

THE HAVEN OF DREAMS.

When the weary day with its toil is o'er
And darkness broods over earth once more,
We gladly slip through the gates of night,
And sail for a mystical shore.

On the soft-winged shallop of sleep we glide
O'er a silent sea with a rhythmic tide,
That lulls to rest each throbbing woe
Our aching hearts may hide.

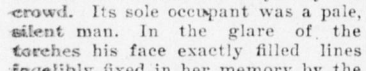
And though from afar no beacon gleams,
Nor mariner's star sheds its guiding beams,
Yet over the unseen ships go by,
Seeking the haven of dreams.

And when we've entered that haven fair,
The wonders untold that await us there!
Back in the meadows of childhood we roam,
Basking again in the lovelight of home.

The dear ones we've lost are with us once more,
Just as we knew them and loved them of yore;
And none ever doubts all is not as it seems
While we linger entranced in the haven of dreams.

So it seemeth to me that some shadowy light
When death draws the curtain we'll slip out of sight,
And sail in a shallop like that we call sleep,
To a wonderful land where no eyes ever weep.

And the haven of dreams lieth white,
—Mary K. Buck, in Chicago Inter Ocean.



ACROSS THE LINES BY HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS

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CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

As Frances hurried homeward, choking and sick with her sorrow, she found herself caught in the whirls and eddies of a great crowd and borne along helplessly past her street. Men carried torches and were cheering themselves hoarse, while horns added their din to the confusion. Upon every hat were the red letters "M.M." It was a demonstration by the famous "Minute Men," who rose in every southern city as they had risen nearly 100 years before when the drums beat. Suddenly she was jammed against a carriage, the progress of which had been stayed by the crowd. Its sole occupant was a pale, silent man. In the glare of the torches his face exactly filled lines faintly fixed in her memory by the brief flame of a match; it was the face of Richard Somers, cold and immobile. Upon the seat by his side was a traveling-bag; his eyes looked out calmly, almost coldly, over her head. He was not southern, he was not a Virginian, and the hour awoke no response within his heart. Impulsively, and forgetting, she stretched her hands upward, but memory returned and checked the words that rose to her lips. Only an inarticulate cry burst from them, a cry low and half smothered in the roar of voices. Yet low as it was, it reached the occupant of the carriage. Something in that voice, a tone, a vibration, touched a memory-cell. He turned quickly and looked back; a girl holding desperately to the arm of an old negro was being borne along by the tumultuous human wave. For an instant only he saw her white face upturned to his—the loveliest, saddest face his eyes had ever gazed on, and from her lips he heard come back one word—

"Farewell!" Forgetting all but that he was leaving his life somewhere in the fierce passions surging behind him, he made a desperate effort to alight from the vehicle, but so dense was the crowd the door would not open. And then angry men seized the rearing horses and forced them out of the way. When he was free again only a sea of flame, in whose depths human figures seemed to march, met his gaze. It had swallowed up the woman's white face. A great transparency, swaying and wavering like a drunken man, thrust itself before his vision and blotted out the scene. Upon it was the legend: "Down with the Yankees!"

CHAPTER XI.

Sorrow unmingled with remorse is the soul's education. The soul of the woman who grieves in silence broadens and deepens, sending down into her own life far-reaching roots and unfolding upward rare auxiliary blossoms that fill the life about her with divine breathings. Such was the experience of Frances Brookin. Thrown back upon herself, conscious of innocence, and feeling always the presence of sorrow, the sorrow of a great disappointment, she saw her girlhood slipping away faster than time itself; for it is true that age is the sum of experience rather than years, and all of life may be lived between the setting and the rising of the sun. But with Frances this change was not the shrinking of the soul into forgetfulness; it was an enlargement of view and perspective in which old headlands assumed smaller proportions. New imperative duties they seemed, arose and met her; new responsibilities presented themselves; she faced them all bravely, hopefully, lovingly. The fine quality of her soul proved itself in the casting out of all the bitterness which had in the first hours of her misfortune stormed its citadel and raised sadder banners there. The victory over self won by this frail girl was so unconsciously complete that no cynicism supplanted her innocent faith in the eternal existence of truth and goodness and their ultimate triumph over evil. Her touching acceptance of life in its new aspect was not born in a day. There were weeks of anguish; there were months of dull heart-wet pillows and nights of crying out against fate; for the death of an ideal is the saddest death in all the universe, since for this there is no resurrection. The

