

### THE OLD COUNTRY.

Where's the land o' Dreamland?  
How should I know?  
On the moon's further side,  
Where the drift clouds ride,  
And the stars hang low.

What's the sound o' Dreamland?  
How should I hear?  
Bell tones from far below,  
Night's haunting cockcrow,  
Olden songs and dear.

Where's the gate o' Dreamland?  
How should I tell?  
Sudden you stand before,  
Slip through the quiet door—  
Ah, but all's well!

—Josephine Dodge Daskam, in Harper's Magazine.

## An Up-to-Date Burglar.

The night, being balmy and moonlighted, Mrs. Wallace Morton had left the doors of her French windows open, and was sitting in her hotel suite contemplating the beauty of the lake sparkling in the moonbeams. Between her and the water lay a sensitive strip of lawn, across which a diaphanous shadow occasionally flitted, whether friend or foe she could not surely tell in the half light. Mrs. Morton would have smiled at the suggestion of a foe, yet at that moment one darkened her windows who was not only a natural foe and intruder but a menace to her existence. Yet she did not stir as the man, wearing a mask that was obvious in the semi-darkness, partly entered, then stopped cautiously to look around. Mrs. Morton being in the shadow of a room unlighted from within, could not be seen at a first glance. She did not move nor did her voice tremble as she asked: "What do you want? Have you made a mistake in the room?" "Not at all," was the decisive answer as the man stepped inside and saw that no one else was present. "I am here on business, but I may as well confess that I did not expect to see Mrs. Wallace Morton herself sitting alone in the dark."

"Oh, then you know me?" the lady said coolly. "Please state your business—but I think your mode of coming to my apartments explains your errand—you have come to rob me!" "I have no intention of harming you—have no fear, madam; I am here to get the possession of the Morton diamonds—when you hand them over I will relieve you of my presence at once. I have no time to parley."

"You speak like an educated man. I am not afraid, as it would do no good to use violence. They were sent this afternoon to the bank vault, where I have a box, so that I am saved from a great loss and you from the commission of a great crime."

Mrs. Morton spoke with a conviction, and the man standing there in the moonlight knew she was speaking the truth. He muttered an oath and turned to go, but Mrs. Morton halted him by a sudden question. "How long have you followed this kind of life?" "Ever since I left college, with my head crammed full of fads and nothing for my hands to do. I was told to get out and make a living. Well, I tried honest work, and I wouldn't do. A raw boy from the country who never saw the inside of a college was better adapted to the necessities of the hour. He could begin at the foot of the ladder and reach the room at the top. I was at the top and there was nothing for me but to come down, and I was not fitted to begin over again. Not much excuse? Then my mother cut me off. That was the last straw."

"But if you were to reform?" "The De Greys are proud—they never forgive disgrace."

"The De Greys? You cannot mean the Horace Devon De Greys?"

"Yes, I am the degenerate son of that family, much to their chagrin. If I could be killed incognito they would be rejoiced, but a black sheep of the De Grey stock reformed or caught on an expedition of robbery—that would crush their haughty spirits to the dust."

"But Mrs. Morton rose to her feet to make her announcement, 'do you not know that Mrs. Horace Devon De Grey is a guest in this hotel at this very moment? Can it be possible that she is your mother?'"

"She is, and with the De Grey millions at her command she turned me out to accomplish work that I was never intended for. Do you wonder that I became a hold-up man, as we are facetiously called?"

"I shall consider it my duty to tell Mrs. De Grey—your mother—of my my—seeing you. I am sure that you are not all bad; perhaps I can bring about forgiveness and a reconciliation. You must be tired of your present profession?"

A knock at Mrs. Morton's door interrupted the conversation and the masked burglar, who had been poised for instant flight, disappeared like magic, while Mrs. Morton, who had been steadily repressing her excitement, nearly fainted at relief from the great tension. She opened the door to admit a sparkling society girl whose family occupied adjoining suites.

"Have you the time, dear?" she asked in a flutter. "I let my sister take my watch this afternoon."

