#### DREAMING AND DOING.

Dreaming is pleasant, I know, my boy; Dreaming is pleasant, I know, To dream of that wonderful far off day When you'll be a man and have only to

To this one and that one, do that and do While your wishes fulfilment never shall

May fill you with pleasure; but deeper the Of doing a thing yourself my boy-Of doing a thing yourself.

Decoming is pleasant. I know, my strit Dreaming is pleasant, I know,
To dream of that far off wonderful day
When you'll be a queen and hold full sway

Over hearts that are loyal and kind and While your sweet "If you please" will

mean "you must!"
May fill you with joy; but you'll find pleas-

ure's pearl In doing for others yourself, my girl-la doing for others yourself.

### A SUBSTITUTE.

The mistress of the old Manor House of the Dale sat in her private sanctum with a frown upon her still good looking face. From time to time she glanend at the tiny enameled clock upon her daintily appointed writing table and seemed impatient of the slow movements of the hands. At last a sound of wheels crunching over the gravel struck her ear, and she went to the window with a sigh of relief, as her eyes fell upon a carriage driving up to the front of the house. A few mo-ments after the door of the room was flung open and a tall servant announc-

"Mr. Winchester, my lady—" Lady Riversdale advanced eagerly to

meet the new comer. "My dear Mr. Winchester! You are indeed welcome! I owe you the warmof thanks for answering my appeal for help and advice so promptly." poke in a full, pleasant voice that yet had a ring of authority in it, and, drawing forward a chair, reseated herself in the one she had previously occupied.

"I am always glad to be of service to you, as I hope you know," answered Mr. Winchester, as he took the seat offered him. "I guessed that something really serious and touching you very nearly was in question, and my thoughts turned to your son."

"You were right, though," answered Lady Riverdale. "It does concern him and this providential absence of his will give us time to make some plan for rescue out of the snare into which he has fallen and act upon it. But I had better tell you the whole story. Harold, who is, as you know, very fond of music, had a fancy some three months ago to study harmony thoroughly. Accordingly he found out a teacher who was much recommended to him, and began to take lessons twice a week. Now, as ill-luck would have it, there lodged in the same house with this man a girl who took lessons also, and whose hours were just before Harold's. My poor boy conceived a great admiration for this person, whom he, of course describes as a model of all the beauties and all the virtues, and the day before yesterday told me all this story, with many highly colored detalls which it is quite unnecessary to repeat, and capped it by announcing his intention of marrying this object of his admiration. He left yesterday morning, and the same train took my letter to you.

A smile stole into the grave lawyer's face for a moment as he answer-ed cheerily "Come come Lady Riversdale! You must not be so hopeless. I daresay this young lady, who, from all you say, seems to be winning her broad honestly, will not refuse to hear reason. I suppose Sir Harold has not proposed yet?"

Lady Riversdale gave a sort of little gasp as the lawyer pronounced the fateful word.

I am afraid he has," she said. "His words were, I shall try my luck again when I return,' and no girl in her would refuse a good looking young baronet who is master of himself and 8,000 a year besides. She is playupon his credulity, pretending to

be shy and coy! "Well," said the lawyer, "give me the address. The only thing I can do in to see her and find out how matters really stand and then decide how it will be

"Of course, of course," returned his anxious mother.

The next afternoon, about 3 o'clock, Frank Winchester stepped out of a hansom at the door of No. 6 Fern Terrace, Bayswater. It was a neat row of houses, and No. 6 was distinguished by very dainty lace curtains tied with blue ribbons. "What the deuce am I to say to the girl?" thought the lawyer to himself, as he rung the bell. "The house looks eminently respectable, and she is probably worth a dozen such empty headed young cubs as my honorclient. Is Miss Grant at home?" to the servant who answered his summons.

I believe so, sir. Will you walk in here," opening the dining room door, "Who shall I say it is?"

Winchester gave his name, and was left to himself for a few minutes. Then the door opened, and a small, slight girl entered the room. She had curly brown hair, gathered into a knot at the back of her head, and gray eyes with black lashes that had a sort of dancing light in them. At the present moment they were fixed with a good deal of curiosity upon her visitor, who had risen to receive her.

You asked for me, I think?" she began, in a well bred voice, which Winchester noticed at once.

"I did. You must allow me to introduce myself. My name is Winchester, and I am solicitor to the Riversdaies, of whom I believe you know

something. "We-that is, I-have heard on very good authority that the head of the family, Sir Harold Riversdale, bas been a frequent visitor here during the

last three months. Is it not so?"
"Perfectly!" said Miss Grant; demurely, while a mischevious look stole into her eyes. "He has been here twice a week regularly, sometimes oftener."

Then my information was correct. You will allow that it was but natural I should fancy he had some attraction. My young client has confessed to his mother his very strong admiration for yourself, and his intention of pro-

posing to you, and Lady Riversdale has other views for hed son

But Miss Grant merely turned a little sideways in her chair, and looked the lawyer full in the face, while her clasped hands lay idly in her lap. "And you are to buy me off? You are

By George! exclaimed Winchester, "you don't mean it? And you have accepted him?"