girlish ideal of Frances Brookin was dead at last, and slept under the petals of a faded white rose. Richard Somers was out of her life, out of her heart. The man she loved had never existed, she told herself. He was a dream, a romance, an immaculate conception of a virgin mind. The real man was the unworthy offspring of base, worldly passions; he was nothing to her but a name.

Political events hastened the girl into womanhood and towards that large tolerance with which the strong soul at last invariably encysts the inexplicable and unwelcome facts it cannot avoid. With one leap the fierce south entered the arena of war, and Virginia hills echoed the mingled cheers of contending armies and the thunder of mighty guns. Richmond seemed to have become, as in a day, the center of intrigue and of action. On every side flashed the gold and silver of war's rich trappings. Plumes danced in the breezes and the confederate gray met the eye, rest where it would. From the capitol the banner of a new nation floated proudly, and beneath it echoed the tramp of marching legions, the galloping hoof-beats of horses, through all hours of day and night. Men, in this hitherto staid old southern city, hurried, under the spur of emotions that seemed born of a contagion in the air, and anxious women went about with willing hands to aid in every department they might invade. Among these, her life adjusting itself easily and gratefully to the new demands, was Frances Brookin, the tenderness of her fine face softened and deepened into divine womanliness, the love-ray eloquent in her melting eyes.

Swiftly the holiday side of the war had faded out of view. Agonized silence swallowed up laughter. For the drift was coming in from where the storm of battle raged, wrecks of human forms once freighted with life's rarest merchandise. Soon every hospital, every available space in church and public building and the most spacious of private homes were to have their quota of the wounded, the dying, and the dead. The southern woman was entering upon that field of labor in which she achieved her noblest dignity, her fame its immortality. Foremost among those who first gave their energies, their whole lives to the alleviation of suffering, the inspiration of the hopeless and the despairing, was Frances Brookin. Free to dispose of her time as she would and with an abundance means at her disposal, she made herself a ministering angel wherever a soldier suffered. Day and night she labored, sustained by boundless patriotism and an elation for which she could not account, try as she would. She failed in her self-analysis from ignorance of the fact that a voice that has once spoken to the heart is never quite silent afterwards, and that youth when it buries its dead tramps not the sod above it. Fierce hatred of the invader possessed her, as it did her sisters; bred in the bone and nourished with the mother's milk, it could not be quelled except by years of gentle association and a common cause, but by a strange paradox this bitterness excluded every stained and bloody blue uniform or haggard northern face. Out of the fight, these were ever out of the sweep of a southern woman's vengeance. Upon the suffering prisoners



ASK WHAT YOU WILL, MY CHILD.

Frances delighted to lavish the tenderness of her nature, now broadened and deepened by its own industry; and something touchingly human carried her among them, although she was not conscious of it. For this had come to pass: within the heart of Frances Brookin there lived a fiction, the Richard Somers of her girlish dreams; Richard Somers as she had seen him face to face one night under the burning match, his voice ringing strong and true and tender upon her hearing. Before him, shutting him into the sanctity of her room, she had dropped a veil of iridescent gossamer, and within that room, seen only through the veil, the man lived and reigned and had his kingdom. Through this veil, too, stirred by the breath of the suffering and the dying of his own country, he spoke gently, tenderly to her in the lonely hours of her vigils. The other Richard had been dismissed, not harshly or hastily, not in anger, but sadly—a man unworthy; a man at war with the truth and nobleness of her nature and at war with her people. No one knows how such fictions come about, but the hearts of most women carry them. And time had helped Frances, for looking back she re-established many vital facts that lessened the sadness of memory; the man must once have been noble—his deeds of mercy and gentleness proved that; innately noble he must have been when she met him, for in the face of a great temptation he had kept his promise to his friend, even to the extent of shutting his eyes against the girl whose arms had been about him, whose lips breathed love for him. And somewhere, despite all the

