

DREAM OF SUMMER TIME.

There's a whisper in the branches of the heaven-ringing pines,  
And a purple blossom smiling from behind the clinging vines;  
There's the chatter of a chipmunk as he leaps from tree to tree,  
While the daisies yonder whisper: "Come out here and play with me."

There's a path, a winding ribbon, just the clover fields beyond,  
That goes stealing through the meadows to the distant pick'rel pond;  
There's the cool, dank, grateful shadows; there's the lazy, droning bee,  
And I fancy them a-saying: "Come out here and play with me."

There's an orchard where the fragrance of the fields comes liltin' sweet,  
Where the sod is velvet tenderness to pavement weary feet;  
There are songs, without restraint, from songsters winging to the blue,  
And each feathered throat is singing of its song at me and you!

There's a quaint, old-fashioned garden, with its peas and hollyhocks,  
And its blushing, loving roses, timid pansies, flaming phlox;  
And a sweet old-fashioned lady, with a blossom in her hair,  
Winding in and out among them, watching every one with care.

And the dear old-fashioned lady, with her crown of wavy snow,  
Beams a smile and hums a love song as she patters to and fro,  
And it's oh, so sweet—the dreaming! They're so much of life a part,  
For they've somehow found a dwelling here within a rugged heart.  
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

The Enlightenment of Mr. Astles.

SAMMY'S goin' on twelve an' he's never been to a single circus." "Not even to a parade, ma," Sammy added.

"He's worked good all day an' got the onions all we'd out. It's pretty hard, schoochin' over an onion bed pullin' weeds an' smellin' onion tops, the hot sun pourin' down on your back, with the wind all the time blowin' the circus music inter your ears."

"I could hear the callopo just as plain! You wouldn't a thought 'twas two miles off. Can't we go, ma?" Sammy pleaded.

"Can't we go!" Mrs. Astles looked scornfully upon the man and boy at the foot of the porch steps. The man's thin, toll-marked face was boyishly eager, and the boy's was quivering as he shuffled his bare, rough feet in the dirt and pulled the one suspender attached to his faded overalls.

"Can't we go!" Mrs. Astles repeated with increased scorn. She grasped the porch rail with one hand to steady herself and shook her long crutches at them. "I don't doubt it's you that wants to go, Hiram Astles."

"I—I—thought I'd enjoy takin' Sam-  
my."

"Just like the Sampsons! They drove by before sun-up this mornin'—the whole family, grandfather and grandmother, John an' Susan, all takin' little Ruth to the circus. Thank goodness, I never was show-crazy! If I'd a been like you, Hiram, ev'ry cent we have in the world would have passed through the ticket-office winders. I want you to harness the boss for me, I'm goin' over to brother William's to stay over night."

"The hosses are tired out, Eunice, I've worked 'em on the mowin' machine all day," Mr. Astles expostulated.

"Where's that beautiful crazy-patch-work animal you bought of the circus people four years ago? He ain't too choice to use, is he? Maybe you want to get a mate for him at this circus?" "You know he's full of tricks—"

"So are you, but I understand both of you."

Mr. Astles knew that argument was useless, and he and Sammy harnessed the calico-spotted pony into the two-wheeled cart—the only vehicle in which the pony could be driven—then stood by and listened to all of Mrs. Astles' parting commands.

"Be sure to strain the milk into the yellow crocks I set on the shelf, an' scald the milk pails before you wipe 'em. If you want any milk to drink there's a pan of skim down cellar. Now don't set up so late to-night that you'll have to lay abed till noon."

She took up the reins and the pony began a series of antics. He kicked, bucked, pawed the air, sprang sidewise, hunched his four feet together and humped his back like a camel. He was about to lie down when Mrs. Astles took one of her crutches, reached over and struck him across the head. The pony sprang into the air, touched the earth again, and bolted down the road. Sammy drew a long breath as he watched the whirl of dust fade into the distance, and nestled close to his father, who put an arm about him.

