

The Reverie

Some occult power drove away the reveries that gripped him. He awoke with a start and discovered that he was five stations beyond his destination.

He quickly crossed the car and seated himself by her side.

"I have come five stations too far," he said, as he took her hand.

"I thought you were going too far," she said, laughing quietly. "And your face! Why, you seemed to be in a trance."

"I guess I was. I was thinking of something, and even now I am not collected enough to know whether I had dozed away and was dreaming, or whether I was—what shall I say?—dopy!"

"And the dream—or 'dope,' as you call it?"

"It's too long to relate now. It might interest you, though. If—"

"Surely. Some other time. Say tomorrow evening?"

"I shall be delighted."

"Come in time for dinner."

He left the train at the next station.

The next evening they sat in a cozy parlor in an uptown apartment house.

A pause followed a half hour's conversation on commonplace matters.

"And now," she said, suggestively, "now will we have the recital of your wanderings in the subway train?"

He laughed lightly.

"I was just thinking of that," he said. "I was wondering how to start my story. I guess I had better begin where I boarded the train. Will you stop me when I begin to bore?"

"You won't be tiresome—you never were."

He smiled at the naive compliment.

"I boarded the train at Brooklyn Bridge," he began. "There was a jam of people, but I managed to find a seat at the window. I remember mentally commenting on the terrible roar in the subway and its probable effect upon the hearing organs of New Yorkers. I don't know how far I had gone before there was a silence that seemed to reach out and out, over a great distance of land. And when I was out of the subway fields and hills stretched before me and the anger I saw them the more familiar they became. A long, dusty road limbed a knobby hill and, somehow, I was driving over this road, as real and likelier as I am sitting here."

"My mind was transformed. Business cares were brushed away as dust brushed from a picture frame or mantelpiece. The tinkling of cowbells to the distance lost their metallic rank and sounded sweet and musical—the vespers of the farm land."

"As I drove up the hill I knew that the hollow on the other side I'd find a great, rambling white house. On the summit I drew rein, searched with my eyes the long veranda and saw a girl in a white dress. She waved at me. I was to drive her to a dance about six miles across country. Does that strike you as being most unreasonably rambling?"

The young woman, who was listening intently, started, dropped a fan with which she had been toying, recovered herself and smiled.

"Not at all," she said. "Please go on."

"I can't go on alone, for the little girl with the white dress is now with me, you know. We made good time to the house, where the dance was held. It was a beautiful ride, too, through the lines of ambitious katydid and her night insects. I remember we talked about the habit of some birds and insects singing only at night. The girl in the white dress set me to thinking by remarking that night time seemed to be sweetly sorrowful, and it was the best time for song. I recall that I thought about it at the time and remembered that it was true at there was more singing in the evening than any other part of the day."

"Well, it was only a minute or two till we were in the farmhouse dance. Laughing, enjoying ourselves, somehow I don't remember of having heard laughter that meant as much as at heard at a country dance."

"And the music—you know there isn't much to that music; just two fiddles and a bass fiddle sawing away. Somehow there was lightning in the air. We danced, the little girl in white led. Her cheeks and lips were glowing and her eyes seemed to have stolen the glow from the lamps. Once she came to her hand touched my cheek, why, I can't begin to tell you how I felt it all was."

"Then came the ride over the star-road, with the wild crab apple blossoms scattering incense before us. The night birds singing in harmony with the song in my heart. The road dropped lower and lower to the fringe of trees on the ridge. I was just wishing that I might be on like that forever, for it seemed that the little girl in white must have felt herself tiny and frightened the big, still night, for she unconsciously nestled close to me."

"I did not want to release her hand when I left her at the door to the white house; I did not want to see my eyes away from her, and I drove toward home, somehow there was black and lonesome and there were no pictures in the shadow of beauty in the yellow light of the moon."

moon. When I unhitched my horse and turned him out to pasture I stood for a long time, with the bridge in my hand and leaning against a corn crib. When at last I slowly walked to the house I knew that something had come into my life—I loved the little girl in the white dress. I had known for a long time that I cared for her greatly, but I never before knew how much.

"I guess I must have been passing the first station beyond my stopping place," he laughed, interrupting a story he realized was being told in a voice growing more and more fervent and passionate.

"With a suddenness that seemed perfectly reasonable to me, I found myself the day after the dance talking to the old gentleman who owned the white house; of hearing him advise me not to hope to win the hand of the little girl; of hearing how, since old had made the old man rich, his girl would not be married to any man in the farm land. Hers was to be a grand social success. After that the dear old familiar places no longer held beauty. The country was as dreary to me as if it had been swept by war or something else."

