THE DREAMER.

"Come down!" we cried to him. "Leave off thy lonely
Watch on the mountain height;
Belike the foeman comes, and wilt thou only
Be missing from the fight?"

No word he answered, yet we knew when ended
The long day's doubtful war
We had not won had he left undefended
His lone outpost afar.

"Come down!" we cried again. "Our streams are falling.
What dost thou mid the stones
On the bare hillside? Hear the children wailing!
With thirst the whole earth groans."

"Drink, then!" he laughed to us, and rested glowing
Beside his well-used tools,
And down the rocks unprisoned fountains flowing
Sang into sudden pools.

He was not one of us. His rapt eyes, shining
Like moonlight veiled in showers,
Had the seer's vision, outward far divining
Horizons beyond ours.

We heard the waves break, he, small waters welling
In darkness 'neath the sod,
And what to us was but the night wind swelling
He called the voice of God.

And oft when Sorrow sighed, or we in watches
Of Fear's long night our wrongs
Told in the dark, he 'wildered us with snatches
Of strange and haunting songs,

Our souls enthralling with a potence under
The music's ebb and flow,
Like far-blown echoes of the trumpet-thunder
That stormed walled Jericho.

But now a silence falls, and we awaken—
Dim is our dawn, and late!
The prophet-voice we thought a reed windshaken
Hath passed within the gate,

And our dull hearts now read aright the story
Our dreamer always knew—
Life's best is dreaming best, and Heaven's own glory,
Man's dreams and God's come true.

—William Hervey Woods, in Youth's Companion.

The Sentimentalist's Surprise

By CLARE M. HOWARD

JANE was a young person of great sensibility and imaginative power. Her enemies said she was sentimental, but that was only half true. Jane, having read countless romances in which love appeared to be the highest state of bliss, decided that if life were to contain anything important for her she must fall in love as soon as possible. This may seem an easy matter to the simply amorous, but to a strict romanticist it presents many difficulties. Jane's life led down a city street to school and home again. It is true that many young ladies in Madam Estelle's seminary flirted from the windows with young gentlemen on the corner, but this innocent vulgarity was offensive to Jane's sense of romance. She continued reading and bided an auspicious occasion for the bestowal of her heart.

In her fifteenth year Jane's parents went to spend the summer in the Adirondacks. Jane decided that this summer should certainly mark the great year of her life. Some one must at once be found upon whom to hang her affections. Had not Juliet lived, loved and died before she was sixteen? Jane made a calculating survey of herself before she launched upon her quest. Her blue eyes, black hair and pensive, drooping mouth were encouraging, but there was something offensively prosaic about her short, blue linen dress and large laced boots. A limp white muslin and a pair of sandal slippers are what Jane would have liked.

For many days Jane viewed the male population of the lakes with a searching eye. She looked at the venerable beaux with patent leather shoes and cynic smiles, the college men with blatant tongues and sweaters, the stodgy heads of families, the choicely dressed and vacuous looking youths from city offices, the agile derisive little boys who moved in gangs. Her heart misgave her. Was it possible that ladies still found heroes in this throng? Still she did not despair. There might yet beat some soul of sentiment under a flannel blazer.

One night as she was standing on the wharf the little boat that brought new visitors to the hotel presented to her eyes a likely subject. He was leaning against the door of the steamer in a rather graceful way, with a soft hat almost imperceptibly tilted on his head. There was, to Jane's eye, something both subtle and dashing about his appearance. Her hopes beat high. He was shaking hands with an older girl whom she knew. There was to be a hop at the hotel that night. Perhaps the older girl would ask him to dance with Jane.

The would-be heroine was pink with excitement that evening. She watched the new guest as he crossed the dancing space. He had dark eyes with shadows under them and shadows round his mouth. Jane thought he most work very hard. She leaned over and touched her older friend.

"Will—will you introduce me to that man?" she shyly whispered.

"Of course," said her companion, gayly beckoning to the loiterer. "Miss Craves, let me present Mr. Carson."