"Isn't that most as good as a circus, pa?"

"I've seen worse stunts than that right inside a show tent," his father chuckled. "Now let's hurry an' get the milkin' done. You too tired to milk the old cow?"

"No; an' I'll milk the heifers, too, if you want me to."

"I'll milk 'em, an' we'll get through quick's we can." Mr. Astles' eyes sparkled and he hurried into the kitchen to get the milk pails. When he came out the strains of the callopo, mercifully mellowed by distance, came to them clear and sweet.

"Tum-ti-tum-tum-te-ty-tiddle-te-tum,"

Mr. Astles sang, and, with milk pails at arm's length, danced a "break-down" along the walk, with Sammy following and imitating as well as his bare feet would allow. When they brought up by the side of the cows Sammy's hopes were high and he milked energetically. "It's only the evenin' p'rade," his father said, encouragingly, across the heifer's back.

"Are we goin' to try it again, pa?" "What's the old matter—'ef at first you don't succeed,' eksettery. Ain't it funny, though, how she always ketches us? There was the nigger minstrels; she said she was goin' over to Mayfield to see her ma, an' I thought we'd be safe. Jest as they were tunin' their banjos an' lamberin' up the bones I heard the stomp, stomp of her crutches. She spotted us the first thing, an' we had to march out after her. 'Twas like havin' a good dinner snatched away after you'd got the sight an' smell of it."

"'Twas the same way when we went to see the trained hosses," Sammy could laugh now.

"Yes, but your Aunt Lizzy said for us to go over to her house the next time we tried it an' she'd help us. She's got some kind of a scheme in her head, Lizzy has. Got through with that cow?" "Yes, look at that!" Sammy held up his pail crested with froth.

"I'm through, too. We'll go an' strain 'em."

Mr. Astles washed his hands, put on a long apron, and strained the milk through a wire strainer, then two thicknesses of cheese cloth, into the crocks.



SAMMY OBJECTS TO "HEN'S FEATHERS."

After it was all strained he filled a quart bowl and handed it to Sammy.

"Drink that, Sammy, it's better than skim milk to make young bones grow. You're goin' to have some cream mixed into your milk as long as I live. When you're through drinkin' you wash an' fix up a little while I finish the chores, then we'll go to Lizzy's."

When they started the callopo had stopped playing and the air was pulsating with the regular strains of the "brass band." They marched to Aunt Lizzy's by the steady boom, boom, of the big bass drum, but as they turned into the yard the tune changed to a rollicking two-step. Mr. Astles caught hold of Sammy's hand, and they danced into Aunt Lizzy's yard, up the steps, fairly into Aunt Lizzy's arms, who, with her daughter, Amy, was watching for them.

"Here you are at last, Hiram," Aunt Lizzy cried, "my an' I have been on the lookout for you ever since we saw Eunice drive by with the calico pony. Now I want you an' Sammy to enjoy this circus from the first crack of the ring-master's whip to the clown's last joke. You used to be a master hand to rig up in women's clothes an' play act. Here is a mother-hubbard wrapper, an old

bunnet an' a thick veil for you. Amy's got one of her pink gingham dresses an' her last summer's hat for Sammy—"

"You don't think I'm goin' to wear hen's feathers, do you?" Sammy broke in, not touching the clothes Amy held out to him.

"Put them on, Sammy," his aunt coaxed, "when you get inside the tent you'll forget all about your feathers. Look at your pa, he's got into his wrapper already. Take your coat off, Sammy, an' slip the dress on, the circus is wuth it—the four rings goin' all the time, an' the greatest lot of hosses, an' elephants, an' dogs, an' trapeze performers, an' I can't tell what all."

"Hurry up, Sammy, I'm most ready," Mr. Astles cried encouragingly. So Sammy put the dress on, laughing as he did so at his father, who was trying to make the bonnet stay in place upon his bald head.