trickery, there was still nobility, for silently he had ridden away, faithful to his friend. He had lain under her hands wounded by the pistol shot, and no woman ever hated a helpless, suffering man. As for his deceptions, his plots, some fearful necessity must have compelled him. The other woman? She had been too base for him—she had been at heart a murderess. She it was who had dragged him down. And was he not caring for the child? Frances would not have admitted it to herself had she realized it, but in the depths of that heart she had forgiven Richard Somers. Her heart was big enough to hold him and all his weakness. Was there a loss of something from her nature? Or was there a gain?

No message had ever come to her from Somers, no good or evil report. None? Yes, just a scrap soon after the war began. From some one, Brodnar, probably, since his name was upon it, she had received a northern paper giving in its war gossip information that Richard Somers had been reinstated in the army and promoted to be captain of artillery.

But one day early in the spring of 1862, when the great federal movement against Richmond was beginning and when every train was bringing in a bloody harvest, she leaned above a wounded enemy. The question so often asked, "To what command do you belong?" drew forth an answer that filled her with excitement. She felt her heart begin to beat madly and her limbs yielding to a sudden excitement. "Your captain! What is his name?" "Richard Somers, miss!" How strangely thrilling sounded the name that morning! It was the first time she had heard it spoken since its bearer had said among the flickering shadows of her room: "If to carry in memory the living record of one face will help you, take mine, and with it, right or wrong, the love of Richard Somers." The scene, never dimmed in all the months that had passed, stood forth again, illumined like some strong picture under the swift magic of the lightning. The wounded man saw in her face the glow of his reflection. Triumph shone in her eloquent eyes, a sudden agitation locked the soft white hands.

"Do you know him, miss?" "I? Yes, yes! Is he well—is he safe?" The man read more than she suspected, and turned his eyes away embarrassed. He was singularly helpless from his wounds, and she had his face at her mercy. Her woman's instinct discerned his thought; her lips moved without sound, but her soul was in the appealing look riveted upon him.

"I think—not," he said, reluctantly, at last. "In fact, I know that he—is wounded."

"Dead!—you mean!" she gasped in the struggle to conceal her anguish. "No, miss—not exactly that; but badly wounded—very badly, I am afraid." "Where is he?" She made no effort then to conceal the truth. She was on her knees, her eyes closed to his. "In God's name, my friend, tell me—tell me all! Can't you see? Can't you see?" She covered her face, unable to continue.

"I can only tell you what I know, miss. He was not dead when I saw him last. Our guns were in the line when the charge came. The line was broken at both flanks, and the yelling confederates were swarming about us. Every horse we had was down, when word came for us to look out for ourselves, and back we went to escape capture, what was left of us. Well, miss, somebody said then that No. 3 had been left loaded—double-shotted with canister; the man at the lanyard had fallen dead just as he lifted his hand to pull. And so the gun stood, ready to be turned upon us. Then Capt. Somers halted and looked about for some one to send back; but I think, miss, he must have seen that the chance was desperate. It was only an instant, and he wouldn't order any man to go; he rushed forward over the 50 yards, reached the gun and seized the cord. He was my captain, and I couldn't leave him there, you know, so I had followed him, too. Then up in front an army of gray seemed to rise as from the ground, and they fired a volley as he pulled on the lanyard. I threw myself on my face and escaped. When I looked up the crowd ahead was disordered and torn, but still coming on; and the captain lay by his gun. I crawled over and laid my hand upon him.

