A DREAMER OF DREAMS.

I am content; I do not care
How wags the world, how the hours fly;
And there's joy enough in my humble lot,
For a dreamer of dreams am I.

I have no wealth to be counted o'er,
No land, no gold; all have passed me by;
And I care not for fortune's favor or frown,
For a dreamer of dreams am I.

The pomp of others, their foolish pride,
Can force from me no envious sigh;
I laugh at their petty ambitions and aims,
For a dreamer of dreams am I.

In rustling leaf, in nodding flower,
In lyric of bird and in gleam of sky
I find all the wealth and the glory of earth,
For a dreamer of dreams am I.

—Anna J. Roberts, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

Breaking the Air-Pipe.

ALBERT W. TOLMAN.

Phil Carswell, chunky and curly-headed, was heaving anthracite from his "firing deck" through the double doors of the camelback "1040." In the right half of the cab forward of the firebox sat Engineer Dan Thorn, hand on throttle, eyes on the rails ahead.

Dan had the biggest shoulders of any B. and D. engineer. And strong! Phil knew.

One dark night eight years before, a freckle-faced boy, who thought himself a practical joker, had stretched two wires across a sidewalk, ankle high and twenty feet apart. Then he had hidden. Dan, hurrying home, tired and cross after a hot day, had fallen over the first wire. He came up, muttering wrathfully. Freckle-face was not after such big game. He ran, forgetting the second wire, and fell over it himself. Before he could rise Dan had him. That was why Paul had never set any more wires for Dan or anybody else.

Well, well, what will not time do! Here he was, lodge brother to Dan, and firing on his very engine. Oddest of all Dan had not recognized him. Perhaps it was not so very odd, either, for Dan had given the licking, not received it. But Phil bore no malice. Some time, possibly after he got his own engine, he would ask if Dan remembered the boy whose jacket he had dusted. But that would keep. Meanwhile Phil shoveled coal and admired the big shoulders.

Behind old "1040" rumbled the long convention special, packed with Sir Knights bound to their annual assembly. Every man aboard, including the entire picked crew, belonged to the order. It was the train that day. Phil had just taken his third degree. He felt proud to "fire" this trip.

The special slowed down. Phil saw a red signal at Worumbo flag station.

"Wonder what Pike's got up his sleeve for us now?" he grumbled under his breath. He did not like stopping on the up grade with ten heavy cars.

He saw Dan reach down and snatch a yellow telegram from the agent. Then they put on speed again.

Phil shoveled hard a minute. Then he went along the running board to see what Dan had. Orders were that engineers must acquaint their firemen with any message.

Dan sat silent, reading the track. He passed Phil the blank. It spelled out:

"Run slow. Wreck near station. Fisher."

Phil walked back without a word. A hundred dusty miles of the hot June day had wearied him. He was glad the terminal lay just ahead, and that no more coal would be needed on the easy down grade.

He was about to start for his own seat on the left of the cab when above the roar of the wheels rose a sudden shout:

"Hey, Phil!"

Out he leaned to see what Dan wanted.

Bn-n-ng! rang an explosion, like the report of a shotgun. So quickly that the sound seemed almost continuous, followed the crash of rending metal. A glittering steel bar, rising from below, shattered the cast iron running board and tore through the cab. The air hummed with ragged fragments. Involuntarily the fireman started back to avoid the deadly shower hurtling down the side of the engine.

Too late! A terrible pain smote his right temple; a burst of forked red flame died into utter blackness, and he dropped unconscious on the sloping coal in the tender.

* * * * * * * *

Phil woke, as one might wake from ether with the surgeons still at work on his head. Great blinding throbs of pain went over him, as he lay numbly, eyes shut, trying to puzzle it out.

Why was he lying there with that specially hard lump of coal under his neck? Something must have struck his head. His knee, too—how it twinged? He tried to rise, but fell back, sick and dizzy, everything awhirl round him.

What was that thumping and clanging, as if somebody were battering a pile of old junk with a crowbar? What made the engine jump so?

An accident? Yes. That sharp report meant that a crank-pin had sheered off. Now Phil understoood it. The parallel rod, thrown loose, was pounding the ties and smashing up through the cab with every revolution of the drivers.

But Dan! Was he living or dead? Thrashed by that awful steel bar, how had he any chance! And there was the camel-back driverless, racing wild down-hill at sixty miles an hour, with three hundred unsuspecting passengers behind, and ahead a network of yard-tracks and a crowded station.

It was enough to make a man's hair rise. Phil's did. Eyes still shut, he shouted:

"Dan! Dan!"

No reply; only the hammering of steel. Again he called; again no answer.