"Don't often see women with sandy chin whiskers, an' bald heads with just a little fringe round 'em," said Aunt Lizzy. "There! I'll have to tie your whiskers down with the bunnet strings. The bow'll hide 'em. Now we're ready. Can't keep your hat on, Sammy? Boys' an' girls' heads must be made on different plans—they never can seem to wear each other's hats."

When Sammy got into the crowd jamming the entrance to the big circus tent he forgot his uncomfortable clothes. Through cracks, or open flaps, of tents, he caught glimpses of be-spangled riders, trapeze performers and rope dancers. A clown, with whitened face and grotesque clothes came out for a breath of air. Hostlers were getting horses and trappings ready for the opening chariot race, and on all sides, eager, excited people.

"I'll get the tickets, an' we'll go in an' clear round, opposite the entrance," Aunt Lizzy whispered. "Keep close to me, Sammy, an' pull your hat a leetle more over your face. My! but them freckles are the biggest I ever did see on a girl's face! 'Lastic cuts your throat? After a while you can take your hat off, if we don't see your ma. Don't get away from me, Amy. Watch out for Eunice, Hiram."

They found seats half way up the rising scale of benches, and Aunt Lizzy handed Sammy a palm-leaf fan. "Here, Sammy, fan yourself, vig'rous; an' if you see your ma hold it up in front of your face. I'm lookin' ev'rywheres for her. Watch the entrance, Hiram."

"She won't look for us now we've got in; we're safe now," Hiram whispered from behind his veil.

"Don't be so sure that you forget to watch," said Aunt Lizzy, as she began to look the people over. The next moment she heard a smothered cry of astonishment from Hiram, and saw Mrs. Astles, followed closely by her brother William. Both of them were peering sharply into the sea of faces as they moved slowly around, and stopped directly in front of Aunt Lizzy and Hiram. Mrs. Astles nodded coolly at Aunt Lizzy, glanced at Hiram and Sammy, but did not penetrate their disguises. After she had looked the people over she seemed satisfied, and sat down upon the lowest row where Hiram could see her every motion.

Understanding dawned upon Hiram before Aunt Lizzy nudged him.

"Do you begin to see how 'twas that she always ketched you?" she asked.

"I'm glad she's had some good times," he answered loyally. "I don't begrudge her any shows she's ever seen. She's suffered lots, bein' a cripple for over 'leven years."

The next moment the performance began with the entrance of plunging horses and gaudily dressed drivers in gilded chariots, and Sammy forgot his mother in watching the wonderful sweep of the race; but Hiram was more interested in watching his wife, whose whole figure was tense with excitement.

"I'm glad she's enjoyin' it," Hiram kept telling Sammy. "I'm havin' a good deal better time than I would if she wasn't here."

When it was all over he whispered to Aunt Lizzy: "Sammy an' I are goin' to drop down under the seats an' creep out under the tent, an' if I find the pony where Eunice gen'rally hitches him I'm goin' to take him an' drive home. He ain't safe for Eunice to drive after dark, an' I know her brother William'll look after her."

Mr. Astles was in bed, sound asleep— if heavy snores were a proof—when Mrs. Astles stamped in.

"Hiram! Wake up! Wake up, I say," she cried excitedly, poking him with a crutch.

He opened his eyes and looked sleepily at her.

"The calico pony's gone! Some of the circus-folks must have stolen him! Git right up an' go an' find him!"

"Where did you leave him, Eunice?"

"I—I—hitched him where I gen'rally do."