"Yes, certainly, Alice, my watch is right here on the table," and she stepped to a stand that was between her and the window, but she could not find it and turned on the light. The watch was gone. Her caller had improved his time by appropriating it while he told his pitiful story. Mrs. Morton said

nothing of the visit, but remarked that she had been careless to leave it near the open windows. That watch was her dearest personal belonging from association. She felt sure he had taken it from habit and would return it when she had restored him to home and society as she intended. In spite of her years Mrs. Morton was not worldly wise.

Her seat at the table d'hôte was next to Mrs. De Grey. When they met at breakfast that lady saluted her with the startling question:

"Have you heard of the robbery?" "No. Who has been robbed?" "Everybody except myself, and I'm sure I don't know how I happened to escape. I had dined out and all my jewels lay in plain sight waiting for the maid to put them away."

"I know—my watch was taken. I know who did it, who committed the robbery, dear Mrs. De Grey. I must see you alone after breakfast. I have something very important to say."

Mrs. Morton was so nervously frustrated that her friend overlooked the mystery in her manner or attributed it to the loss of her watch. As soon as they had concluded their meal Mrs. De Grey led the way, to her apartments, where she requested Mrs. Morton to be seated.

"Is it about the robbery?" she asked. "It is about the robbery. I saw him and talked with him."

"And did not give the alarm?" "Wait. He told me who he was; that he had been bred a college lad, given every luxury, then turned out on the world to care for himself as best he could. His own mother disowned him when he was not successful. And he told me his name—one of our oldest and best families—your own name, Mrs. De Grey."

"Well, what have I to do with that?" "He said—dear Mrs. De Grey, listen. He said that you was his own mother."

Mrs. De Grey laughed hysterically. "That is a very plausible story," she said, "quite romantic and affecting. It only lacks one essential—the truth. I never had a son."—Chicago Record-Herald.

### Cutting Canaries' Toe Nails.

Much has been said from time to time of the many curious means of earning a livelihood practiced in this city, which in this respect is in every way the equal of London and Paris. One man makes a living by cutting the toe nails of canary birds. This may sound absurd, but it is true nevertheless, and shows what is possible in a city where the people are very rich, very well educated and very intelligent, and who, in consequence, have more wants than the simple folk of a small town in the States.

Canaries, like all birds living in captivity, and unable to keep their nails, or claws, or rather talons, down to the normal size by scratching about in sand, rock, gravel and wood, have talons that, unless trimmed occasionally, soon grow to an abnormal size, and in such condition are a positive hindrance and clog on the bird's movements. Moreover, such lengthy talons are liable to cause accidents that may result in birdie's death, and so it happens that it falls to the lot of some one to pare them down to normal length.

This is a task not very difficult and tedious, but one that few understand or can perform correctly and satisfactorily. A slight mishap or bungling may cause the death of the canary, and so it happens that a certain enterprising German of this city, who has spent a lifetime handling canaries, finds profit and a livelihood in trimming the claws of feathered pets in every well-to-do household in the city. —Washington Post.

### A Cat or a Baby.

"I don't know," said a man, "which I had rather dispense with on a railroad journey, a cat or a baby, but I saw both on their way to a mountain resort the other day. The infant was cross and fractious and gave its mother no peace. In fact, I never met a baby that was the embodiment of perpetual motion until this young one plumped down before me. It was all over the place, sticking its fingers into the mother's hat trimmings and pulling her necktie, and thumping the window pane and sliding off onto the car floor, crying for nourishment and tearing its sparse hair or sucking its thumb at rare intervals of quiet. I supposed it was a boy until informed 'he' was a girl. The fate of the child is assured, and so, too, the husband's who marries her. I pity him. His life's going to be wretched! Eh, what, snailpox and automobiles? No, I don't wish the little thing to fall a victim to any such means of discipline. And the cat? Oh, the cat behaved like an angel. He looked at the scenery."—Boston Herald.

