

### THE DREAMER'S CRY.

I am tired of planning and toiling  
In the crowded lives of men;  
Heart-weary 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 scum  
Of the life that is half a lie;  
O, the faces lined with scheming,  
In the throng that hurries by;  
From the sleepless thought's endeavor  
I would go where the children play;  
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 nothing true in the city  
But the patient lives of the poor.  
Oh, the little hand-tooled skinned,  
And the child-mind choked with weeds!  
Oh, the daughter's heart grown wilful,  
And the father's heart that bleeds!

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

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

## RECONCILED BY ELIZA.

A Jolly Good Story From London "Answers."

THE local train, which had been speeding out of town at the rate of twelve miles an hour, came suddenly to a standstill with a violent recoil at a level crossing in a country lane, and Reynolds, shaken out of his reverie, opened the window, quite prepared for an accident.

"Lady," cried the guard, elbowing up, "we are ten minutes late now."

"Ten minutes late? How sorry I am. It is most unfortunate that Eliza should relapse just now, when she has not sat down in years. It's just like her, remembering about sitting down this morning when I am on my way to the station to take the train to London to see my old friend Amelia Lewes, intending to let my niece drive the phaeton home. But now I shall be afraid to let Barbara return alone, and Amelia leaves London for Liverpool at once, and I would give the world to see her, as I may never see her again for years."

But as the view from the window revealed only an impressive stretch of green he settled back to consider a more important question.

She was a friend and neighbor of the Potters. There was a fair chance that she might be seen at their house, since an invitation to see her at her own home had not been forthcoming.

"I am only going around the curve to the station," Reynolds suggested. "I am en route for the Potters. It would give me great pleasure to see your niece safely home."

"There is no need in the world of anyone accompanying me," said the young lady with great decision. "Eliza would not hurt a fly. I really prefer driving alone."

"That is like you, Barbara. You are always so brave," cried Miss Milly. "But remember, love, that I am older and more nervous and since Mr. Reynolds so kindly offers to accept for you, Barbara, and I insist on your availing yourself of his kindness."

"You are perfectly right, Miss Blithe. It would not be safe, to say the least, for Miss Perry to attempt to return home alone, and far from inconveniencing me, it would be a great pleasure," urged the young man.

He seated himself upon a fallen tree trunk and slipped the cover from his banjo, keeping his eyes fixed upon a portion of the landscape where it was impossible for them to encounter the eyes of Miss Milly's niece.

A moment later a particularly vivacious "Rule, Britannia!" entered the reverent country atmosphere. Something in the exultant strains of the melody caused Miss Barbara to gather her pretty brows.

"Why, yes," the young fellow answered in astonishment. "My banjo. A banjo. That's lucky. What tunes can you play? Can you play 'Rule, Britannia?'"

"Great Scott! Why, yes, I think so. But what is the name of patience—"

"Then you are the man we want. This way, sir, please, and as quick as you can, if you don't mind. We can't move the train an inch till she hears 'Rule, Britannia!'"

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"But what—"

"It's the only thing that will start her up. We tried everything else. Pushing, pulling, everything. She sticks on the rails like a limpet on a rock. I wouldn't bother you, but we're five minutes late already. You'll be doing everybody a good kindness if you'll come along and grind one good lively 'Rule, Britannia!'"

Eliza, however, was unfeignedly pleased. At the first notes her ears twitched, assuming an upright attitude suggestive of earnest attention. At "Britons, never, never," she turned her head and regarded the player with what appeared to be unqualified approval. Slowly gathering her forces together, she rose in a dignified manner as the first chorus, and drew the phaeton from the track.

The spectators cheered. The guard shouted a warning, a general scramble for seats ensued, and Miss Milly had just time enough to enounce the new protector in the phaeton, while she took the vacant place in the train.

When the last carriage had rounded the curve and become lost to view with Miss Milly's handkerchief fluttering like a white moth from one of the rear windows, Miss Perry gathered up the reins.

"Do you mean," she said, addressing the empty air directly in front of the phaeton, "that you will continue to force yourself upon me the entire distance home?"

"I promised Miss Blithe to take you home in safety, and, of course, I mean to fulfill my promise."

"But my aunt is gone now with a perfectly easy mind. A child of two could drive Eliza, and I really prefer going alone."

"I couldn't reconcile it with my conscience. You might meet with some accident, and then how could I face Miss Blithe? One never knows what will happen—especially in driving excursive horses."

"If you are determined to be so heroic, the best thing I can do is to get home as soon as possible," remarked the young lady.

For some moments they drove on in silence. When the voice came again from the left-hand of the phaeton it had undergone a change. It was positively humble.

"Please don't be so hard on me," it pleaded. "The temptation was really too much—a whole ride with you when I'd been trying for weeks to see you and couldn't."