With an immense effort Phil sat up. What was the matter with him? He saw double. Two fire-boxes and four doors wavered dizzily before him. He pressed his fingers on his temple to ease the stabbing pain, and took away two right hands covered with blood. The shock of the iron fragment had affected his optic nerve.

Fortunately, his brain was clear. He rose unsteadily. He must find out what had happened to Dan. But this seeing in duplicate bothered him. He reached toward what he thought was the real hand-rail, and came near pitching off head first. The next time he got it, dragged himself painfully forward, and looked along the flank of the engine.

The worst had happened. The bottom of the cab had been torn away. Its top hung on the boiler, a twisted, battered wreck, and flung under it lay a blue-clad body, with one leg swinging loosely near the whirling steel flail. Even as he looked, the knee bent slightly, and a groan reached his ears. Dan was still alive, but fearfully hurt. Phil saw that the forward end of the running-board had been smashed to flinders, and realized that it was one of the fragments that had struck his head.

But he had no time to think of himself. The first thing to do was to stop the train. That came ahead even of succor to the engineer. Indeed, it was the quickest way to aid Dan. The fireman could not help him so long as the parellel rod was flying loose. Every time that rod came down, it gouged the road-bed and ties; every time it came up, it hit the cab. It would be a miracle if Dan got out alive.

A culvert whirred beneath. Derby Brook! Only two and a half miles to the station. That meant a little over two minutes.

The throttle, reversing lever and air-brakes were on Dan's side of the cab, so it was not of any use to think of them. Perhaps Dan had shut off the steam anyway before he was disabled. But the momentum of the heavy train rushing along the steady down grade would be sufficient to carry it to destruction, even if the whirling connecting rod did not lift and throw the locomotive from the track. Something must be done. Phil decided to break the connection of the air-pipe, swinging under his feet between engine and tender. To do it he must get down on the step.

A spur-track flashed by—Morrison's Siding. A half-mile gone.

Phil reached carefully for the rail, and swung down on the left step, until he could peer underneath the tender. The dusky space above the rushing ties seemed full of pipes, their connections well in toward the centre. Holding on with his left hand, he stretched his right over the hose toward them. His reach fell short by several inches.

Round a curve they whirled, and Phil almost went off backward. Their speed was terrific, not a mile under sixty-five an hour. Scattered houses flitted by. They were entering the outskirts of the city.

The fireman realized that to break the connection he must climb practically under the tender, at that high speed a difficult and dangeroous task even for an uninjured man. How could he do it with his dizzy head and double vision?

He thought of the three hundred men behind, ignorant of their peril. Twining his legs round the iron step, he started to push himself under the car.

A yell of alarm was whirled away behind him; he caught a sidewise glimpse of splintered wood and twisted framework. That was the wreck! Lucky they had been able to get the track clear before the train went by.

He pushed out one hand tentatively toward what looked to be the framework of the forward trucks, but touched nothing. Down he lurched. With a strong effort, he drew himself back from the road-bed spinning away so fast under his face, and tried again.

This time he touched solid iron.

From the ties flashing beneath, the dust rushed up into his face in a hot whirlwind. It blinded his eyes, it choked his mouth with grit. Coal-dust sifted on him from above. For a second he steadied himself, his hand on the hot iron, his body quivering jelly-like from the jar of the thundering wheels. Suddenly the air cleared. The road-bed grew blacker. A strong smell of sun-warmed kerosene rose to his nostrils. Already they were in the railroad yard, rock-ballasted and sprinkled with oil. The station was less than half a mile ahead.

Phil clutched at a swinging connection, and again his fingers came together without anything between them. It was maddening.

It was such a little thing to do, such a simple thing; only the pulling apart of a pipe-joint would bring those rumbling cars and that wild engine, running amuck, like a crazy living thing, to a dead stop. It was a thing he could do with one hand, almost with one finger, if he got hold right.

He made a second clutch at the bulging joint, and missed again. He could not afford another mistake. The next time his fingers hooked round a joint, and he pulled up to break it; but it would not give way.

The fireman had a vision of what would happen in a few seconds more. He saw the engine sweep through the barrier and flimsy fence, and hurl itself like a battering-ram against the granite walls of the waiting-room. He saw the cars piling against it and toppling over on each side. He heard shrieks, groans, the hiss and roar of steam.

He gave a strong, sudden jerk, and the pipe snapped apart.

Phil had not time or strength to get out. The best he could do was to hang there, praying that the brakes might hold. If the engine struck anything he would be mashed to pulp or ground under the wheels.