### Corset War in Roumania.

The outbreak which threatens Roumania has been caused by the Minister of Public Instruction forbidding girls in the higher and secondary schools to wear corsets, and, in case of refusal, directing the forcible removal of the offending article. The future mothers of Roumania, remembering that the ancient Romans, from whom they claim indirect descent, wore a kind of stays (does not Martial make fun of fat women, and does not Ovid tell us that a big waist kills love?), and that the corset, with a short interval, has been worn ever since, are naturally up in arms against the arbitrary decree. It is a case of war to the hilt, and it is pretty safe to prophesy that the schoolgirls will win.

### A Big Wind.

During a recent cyclone at Karachi, British India, trains were stopped by the force of the wind, which blew at the rate of 100 miles an hour.



### Has the Best Method.

Of all the counties in the State, Oneida seems to have developed most interest in good roads and the best methods of getting and maintaining the same. Just how many of Oneida's inhabitants have attained to this high stage of civilization we do not know, but certainly enough of them have done so to form a good roads league which not only takes energetic part in the practical work of scientific highway improvement, but also gives wide distribution to well prepared "literature" on the subject, urging other people to wake up in their own interests, to abandon the old and barbarous plan of wasting inexperienced labor on bad roads, and, taking advantage of the Highie-Armstrong act, to pay their taxes in money, secure the aid offered by the State, and to become rich and happy after the example of Oneida County. Besides an elaborate report on its own operations, the league is now sending out the recommendations of the standing committee appointed at the last convention of the Highway Supervisors convention. This is a really able document, containing many excellent suggestions, and well calculated to convince all readers, as it says, that the improvement of our State highways is not a fad in the interest of the users of light vehicles, but a question of the greatest commercial importance, affecting the transportation of the farm products of the State, and of as much importance to the cheapening of transportation on railroads controlled by corporations, or interests of the State of New York as the cheapening of transportation on the State canals. Especial attention is deserved by the paragraphs devoted to the rapidity with which narrow tires on heavily loaded vehicles will destroy even the best of roads, to the need of sign posts, and to the best ways of raising money for creating a system of highways worthy of the Empire State. The activities of this Oneida County Good Roads League are all highly commendable. It is beyond question that money spent intelligently on roads brings in a larger return to a greater number of people than almost any other investment of public funds, and is a form of taxation which ought to be much more popular than it is.—New York Times.

### England and France.

Two hundred years ago England had the worst roads in the world, because the peasantry living on the roads alone were required to work them. In speaking of them, Macauley says, "That a route connecting two great towns which have a large and flourishing trade with each other should be maintained at the cost of the rural population scattered between them is manifestly unjust. It was not until many toll bars have been violently pulled down, until the troops had in many instances been forced to act against the people and until much blood had been shed that a good system had been introduced." Every class now contributes to the maintenance of the road system in England.

The French have probably the most efficient laws and regulations in the world for the building and repairing of highways. The Minister of Public Works has the general superintendence of all roads and ways by land and by water. There are four classes of roads recognized by law—namely (1) national, (2) department, (3) military and (4) cross roads. National roads are built and kept up by the national treasury. Departmental roads are a charge upon the departments through which they pass, and part of the military roads are kept up by the government and a part by the departments through which the roads pass.

The cross roads are kept up by the communes, though sometimes in thinly populated regions these communes receive assistance from the government, especially when these roads become of importance.

The national roads are paved like a street, having an average width of fifty-two and one-half feet. The departmental roads are thirty-nine feet wide, and the military and cross roads are of variable width. Piles of broken stone are placed at convenient distances, and a man is constantly employed in repairing each section.

### Farmers Like Oil-Covered Roads.

The work of oiling the roads is taking right along with farmers and people who come to Augusta from the country. Nearly the whole of last week was spent by the gang assigned to this work and the apparatus in treating the Wrightsboro road to this new bath. The first experiment was made several weeks ago by Judge Eve at the stockade, but he thought the experiment had not been given a proper test when under shelter, and decided as soon as practicable to get on the road in open with the oil. The experiment at the stockade was such a success that the Grand Jury recommended the use of the oil on the roads, and the Wrightsboro thoroughfare was selected as the first to be given the treatment. Several farmers coming into the city to-day over that portion already covered say the travel has been greatly improved. They notice at once the absence of the dust usual on a dry, hot day as this, and say their horses seem to really enjoy traveling over it. Where the sun strikes the work the oil percolates with surprising rapidity, and in a couple of days the road is in good condition for traveling. After the bath

the surface is left with a kind of spongy covering, yet of a nature into which the tires of the vehicles do not sink or cut as might be expected. The experiment period is practically over now, and the new material will be used on the road improvement throughout the county this year.—Augusta (Ga.) Herald.

