedding day with joy, she would not alter  
the bright, courtly manner which had  
always belonged to her. She joked with  
the farmers, flung them back repartee for  
repartee, and even gave them those bright  
glances which John, the soldier, thought  
should be only given to himself. So John  
grew jealous, and, being a moody sort of  
man, said nothing about it.

It never entered Betty's mind that the  
very manner which had once enchanted  
John should now offend him; and she her-  
self grew angry with her lover for his scowls  
and sulkiness.

Therefore, when a young Frenchman  
from Marseilles, black eyed, black haired,  
and polite in his manner, as Frenchmen  
usually are, chanced, in the course of a  
business journey, to stop at the 'Magpie's  
Nest,' she felt that he really would be a  
fine example for early John Leaf, and was  
amiable to him to a degree that might have  
made a less jealous man angry. Then, in-  
deed, John Leaf spoke out, and Betty dis-  
covered the secret of his ill-temper.

Her pride being flattered thereby, she  
forgave him, and retired on Saturday night  
with the firm intention of winning back  
John's smiles on the morrow, her holiday,  
when she would go to church in her best at-  
tire and charm his heart from him over  
again as he walked by her side. What  
woman ever had any design on a man's  
heart, ever desired to win from him any  
favor or any gift, that she did not bethink  
her of all her finery? Before Betty slept  
she took from her trunk her Scotch plaid  
dress, her fringed shawl, her blue-ribboned  
cap, her Sunday shoes, and her silver ring,  
and having given the latter an extra polish  
laid them where they would meet her eyes  
the first thing next morning.

John Leaf sulked in his room under the  
garret eaves, had no thought of this. Those  
slow natures do not forget and forgive in a  
hurry any more than they do anything else.

The morning sun, shining askant against  
the inn's walls, aroused Betty with his first  
rays. She rubbed her eyes, opened them,  
put her little feet out upon the floor, knelt  
down and said her simple prayer, and then  
flew to the glass. It was only a crooked  
thing, with a flaw in it, and a rough oaken  
frame, but sufficient to make her happy.  
She braided her hair, put on her cap, tuck-  
ered her dress, tied about her throat the  
gay neck ribbon, laced her shoes geometri-  
cally, and then looked for her ring. It  
was gone!

She knew the very spot upon the red  
heart-shaped pin-cushion into which she  
had thrust the needle over which the silver  
ring had been hung. There stuck the  
needle still. It was below the window-  
sill, on a little table; it could not have rolled  
out; but it was not in the room. She  
shook out her dress, her shawl, her bed-  
clothes. She swept the floor. It was  
gone. That was the end of it.

who was always taster on Sunday morn-  
ings, had drawn it for him, when, as  
their hands met in the act, he saw upon the  
little finger of his customer a thick silver  
ring, the very counter part of that which  
he had given to his Betty.

'You've a pretty ring, monsieur,' he  
said, with a sort of catching of the breath.  
'May I ask where you got it?'

'Ah, yes, certainly,' said the Frenchman.  
'One does not boast, but a very pretty  
girl gave me that. Yes, and a kiss also.'

John turned as pale as any florid face  
could turn. He made no answer, but march-  
ed straight out of the room and into Betty's  
kitchen.

She stood near the door in her holiday  
dress, with her white cotton gloves on. The  
magpies were chattering overhead, and afar  
the church bells were ringing.

'You are not going to church with me,  
John?' she asked, softly, with a smile.  
'That depends,' said John Leaf.

Then he walked straight up to her, and  
looked full into her honest eyes.

'You don't look like a cheat,' he said;  
'but who knows a woman? Take off your  
gloves, Betty.'

'Where's your ring?' he asked.  
Betty burst into tears.

'It's lost, John,' she said. 'I can find it  
nowhere.'

'You haven't looked on monsieur's finger,  
then?' said John. 'You poor fool, to give  
it to him, and think I shouldn't know it.'