"Tom," he said, cool as I am right now, "I'm gone, but if you get out take the papers in my pocket and my watch to my mother!" I took them as he told me. He fainted, I think, and I was afraid he was dead, but he breathed again. And then, miss—I hadn't tried it since I was a boy—he was lying upon his face, and rolling over, I lay upon him, back to back, locking my arms through his. Turning over suddenly I had him on me a dead weight, and then, somehow, I got up. The whole thing was not a minute long. The confederates gave me a cheer instead of a volley till the boys rushed back to meet us. I got it in both legs then and this shoulder, and down we went. The boys took him and left me, which was right; for four men had died there to save him and I looked like the fifth." Frances was kneeling by the wounded man when he finished, stroking his cheek and brow, her frame trembling.

"Oh, brave! brave!" she cried. "God bless you and keep you—and keep you!" she sank her face beside him, sobbing for joy. "The watch—the papers!" she cried, excitedly, remembering his commission. "Oh, sir, I am his—I am his nearest relative, south! Give them to me, give them to me!" "In my coat," said the stranger gently, a warm smile upon his pale face. "Don't worry, miss; I guess the captain'll pull through all right." The watch was there, and there too were the letters sealed for his mother ready for delivery if he were picked up dead by friend or foe. No line for her, the woman who loved him once—loved him as she had known him. Upon the inner case of his watch was his own name

and address; and still no line for her, the woman who held him so dear. But in the locket dangling from the chain there were two lines cut into the virgin gold:

"Frances, my wife. "Richmond, April 13th, 1861."

How roseate then grew life for the girl. He remembered! He had kept her words with him night and day. He loved her; he had told no falsehood for the value of her father's wealth. As she stood by the wounded soldier, his eyes resting in sympathy on her, her own seeing nothing but the face in that half-lit room where her shrine was raised, all that was left of resentment vanished out of her heart. When afterward she realized this she was amazed and troubled.

One federal soldier at least in all the hosts that fell into confederate hands had no cause to complain of his nursing. A hospital stretcher bore him to the home of Frances Brookin and into her room. It was her whim, and the stepmother was indulging her whims in those days. There Frances and mammy, with William as a helper and Brodnar as an occasional adviser, lavished on him such care and attention as he had never dreamed was possible, for he was one of those homeless waifs to whom war had promised nothing but excitement and change. It was all a mystery to him, but he questioned not. He accepted the girl's simple statement as to Somers, and was content to let the sun of his prosperity shine on.

One day when the soldier was able to limp about the garden upon his crutches and sit in the shade by the plashing fountain to read in the Dispatch of the great battles being fought around the endangered capital of the confederacy, Frances, bearing the highest testimonials from surgeons and hospital officials as to the conspicuous and devoted service she had rendered, went to the executive mansion and secured admission to the presence of its great chief. Mr. Davis courteously read her papers, and, looking into the earnest face of the fair girl sitting beside him, gave graceful expression to his appreciation of her patriotism.

"Ask what you will, my child," he said, "and if I may consistently grant it your wishes shall be gratified." "It is the parole of a private soldier," she said, "and a safe-conduct through our lines. He is wounded, but has recovered sufficiently to travel. He will not enter the service again, sir; his injuries incapacitate him." "And is that all?" "All!"

[To Be Continued.]

PARDONED INDISCRETION.

Magnanimous Act of the German Superior Toward a Gallant Soldier.

The late Field Marshal Count Von Blumenthal, of Germany, once committed an indiscretion that came near ruining his entire life. In July, 1866, Blumenthal wrote a letter to his wife from the seat of war in Bohemia, and handed it over to the military post office staff. The mail was seized by the Austrians, and Blumenthal's letter, which contained severe strictures on Moltke, Prince Friederich Karl and the crown prince, was published in the Viennese newspapers, says a London exchange. The criticism of the crown prince, accusing him of unpunctuality, was particularly grave. The Austrians, in thus publishing the letter, were, of course, acting within their rights. But the publication fell like a bomb upon the Prussian headquarters. The crown prince, however, showed no resentment against his chief of the staff, and Moltke also acted with great magnanimity. When the letter was brought under his notice he remarked that "a third party had nothing to do with what a man writes to his wife."