### CONNECTICUT'S BLIND MILLER.

Novel System by Which He Weighs Grain and Feed Which He Sells.

Hugh Lee, sealer of weights and measures, a few days ago, in his tour of inspection, stumbled on to one of the most remarkable business men in Connecticut, D. F. Dickerman, who owns the grist mill on the Westfield road, formerly belonging to W. H. Baldwin, which he conducts in a very successful manner. He is blind, but he has been at the mill so long that he knows every plank in the building, and without assistance is able to grind the grist of the farmers, as well as sell grain and feed to others.

One of the most interesting portions of his work is the weighing of the grain and feed which he sells. He has devised a system whereby he can weigh out any quantity with accuracy. He has a number of little sticks, which are cut just the length to mark off on the arm of the scale the different weights. By selecting his fifty-pound stick, which he can pick out by feeling its length, he places it against the end of the arm of the scale, and then moves the pendant up until it reaches the other end of the stick.

He has sticks ranging from five to fifty pounds, and if he wanted to weigh eighty pounds he would take his twenty-pound stick and place it at the opposite end of the arm, which is graduated for 100 pounds. After setting the scale to weigh what he wants he puts his goods on the platform, and by putting his hand lightly over the arm is able to tell when the scales balance, and thus he weighs accurately any amount he desires.

All the different grains are kept in separate bins, and he knows where to find every article in his place. He handily waits on the farmers who drive up to the front door to buy feed for their stock. In operating the machinery of the mill he is just as methodical as clockwork, and any one watching him would never dream that he could not see.—New York Sun.

### WORDS OF WISDOM.

To bury a truth is to raise a lie.

Every moral inheritance is entailed. Regeneration does more than reform. Moral exercise makes moral athletes. Hard living does not make easy dying.

All great work consists of small deeds. Blessings come in service as well as after it.

Men are either moulders or are moulded.

The heart makes a good engine, but a poor rudder.

Growing and giving are the best evidences of living.

Sponges gather easily, but they are quickly wrung dry.

Yesterday's success may be the secret of to-day's failure.

It is better to be saved in a storm than drowned in a calm.

The edifice of character cannot be built without an architect.

The first effect of knowledge is the consciousness of ignorance.—Ran's Horn.

### British vs. Yankee Boys.

A stout Englishwoman said the other day that in her opinion the American climate is "better for boys" than that of her native island.

"My first two boys were born in Yorkshire," she said, "and my younger three were born in Massachusetts and Ohio. Well, these three fellows are way ahead of their British brothers. They have more brains and they're quicker to catch on to things."

Her husband agreed with her so far as the intellectual superiority of his American boys was concerned. He added, however, that the blessing was not an unmixed one.

"The American boy has more cheek," he said. "He talks too much and thinks little of his father. My English boys, when they were boys, used to look up to their pop. They thought me the cleverest and bravest man on earth. That isn't what my Yankee lads think of me. They obey me all right enough, but there is something in their eye all the time which makes me feel as if they set me down for a foreign old fool. They're too proud of their country, and everything that isn't American seems small and funny to them."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

### Crowns by Wholesale.

They did many things better in the old world than in the new. Coronation processions was one of them. It is told of one of the ancient kings of Egypt that his coronation procession occupied a whole day in passing through the city of Alexandria, and that 3200 crowns of gold were carried by the servants. One crown was three feet in height and twenty-four feet in circumference. There were also carried in the processions sixty-four suits of golden armor, two boots of gold four and a half feet in length, twelve golden basins, ten large vases of perfumes for the baths, twelve ewers, fifty dishes and a large number of tables—all of gold. Twenty-three of 3200 crowns were valued at \$334,400 and it is not surprising that the procession was guarded by 30,000 soldiers.—St. James's Gazette.