'Oh, I'll swear I never did,' sobbed Betty.  
'I give your ring to anyone else! Why, John—'

But he pushed her from him with his  
rough hand, and would hear no words from  
her; and the next day he left the inn, and  
enlisted once more, and was sent away  
again to India. And Betty left the inn  
also, and took service with a farmer's wife  
close by; and whatever the magpies chat-  
tered about it was no more of the love-  
making that they heard when John and  
Betty sat together beneath the old oak tree.

Five years went by. At last John re-  
ceived a letter from England, telling him  
that his father was dead, and had left all  
his little possessions to his only son.

John Leaf's fighting days were over, in  
any case, and he was an invalid for  
life. He fought as desperate men do;  
had been commended and promoted, and  
had some medals and ribbons to show and  
boast of as compensation for a wooden leg.  
So he went home again, and settled down  
as proprietor of the 'Magpie's Nest,' and  
was a sort of hero among the neighbors;  
but he was very lonely. Men do not quite  
forget in five years. He could still see  
Betty's buxom form flitting about the  
kitchen in imagination; and when the mag-  
pies chattered in their nests he could fancy  
that he sat with her under the oak  
branches. Then he grew wroth with the  
magpies, who seemed to mock him, and  
ordered his pot-boy to tear the nest down.

In vain the boy pleaded for the birds.  
In vain he declared that, even if the new  
nests went, the old one in the topmost  
branches should be left 'for luck.'

'If the old magpies that built that find it  
gone, they'll peck some one's eye out in  
the night-time,' said the boy. 'It's been  
known to be done often.'

But John Leaf, the soldier, had cast  
away all his superstition.

'I'll have those magpies chattering about  
my ears no more,' he said. 'Up and leave  
not a nest of them all. Some of the noisy  
rascals will take possession of that old rag  
if it is left hanging.'

So the boy obeyed. He planted a lad-  
der against the tree, and then swung out  
upon the branches. There was a grievous  
noise; and doubtless to this day old mag-  
pies tell their children of the massacre of  
the innocent at the great oak tree. But  
there were no birds to chatter and scream  
in that great rag of a nest which the boy's  
hands clutched at last. He came down  
with the relic in his hand, and stood before  
his master with a grin.

'Eb, master! may I have a'll I found in  
the old nest?' he asked.

'If it is not a magpie's egg,' said John  
Leaf.

'It's better than that,' said the lad. 'It's  
a silver ring.'

'Let me see it,' cried John Leaf, and  
snatched it from his hand.

It was the ring with which he had plighted  
his troth to Betty under the oak; and he  
knew that the magpies had stolen it,  
and that the Frenchman wore one that re-  
sembled it.

The first thing that John did was to call  
himself hard names: 'A jealous fool! A  
suspicious brute! Heaven knows what  
else. Then he melted, and all by himself  
in the wood beyond the house, shed tears,  
and vowed to find Betty if she still lived  
on earth.

Where he went, of whom he inquired,  
matters not. But one day when the sun  
was setting in the west, he opened a little  
cottage gate to which he had been direct-  
ed, and saw at her knitting, under a vine-  
covered porch, his Betty, not changed one  
single bit. And she? She looked at him  
and did not know him with his thin, sallow  
face and his wooden leg.

'What may you be wanting, sir?' she  
asked.

And he said: 'Betty!'  
And she cried out: 'Why, mercy, it's  
John Leaf!'

Then he sat down on a bench close by  
her side.

'You know I never had many words to  
spend on anything, Betty,' he said 'I'll  
come to the point at once. I know now  
that you were true, and no cheat, and that  
you never gave my ring to Monsieur. I  
found it—or my lad did, for I'm not very  
good at climbing now—in the old magpie's  
nest in the oak tree.'

'So the magpie stole it, eh?' said Betty.  
'Well, they are strange birds. I've heard  
they've taken spoons before now.'

'And so, Betty,' said John, 'if you'll  
overlook the past and let bygones be by-  
gones I'll be a happy man.'

'I owe you no grudge,' said Betty; 'and  
bygones are bygones, John Leaf.'

'But you'll let things be as they were,  
Betty?' said John. 'You'll be my sweet-  
heart agin?'

She laughed.  
'Don't you know?' she said. 'Why,  
look there.'