"Delighted," said Mr. Carson, in a weary voice. "May I have the pleasure?" and he led Jane out to dance. Afterward they repaired to two veranda seats in the moonlight. Jane waited anxiously for the hero to speak, and the hero spoke. He told Jane that she had danced beautifully; that it was the best dance he had had that evening. He jeered languidly at the college students and said it must be very dull here for a pretty girl. He broke off to admire a blond lady going past them. Jane once more felt the pangs of disappointment. Alas! his romantic exterior belied him. He was only rude and silly. She looked sadly at him. He was leaning back with drooping eyes.

"Beg pardon, but I have such a headache," he murmured.

"I am very sorry," said Jane.

"Jove, what a smile!" said the young man; "it's enough to make a fellow well again."

Jane rose. "There is my next partner," she said, stiffly, and led the way across the room. Never, never again would Jane make a mistake about dashing young men with shadows under their eyes.

So Jane had to begin her search again. There came upon her horizon an 18-year-old schoolboy by the name of Robert Smith—a tremendous young giant, with blue eyes, yellow hair and a face devoid of expression. Jane conversationally sounded him. He was sweet tempered and polite, but seemed quite colorless in mind and heart. Could not Jane tincture him to suit herself—convert this raw material into a hero? She would try. Robert soon got into the habit of seeking Jane to dance because she did all the talking. Then he began to take her rowing in the afternoons. Jane's heart began to warm to Robert. It was better to have a man say nothing than to let him spoil things with commonplace remarks. She made him row her to shady nooks, where she would take a little volume of Lord Tennyson and read it to him. She would gaze at him silently and mysteriously. Robert began to be listless and pale. The silence and poetry and adoration of Jane were enervating him. But whenever he made an attempt to take anyone else out rowing Jane's eyes would give him to understand that he had stabbed her to the heart; so poor, huge, sweet-tempered Robert was finally bound hand and foot. He followed Jane all day long, let himself be read to, quarreled with, admired, and often showed sparks of real emotion. Still Jane was conscious of a sense of disappointment. It was heavy work—this dragging of Robert through the proper paces.

At last her home-made hero was obliged to leave. Jane brightened up. Here was an opportunity for a touching farewell. That afternoon she and Robert rowed to a beautiful little island where, on a moss grown bank above the lake, they watched the setting sun "for the last time," as Jane said.

"Robert, let's carve P. L. on this log," she cried, enthusiastically.

"P. L.?" said Robert, in solemn astonishment.

"Yes, for Paradise Lost!"

"What's the joke?" he asked.

Jane felt it would be useless to explain.

The next morning as Robert departed on the little steamer Jane watched until she could no longer see shining on her hero's coat the silver heart she made him swear to keep for her sake always. Then she gave a little sigh of relief. Robert, indeed, was heavy work.

Jane now felt that she was either one of those to whom real love never comes, or that since romance was dead she would not continue to be its sole upholder. She began to join the other girls in singing coon songs in the evenings, and to play tennis with a shaggy, red-haired college boy. She often made attempts to go to the Lost Paradise and mourn in pensive solitude, but this red-haired boy was always getting up a party to fish or dig for worms, and dragged her with them. The red-haired boy was ugly, headstrong and had no ear for Tennyson, but he had a smile like those for which comedians on the stage have been known to receive large salaries.

One day the hotel guests hired the little steamer and toured the lakes for a picnic. The red-haired boy sat by Jane on the back deck and made puns. At luncheon he beat a boy over the head with a chicken bone because he didn't pass the cakes to Jane. When it began to rain, as it always does at picnics, he seized Jane by the hand and made her run along the road until she begged for mercy. Reaching the steamer, he pushed her into his overcoat, wrapped her feet in a potato sack and composed himself beside her to play the banjo all the way home. It wasn't at all romantic, but very pleasant in its way. Jane wished she had not wasted so much time looking for a heroic hero.

"How long do you stay here?" she asked.

"Till to-morrow," he answered.

"Only to-morrow!" she cried.

The red-haired boy stopped singing and smiled at her. He wasn't such a very ugly boy. "Sure; on the 5:30 boat. Wave your hand as we go past," he said.