Far back to the very end of the train he heard a shrieking, a grinding, as the brakes caught at the spinning wheels, hung to them, dragged at them. Would they hold in time? He had done all he could.

A shadow fell over him. The hot blast from beneath suddenly stopped, and the camel-back roared under the roof of the long train-shed. The blare of a band mingled with the rumble of the wheels. Beyond the pipes he saw a commandery drawn up on parade; he caught flitting glimpses of white gloves, swords and gold-laced uniforms. The music ceased; cries, alarmed, warning, filled the air. He stiffened himself for the final tremendous shock.

The train stoped with a last squeal of brakes.

He tumbled off and glanced forward. An innumerable throng with countless hands outstretched was rushing toward him, but before it closed round him he saw two "1040s" with their noses almost touching the double barrier at the end of the rails.

Careful hands disentangled Dan from his battered cab, and an ambulance hurried him to the hospital. One leg and several ribs were broken, and he was fearfully mauled, but his strong constitution pulled him through all right.

Phil did not get to work again for six weeks. It took him that time to recover his normal eyesight. When he did go back, he had an engine of his own. The first time he saw Dan after that he mentioned the freckle-faced boy and the wire, and found that Dan remembered.—Youth's Companion.

Cleanliness of Ants.

No creature is more tidy than an ant, who cannot tolerate the presence of dirt on her body. These little creatures actually use a number of real toilet articles in keeping themselves clean. A well-known authority says their toilet articles consist of coarse and fine toothed combs, hair brushes, sponges and even washes and soap. Their saliva is their liquid soap, and their soft tongues are their sponges. Their combs, however, are the genuine article and differ from ours mainly in that they are fastened to their legs. The ants have no set time for their toilet operations, but stop and clean up whenever they get soiled.—St. Nicholas.

Telephone Nerve.

"Telephone nerve" is a new complaint. Those who run in to a neighbor's to call up somebody without expense are the real cases, though the directory don't include them.—Boston Herald.

On an Old English Jug is Inscribed:

Life is an inn. Think,
Man, this truth upon.
Some only break fast
And are quickly gone.
Others to dinner stay
And are full fed.
The oldest man but sups
And goes to bed.
Large is his debt who
Lingers out the day;
Who goes the soonest
Has the least to pay.

Household Affairs

RAINY DAY SKIRT.

This is a very good suggestion for keeping overskirt out of the wet on a rainy day. It will be found a great convenience. Buy a piece of broad black elastic, a yard. Form it into a circle large enough to fit the hips. A hook and eye on both ends will be perhaps better than sewing the elastic into a circle. On a wet day put this circle of elastic about the hips over the outside skirt, then pull up the skirts evenly till around the elastic and above it. This will lift the skirt from the ground. A coat may then be slipped on, when the elastic will never show. The skirt will stay up, which will be found a great relief from holding it. You will also do away with crushing the skirt by holding it in your hand.—Newark Call.

TIDINGS FOR A GIRL.

Tidings of great joy for the girl who lives in a furnished rooom or a boarding house and has to pay gilt edged prices for her laundry are the announcements of crepe underwear on sale in the shops. Nightgowns and chemises are made of this delicate, shimmery white cotton crepe, and with their trimmings of lace they are exceedingly pretty. But the best thing about them is that they needn't be ironed. The woman who is traveling, for instance, can wash one of these garments out in the bowl in her hotel room, suspend it on a "hanger" from the gas jet to dry—being careful to pull it gently into shape—and in a few hours there it is, nicely laundered and ready to wear.—Newark Call.

TO CLEAN VEILS.

Referring to the fashionable white veils, perhaps some of you may like to have a few hints as to how they may be cleaned at home, for the process is by no means difficult. Put a good-sized piece of soap in a basin of boiling water and make a thick lather. Have the lace rolled around a bottle or glass plaque, and put this into the suds. Let it soak for half an hour at least; if very much soiled, the lace may be left in a great deal longer. Then put it into a fresh hot lather, and afterwards rinse it thoroughly in cold water. When the veil is spotless spread it out to dry on a clean cloth, pulling it gently into shape. When dry, stiffen it by dipping into a little gum water (half an ounce of gum arabic to a quart of water), then press it while still damp, having pulled it out nicely each way to keep it in the right shape.—Paris Fashions.

TASTE IN HALL DECORATING.

In choosing the color for a hall, says Lucy Abbot Throop, in the current Woman's Home Companion, the amount of light in it must be taken into account as well as the size. If it is bright and sunny, darker and richer effects may be used even if it is fairly small, but it must be remembered that dark colors absorb artificial as well as natural light. Choose a light, warm, general tone and have all the rooms opening from the hall form a harmonious color scheme.