He looked. Through the gate came a  
foreign-looking man, with gold ring in his  
ears and a silver ring upon his finger, who  
led by the hand a toddling child.

'Why, it's Monsieur,' said John.

'You see,' said Betty, 'I went to him to  
ask him how he came by his ring, and he  
proved it was none of mine. It has a  
name and date on it that mine never had.  
And he was kind to me and you had been  
cruel, and so we have been married three  
years—eh, Louis? And this is our boy.'

'I had better go home, I think,' said  
John Leaf. 'One is always punished for  
being a fool. But this is your ring. Will  
you have it, Betty?'

'Pray keep it for your sweetheart,' said  
Betty. 'You will find one soon, no doubt.'

But John Leaf never found one again,  
and the silver ring found in the old mag-  
pie's nest was buried with him when he  
died.

Would Any Sane Housekeeper Use Oleomargarine?

DANGER IN ANOTHER DIRECTION.

Would any sane housekeeper in Canada  
buy oleomargarine or imitation butter in  
stead of the finest production of the  
creamery or dairy? We think our Cana-  
dian women are too wise to be deceived in  
this important matter. Lard colored to re-  
semble good butter will never be accept-  
able to our people.

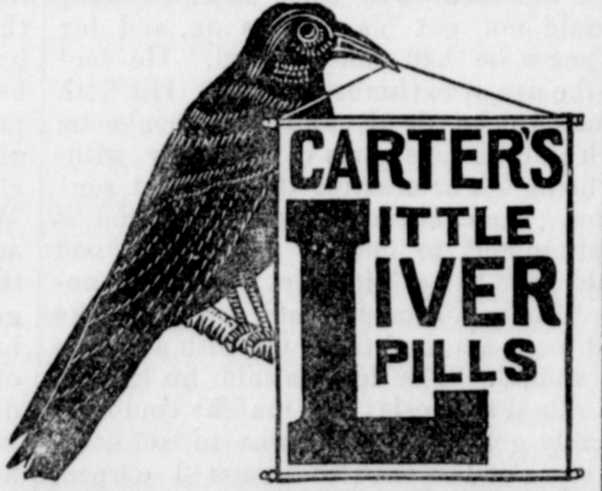
There are, however, other deceptive  
agents that sometimes find their way into  
our homes; we refer to imitation and  
adulterated package dyes for home dye-  
ing. Some dealers sell imitations of the  
celebrated Diamond Dyes. The contents  
of these imitation packages carry ruin and  
disappointment to every user.

A few dealers, for the sake of long pro-  
fits, are now selling soap dyed composed of  
a very large amount of common grease  
and an infinitesimal quantity of coloring  
matter. Such dyes, after trial, have been  
found weak and uncleanly, giving dull and  
muddy colors, fading quickly in washing  
and sunlight.

As millions of thrifty and experienced  
women already know, the Diamond Dyes  
are the only reliable home package dyes,  
having stood the test of long years. Dia-  
mond Dyes are easy to use, and give bril-  
liant and lasting colors that cannot be  
equalled by any other make.

Coon and Muskrat Fight.

Mr. J. Hal Grimes caught a muskrat in  
the freight office at the depot. Joe Booth  
thought his pet coon could 'do' the musk-  
rat, and in order to see which was en-  
titled to the belt the two were placed in a  
slatted box car, the coon being favorite.  
They had hardly touched the floor before  
they began feinting and sizing each other  
up. Finally the coon lit on to his oppo-  
nent, forced him to the corner, and it looked  
like he would be a sure victor, and the  
odds jumped to \$5 to \$1 in his favor. But