"And then—and then I woke up," he said, laughing, jerkily, awkwardly. She rose, went to the window, looking into the street.

"And the rest?" She did not turn and she spoke softly.

He arose and stood just behind her.

"I need not tell you who was the little girl in white," he continued, speaking quickly and impulsively. "She has been before me ever since I left my home and came to New York. She was before me even after I heard she was engaged to marry Sam Willetts. I cursed the fate that brought about a discovery of oil on my own land after it was too late. Wealth was nothing to me without the girl in the white dress."

"But—but you never told the girl in the white dress?"

"No," he said bitterly. "I didn't. That was a great mistake, but I was a simple-hearted fellow in those days. I thought the decision of her father ended my hopes."

"And Sam Willetts? He did not marry—?"

"No," he interrupted hastily. "I don't know why, but I have often thought that she would discover that her nature would not harmonize with his as soon as she saw him continually."

"Shall we—shall we go back there in a more substantial manner than in reverie—you and I?" he pleaded, wistfully and tenderly.

She did not answer, but slowly, tenderly, she extended her hands.

"Poor father," she said, "he told me before he died. He was sorry, very sorry, that sudden wealth had so nearly upset his better sense. He wanted—well, just this," she said impulsively, her head resting lovingly on his shoulder.

Rats Aboard Ship.

The executive officer and his colleagues were talking of the old saying that rats desert a sinking ship.

"Rats play an important part in a seaman's life," said one of the officers. "No submarine would put to sea without a cage of white mice."

"You see, they detect in a minute if the air is not pure. Noxious gases mean their death, and when they begin to show signs of exhaustion or spasms the men know that the oxygen is being used up or that carbonic acid is in the air."

"You see, if a leakage of any kind in the mechanism or gasoline tanks occurs this gas is noticeable to the mice and it can at once be stopped, but if they waited till the men noticed it the crew would be suffocated before they could get the boat up to the air."

The Magical Mirror.

An ordinary mirror of any size or shape, a piece of French chalk, pointed so that it can be used to write, and a silk handkerchief are the requisites. Draw upon the mirror with the chalk any design or words you choose. With the handkerchief wipe the glass lightly, until the glass is perfectly clear and no writing or design is apparent. Having all this prepared beforehand, show to some one and request that he breathe gently on the face of the glass, when he will see—say a picture of his future wife—for the design drawn will show very distinctly. This can again be wiped off, and if breathed upon the design will be again visible.

Definitions.

Economy—A human eccentricity which will cause a woman to spend a half day and ten cents street-car fare in order to get a five-cent spool of thread for four.

Love—A tender passion which, however, does not preclude a man's scolding his wife if the coffee is too cold.

Pride—A persistent and potent peculiarity which will cause a man to put a silk tie on an empty head, and to button a hundred-and-fifty-dollar frock coat around an empty stomach.

Prejudice—A taste or distaste for something about which you know nothing.—Ellis O. Jones.

His Question.

The rich bachelor sighed and looked at the beautiful girl fixedly. "Things are at sixes and sevens with me. I feel the great need of a woman in my home, one who could straighten out my tangled affairs and make life worth living again." Her glance spoke an interest which approximated expectation. "Yes," she queried softly. He blurted out: "Do you know of any good, able-bodied woman whom I could get to clean house?"

HANDLING THE SAP

Good Roads in the Maple Grove the First Requisite.

The first requisite for transporting sap to the sugarhouse is a good system of roads throughout the sugar-bush. In some respects sap is as delicate a product as milk, and the method of bringing it from the tree to the storage tank must be rapid and systematic, says the American Cultivator. In small groves the carrying can be done by hand, of course, or with the old shoulder yoke, but with larger operations the transportation must be effected by horses, steam power or gravity, and must be fully organized.

If the grove be of moderate size, from 15 to 25 acres, teams may be used to haul the sap in a gathering tank on sledges, or stone boats. The labor of carrying the sap by hand to the hauling tank will be in proportion to the number of roads and their proximity to the trees. The tank should be metallic, but if of wood it should be painted white on the outside, to keep the sap cooler and prevent souring.

When the grove is situated on a steep hillside it will often pay to run a pipe line, with receiving funnels at regular intervals for the conveyance of the sap to a lower storage tank or directly to the sugar house. The storage tank should be of tin or galvanized iron, incased with wood and covered, to keep the sap cool and to prevent it from freezing. Every practicable precaution should be taken to keep the sap in good condition and free from impurities. As it is very sensitive to changes in the weather, and is likely to sour if it becomes heated, it should be collected regularly, and as soon as possible after it has left the tree.