"Why, Mr.—Winchester, I think you said?—would not a girl earning her own living be made to refuse such an offer?" Unconsciously she used the same argument as Lady Riversdale.

"Did you give him a final answer? Confound it?" he thought, "I cannot offer her money openly. I would as soon offer it to Lady Riversdale her-

"And my feelings? Are they not to be counted in the balance?" "We should be sorry to think they were seriously engaged," answered the lawyer, "But time, and-and change

of scene-and-and so on-Miss Grant raised her solemn eyes to Winchester's, and looking at him straight, said, "Exactly what I told Sir Harold two days ago! I owe you an apology, Mr. Winchester, for playing with you so long," this with a rippling laugh, "but the situation was too funny, and your evident discomfort made it all the funnier. I have refused her

son's offer of mariage." You did? Then you tre a very remarkable young woman! And on what ground, may I ask?"

"I was not in love with him, that is all. Will you allow me to make amends by offering you a cup of tea? I know nursie would send us some di-

rectly."
A little more than a fortnight later Lady Riversdale again sat waiting for her man of business, who had at last announced a satisfactory termination to the delicate mission with which

he had been intrusted. "I am dying with curiosity," were the words which greeted his appear-"Your letters have been worse than nothing—they hinted at so much. How have you managed to arrange matters? Did you buy the girl off?" "Not at all. She is quite a lady. I found a substitute."

'A substitute? It seems to me that a substitute for my son would not be

easily found. "One would think so. Yet Miss Grant hesitated but little, and her new ad-mirer managed to find her heart and touch it in a wonderfully short space of time.

"That is at her own risk and peril," said Lady Riversdale. "Will you beg this volatile young lady to accept my sincere good wishes and say I shall have the pleasure of sending her a wedding present. And it shall be a handsome one, in gratitude for the danger averted. What is her name?"

"Maud Grant," answered the lawyer. "And the bridegroom's?" "Frank Winchester," said the gen-

tleman, quietly. "What!" exclaimed Lady Riversdale, scarcely believing her own ears. "Are you in your senses?"

"I firmly believe I never was so fully possessed of them as when I allowed myself to fall head over ears in love with Maud, like a boy of twenty, almost at first sight. But how she came to give herself to me so soon I cannot tell, unless my great love has touched that electric current which they say ex-

ists between some souls."

'I think," said Lady Riversdale, laughing, "you owe me some thanks for making you known to one another. And, though I did say, and still think, it would be difficult to supplant my son, you must allow me to congratu-Substitute." -- Edith Lonely in New York Advertiser.

### She Was up to Souff

I was on a Sixth avenue elevated train the other day when a woman with a big satchel to carry asked for the New Haven boat. I offered my services to pilot her for five or six blocks and take care of the satchel, and after looking me over with a critical eye she

Young man .you don't look so very innocent, but I think I'll trust you and inke the chances mw that she feared I would bolt

with the satchel, and therefore took it slow and did not get a foot ahead of her. When we had arrived at the steamboat dock she took out a dime and extended it with the remark:

"it wasn't much of a walk, but I'm not one of the stingy sort. I hope you'll make good use of it." "Thanks, ma'am, but I can't take your money," I replied.

Then what did ye come along for?" "Just to do you a favor."
"I don't believe it! Tain't at all na-

Well, you see, I brought you here all

right, and refuse your money." Yes, I see it, and I'm snummed if I kin make out whether you intended to pick my pocket, or run away with the satchel! Young man, you orter quit your evil ways and behave yourself!"
"Yes, I'm thinking of it," I replied.

"That's right-keep right on thinkin', and if you ever come up to Connecticut inquire fur Mrs. Daniel Williams, and if it's about noo ntime I'll ask you to sit down to dinner. I'm obleeged, even if you did intend to rob me, and if I ever hear of your being hung. I'll tell folks you had a decent streak about you arter all!"--Detroit Free Press.

Wisdom on the Force.

The stalwart policeman had just rescued the well-dressed old gentleman from the ouslaught of the trolley car. "Officer, are you married?" asked the old gentleman.

am not," answered the officer. What made you deny having a famthe other policeman asked, after

the old gentleman had gone. "Because I think he has an idea of sending me a present. If I had told him t was married he would probably have sent me a lot of fruit, or a ham, or something. As it is, I will likely get a box of fine cigars, or maybe something in a jug."-Cincinnati Tribune.

The Bioomer Girl.

The Bible has been brought to bear on the bloomer question. Here is the station-Deuteronomy. chapter verse 5,-which is hurled against the women who wear such abominations:

"The women shall not wear that which pertaineth to man. \* \* \* for restaurant. all that do so are an abomination unto the Lord thy God."

### SAVED A COLLISION.

AN ENGINEER'S STORY OF A CAPRI-CIOUS LOCOMOTIVE.

She Befused to Do Good West, and Butler Was Mad Clean Through - When He Knew of the Operator's Oversight, He Changed His Mind About the Engine.