But the third person mentioned in the letter was not of this opinion. Prince Friederich Karl found the unfortunate letter laid on his writing table. Without saying a word he ordered his horse to be saddled and rode to the king's quarters with the newspaper in his pocket. On his arrival there he learned that the king could not see him immediately, as the crown prince was with him. Prince Friederich Karl waited a long time in the ante-room. At last the door of the king's room opened and the crown prince stepped out, flushed and excited, but beaming with satisfaction. As soon as he saw Prince Friederich Karl he went to him and said: "I can give you some information which you will doubtless hear as gladly as I give it to you. The king has pardoned Gen. Blumenthal the imprudent letter which he wrote." To which Prince Karl made a wry face, put in his pocket the newspaper he had held in his hand, and walked off with the crown prince.

When Dean Gott Forgot.

Dr. Gott, who has recently announced his intention of resigning the bishopric of Truro, was formerly the dean of Worcester; his absent-mindedness was so notorious that he earned for himself the sobriquet of "Dean Forget." He himself on one occasion invited a number of friends to dinner, and a short time before the dinner hour he suggested that a stroll through the grounds would be a good appetizer. After spending a quarter of an hour or so admiring the greenhouses, etc., they suddenly came across a small door in the wall. "Ah," said the dean to his astonished guests, "this will be a much shorter way home for you than going by the front way"—and, all unconscious of his invitation, he opened the door and bowed them out!

Had Been in Training.

First Doctor—A woman applied for a position as nurse in the alcoholic ward to-day. Second Doctor—Had any experience? "She said she used to be a snake charmer."—Philadelphia Record.

Changes In Revenue Law The Reduced War Taxes as They Go Into Effect July 1

Beginning with July 1 certain changes in the war revenue bill will go into effect. The original measure, it will be remembered, was enacted by congress June 13, 1898, just after the breaking out of the Spanish-American war. Just prior to adjournment the last congress made certain amendments to this act. Perhaps the changes that will be most noticed by the general public will be the removal of the tax on bank checks and drafts, sight drafts, money orders, leases, mortgages or conveyances in trust, promissory notes and telegraph messages. The tax on bankers of \$50 for \$25,000 and \$2 for each additional \$1,000 is to be retained. So also is the tax on stock brokers of \$50, on pawnbrokers of \$20, on commercial brokers of \$20 and on custom house brokers of \$10.

Proprietors of theaters and like places of amusement and proprietors of circuses are still to be taxed \$100. The tax of \$10 on all other exhibitions is also retained. The new law made no change in the tax of \$5 levied on each bowling alley or billiard table.

Tobacco and snuff come in for a discount of 20 per cent. on the old tax. There is a distinction drawn in the case of cigarettes. The tax on those of a certain grade and weight is retained; on others the tax is reduced. Dealers in tobacco and leaf tobacco, and manufacturers of tobacco and of cigars, will be taxed according to the rate now prevailing.

On bonds, debentures, etc., and on certificates of stock of original issue the tax of 5 cents per \$100 is to be retained. In the provision taxing transfers of stock 2 cents per \$100, the same tax is extended to bucket shops. The tax on sales of products at exchanges is cut in half. In the case of sales of merchandise in actual course of transportation the tax is entirely removed. The tax on all forms of insurance is repealed.

Proprietary medicines, perfumery and cosmetics and chewing gum are all to be exempted from taxation. Petroleum and sugar refineries are still to pay one-fourth per cent. of their gross receipts in excess of \$250,000. Each sleeping and parlor car ticket will continue to pay 1 cent to the government. Legacies of charitable institutions, religious, literary or educational in character, will not be taxed after July 1.