Some sugar makers begin to gather sap as soon as there is a quart or so in each bucket, even at the expense of going over the ground twice in a single day. The gathering tank should have a strainer over the mouth, and the storage tank should be kept at an even temperature, even if it must be cooled with ice during a sudden period of heat. Often during the season the sap runs slowly or stops altogether. Such an occurrence may be taken advantage of to wash and scald the gathering tanks, storage tank and evaporators.

Furs.

A single department alone of the fur trade brings to the English market an annual average value of £150,000 (\$750,000) in furs.

Some furs which are favorite in one country are scorned in another; the American fox, which is generally dyed to please English taste, is very popular in Turkey, and about 120,000 skins dressed by English furriers are despatched there yearly, where they command a higher price than the white and the gray fox.

The London fur-dressers possess the secret of dressing and dyeing the seal and transforming it from the palebrown color of the natural fur to the dark, rich shade which is so much valued.

There is a law in Russia by which all sables caught in the country belong to the Crown, but these rights have been waived on condition that the Czar receives the best skins. It is said that the Empress of Russia has a long sable cloak valued at £10,000 (\$50,000). Splendid pelts are taken in London, dressed and bought by Russian merchants, who resell them in St. Petersburg. They are worth from £70 to £80 each, while inferior skins can be obtained as low as £2 10s.

In older days the furs of benets were never used as clothing by the cultured classes of Southern Europe, and those who wore them were looked upon as akin to barbarians from the north.

Old Italian Proverbs.

An iron anvil should have a hammer of feathers.

Three things are well done in haste: flying from the plague, escaping quarrels and catching fleas.

Love, knavery and necessity make men good orators.

Wealth is not his who gets it, but his who enjoys it.

I once had, is a poor man. He who gives fair words feeds you with an empty spoon.

Three little make a man rich on a sudden; little wit, little shame and little honesty.

Hope is a pleasant kind of deceit. Time is a file that wears and makes no noise.

A beggar's wallet is a mile to the bottom.

The Purist and the Cook.

The use of the verb "to bounce" in connection with the act of discharging a cook is offensive to a purist who has observed how little resilience there is in the average domestic servant of that class. The proportion of resilience to flaccidity in the general run of cooks now within our reach is as one to a thousand, so that the use of a term signifying elasticity in a case of this kind is manifestly improper. The more descriptive words are "to discharge," "explode," "to propel," "fire," "eject," or even "to chuck," but "to bounce" a cook—that were as futile an effort as to try to play tennis with a fish-ball.—Harper's Weekly.

A Hearty Eater.

A story in which Webster is said to have figured: The statesman was once asked by a woman at a dinner given in his honor, how he varied in his eating and what he generally ate.

"Madam," the answer ran, "I vary in eating in this respect; sometimes I eat more, but never less."

Helpful Beauty Hints

How to Secure that Half Moon On Finger—Many Useful Hints for the Care of the Complexion—Harmless and Practical Method for Removing a Mole—To Darken Eyebrows

The latest way in which the half moon at the base of the nails is figured is through massage. It is not enough to push back the cuticle with the nail file or orange wood stick; it must be gently massaged into position.

Too rough treatment makes the half-moon gray and dull looking and leaves scratches on the nails that show until they have grown out at the finger tips.

The art in this massaging is to push back the cuticle in a regular shape; above all it must not be cut. To attempt manipulations when the flesh is harsh or dry is fatal to a good-looking hand.

Probably the best way to learn the correct treatment of the hand is by numerous visits to a good manicure; but this is not necessary if one is willing to faithfully follow directions at home—and keep up following them.

Soak the fingers in warm, soapy water, in which is dissolved a little borax, scrub well with a nail brush and if the nails or finger tips appear stained rub in half a lemon or apply argaline with a bit of cotton or an orange wood stick.

When the flesh around the nails is soft, rub it back gently with a bit of dry cotton wrapped on the blunt end of an orange wood stick, or push it back with the finger tips or the fleshy part of the palm of the hand.

This massaging should be a daily task, and time should be taken to do it gently and thoroughly.

If the cuticle seems very dry or the nails brittle a drop or two of olive oil can be massaged in.

Complexion Hints.