"I will tell you about one of the strangest freaks of a locomotive that ever occurred in my experience on the road," said Harmon P. Butler, the best known Southern Pacific engineer in California, the other day. "It happened in the sum-mer of 1884, when I was pulling freight from Tucson, A. T., to Los Angeles, and I have never come across anybody who could give an explanation of my experience, and ave never been able to see through it my

self. You may draw your own conclusions.

"The night I had my experience was dark and stormy. It was in the period of peculiar storms and cloudbursts down in Arizona. I was ordered from Tueson for the overland express that left there at midnight. Somehow everything seemed to go wrong that night. The fireman seemed to be slower than usual, and he had a great time getting his coal placed in the tender. The locomotive hostler at the roundhouse had forgotten to fix the oil valves, and the botler never made steam so slowly. To make matters worse, the train dispatcher kept us in the station a plump hour past regular leaving time, and just before we started the conductor came to me and sald the general superintendent was on board the train and would go way through with

"I ought to say here, even if it does sound egotistical, that I had at that time made the best time known over the Southern Pacific and was generally deputed to baul the big bugs from the east over the road whenever they came in a special car and wanted extra consideration.

"This was the first time the superintendent had ever been on my train, and of course I was anxious to sustain my good reputation. But the fates were against me—an hour late, the night dark and stormy. Well, we pulled out of the station with my mind made up to reach our des-tination on time if the wheels would stay under her. As soon as we were out of Tueson I put on all the steam and let her But she didn't seem to move at half her usual speed, and then she didn't make steam well either. I began to be impatient and scolded the fireman for not do ing good work with his fire. He seemed to try his best, but it was no go. She would not stoam well in spite of his exertions. Then the pumps began to be trou-blesome. One of them stopped working

altogether, and the other became more ineffective every minute. It began to dawn on me that making up time was out of the question. "You may imagine my feelings, for it seemed to me as if my whole reputation was staked on this trip. I profess to know my business pretty well and can get speed out of an engine if any man can, and my heart was down below zero when we be gan to drop behind our regular running time. But it was no use. Everything was

against ms. I was mad clear through.
"When we left Maricopa, we were an hour and ten minutes late, and the conductor had just made a remark that net-tled me quite a little. I had asked him if there were any orders at Maricopa. He answered, 'None, except to try to get to Yuma in time for dinner,' which was pure sarcasm, for if we made our running time we would be there in time for breakfast. Well, my heart was clean down in my boots, and when I shut off the steam going into Big Wells I found the water so low in the boller that something had to be done for the pump bear was then a leave that station, as there was then a leave that station, for several miles. I be done for the pump before we could heavy grade to climb for several miles. late Miss Maud on her choice of 'A informed the conductor that we would be delayed 15 or 20 minutes with the work of taking down one of the pumps and then proceeded with the work.

We were just about ready to start again when I heard the sharp whistle of an engine, and looking up I saw a special tour-ist excursion train from southern California approaching from the very direction in which we were going. When the train pulled into the station, we found that the elegraph operator at Marleopa had neglected to give us meeting order for this train. Had it not been for the pumps we would have dashed on to what would probably have been one of the most terrible collisions in the history of railroads.

"Now comes the remarkable part of the story. From the time we left Big Wells both pumps worked like a charm-bear in mind that I found nothing whatever the matter with the pump that I had taken down, and there was apparently no reason for its not working—and the old engine seemed to dart along with twice her usual speed. Gradually she began to pick up time again, and in the next 50 miles we made up 15 minutes, which was lightning speed in those days. There were just 19 minutes to make up the last 20 miles in and I need not say that we pulled into our destination on time. Here was an instance of a cranky engine's saying a collision that would probably have resulted in a great loss of life and property.
"Rallroading is full of such experiences.

As to the peculiarities of engineers, it is not best for me to say much, for I am a queer sort of a fellow myself. But there is one engineer running on this road now who thinks his engine can feel, for when she doesn't run fast enough to please him he beats her with a heavy oak club that he always has aboard the locomotive when he takes her. Old Hank Turley, who ran on the Central Pacific from Ogden to Reno for 25 years, would never sleep anywhere but in his engine cab when he was out on the road, because, he said, he knew from hundreds of experiments that his own engine wanted constant company day and night in order to give the best speed in He told me that he had left his engine alone several times in the roundhouse at night, just to prove to himself that he made no mistake in his belief, and that he invariably made poor time and had much trouble with the machinery for several days afterward.

'The locomotive engineers here think a heap more of their engines than the eastern engineers. Many a man out here will stick to an old engine after it has become so worn and old as to be dangerous, be cause he can't bear to give up his old machine. I suppose the memory of the plains and hundreds of miles we travel on the plains without seeing villages and cities as the engineers do in the eastern states makes the western men more attached to their engines.-Los Angeles Cor. New

Fatal Procrastination.

Guest (pushing them away from him) don't like the way you cook eggs at this

Waiter-What's the trouble, sir? Guest-You don't cook them soon enough.-Chicago Tribune.

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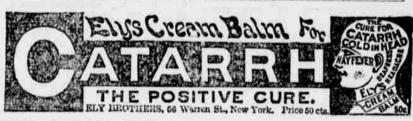
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