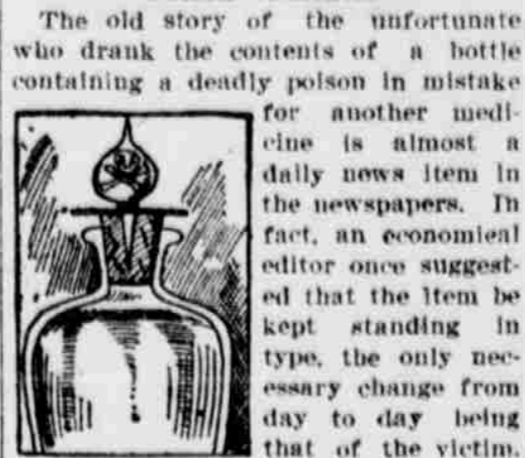
"Over to William's?"

"N—n—no—" for the first time Mr. Astles saw his wife meek and embarrassed. "I—William—we—that is—he wanted to go to the circus, so I thought

"Well," smiling kindly upon her, "don't worry 'bout the pony, he's safe an' sound in the pasture. Good circus, wa'n't it?"—The Hearstons.



Poison Indicator.



The old story of the unfortunate who drank the contents of a bottle containing a deadly poison in mistake for another medicine is almost a daily news item in the newspapers. In fact, an economical editor once suggested that the item be kept standing in type, the only necessary change from day to day being that of the victim. In order to lessen the number of mistakes of this kind a Southern inventor has devised the "poison indicator" shown in the accompanying illustration. Undoubtedly it would prove effective wherever used. It is made entirely separate from the cork, and can readily be transferred from an unused bottle to another. The skull and crossbones would be sufficient indication of the contents in the daytime, while its peculiar shape would serve the same purpose at night. At the bottom of the indicator is a pin by which it is held in place in the cork.

New Idea in Ladders.

Ladders are such common, ordinary articles that anybody can build one, there being no secret in their make-up. The disadvantage of the ordinary ladder is that it cannot be used in narrow and crowded places. In manufacturing plants, where machinery is placed together, with projecting arms at every point, it is impossible to get a ladder into position. For just this purpose a California man constructed the ladder shown in the illustration, and in order that nobody should steal the idea he applied for



NEW LADDER.

ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

Last One in Many Ways the Most Terrible on Record.

The recent eruption, though one of the most terrible on record, has not quite reached the pitch of horror which the younger Pliny describes as accompanying the earlier phenomenon, though many of the incidents related by him of that earlier catastrophe have been repeated, says William P. Andrews in the Century. The same enormous cloud, which Pliny likens to the appearance of a gigantic pine tree, "shot up to a great height" and "spread itself out at the top in a sort of branches." Again it shrouded the whole vast gulf and again the region round the mountain was covered with "a fall of cinders and pumice stones and black pieces of burning rock, while broad flames shone out from various places on the mountain."

The terrible earthquake and uproarious seas retiring from the shore were lacking in this last convulsion; but the darkness, "not like a night when the sky is cloudy and there is no moon, but that of a room when it is shut up and all the lights are put out," was observed at various points about the bay, as it was by Pliny that fatal night near his villa at Misenum. Lately, at Capri, twenty miles away, this phenomenon was noticed for an hour or two. It occasioned great alarm among some of the foreign visitors and on the steamers making for the port of Naples, many of which were obliged to put back. For a day the port was inaccessible, owing to the showers of cinders darkening the air.

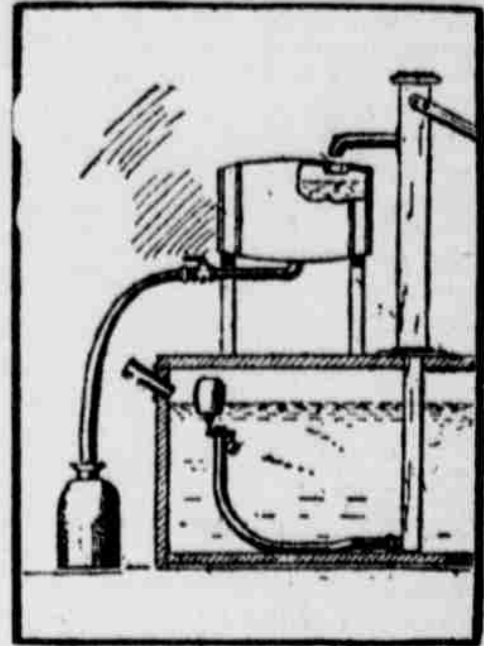
In half an hour the streets of Naples were filled to the depth of from five to six inches with a soft, powdered material resembling ashes, and this has occurred more than once. The inhabitants did not seem to be seriously alarmed, except the inmates of the prisons, who rebelled and had to be controlled by troops. The streets, however, have been filled with religious processions carrying the effigies of their patron saints and imploring divine aid. The people entered the cathedral and took forcible possession of their patron saint, and fully 30,000 persons escorted this sacred bust of St. Januarius from the cathedral to the confines of the city nearest the mountain.

