



# DREAM MEMORIES

I could not catch my dream, it was so fleet;  
Only a fragment, yet enough to know  
That there are times when earth and heaven meet;  
Moments when all of heaven seems below,  
O golden sunsets of the vanished years,  
O radiant flashes of the coming dawn,  
Ye show us oft through mists of blinding tears,  
The light that beams a little further on.

I could not hold my dream; it was so large  
It crowded all my present cares away.  
My heart was like a heavy-laden barge  
Freighted with bliss, with joys that might not stay;  
I tried in vain to span, to catch, to clasp  
That overflowing rapture of delight,  
But visionlike, it floated from my grasp  
And left me in the darkness of the night.

I can not paint my dream; it was so bright,  
So fraught with dazzling radiance to me,  
It threw a glamor o'er my "widered sight  
And left me blinded by my ecstasy.  
My longing soul essayed in vain to soar  
Beyond the shining path of sun and stars,  
But all too soon she languished as before,  
Panting and worn, behind her prison bars.

I can not tell my dream; it was so sweet;  
And yet 'twas such as many hearts have known;  
Woven with tender memories, replete  
With words of love, dropped in the years ago.  
A fond caress—a dear, familiar tone;  
A gentle whisper and a low reply;  
It was but these, yet are not these alone  
The all of love and life that never die?



## Past Hidden Rocks.

BY JULIA TRUITT BISHOP.

Author of "Deborah of Lost Creek."

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She was such a young bride that people laughed at the idea of her being married, and pitied her for not having a longer time at play-day. But she did not pity herself. She was as merry as a lark about the little toy house all day long, and she sang so happily that the old wood-sawyer in the back yard often stopped to listen. He liked to hear it, although there were times when he wiped his eyes with the back of his hand. Long ago his own daughter, who had sung just so, had carried her song too far away for him to hear.

"Don't you think I am a very dignified married woman, Uncle Eph?" she asked him sometimes, perching on the back steps with the kitten in her arms, and watching him work.

"Oh, dignified tell ye can't rest," he always exclaimed, and laughed with much silent laughter. He used to saw wood out in the common in front of his poor little cabin, but she had asked him to bring his work there because he could be sheltered from the weather, and because he was company for her. She liked to have some one to speak to once in a while.

Sometimes she came running out with a spoon or a saucer or a dish, and with great delight he was made to stand still and taste this last thing she had learned how to make. Sometimes there was enough for a meal in the dish, and if the old wood-sawyer understood that it was meant that way he did not say so; for nature had intended Uncle Eph for a gentleman.

And all the gentleman that was in him loved the little girl who was playing at being a bride.

One day she came out and looked away down the next cross street, where she could still see her husband, as he walked toward town with the quick, alert step she loved to see. Her hand



She came out with a dish, was shading her pretty eyes from the sun, and he was almost out of sight when she cried:

"Why, Frank has on his blue suit! I didn't notice that before he left!"

She went into the house again, but came dancing out presently, a grey coat over her arm.

"Oh, but I have a joke on Frank this time!" she cried gaily. "I have found this letter in his pocket—my letter to Brother Joe. Just wait till he comes home—I will make him think I am awfully angry, and that the letter was very important, and after I have read him awhile I will laugh at him. Now you ever noticed that Frank never says a word to me about other people's letters when he talks to me on his way to the house? Well, now you must see Mr. Joseph. Well, now you must

are always like that—and I think they are amusing. Wait till you see what a good actress I can be."

They both laughed together, and she laid the coat carefully across her bed, and kept watch around that cross street, running to the door every few minutes to see if he were coming. He was not due for three hours yet; but he was really coming and was almost there when Uncle Eph, who had entered into the play like a child, saw him and called out to her:

"You'd be coming!" he shouted, and then bent busily over his work. But he watched out of the corner of his eyes.

She was in the kitchen when he called, but quick as a flash, she was across the hall; and just as he opened the door she threw herself down upon the bed, with her face buried in his coat. He stood in the door, his face white. She did not see that.

"Oh, Frank, Frank, how could you?" she moaned, her form shaken with sobs. "I have found that letter! How could you—oh, how could you treat me so?"

He leaned back against the door and something rose in his throat and choked him. In a moment he sank into a chair, and sat there drooping. She pressed her face closer into the folds of the coat, that he might not see that she was shaking with laughter.

"Millie!" he said presently. His lips were dry. His head was on his hand, and his eyes, suddenly bloodshot with agony, had dropped to the floor.

"Millie," he said again in that strange, dry voice, "I didn't mean for you to find it out—I rushed home as soon as I missed the letter. Of course it will only serve to make you unhappy."

She was not shaken with laughter now. She lay very still. There was a letter in one of her hands. He could just see the tiny corner of it, peeping out from under the sunny brown hair.