In the early morning following Jane was waked by a toot from the steamer. Jumping out of bed she seized a towel and flapped it from the window. As the boat rounded the corner she could see the sunlight shining on the red-haired boy. He waved his straw hat—and he was gone.

Jane crept back to bed and wrung her hands in pleasurable anguish. "To think I loved him all along," she said, "and never even knew it."—Columbia Literary Monthly.

The Black Cap.

The black cap has no specific relation to the hanging of a criminal. Its sinister reputation, its color and the fact that a judge when pronouncing a capital sentence always wears it, have combined to attach to it a meaning and symbolism which it does not possess. It is really nothing more than a part of the full dress of a judge.—Genealogical Magazine.

Foes without are less to be feared than faults within.

Looking Backward.

"Pa, did you ever have any halcyon days?"

"Oh, yes; lots of them," Mr. Henpeck replied, looking cautiously around. "I didn't get married until I was nearly 30 years old."—Chicago Record-Herald.

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His Little Scheme.

"Old Croesus is a mighty clever fellow."

"How is that?"

"Why, just before the assesor gets to him he always manages to have a lot of stuff printed to the effect that he has been giving several millions to charitable and educational institutions. That makes his assessment schedule look more plausible.—Chicago Post.

Merely Precautionary.

"You succeeded in life in spite of the fact that you did not give much attention to study during your youth."

"Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox. "But that doesn't prove that education isn't a good thing. I was so much afraid that people would make fun of my spelling that I was compelled to hustle and get rich in self-defense."—Washington Star.

Reclamation.

A man reclaimed from sin was he,
He'd "joined the church," that's why
The things he once did openly
He now does on the sly.
—Catholic Standard and Times.

THE VOICE OF JEALOUSY.

Maizie—He told me that he'd never seen me looking so well as I do now.
Daisy—Why, the rude thing!—N. Y. Sun.

His Task Lightened.

The poet thanks his lucky stars
And shrieks with frantic glee,
For there are lots of easy words
That rhyme with 1903.
—N. Y. Herald.

What Worried Him.

"Yes, gentlemen," said the professor in philosophy, gravely, "you should be content with what you have."

"I am," said the precocious freshman. "It is what I haven't got that I'm dissatisfied about."—Columbia Jester.

His Apprehension.

City Nephew—I noticed that the hired man didn't drink coffee for breakfast?

Farmer Bentover—No! He's afraid it will keep him awake durin' the day.—Puck.

The Disturbing Element.

"Good heavens! What has happened to this room? And I thought you said your children were orderly."

"They are, but to-day their father has been playing with them."—Town Topics.

How It Looked.

First Office Boy—I t'ink de boss will end by marryin' de typewriter.

Second Office Boy—Why so?

First Office Boy—Why, he's kickin' already about de money she's gittin'.—Judge.

Comparing Notes.

Neighbor—It costs a great deal to raise a boy these days.

Mr. Tucker (father of Tommy)—My experience is that it doesn't cost as much to raise a boy as it does to suppress him.—Chicago Tribune.

After the Elopement.

He—I was afraid that after all you wouldn't be able to manage that rope-ladder from your window.

She—I wouldn't have been able to, if it hadn't been for papa.—Brooklyn Life.

Yes, Sir-ee!

"Here's an account of a girl whose great-uncle died and left her $10,000,000."

"Well, any uncle who would do that is great."—Detroit Free Press.

Not to Be Hastily Decided.

"Would you call her hair auburn or red?"

"That would depend largely on how much money her father has."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Paradox.

"Isn't it odd," remarked the yard philosopher, "that when a man is pursuing his studies at college the faster he is the harder it is for him to keep up?"—Harvard Lampoon.

Agreed.

Wife—So they returned your manuscript? It is too bad.

Husband (who thinks he can write)—Yes; that is what the editor said about it.—Tit-Bits.

Frank.

Mooney—Brace up, man! Troth, yez luk as if yez didn't hov a fri'nd in th' whole wur'ld.

Hogan—Oi hovn't.