The cost of lighting and buoying the United States coast is \$250 a year for each mile.



### AN EMERGENCY WOMAN.

A Gentlewoman With Sense Who Introduces a New Vocation.

"Several years ago I was left in a position that necessitated my making money," said a woman to a Chicago Inter-Ocean reporter. "I had no special, no training for self-support. I was a gentlewoman with common sense and good judgment. I knew a good deal about housekeeping and its problems, as every conscientious woman who has had a home of her own does, but I was not willing to take regular employment in domestic service. At first I tried to find a place as companion or secretary, but such places were scarce and I hadn't the training for them."

"In the meantime I helped several of my acquaintances through times of domestic storm and stress, and, though I hated it, allowed them to pay me. A wealthy woman who knew of me through a family connection was called to a sick husband in Southern California. She had small children and no one save the ordinary nurses to leave them with. It occurred to her that I might be willing to take charge of the house and family and she sent for me in a great rush. I went and stayed for three weeks. They paid me royally."

"It was while I had charge of that home that I thought of making emergency work my profession, and the more I thought of it, the more the plan opened out and the more possibilities it presented. I talked the scheme over with a number of women who could be depended upon to give me employment and tell others about me. They all agreed that there was need of such services, and that they, personally, would be glad to know of some one to whom they could turn in any domestic complication."

"I put my pride in my pocket and was willing to help with anything from tiding a woman through a sudden loss of servants to superintending housecleaning or running a wedding. Of course there are always caterers to be found, but unless one employs the best, pays a big sum and goes in for an elaborate affair, the caterer doesn't always fill the requirement. Ordinary entertainments need what I've heard servants call 'the lady touch.' A woman of refinement and good breeding knows how to do things in a fashion that is quite distinct from the ordinary caterer's methods. She understands china and linen, too. She has a knack with flowers. She knows exactly how to make a room all that is comfortable for an unexpected guest."

"Illness gives rise to a number of calls for me, though I'm no trained nurse. I'm a fairly good nurse as amateur nurses go, but my work is more often outside of the sickroom than in it, taking charge of the house, the children, and attending to outside matters. Very often I've taken invalids away when there was no member of the family who could go, and the person was not ill enough to need a trained nurse. In the families where I have obtained a hold and where they know me well, they have learned to depend upon me and would rather have me at hand than a strange professional, even if they have to pay me as much or more than they have to pay to the professional."

"I've helped a great many young brides through the first domestic reefs and shoals. In most cases they have been the daughters of families where I have been called in, and so they have grown used to thinking of me as a help in time of trouble. "It isn't a very imposing profession, is it? I'll never make a fortune at it, and I know some of my friends look upon the work as menial, but I had no one talent, and I needed money."

### An Anecdote of George Eliot.

When George Eliot was still Miss Evans, and before she had begun to write novels, she used to frequent an old book shop on the Strand, where she left a very unfavorable impression on one young man who was at that time an assistant in John Chapman's shop. His description of her is that of a remarkably ugly young woman of universal knowledge, whose delight it was to use the Socratic method in conversation, but without the Socratic benevolence of intention. The result was that the young men at the dining table (the shop had a boarding house for its employes and guests) who heedlessly hazarded an opinion were very soon made to feel not only that they knew nothing of the subject under discussion, but that they knew very little indeed of anything. Now a young man does not relish being badgered and made a fool of by a pretty woman, but it is intolerable to be sat upon by an ugly one, at least such was the feeling of our informant, and one consequence of this treatment was that in after years, when Miss Evans had become George Eliot, one man could never persuade himself to read Adam Bede, or to admit that the author was other than a very intolerant person and an intolerable intellectual prig.—Harper's Weekly.