As the whip hand side had nothing apparently to add, the left hand resumed.

"You don't know how sorry I was about that affair at the seaside, and how I suffered after I cooled down. I admit it was all my fault, and I wrote to you begging you to forgive me. But you sent the letter back mopped. Isn't there anything I can do to win back your good opinion? I'd do anything you say, no matter what."

"You might get out of the carriage and allow me to go on alone. I should really appreciate that," said the whip hand with instant readiness.

Whatever the left hand intended to say in reply was left unsaid, for at this point the phaeton stopped suddenly. Eliza was sitting down again.

Reynolds fell back upon the seat and howled. The situation soon proved too much for his companion also. They laughed together until Eliza cocked her ears in astonishment.

"Good old Eliza!" cried the young man when he had partially recovered. "She knows a thing or two. She won't budge a step until I play 'Rule, Britannia,' and I will never play a note of it until you invite me to accompany you for the rest of the way."

"You won't take a mean advantage like that, sure?"

"So glad to make your acquaintance. Mr. Reynolds, though I must say the circumstances are not those I would generally like to meet people under. Such an embarrassing position! I wouldn't have had it happen for the world. I never thought of Eliza behaving this way on a railway, or I should have been afraid to drive her. You see, Eliza has not set down for years now, and we thought she'd quite forgotten it. She is an old circus horse as you may imagine, though I'd no idea of that when I bought her. It isn't Eliza's fault, really. She thinks she's doing perfectly right, you know. They taught her to sit down at the circus, and not get up till she heard the 'Rule, Britannia!' and she never will get up until she hears it."

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### A FILIPINO TEACHER.

"Won't I, though?"  
"But this is most unfair."  
"All is fair in war and—"  
"Please play," she interrupted, quickly.  
"Not a note. Are you going to invite me?"  
"I am not. I shall start Eliza without you."  
The attempt to set Eliza in motion by alternate kindness and discipline was a failure.  
At the end of fifteen minutes Miss Barbara returned to the seat, exasperated.  
"I suppose I must accede to your demands," she said, "or I shall be here permanently."  
"Do you invite me of your own free will to accompany you home?"  
"Yes. I suppose so."  
"Cordially?"  
"You never said it must be cordial."  
"It must certainly be cordial."  
"Well, cordially, then."  
"I am entirely at your service," he answered, opening the banjo case.  
Five minutes afterward a rotund white mare jogged easily along a charming country lane drawing a phaeton which contained a man who laughed and a girl who protested, albeit not wrathfully, that something or other was a mean advantage and detestably unfair.

Gives Life For Boy.  
Willie Melson and Wolfe Scott were drowned at Warren's Wharf, Laurel, Del., and three other children would have met a like fate had it not been for the intelligence of a shepherd dog, Henry, Willie and Nettie Melson and Joe and Wolfe Scott, cousins, over-turned a boat in which they were playing. Their ages ranged from six to twelve years, and none could swim. They clung to the boat for several minutes, when the current cast them adrift. The dog, which was attracted by their cries, plunged into the stream. Catching the girl's dress in his mouth he held her head above water and swam ashore with her. Rushing back into the water, he caught the younger Scott child in a like manner and was with in a few feet of the shore when he sank from exhaustion, taking the child down with him. In the meantime Willie Melson had drowned. Two fishermen, who had been drawn to the scene by the loud howling of the dog, rescued the two older boys. When the bodies were recovered, the dog had the Scott boy's clothing in his mouth.—Philadelphia Ledger.

New Language.  
The paragraphists are at it again, and grammars and dictionaries of a new international tongue to be called "Spokil," have been published. The new language contains about 16,000 words, mostly French, and is so constructed that one can tell at sight whether a word is a noun, adjective or verb, and can also guess its meaning. The idea is to make all words similar in meaning similar in sound. Thus, "great," "wide," "fat," "long," "thick" are represented by "aipo," "alko," "aljo," "also," "alto," and their converse by similar symbols beginning with a "u" instead of an "a." Like Volapuk, Esperanto and the rest, it is doomed to failure until everybody can be compelled by force majeure to learn it. Really, as somebody has lately suggested, Latin, if deprived of all its declensions and conjugations, would answer all the purposes of a "pidgin" language and would come easy to all civilized people. Here, as elsewhere in educational matters, perhaps it is Germany who is the enemy.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Watch as a Shirtstud.  
The latest novelty in watches has just been completed by a watchmaker in Paris, who has made a set of three gold shirtstuds, in one of which is a watch that keeps excellent time, the dial being about three-eighths of an inch in diameter.