TABULAR SUMMARY OF CHANGES IN WAR REVENUES.

Table with 3 columns: Articles, Taxed by Act of June 13, 1898, and Taxed by Act of Feb. 28, 1901. Rows include Beer, Bankers, Stock brokers, Pawnbrokers, Commercial brokers, Custom house brokers, Proprietors of theaters, etc., Proprietors of circuses, Proprietors of other exhibitions, Bowling alleys or billiard rooms, Tobacco and snuff, Cigars over three pounds, Cigars not over three pounds, Cigarettes over three pounds, Cigarettes not over three pounds, Dealers in leaf tobacco, Dealers in tobacco, Manufacturers of tobacco, Manufacturers of cigars, Bonds, debentures, etc., Certificates of stock, original issue, Certificates of stock, transfers, Sales of products at exchanges, Bank checks, Bills of exchange, inland, Certificates of deposit, Promissory notes, Money orders, Freight receipts, Bills of lading for export, Express receipts, Mortgage or conveyance in trust, Telephone messages, Bonds of indemnity and bonds not otherwise specified, Certificates of profits, Certificates of damage, Certificates not otherwise specified, Charter party, Brokers' contract, Conveyance, Telegraph messages, Entry of goods at c. h. for consumption, Entry for withdrawal, Insurance, life, Marine, inland, fire, Casualty, fidelity and guaranty, Lease, Manifest for custom house entry, Mortgage or conveyance in trust, Passage ticket, Power of attorney to vote, Power of attorney to sell, Protest, Warehouse receipts, Proprietary medicines, Perfumery and cosmetics, Chewing gum, Wines, Petroleum and sugar refineries, Sleeping and parlor car tickets, Legacies, Mixed flour, Manufactures of mixed flour, Tea.

Epitaph and Pan.

One evening at a small party which included the two friends, Douglas Jerrold and Charles Knight, the author-publisher, the talk turned on epitaphs. As they were walking home together, Knight, half lightly and half in earnest, asked the wit to write his epitaph for him. Jerrold made no answer, but when they came to the parting of their ways, he suddenly said: "I've got your epitaph." "Well, what is it?" "Good Knight!—Youth's Companion."

Traffic in Russia.

Early in April there were lying at the stations of three Russian railroads, waiting to be forwarded, 27,000 car loads of grain, equal to about 12,000,000 bushels, much of which had been waiting for months. Complaints that railroads are not able to handle their traffic are common in Russia.

Trouth of the Ocean.

The weakfish is revisiting the Atlantic coast, much to the satisfaction of epicures, who know that the fish thus handicapped by its name is the trout of the ocean.

Out-Door Relief in England.

In the south-western counties of England 37 out of every 1,000 persons are in receipt of outdoor relief. This number falls to 19 in the north-west counties.

Arsenic for Hardening Shot.

Shot is generally hardened by the addition of a small quantity of arsenic to the lead.

Mother and Queen.

Queen Victoria always made it a point to keep the religious instruction of her children as much as possible in her own hands. Once when the archdeacon of London was catechizing the young princes, he said: "Your goodness deserves great credit for instructing you so thoroughly." At which the youngsters piped up: "It is mamma who teaches us our catechism!" It is not perhaps generally known that the queen occasionally taught a Bible class for the children of those in attendance at Windsor palace.—London Beacon.

In Honor of an Inventor.

A movement has been started in Georgia to perpetuate the memory of Eli Whitney by converting into an elegant country club the scene of his labors near Augusta, where he perfected his cotton gin. An organization has been perfected, and a charter for the club secured.

Free Medical Help.

In England 972,000 people a year receive free medical attendance, compared with only 230,000 in France, and the cost of these French invalids is only \$38,000, compared with \$150,000 spent in medical relief in Ireland.

A Big Battleship.

A battleship of 16,000 tons displacement, the largest ever designed, is to be added to the United States navy. If the proposed speed of 21 knots is secured, this ship will be the masterpiece in naval construction.