### Mme. Humbert's Jewels.

In Paris the curious are thronging to see the jewels of Mme. Humbert, which have been placed on exhibition, and by their splendor adorn the tale of how a clever woman fooled a nation, if they do not point a very obvious moral. To be sure, Madame now is a fugitive and is separated from her jewels, but she had them and enjoyed them for many a day. There are in the collection two magnificent dog collars of pearls, one with fifteen rows and the other with six. She was fond of novelties, and had an ape with a magic lantern in an enameled brooch, cocks in diamonds, swallows and parrots in brilliants, a horse, a dog jumping through a hoop, a house and a rabbit in gold, set with brilliants. An ornament for the hair represented a horn of plenty, and a dog collar of unusual design had gold scarabs set between pearls. Even more impressive than the jewels is the collection of silver. From old churches crosses, ewers and basins have been collected. Dishes and wine coolers made for the doges of Venice, old pitchers, jugs, cups and basins from the tables of royalty and nobility form part of the collection. It is a sight which Parisians are enjoying to the utmost.—New York Press.

### Modish Jewelry.

Marquise rings are the thing for the little finger.

The beauty of pearls is as much appreciated as ever.

Our native pearls are called sweet fresh water pearls.

They must not be pined, however. One lone, seal-shaped stone (called navette), surrounded by brilliants, is the proper thing.

Chrysochase (light, rich, green cabochons) is one of the favorite semi-precious stones.

Another softer green stone also in favor is jade. The imperial jade comes from China, or rather it doesn't, because it all goes to the crown now. They simply won't hear of selling this pretty green stuff.

A fashionable jeweler offers a sixty-eight-inch rope, pearl necklace, containing 20,000 pearls, for \$1000.

Such a necklace is finished with tassels and is knotted in a variety of ways.—Philadelphia Record.

### Subtle Changes in Styles.

To the casual observer the styles of this year are very different from those which obtained favor last year. But change in fashion is always subtle; we never really rush from one distinct mode into another, and one may realize this by recalling how gradually we discarded the puffed sleeves, adopted those that were tight fitting, and again discarded these in favor of the bell sleeve, which at present absorbs our attention to the exclusion of all others, says the Delineator. And it should be noted that although this sleeve is adopted by the multitude it is by no means becoming to every woman; indeed, if she be stout and short it will add noticeably to the rotundity of her outlines. However, a fashion of this kind gives an opportunity for many fanciful designs in the way of undersleeves and lace trimmings, while it always has the advantage of supreme comfort, provided it be not too exaggerated.

### To Hold Up a Cent.

A modiste gave this general direction for raising the long coat: "Take a big handful in the very centre of the back of the skirt and lift it and the skirt all together. It wrinkles the coat inevitably, but there is no other way."

### A Trim Little Watch Fob.

A trim little watch fob is formed of soft bands of leather, the lower edge cut in an inverted point, and the other turned over about it and finished with a ping-pong racket in mother-of-pearl set in a frame of gold.



For extremists in fashionable follies are shoes with aluminium heels in Louis XV. style.

Ping-pong shirt waist sets have a small pearl representing a ball, set on a tiny gilt racket.

White embroidered batiste gowns, having an interlining of chiffon, are very dainty and soft in effect.

A crown of bright green, a brim of white and a binding of green is the startling combination of a broad felt hat.

Pretty inexpensive muslins are woven in ribbon stripes with a floral pattern in delicate colors scattered over a white ground.

The swell thing in parasol and umbrella handles is the new burnished or golden copper combined with silver in artistic designs.

Silver belt buckles, which look like pieces of old iron roughly cut, are charming when made with dark blue opaque or green translucent stones.

White felt hats, which are pretty if not as altogether as attractive as those with hand-painted white kid bands have narrow flowered ribbons around them.

Among the light silk gowns it is noticeable that the skirts are cut in seven and nine gores. The seams are usually invisible, being disguised under fagot stitching or insertings of lace.

A gown of dark blue taffeta had the entire blouse laid in horizontal tucks, stitched with white. The sleeves in bishop style were also tucked, flaring full above the cuff. The skirt is tucked to the flounce.

Magney belts made by the natives of Porto Rico are worn by young girls. The belts are narrow, and come in the natural color of the straw-like fibre. They tie in front with tiny ropes held firmly by a clever adjustment of sailor's knots.