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

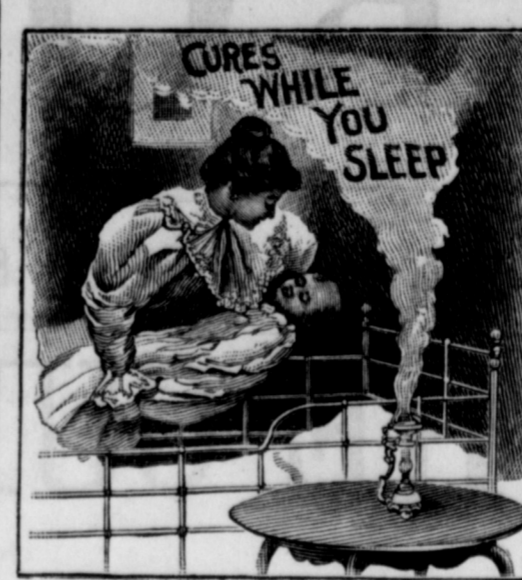
SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia,  
Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A per-  
fect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsi-  
ness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue,  
Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They  
Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price. Substitution

the fraud of the day. See you get Carter's, Ask for Carter's, Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.



CURES WHILE YOU SLEEP  
FOR Whooping Cough, Croup, Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Catarrh.  
Items from physicians' statements in our Descriptive Booklet. Send for it.  
"Have found it of such great value in Whooping Cough, Croup and other spasmodic coughs, that I have instructed every family under my direction to secure one." "It is of great value in Diphtheria." "It gives relief in Asthma. The apparatus is simple and inexpensive." Sole by all druggists.  
VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.  
69 Wall St., N. Y., City.



SEE THAT LINE  
It's the wash, out early, done quickly, cleanly, white.  
Pure Soap did it SURPRISE SOAP with power to clean without too hard rubbing, without injury to fabrics.  
SURPRISE is the name, don't forget it.

in round number two the muskrat put on  
his fighting clothes, and no coon before  
ever got such a wallping. His child like  
screams led a number of residents of the  
neighborhood who didn't know what was  
going on to believe that some mother was  
whipping her baby at the depot. At the  
first pass in the third set the coon ran  
up the slats to the top of the car and re-  
fused to fight, while the muskrat walked  
about the floor as if to say: 'Bring on  
two or three more just like him.'—Harrow-  
burg (Ky.) Democrat.

TWICE WARNED IN DREAMS.

Widow of one of the Garrison Wreck Vic-  
tims saw him in Sleep.

It was a woman's poignant intuition, the  
tender bond of sympathy between a loving  
wife and husband, that revealed to Mrs.  
Thomas Reilly, in two terrible and drama-  
tic dreams, the fact that the husband  
whom she was awaiting and the son whom  
his old mother had crossed the ocean to  
embrace had been killed in the frightful  
disaster on the New York Central Railroad  
near Garrison.

The Herald has told how the body of  
Thomas Reilly was rescued from the re-  
cent half-submerged wreck in the Hud-  
son. Mr. Reilly was in a good position in  
St. Louis, Mo. He had come to this coun-  
try one year ago. He was fifty-five years  
old and had a family.

Mr. Reilly sent his wife, Ellen to Eng-  
land several weeks ago to bring his mother  
Rachel, seventy-four years old, whom he  
wished henceforth to live with him. 'Tell  
mother,' he said, 'to make preparations for  
all the other children to follow her. I can  
take care of them all now.'

The wife and mother arrived on the St.  
Paul Saturday morning. When Mr. Reilly  
did not appear at their hotel Sunday night  
the woman began to grow hysterical. They  
had not been allowed to see the newspa-  
pers. Mrs. Ellen Reilly told Mr. Waddell,  
the hotel proprietor, that she feared some-  
thing had happened to her husband.

She then related to him in detail an ex-  
traordinary dream she had had a little after  
five o'clock on Sunday morning. Although  
at the time unknown to the unsuspecting  
wife, this was just previous to the moment  
when the train was hurled from the track at  
Garrison.

'I dreamed that something terrible hap-  
pened to Tom,' said Mrs. Reilly. 'I do not  
know whether it was a railroad accident or  
what, but I saw Tom distinctly in the  
midst of it all.'

'His face was white, and he put his hand  
over his mouth and struggled to free him-  
self from something. Then he reached his  
arms out and called me by name. "Help  
me, Nellie!" he cried.'

'In the dream I tried to do something  
for his relief. I tried and tried, my heart  
beating with terror and my forehead wet  
with perspiration.'