"When preparing for bed the face should be thoroughly washed with warm water and a good soap or finely ground oatmeal," says Harper's Bazar, which knows all things. "After this a light massage with cold cream will be soothing and beneficial, followed by a douch with cold water to close the pores. If the cold cream has been rubbed thoroughly into the skin—which is necessary for a dry skin or one dried by the wind and cold—it is better not to leave any superfluous cream on the skin for the night. Even if the cold water is not used at the end the cream should be wiped off. The face may be washed in the same way in the morning with a little less soap and cold cream, but with more cold water at the end to prepare it for the cold air outside. One cannot be too careful about washing the hands carefully before washing the face, or anointing it with cold creams or lotions. The necessity of having an absolutely clean cloth, if a cloth is used, is too frequently overlooked. Bleaches and antiseptic lotions should be applied to the face and neck with pieces of antiseptic absorbent cotton."

Health and Beauty.

Wrinkles in a young person's face are often merely lines of congested pores. Steaming the face once a week rubbing in cold cream will produce a wonderful effect.

When tired and dusty do not plunge the face in cold water but use tepid water or buttermilk is better. This prevents irritation.

For a sprain boil cotton seed and apply while hot.

To prevent a felon, apply turpentine frequently at its first indication. Tender feet may be relieved by bathing them in salt water.

Lettuce has a soothing effect on the nerves and is good for insomnia.

A handkerchief saturated with cold water and tied about the throat will often relieve soreness. A dry cloth should cover the wet one.

An egg shampoo stimulates the growth of the hair. This should be done only once a month. The hair should be brushed thoroughly every day.

Removing a Mole.

Many persons go through the world with blemishes on their skin which easily could be removed, but fear the preparations sold are injurious.

One ugly mark which is not difficult to remove is a mole. It is unsightly, and will not go away of itself, but with little attention it should disappear in a short time.

The following remedy is harmless, and is used on the mole until it disappears. Take salicylic acid and moisten with alcohol or glycerine and bind around the mole for a half hour. The acid will eat away the morbid tissue. At each application it will become smaller, and it should disappear after the third application.

Dark Circle Around the Neck.

A complexion brush is as good as anything else for whitening the neck but you may make the dark ring disappear immediately by rubbing it with a soft cloth wet with either lemon juice, peroxide of hydrogen or a little diluted alcohol.

To Darken Eyebrows.

Gum arabic, 4 drams; India ink, 7 drams; rose water, 1 pint.

Powder the ink and the gum and triturate small quantities of the powder with the rose water until a uniform black liquid results absolutely free from granules.

Curious Story of Fruit in New York For the First Time.

A New York florist had introduced the first flying plum from Japan. It belongs to both Kyoto and Chikuzen, and is much used by the little brown men for spring festivals. The flying plum gets its name from two sources. Its blossoms are like fairy wings, its choicest having double petals, and its fruit resembles beautifully shaped eggs. But any museum will tell you the real story of the tree.

A good man named Michizane had a favorite plum tree in his garden, beneath which he sat and wrote verses and other things. In some of the other things he must have inscribed thoughts that displeased his Shogun, for he was exiled from Kyoto to Chikuzen. Michizane bemoaned his fate, but went bitterest over the loss of his plum tree. So he prayed to the gods to send it to him. One April day as he walked forth from his bungalow the plum tree came flying toward him. He greeted it with prayer and called it TobiUma, or sacred flying plum. It is probably the only tree in the world that has tablets, shrines, and gazebos built in its honor.

The "Four Hundred" are making a fad of the flying plum, and the blossoming trees are to be added to many estates in New York's vicinity this spring. They will be planted and trained as in the homeland. Aesthetic Japanese gardeners like the tree to be all branches, with scarcely any trunk. Over the surface of the trunk that does show they grow a fine moss. Hence the saying: "Plum blossoms seem most delightful when growing from silver moss." Some up-to-date matrons is bound to introduce the springlike festival to the flying plum. They invitations are sent out on red paper to this fete, and it is held under the trees. Each guest writes a poem and hangs it on the blossoming branches. Sometimes birds in cages are placed in the bushes and fill the place with music. Then mooncakes, pickled plums, and sake or tea are served, or perhaps the pickled plum song is sung:

Umeshoshi-san
To in hito wa,
Ashi kara kao made
Shiwa-yotte
Are wa sul
Kore wa sul
Sul, sul, sul.

An Automatic Tea Maker.