Mooney—G'wan! If it ain't money yez want t' borry, Oi'm as good a fri'nd as iver yez had.—Brooklyn Life.

Not at All Likely.

"She's been trying to make a fool of me."

"Oh, no. She's too ambitious to attempt any such easy task as that."—Chicago Post.

A Genuine Gossip.

Betty—Mr. Cynique is too polished for words, isn't he?

Peggy—Oh, dear, yes. Everything he says reflects on someone.—Town Topics.

A Strange Truth.

The birds will sing in gentle spring;
The flowers will grace the garden spot;
And we'll complain—oh, wondrous thing!—
Because the weather is too hot.
—Washington Star.

ONE OF PHIL MAY'S JOKES.

Little Girl—A pound of steak, please, and cut it tough, will yer?

Butcher (amazed)—Why?

Little Girl—'Caus', if it's tender, father eats it all!—Phil May's Journal.

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Clash of Rulers.

Henry Dickens, son of the novelist, who recently spent some time in this country, is authority for this story of the heir presumptive to the English throne, the little George Frederic Earnest Albert:

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"'Yes, your royal highness,' was the reply.

"'Is there a king in heaven?' next inquired the prineeling.

"Answered in the affirmative, the future king of England shook his head sadly and said: 'Grannie won't like that at all.'"

How It Happened.

"I hear you were cutting up capers last summer."

"Yes, I worked in a pickle factory."—Princeton Tiger.

Better Than Electricity.

Agent—Wouldn't you like to have a burglar alarm put in your house?

Mr. Binks—Don't need it. I've got a wife.—N. Y. Weekly.

In Our Next Issue

We shall begin the publication of the new story, which has already been announced,

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By CLINTON SCOLLARD

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EASTWARD.—Read Downward. WESTWARD.—Read Upward.