'During all this time I saw Tom distinct-  
ly. He was continually trying to get away  
from something that held him, but it seem-  
ed that he could not free himself. He  
kept up his struggles for a long while, his  
face showing awful agony.'

'Then Tom's hands dropped and he lost  
his vigor. He tumbled away and everything  
became black. I awoke with a start.'

Mrs. Reilly was in a terrible state of  
agitation as she related her dream. Mr.  
Waddell calmed her as best he could and  
reassured her. He still sedulously kept  
the news of the disaster from the two  
women. He decided to wait and see what  
could be done.

The two women were in a nervous state  
although utterly unaware of the railroad  
wreck. Mr. Waddell then told Mrs.  
Ellen Reilly that she had better accom-

pany him to the Grand Central station,  
and he would try and find out what had  
delayed her husband.

Leaving the old mother in her room Mrs.  
Reilly went out with the manager. On  
the way she told him she had had a second  
dream that morning.

'I know there is something wrong with  
Tom,' said she. 'I feel it. I dreamed that  
a man on a jet black horse rode up in front  
of the hotel. He halted there for a mo-  
ment, raised both hands and disappeared.  
It was so horrible that my heart seemed to  
fly to my throat.'

Mr. Waddell then told the poor wife  
that he feared Mr. Reilly had been killed  
in a railroad wreck up the Hudson. The  
woman nearly fainted. Then she bravely  
gathered herself together and, with tears  
streaming down her face, accompanied the  
manager on the train to Cold Spring.

At the morgue, Mrs. Reilly fully iden-  
tified the dead man as her husband.—New  
York Herald.

D-O-D-D-S

THE PECULIARITIES OF THIS WORD.

No Name on Earth So Famous  
—No Name More Widely Imitated.

No name on earth, perhaps, is so well  
known, more peculiarly constructed or  
more widely imitated than the word DODD.  
It possesses a peculiarity that makes it  
stand out prominently and fastens it in the  
memory. It contains four letters, but only  
two letters of the alphabet. Everyone  
knows that the first kidney remedy ever  
patented or sold in pill form was DODD'S.  
Their discovery startled the medical pro-  
fession the world over, and revolutionized  
the treatment of kidney diseases.

No imitator has ever succeeded in con-  
structing a name possessing the peculiarity  
of DODD, though they nearly all adopt  
names as similar as possible in sound and  
construction to this. Their foolishness  
prevents them realizing that attempts to  
imitate increase the fame of 'Dodd's Kid-  
ney Pills.' Why is the name 'Dodd's Kid-  
ney Pills' imitated? As well ask why are  
diamonds and gold imitated. Because  
diamonds are the most precious gems, gold  
the most precious metal. Dodd's Kidney  
Pills are imitated because they are the  
most valuable medicine the world has ever  
known.

No medicine was ever named kidney  
pills till years of medical research gave  
Dodd's Kidney Pills to the world. No  
medicine ever cured Bright's disease ex-  
cept Dodd's Kidney Pills. No other medi-  
cine has cured as many cases of Rheuma-  
tism, Diabetes, Heart Disease, Lumbago,  
Dropsy, Female Weakness, and other kid-  
ney diseases as Dodd's Kidney Pills have.  
It is universally known that they have  
never failed to cure these diseases, hence  
they are so widely and shamelessly imi-  
tated.

Will Prevent Flow of Blood.

The arrest of bleeding in surgical opera-  
tions is now said to be assured by means of  
an instrument due to the ingenuity of Law-  
son Tait. A platinum wire, so arranged as  
to carry a current of electricity, is enclosed  
says the New York Tribune, in the blades  
of a pair of steel forceps or any other re-  
quired instrument, the wire for that pur-  
pose being insulated by a bed of burnt pipe  
clay. This arrangement being perfected,  
a current of suitable voltage is turned on,  
the artery seized and compressed and in a  
few seconds the tissues and arterial walls  
are so agglutinated that the passage of  
blood is rendered impossible. The temper-  
ature employed is about 80 degrees Fahren-  
heit, the fact being thus apparent that the  
principle involved in this device is different  
from that of electrical cauterizing instru-  
ments.