To English inventiveness is due the most recent acquisition in the line of automatic contrivances, the invention being one especially calculated to appeal to the housewife. It is termed an automatic tea maker and the accompanying illustration gives a comprehensive idea of its appearance. From the London Queen comes the following description of the working of the apparatus:

"An alarm clock is connected with a spirit lamp and a kettle, and when the alarm goes off it releases a shutter

which covers the spirit lamp, and as it flies back the shutter strikes a match—duly placed for the purpose—which lights the lamp, and thus heats the water in the kettle. As soon as the water boils, a deft arrangement of wires causes the kettle to tilt and pour its contents into the pot set ready to receive it, the same action ringing a little gong to announce the pouring out of the water, and also automatically extinguishing the lamp. The alarm can be set for any time desired, the result following as a matter of course."

The machine is provided with a small and convenient traveling case and this being portable it is available for a variety of purposes.

A Sennambulist's Dancer.

Sennambulist dancing is one of the latest methods of the expression of music. A young Russian girl is the "sleep dancer," as she is called, and her enigmatical ability was discovered by a Parisian magnetopath. While in a hypnotic condition this young woman, whose first name is Medeleine and whose last name is designated only by the initial "G," will act out in pantomime the feeling in a piece of music that is played before her. Her peculiar talent has excited much attention from writers, artists and students.

Roosters That Do Not Crow.

George F. Nachtway of Seattle owns two roosters, both full grown but silent. Neither of them has shown the slightest desire to crow. Whether they are deaf and dumb, Nachtway does not know, but they can't, don't or won't crow. In all other respects they are like other roosters. The crowless fowls are hybrids—a cross of Black Spanish with Wyandottes.

A Large Diamond.

There has been exhibited in London a diamond, which is the second largest gem of its description in the world. It weighs 336 1/4 carats. It is of a yellowish color and worth about \$10,000. If the color had been better, the stone would have been worth a fabulous amount. It was recently extracted from the Ottos Kopje diamond mines at Kimberly.—Scientific American.

Doughty Cap'n Doughty's Huge Feathered Prize Rouses Curiosity Among Naturalists.

Atlantic City, N. J.—Some men say it is a roc; others pronounce it an auk; still others contend it's a cross between a pelican and a condor, and a few local scientists are positive it's the sole survivor of the supposedly extinct phillylo family. At any rate, it, which is an immense bird, weighing more than one hundred pounds, with a beak capable of tearing iron and taloned legs that strike like the kick of an ostrich, came near killing Capt. George Doughty in his fishing boat off Brigantine Beach.

In the battle for life the veteran bayman, whose family name fits him well, finally knocked out his feathered foe with a mighty sweep of an oar. Knowing the sceptics might doubt this marvellous tale of the sea, Cap'n Doughty on his return to this city, showed not only arms pinched black and blue and torn clothing, but the strange bird itself. Scoffers had to be silent then. Local faunal naturalists gazed in awe on the bird, which is as tall as some men, and then made the before-mentioned guesses.

Doughty says he was sculling his boat along shortly before daylight, in a dense fog, when he heard the whirr of wings and the snap of the big beak of the strange bird, which narrowly missed his face. Before he recovered from his scare the bird wheeled and came back, this time making a stroke at him with its taloned feet and missing him by only a few inches.

Doughty grasped an oar and fought. Bird and man battled for many minutes, Doughty being forced to grab the gunwale several times to keep from going overboard when the bird struck him with full force. A lucky stroke with an oar at last knocked the bird down, and before it could recover Doughty had wound it round and round with a strong line, also tying its beak and legs.

One wondering fisherman hazarded the guess that he saw a bird of the species in this section, and there is a general belief that the strange creature is the much-discussed "Jersey Devil" which excited South Jersey several months ago. The bird will be presented to a museum.

WOMEN'S HAT PINS MADE LESS DEADLY BY CORK SHIELD

Dangerous weapons are the enormous hatpins worn by women at present. In crowded places men fear for their eyes. Here is a suggestion of a cork shield that at least would lessen the danger.

OLD EGGS BETTER THAN FRESH.

Prof. Coulter Says Most of Those Sold Are More Than a Year Old.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Professor John L. Coulter of the economist department of the State University gave his class a lesson on egg buying, incidentally upsetting the time honored theory of the housewife. Professor Coulter said that cold storage eggs are much better than the so called fresh variety and grow better with age, and people make a mistake in demanding fresh eggs of their grocers.

His theory is that eggs put in cold storage and carefully inspected are as good after three years as they were when packed away.

"The fresh egg of commerce," said the professor, "is in all probability an egg that would be discarded in the storage house," and still further said Professor Coulter, "nine out of every ten dozen so-called fresh eggs sold in stores are more than a year old."