Saturday Only.	Daily Ex. Sat. & Sun.	Daily Ex. Sunday.	Daily Ex. Sunday.	Daily Ex. Sunday.	Distance from Balto.	NAME OF STATION.	Daily Ex. Sunday.	Daily Ex. Sunday.	Daily Ex. Sat. & Sun.	Saturday Only.
P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	Miles		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
3.00	3.15	.....	7.00	.....	.....	Lv.... Baltimore.... Ar.	11.40	.....	9.10	7.30
3.55	5.10	.....	8.55	.....	25.00	Ar. ... Love Point... Lv.	9.40	.....	7.00	5.40
4.00	5.15	11.15	9.05	.....	25.00	Lv. ... Love Point... Ar.	9.32	10.23	5.28	5.05
4.05	5.22	11.30	9.14	.....	28.81	..... Stevensville.....	9.24	10.43	5.48	4.56
4.10	5.25	11.45	9.21	.....	30.44	..... Chesterfield.....	9.21	10.58	5.43	4.52
f 4.13	f 5.28	f11.48	f 9.23	.....	.....	..... Narrow.....	f 9.18	f10.23	f 5.28	f 4.48
4.18	5.33	12.00	9.28	.....	34.70	..... Winchester.....	9.13	10.23	5.33	4.43
f 4.20	f 5.35	f12.03	f 9.31	.....	35.82	..... Wolsey.....	f 9.10	f10.21	f 5.24	f 4.39
4.25	5.40	12.10	9.37	.....	38.07	..... Queenstown.....	9.04	10.16	5.18	4.22
4.45	5.58	12.27	9.55	.....	44.26	Ar. ... Centreville... Lv.	9.55	.....	.....	.....
4.00	4.50	.....	8.25	.....	.....	Lv. ... Centreville... Ar.	8.35	10.00	4.50	4.00
f 4.30	f 5.45	.....	f 9.44	.....	40.40	..... Bloomingdale.....	f 8.59	.....	f 5.13	f 4.18
f 4.35	f 5.50	.....	9.52	.....	43.45	..... Wye Mills.....	f 8.52	.....	5.01	4.11
f 4.42	f 5.56	.....	10.00	.....	46.43	..... Williamsburg.....	f 8.47	.....	4.52	4.02
.....	6.04	.....	.....	.....	.....	..... D. & C. Junction.....	f 8.40	.....	.....	.....
4.53	6.06	.....	10.12	.....	50.48	..... Queen Anne.....	8.38	.....	4.39	3.49
5.00	6.12	.....	10.20	.....	53.48	..... Downes.....	8.32	.....	4.30	3.39
f 5.04	f 6.15	.....	f10.24	.....	55.05	..... Tuckahoe.....	f 8.29	.....	f 4.27	f 3.37
5.11	6.21	.....	10.33	.....	57.99	..... Denton.....	8.24	.....	4.20	3.29
5.17	6.27	.....	10.43	.....	60.89	..... Hobbs.....	8.18	.....	4.01	3.11
5.26	6.35	.....	10.58	.....	64.57	..... Hickman.....	8.10	.....	3.52	3.03
f 5.30	f 6.39	.....	f11.02	.....	66.09	..... Adamsville.....	f 8.06	.....	f 3.44	f 2.54
f 5.35	f 6.44	.....	f11.08	.....	68.55	..... Blanchard.....	f 8.01	.....	f 3.37	f 2.47
5.43	6.50	.....	11.18	.....	71.80	..... Greenwood.....	7.55	.....	3.30	2.39
f 5.51	f 6.57	.....	f11.31	.....	75.47	..... Owens.....	f 7.47	.....	f 3.16	f 2.10
5.56	f 7.01	.....	11.40	.....	77.72	..... Oakley.....	f 7.43	.....	f 2.55	f 2.05
6.04	7.08	.....	11.43	.....	81.07	Lv..... Ellendale..... Ar.	7.36	.....	2.48	1.58
f 6.12	f 7.15	.....	f11.51	.....	81.91	..... Wolfe.....	f 7.28	.....	f 2.39	f 1.33
6.20	7.22	.....	11.58	.....	87.57	..... Milton.....	7.22	.....	2.31	1.31
f 6.28	f 7.30	.....	f12.08	.....	91.57	..... Whitesboro.....	f 7.14	.....	f 2.21	f 1.22
f 6.31	f 7.33	.....	f12.11	.....	92.82	..... Overbrook.....	f 7.11	.....	f 2.18	f 1.18
6.40	7.42	.....	12.20	.....	96.82	Ar..... Lewes..... Lv.	7.03	.....	2.00	1.10
P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.				A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.

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A. M	P. M.	Week Days	A. M.	P. M.
6 25	2 50	Baltimore	11 23	6 48
7 25	3 20	Phila.	10 54	5 46
9 40	5 22	Clayton	8 50	3 46
9 49	5 31	Kenton	8 41	3 37
f9 58	f5 40	Hartley	f8 32	f3 28
f10 00	f5 42	Slaughter	f8 30	f3 26
10 07	5 49	Marydel	8 23	3 19
f10 13	f5 55	Henderson	f8 17	f3 13
f10 19	f6 01	Goldsboro	f8 11	f3 07
10 28	6 10	Greensboro	8 02	2 58
10 37	6 19	Ridgely	7 53	2 49
10 45	6 27	Queen Ann	7 44	2 40
f10 54	f6 36	Cordova	f7 35	f2 31
f11 00	f6 42	Chapel	f7 29	f2 25
11 12	6 54	Easton	7 20	2 16
11 26	f7 08	Trappe	f7 04	f2 00
11 35	7 17	Oxford	6 55	1 51

"f" stops to leave or take passengers on notice to conductor.

DELAWARE DIVISION.

Trains on this division leave Harrington as follows: 2.18 a m; 8.10 a m; mail, 9.07 a m; 3.09 p m; passenger, 4.43 p m, arriving in Philadelphia at 5.10; 10.54 a m, 12.06, 5.46 and 7.48 p m, respectively. Trains on same division leave Philadelphia at 7.25 a m, 10.16 a m, 3.20 p m, 5.59 p m, and 11.21 p m, arriving at Harrington at 10.36 a m, 12.43, 6.10, 9.06 p m, and 2.00 a m, respectively.

For additional information apply to ticket agents.

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