The towns lying round the mountain sides, however, were deserted and some of the smaller villages nearer the cone were destroyed. There the awful scenes reported by Pliny were repeated. An infernal darkness reigned, lighted up by the monstrous streams of burning lava, pouring down from the central cone and from vast crevices in its sides. From time to time new craters would burst forth, exploding with a tremen-

and was granted a patent. By decreasing the size of the steps, making the lower one very small, he has devised a ladder that should prove exceedingly useful in a great many instances.

Collects Skimmed Milk.

The apparent ease in separating cream from the remaining skimmed milk is well illustrated in an apparatus



SEPARATES MILK AND CREAM.

recently patented by a Wisconsin dairyman. Expensive machinery and steam power are not necessary by this method. Instead he uses a suitable reservoir in which the milk is allowed to settle a suitable time until the cream has formed at the top. Above the reservoir is an ordinary pump, the suction end being on the bottom of the reservoir. Attached to the end of the pump is a rubber hose and faucet, keeping the free end of the hose a certain distance below the cream at the top of the reservoir. Power applied to the pump handle draws the skimmed milk up and deposits it in a receptacle above the reservoir. A discharge pipe, having a stop cock, is attached to the receptacle, from which the skimmed milk can be distributed to cans.

ous roar and threatening to sweep all before them.

In the doomed upper villages the rain of cinders became a downpour of volcanic sand, mixed with larger pumice stones and considerable masses of molten material. At the larger town of Ottaviano and in the outlying region of San Giuseppe, which are situated on the northeastern slope of the mountain, within the line of the railroad running round it, the people fled through this awful hail of projectiles, protecting themselves with tables and chairs held above their heads. The government had sent trains to the station to take them away, but the removal was necessarily slow, owing to the constant blocking of the line by the masses of falling material, which in places filled the tracks to the depth of a yard. The distressing scenes of the "Last Days of Pompeii" were repeated, with husbands, wives and children calling through the darkness for one another. Most were carried to places of safety, but of those who had fled for protection to the church to pray for heavenly aid 150 or more were buried beneath its roof when it fell, crushed by the weight of the material falling upon it. A large number died in their own houses, unable or unwilling to leave their homes and face the terrible fire of missiles outside. This village of San Giuseppe and the larger town near it are like a partly excavated Pompeii, the pumice and sand reaching nearly to the tops of the lower houses, and many of which were crushed by the additional weight imposed upon their level roofs.

The whole region round this part of the mountain was shrouded for days in dense clouds of smoke and cinders and the smiling vineyards lie buried a yard or two deep beneath the material vomited forth by the awful crater menacing them from on high.

Told in Confidence.

"There has never been any decisive action on that bill you introduce year after year."

"No," answered the statesman, "that bill has been of such value in giving me prominence that I should rather regret to see it removed from active controversy and buried in the statute books."—Washington Star.

The woman does not live who can wash her hair without saying to every one she meets: "I have just washed my hair, and can't do a thing with it."

People are becoming very tired of the man who guarantees things, in spite of the fact that his guarantee is not good.

Always say when a man dies that a "large circle" of friends are mourning, and don't get out your measuring string,