"Of course I am sorry I ever got mixed up with that woman," he groaned. "I might have known I'd get the worst of it. I don't know how I came to do it—how do men get drawn into those things, I wonder? I suppose I'm just a plain fool, like the rest of my kind—and she was pretty, everybody must acknowledge that, and so young and so lonely—it was enough to make a fool of a man. I'm sorry I concealed it now. I ought to have told you all about it in the beginning, and then you wouldn't feel so hard toward me. But we will at least not dwell upon the affair. Come now—give me the letter and let me burn it, and that will be the end of it."

"Awfully sorry to have made you unhappy—but you mustn't take it too seriously. I'm not the first man who has made such mistakes."

She did not raise her head, but one hand slipped out with the letter in it. He took it and glanced at the address as he was about to tear it up; and turned whiter.

She lay there so still that she might have been dead. Her face was turned away from him. In all her look and attitude there was no hint of forgiveness. After awhile he went out of the room and out of the house, walking like a man in a dream.

Uncle Eph stood on tiptoe, and peeped in at the window. She lay still, face downward on the bed. In a few minutes he went back and looked again.

Then he knocked on the door and crept into the room, and touched her with a trembling hand.

"Did ye see it out honey?" he asked waveringly; and she raised her white face and smiled at him.

"I acted it out," she said; and for the sake of the daughter who had slipped out of his life so long ago, he closed the cold little hand and whis-

pered to her over and over again not to mind, not to mind.

It was Frank who broke in upon them. He threw himself down in a chair miserably enough, and said in deep dejection:

"I think I can get the money Millie. Don't fret about that. And I won't let you do without anything you ought to have, either. I can raise the money somehow—and if anyone has to suffer it must be me, for I was fool enough to be victimized by an adventurer."

Millie all at once sat up, and pushed the hair out of her eyes. Was Frank going mad?

"I wouldn't mind it if she hadn't sent me that impertinent letter," he went on, biting his mustache and quite forgetting that Millie had never seen the letter in question. "It's bad enough to buy a gold brick, but you want the fellow that sold it to get over into the next state and keep quiet."

"Frank!" cried Millie, rushing at him and clasping his arm; "what is the matter? What are you talking about?"

He looked up at her in bewilderment.

"Why, didn't I tell you?—how I went on that Mrs. Brander's bond, when she was accused of stealing the diamonds at the hotel?—and now she has slipped out of the country, and writes that she hopes I'll enjoy paying the money, as it's for a lady, and—"

Millie had suddenly clasped him around the neck.

"Frank," she screamed, "Do you mean all that talk was about losing money—just money?"

"Yes," replied Frank stupidly. "What else?"

A moment later Uncle Eph's saw was going at such a rate that people could not believe it, and looked out of their houses on all sides to see if it were a steam saw which had suddenly invaded the neighborhood. It went at that rate until Frank had gone back down town; which did not occur until they had both sat down on the steps and read a letter with much laughter, agreeing that it was a very bright letter, after all, and that she certainly was a witty woman. When Frank had actually gone, Uncle Eph rested his saw on a stick of wood and asked grimly:

"Do you mean to say that all that laughin' and dancin' an' carryin' on was because ye'd lost money?"

"That's just what it was, Uncle Eph," said the little bride, with smiles

impling all around her mouth and yet with a shining moisture in her eyes. "We were glad we had lost money."

"Jerusalem!" said Uncle Eph.

**THE CHINESE SOIREE.**

How to Drink Tea in the Land of the Pagoda.

When you call on a Chinaman who is able to have a servant, the first thing that the servant does is to bring in two cups of tea. He puts one in front of the master and one in front of the visitor. Then the master indicates that you shall drink from the cup before you. If you want to incur his everlasting enmity go ahead and drink. He merely asks you to drink it for politeness' sake. He does not want you to do it and expects you to refuse for politeness' sake. Letting the tea stand in front of you, you proceed with your interview, and you are at liberty to continue it, and you may feel that you are welcome until the host picks up his cup and takes a sip. That is the polite way he has of telling you that the interview is ended. The polite thing for you to do then is to take one sip of your tea and depart. The right to drink the first sip of tea, however, goes with rank. If the visitor outranks the host, no matter how much the host may wish to be rid of him—he must sit until the visitor chooses to take a sip of his tea.—New York Sun.

**Troubles of Sun Spot Periods.**

The sun's surface is known to be subject to greatly increased disturbances every eleven years, known as the sun spot period. Auroral displays and disturbances of the earth's magnetism have a similar period, and the pictures of the corona which have been obtained show markedly characteristic varieties of form dependent also upon the sun spot period. So one of the principal efforts of scientists of late years has been to obtain pictures of the corona with as much details as possible.

**Parepa Ross's Wonderful Voice.**

At the Peace Jubilee, in Boston, 1869, Madame Parepa Ross's voice was distinguished above 15,000 singers, an orchestra of over 1,000 instruments, and in a hall where the audience consisted of 40,000 people.