Not One Agreed.  
Dr. X., of Capitol Hill, has rare thing for a Washington physician—an Irish driver. The doctor's horse is kept at a livery stable, and when its owner and the driver arrived there on a Sunday morning not long ago the doctor discovered that his watch had run down hours before. He asked the time of one of the men lounging about the stable. The man produced a noisy tin trumpet and announced the hour as 9. The livery stable keeper's watch made it 8.57. Somebody else's had it 9.10.  
"Come on, Jim," said the doctor to the driver. "It's no use. No two of these watches agree."  
"No two of 'em," said Jim. "Faith, never a word of them agrees."—Washington Post.

Mountain Climbing.  
The Jungfrau Railway has reached an altitude of 9800 feet, according to a statement in a recent number of Engineering, the work having been carried on without cessation during last winter. Before reaching the Mer-de-Glace station, however, 760 yards of tunnelling remain to be done, and as the boring can only be done from one end, it will be at least a year before the undertaking is completed. The new branch line from Elgerwald to Mer-de-Glace will not be ready for traffic before 1906. The Federal Council opposed the concession on the medical advice that men would be unable to withstand the effects of such an altitude, but so far this prediction has not been realized.

A Good Barometer.  
The seagull makes a splendid living barometer, according to the Lahore Tribune. If a convoy of seagulls flies seaward early in the morning, sailors and fishermen know the day will be fine and the wind fair, but if the birds keep inland—though there be no haze hanging out toward the sea to denote unpleasant weather—interested folk know that the elements will be unfavorable.



### A Filipino Teacher.

The advancement of education among the Filipinos under American influence is rapidly progressing. Not only are there now a large number of American teachers in the islands doing daily excellent work, but the number of well-qualified Filipino teachers is constantly increasing. Among these Miss Pilar Zamora, whose portrait appears here, is of especial interest just now because she is in charge of the model school on the Philippine Reservation at the St. Louis Fair, and has been largely instrumental in the collection of exhibits for the educational display at the Exposition. She is a native Filipino, about twenty-five years old. She graduated from the Collegio de Santa Rosa, a Jesuit institution. After American occupation she took an English course, graduating in 1902, and assuming charge of the Santa Cruz school in Manila. Later she was transferred to the Manila Normal College. Miss Zamora believes thoroughly in having American methods and the American language instituted in the islands for the education of the natives.

### FILIPINO ARCHERS.



The Daughter of a Tagalo Chief, With Brother and Servant.

### Filipino Archers

Archery has been practiced in the United States at intervals, in a desultory way, and on two or three occasions has seemed on the point of becoming popular. About 1830 it must have been practiced here to a considerable extent, judging from the trade catalogues and manuals published about that time by the dealers in archery goods. Again about 1875 there was a revival of the sport in this country, and in 1879 there was formed a National Association, which has held its annual contests since, though public interest in the sport has not been sustained.

The Potomac Archery Club, of Washington was organized in 1879, and is one of the few clubs that have kept an organization. Archery is still practiced in the Philippine Islands, as shown by the accompanying cut.



JAPANESE INFANTRY IN FIRING ORDER.

### TO MAKE WALKING EASY.

Who has not at one time or another experienced the tortures of walking in uncomfortable shoes, and who has not more than once wondered why some growing genius did not present to suffering humanity a remedy for the many evils that do beset the feet?

What seems to be a solution of the trouble will be found in a newly-concocted shoe which has for its purpose



THE EASY-WALKING SHOE.

the comfort of the wearer first, last and all the time. As will be seen by the picture the sole is so constructed that elasticity and ventilation are given with each movement of the foot. The shoe yields to the inclination of the instep in walking, and the compression and depression of the sole successively forces little draughts of air beneath the inner sole. It is said that this new shoe is highly recommended from a sanitary standpoint.

### THE HARMLESS BLACKSNAKE.

Seemingly a Pugnacious Reptile He is Really Almost Tame.  
Somehow or other most people in this country fail to distinguish between venomous and harmless snakes. There are, of course, a few of the former, but the great majority of the snakes encountered in the northern part of the United States are incapable of inflicting injury. Having no poison, they cannot hurt by biting. Indeed, they will not bite, except upon great provocation. The season when snakes are apt to be encountered has now come to a close, but a contribution of J. R. Smith, in the last issue of the American Inventor, contains so much sense that it deserves mention.