When the woodwork is white, a gray landscape paper above the wainscoting and a plain gray blue stair carpet and rug of Oriental design in blues and browns will make a most charming hall. A mirror in a dull gold frame, with a small mahogany table and two mahogany chairs of Colonial design, will probably be all the furniture it is possible to use. At the rear of the hall have a screen to conceal the hat-tree or the hooks used for the coats, and also put the umbrella rack behind it.

If the hall is so small that a table and chairs are out of the question, it is a good plan to have a chest instead. This can be made useful in many ways, and will serve as a table for the maid's card tray and as a seat for the waiting messenger boy.

Tomato Toast—Take fresh or canned tomatoes. Stew them and season with sugar, salt, cayenne pepper and cream. Thicken slightly with a little flour stirred to a paste with a small portion of the cream. Toast slices of bread, spread with butter, spread on the tomato while hot and serve at once.

Branbury Tarts—One egg, one cup sugar. Beat slowly. Add one rolled cracker, one cup raisins, one cup currants (chopped fine), one teaspoon cream, one-half teaspoon extract of lemon, butter size of thimble. Beat until soft. Spread between flaky paste crust and bake. When baked cut into squares while hot.

Ginger Apples—About five pounds of tart apples; pare, core and cut the apples into squares; five pounds light brown sugar, two lemons sliced thin, six ounces of preserved ginger root cut in slices; first put the sugar in a kettle with one cupful cold water and let melt; then skim after boiling up until clear; then put in the apples, one-half teaspoon salt, lemons, ginger and boil until the apples look clear and rich; then put into glass jars, the same as any fruit; serve with meats.

For and About Women

THE TALKATIVE GIRL.

The popularity of the talkative girl is a most curious sign of the times, for she is quite a modern product and would have horrified our mid-Victorian forebears, who did not think it at all "nice" for young ladies to talk much.—The World and His Wife.

MRS. SAGE GIVES $500,000.

The Rev. W. I. Haven, one of the secretaries of the American Bible Society, is authority for the statement that $500,000 has been raised and is virtually as good as paid to the association. This will meet the demands made by Mrs. Russell Sage, who agreed to endow the society's work with a $500,000 contribution provided the Methodists and other denominations interested in distributing the Bible throughout the world would raise $500,000. Haven says Mrs. Sage has sent her check for $500,000 to the secretary.

LEGACY OF PILLOWS.

"See what a haul I've made," and the bachelor maid surveyed her divan with an exulting eye.

"Eight new pillows—and real downy down, too! Where in the world did you get them?" asked the girl friend enviously. "Real down is so horribly expensive."

"Well, you know my brother is to married this week. He is giving up his den, of course, and these pillows are the gifts of different girls whom he admired or flirted with, or was engaged to during his bachelor career. His intended is rather of a jealous disposition, and Bob says frankly he'd have to explain away every one of those pillows if he took them to the new home. 'It's easier to cut loose from the lot than to say where I got them and answer questions,' he told me last night in confidence, 'so the whole bunch is yours, sis, with my blessing.'"—New York Press.

Our Cut-out Recipe. Paste in Your Scrap-Book.

Grapefruit and Green Pepper Salad.—Wash the green peppers and remove all the seeds. Cut in strips and cover with cold water, adding salt. Allow this to stand at least one hour. Peel the grapefruit, remove the seeds and all white pith and cut up the fruit in small squares. Drain the peppers, add them to the grapefruit, pour over all a mayonnaise or French dressing and arrange on a bed of lettuce leaves.

MAKING RAIN-SHEDDERS COSTLY

"It's the umbrella," said a woman, "that uninspiring object of black silk" ("if it is silk," she interposed sadly) "that is giving the jewelers an excuse for slashing deeply into your pocketbook, dear, and mine." She was right partly—and, after all, to me partly right is a pretty good state for an argumentative woman. There are many innovations in umbrella handles in the shops. One handle shown yesterday contained a jeweled pencil, a purse, a handkerchief and a powder puff. "Why," said the woman, "these things are likely to put the old 'variety bag' out of business." One shop in town has passed along to a maker an order for an umbrella of mulberry colored silk with a novel top. At first glance the top looks like a conventional knob of mother-of-pearl and gold, but on touching a tiny amethyst on one side a secret spring lets the knob fly back and there is disclosed a miniature of the owner's baby, surrounded by amethysts and pearls.—New York Press.

CORRECT LENGTHS OF SKIRTS.