**Beet Beer.**

Manufacture of beer from beet roots is being advocated in England. The beet abounds in sugar juice, but it is stated that the cost of separating it from the gums, acids and salts is somewhat expensive and would result in a higher price being charged for the beer.

**Willing to Compromise.**

The following letter, written by a woman in Kansas, has been received by the Philadelphia police department:

"Chief Police, will you see the woman whose name is in the inclosed advertisement, I will settle with her for \$500. She has a medicine which she says will remove hair from the face. I sent her one dollar and got a bottle of the medicine and it burnt my face and now I have not a heavy beard the doctor says I will have whiskers now all my life. If she will give me \$500 I will take it and say nothing against the woman."

**The Lily's "Dream."**

Mrs. Langtry's English house in Chelsea is described as "a dream of beauty." The flooring of the drawing room has been taken up and replaced by white marble, and everything is done on the same splendid scale. The furniture and decorations are said to have cost more than \$10,000.

Ask your grocer for DEFIANCE STARCH, the only 15 oz. package for 10 cents. All other 10-cent starch contains only 12 oz. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

A joke about the Schuykill water cannot be made very clear.

\$148 will buy new Upright piano on easy payments. Write for catalogue, Schmolzer & Mueller, 1313 Farnam street, Omaha.

After effect—the kind word that makes a dog's tail wag.

**Hall's Catarrh Cure**  
Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

Most appropriate name for a dentist—Phil Pullman.

A dyspeptic is never on good terms with himself. Something is always wrong. Get it right by chewing Bonham's Peppin Gum.

There's no egg so large that it cannot be beaten.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. THOS. ROBINSON, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Some men seem to be fired by genius and some seem to have been fired by the girl's pa.

Ask your grocer for DEFIANCE STARCH, the only 15 oz. package for 10 cents. All other 10-cent starch contains only 12 oz. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

No man can stand on top because he is put there.

Hamlin's Blood and Liver Pills cure constipation and all the ills due to it; 25c at your druggists.

The "bad boy" often makes the best man.

Garfield Tea is the most used, the best liked, and is the original herb tea for the cure of constipation and sick headache. It strengthens the digestive organs.

Opals have never been so fashionable as this season.

**Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?**  
Shake into your shoes, Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot, and Sweating Feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

**Old Molds' Home.**  
Sweden and Norway both boast several homes for unmarried women. One of these was endowed more than 200 years ago by a man who left the bulk of his fortune to his spinster descendants. The home is managed by salaried trustees, and the unmarried women who can prove kinship to the founder is entitled to a home there.

**The Only Woman Admiral.**  
The queen of Greece is the only woman admiral in the world. She was so appointed by the late Emperor Alexander III. of Russia, because of her love for the sea, instead of being given a regiment, according to custom.

# PERIODS OF PAIN.

## How Three Women Found Relief.



While no woman is entirely free from periodical suffering, it does not seem to have been the plan of nature that woman should suffer so severely. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the most thorough female regulator known to medical science. It relieves the condition which produces so much discomfort and robs menstruation of its terrors.

The three letters here published should encourage every woman who suffers:

Aug. 6, 1898.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have suffered since the age of sixteen with painful menstruation. I have been treated for months, and was told that the womb had fallen a little. The doctor says that is now in place again, but I still have the same pain. Please tell me what to do."—MRS. EMMA KUEHL, 112 Trautman St., Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y.

April 23, 1900.

"I was troubled with female weakness, irregular and painful menstruation, and leucorrhoea. The doctor's medicine did me no good. I have taken one bottle and a half of your Vegetable Compound, and thanks to your medicine, my pains are gone. I advise all women suffering as I have to use your Vegetable Compound."—EMMA J. PRIBBLE, Indianapolis, Ill.

Jan. 19, 1899.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—After receiving your reply to my letter of Aug. 6 I followed your kind advice, and am glad to tell you that I have been cured of the severe pain at time of menstruation through the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I have taken six bottles of it, felt better after the first bottle, and after a while had no more pain or womb trouble.

April 23, 1900.

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Feb. 20, 1900.

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"My menstruation occurs every two weeks, lasts a week, and is painful. I have been troubled in this way for some time. I suffer from sick headache and backache all the time, appreciate anything about your case about which you would like special advice, write freely to Mrs. Pinkham. No man will see your letter. She can surely help you, for no person in America has such a wide experience in treating female ills as she has had. She has helped hundreds of thousands of women back to health. Her address is Lynn, Mass., and her advice is free. You are very foolish if you do not accept her kind invitation.

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**This is the Smallest**  
**WICKLESS Blue Flame OIL STOVE**

Made also in four larger sizes. Sold everywhere.

If your dealer does not have them—write to the nearest agency of STANDARD OIL CO.

**Sozodont for the Teeth and Mouth 25¢**

**PENSIONERS**