The writer confines his attention to the blacksnake, about which many fabulous stories are told, and which is, nevertheless, far more timid than the silliest girl. Mr. Smith declares that the notion that a blacksnake ever chases a person is the veriest nonsense. "That it has wonderful alertness is true, but it is always in haste to get away; only when it is cornered will it show fight, and then it is mostly a bluff," Mr. Smith says. "Thrusting out its forked tongue means to many danger of being stung. I have tried many a time to seize one of these very pugnacious fellows, which had reared up half its length, and swaying from side to side with the forked tongue vibrating, but at the first motion, like a flash, Mr. Snake was off. I was never quick enough to catch one when it was seemingly so aggressive. "Early in April or the latter part of March we find them just crawling out from their winter quarters to enjoy the warm sun. At that time they are very sluggish and any one can handle them with ease. As the weather gets warmer they become more active, and it is difficult to get hold of one of them. While they are mating the male seems very pugnacious, thrusting out his soft forked tongue. He looks dangerous, but glides into some nearby place of refuge at once on near approach of the female usually going in the opposite direction.

"They lay an oval white egg with a leathery shell, sometimes a dozen or more, in some warm place where they are hatched by the sun. A cleaner or more harmless creature it will be difficult to find.

"A friends keeps two or three in his cellar just to demonstrate to some of his friends what can be done with them. The snakes are very much alive. In order to quiet them somewhat the snakes are put into a tub of cold water for a few minutes before handling. They will bite if they are angry, but the bite is not as deep or painful as a pin scratch; just the tiniest little teeth, not long enough to reach more than just through the skin. If they are handled gently they do not offer to bite."

Mountain Lake of Ice.  
While the people of Denver are sweltering in the first hot weather of the summer a little mountain lake only forty-five miles away lies calmly enjoying its perpetual freeze—the lake is solid ice. This is what was found by C. A. Parker, in charge of the telegraph construction of the Moffat railroad, in the shadow of James Peak, on the continental divide.

Perpetual snows blanket the mountain on the sides not reached by the sun, and amid the wintry scene of glacial whiteness lies the little lake, one big lump of ice. How long the lake has been frozen no one knows. Sometimes it melts, but this year it has not shown any signs of succumbing to the higher temperature.

Officers of the Moffat road are much interested in the find. They knew that glaciers were there, but the lake was something they did not expect. Now, every one from General Manager Ridgway to the office boy, is trying to determine how long that lake may have been frozen solid. It helps them to keep cool.—Denver Times.

Honesty as a Policy.  
Ex-Judge Mayer and a party were discussing various maxims at the Republican Club the other night when Colonel Henry Clay Pierce, of the House Committee, said:

"Well, Judge, do you really believe honesty is the best policy?"

"I'll answer that question by a story," replied the Judge. "When I was practicing law one day in the interests of a client I said to the man:

"Do you own a large black dog with white spots?"

"He looked at me quizzically and then said:

"Oh, no; that dog is merely a stray canine that strolls into my yard. You're the tax assessor, aren't you?"

"No; I'm only a lawyer. I came to tell you that a client of mine had accidentally shot and killed the big dog and authorized me to pay the owner \$25 damages. But as the animal has no owner, why, of course, there's nothing to pay. Good morning!"—Cleveland Leader.

London Doctor's Strange Story.  
An extraordinary story of the imposition of one will upon another was told before the Psychological Section at the British Medical Association at Oxford yesterday.

Dr. Edridge-Green said that he was talking with a patient on the subject of hypnotism. The patient, a lady of more than average force of character, said she defied any man to send her to sleep and make her do as he wished.

"I told her it was not necessary to send her to sleep," said the doctor, "and added: 'You will wake at 5 o'clock to-morrow morning and will send me a postcard despite your own wishes to say so.'"

"I got that postcard. It was somewhat to this effect: 'I have been trying not to write to you, but I did wake at 5.'"—London Daily Mail.

Automobile Boats.  
Fishermen on the Lake of Neuchatel are using automobile boats. They are driven by a benzine motor and lighted by electricity. They are flatbottomed, glide noiselessly over the water, do not frighten the fish, and are a great success.

The Ocean Cable.  
There is 252,436 miles of ocean cable in operation to-day and only 35,797 miles are owned by governments. The British cables, which connect London with all parts of the world, have a total mileage of 159,000.

### HIS WAY.

I would not like to say that he has never told the truth to me. If not by actual intent, he has, at least, by accident. He's vivid of imagination. And somewhat loose in allegation. His statements are sometimes fallacious. And thus fall short of the veracious.

I would quite willingly believe He has no purpose to deceive; And yet it is unfortunate That he will so exaggerate.

A thousand pities he will tarnish The truth with such a coat of varnish. And make one feel a sort of bias In favor of old Ananias.

Still we, of course, who know his fault, Can always use a grain of salt. And ninety-nine per cent. subtract From anything he states as fact. You understand, of course, that 7 Don't mean to say the man would lie. —Chicago News.



Allie—"Herbert says he is a self-made man." Kitty—"How he must suffer from remorse."—Harper's Bazar.

She—"Shall we go to church in the auto, dear?" He—"By all means. It's bound to break down before we get there."—Life.