The lengths of walking skirts do not vary. They are all sufficiently short to escape the ground, which may mean from one inch to ankle length, according to the build and age of the wearer. A young woman may, if she pleases, cut her skirt shorter than a woman of more mature age, and a stout woman should always wear them longer than one who is slender. The later type may wear skirts long, too, if she wishes, but the stout or short matron cannot afford to cut her skirt short if she wishes to look her best.

Thus the question of the length of skirts for general wear is easily disposed of, but for the more important gowns for afternoon, house and evening the matter of deciding is more difficult owing to the narrow width of the skirts.

All the skirts for formal and evening wear are cut long, yet so narrow that little train is visible. In order to give evidence of a train the dresses are cut long in front and at the sides, and only a trifle longer in the back. Even then, as the wearer walks, the material winds itself about the feet until the gown actually seems to be the same length all the way around.

Incidentally, to walk gracefully in one of the new skirts is a difficult feat. Managed correctly, a skirt of this style is an aid to height, because the front is long from the belt downward. Thus the new style of cutting the skirt long all the way around is in one way an improvement over the trained skirt formerly worn, in that it is more generally becoming, now that the fashionable figure is supposed to be tall, and the majority of women are only of medium height or short.

To prove this becomingness let any woman put on the old style trained skirt, the length just touching the ground in front and the back spreading upon the floor, and view herself in a long mirror.

Then let her take the train and bring it to the front in a winding effect and she will see how much the change adds to her height. This, then, is the general effect of the new trained skirt intended for evening, dinner and formal day use.

Handsome cloth suits in light weights are made with short trains, and so are the shantungs and rajahs when a tailored effect is not desired. There is no lining, interlining or facing on the bottom of such skirts. No other finish but a deep hem is correct. Consequently there is no chance for the train to spread. It simply must fall in, for there is nothing to keep it out, not even a ruffle.

Any trimming on the skirt comes at least a foot above the lower edge, either applied directly on the skirt or as a finish to a tunic or overskirt effect.

A favored fashion is to tie the skirt down by wide crushed ribbon (the shade of the gown), passed through slits cut at flounce depth, the ribbons tied in large bows, the ends falling over the train, and when the material is thin, as marquisette and similar fabrics, I have seen good effects from setting in a group of wide tucks above the deep hem.

The fine cloths, however, and the silks are without trimming.

Skirts of house gowns are cut in what is known as the round length—that is, they are made to lie down on the floor about an inch or so on the front and sides, but are longer in the back. This is a graceful length and will prove generally becoming.

As many of the new house gowns are made with deep hems and underskirt effects in a solid color, it is well to have the skirts as long in the front as comfort will allow in order to preserve the height of the wearer, for nothing cuts the length of the figure more than horizontal lines between the belt and hem.

The fashion of holding down the train in the back with a long motif just above the feet is awkward, but it is novel, and so, I suppose, women will want to try it. Only slender types should attempt it, for, given a certain twist, the woman of average build will surely appear top heavy. The more conventional lines will be a happier choice.—Elizabeth Lee, in the New York Telegram.

This season one finds entire coats and wraps of cretonne.

The elastic belts in different widths are more popular than ever.

Coarse Russian braid is used a great deal for trimming coats and capes.

The chantecler is found embroidered on the instep of the latest silk hosiery.

The tiniest of roses are used for trimming caps of muslin or lace for the baby.

A box pleated quilling of net is the finish at the wrist of a pretty sleeve seen recently.

Ribs of brass as well as of gilt and white enamel are seen in some of the sunshades.

Separate blouses of black net with lace insertion are worn over an under blouse of white.

Very attractive, indeed, are the coats of woolen poplin. While white is the favorite color, the material may be obtained in a wide range of colors.

The Scotch plaid ginghams were never more attractive than this year. For children's frocks and for gowns for the girl in her teens they are unsurpassed.

Hosiery matches one's bathing suit in color. Either the white or black slippers or shoes are worn. If the suit is trimmed with black, that is the color of footwear selected.

Many of the new coats have the fronts cut without a break at the waist line; the back, however, is fulled a trifle at the waist line and pulled into a satin or leather belt.

A band of insertion or embroidery or a stitched band of the material of the dress is a neat finish to the square collarless neck of a wash dress, whether of gingham, chambray or linen.

Among other trifles of dress that have gained in importance since the opening of the season is the sash. Special ribbons in weaves as soft as chiffon have been brought out for these sashes.

Some of the most stunning clasps for evening coats are made of large cameos. Cameos are used, too, for giving smart touches to evening gowns, serving to hold the drapery of either waist or skirt.

Chinese, Japanese and Roumanian embroidery appears on many of the linen and silk costumes in the patches of color that bring into distinctive evidence the influence of the East and the importance of hand embroidery.