THE TOWN O' DREAM. By a beautiful stream lies the Town

Dream,
On a beautiful summer plain,
With bells achime a golden time
To the tune of a golden strain.

The road lies straight through a golder

gate— Men call it the Port o' Sleep— Where far below dim waters flow Through chambers cool and deep.

O, fair and bright in the broad sunlight, Her streets and her greening bowers, And all day long a sleepy song Murmurs of love and flowers.

And never a care can enter there, Nor trouble to cause annoy, There rest comes sweet to tolling feet And weary hearts find joy.

Now would ye know the way to go To the beautiful Town o' Dream? Ye must seek the god of the Land o' Nod, Ruler of things that seem.

And drawing near with humble cheer Ye'll speak the Word of Kin, And if your mind is good and kind Ye'll freely enter in.

And he rules them, every one,
With a Pleasance deep and a Rod of Sleep
At setting of the sun. O, near and far his peoples are,

By a beautiful stream lies the Town o

Dream.

-Weary are we and fain;

Come, let us try the portal high,
And win our Town again!

-A. B. de Mille, in N. Y. Independent.

My Strangest Case

BY GUY BOOTHBY. Author of "Dr. Kikola," "The Beautiful

White Devii," "Pharos, The Egyptian," Etc. [Copyrighted, 1901, by Ward, Lock & Co.]

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED. "Mr. Fairfax," said he, "I labor under the fear that you cannot understand my position. Can you realize what it is like to feel shut up in the dark, waiting and longing always for only one thing? Could you not let come to Paris with you to-mor-

"Impossible," I said. "It is out of the question. It could not be thought r a moment!"

"But why not? I can see no diffi-culty in it!"

"If for no other reason because it would destroy any chance of my even getting on the scent. I should be hampered at every turn."

He heaved a heavy sigh.
"Blind! blind!" he said with despair in his voice. "But I know that I shall meet him some day, and when

His ferocity was the more terrible by reason of his affliction.

Only wait, Mr Kitwater," I re-"Wait, and if I can help you, plied. you shall have your treasure

again. Will you then be satisfied?"
"Yes, I'll be satisfied," he answered, but with what struck me as almost reluctance. "Yes, when I would excite his suspicions, I hope," have my treasure back again I'll be I put in. "You ought to know by satisfied, and so will Codd. In the meantime I'll wait here in the dark, the dark in which the days and nights are the same. Yes, I'll wait and wait and wait."

that moment Miss Kitwater made her reappearance in the garden, and I rose to bid my clients farewell.

"Good-by, Mr. Kitwater," I said. "I'll write "I'll write immediately I reach Paris, and let you know how I am

getting on." "You are very kind," Kitwater answered, and Codd nodded his head. My hostess and I then set off down

drive to the high-road which we followed towards the village. It was perfect evening, and the sun was setting in the west in a mass of crimson and gold. At first we talked various commonplace subjects, but it was not very long before we came back, as I knew we should do, to the one absorbing topic.
"There is another thing I want to

set right with you, Miss Kitwater." I said, as we paused upon the bridge to which I have elsewhere referred. "It is only a small matter. Somehow, however, I feel that I must settle it, before I can proceed further in the affair with any satisfaction to my-

She looked at me in surprise.

"What is it?" she asked, "I thought we had settled everything." "So far as I can see that is the only matter that remains," I answered. "Yet it is sufficiently important to warrant my speaking to you about it. What I want to know is,

whom I am serving?" "I don't think I understand," she said, drawing lines with her umbrella upon the stone coping of the

bridge as she spoke. "And yet my meaning is clear," I "What I want to be cerreturned tain of is, whether I am serving you

or your uncle? 'I don't think you are serving either of us," she answered. "You are helping us to right a great

wrong. "Forgive me, but that is merely trifling with words. I am going to be candid once more. You are paying the money, I believe?"

In some confusion she informed me that this certainly was the case. "Very well, then, I am certainly our servant," I said. "It is your interests I shall have to study."

"I can trust them implicitly to you, I am sure, Mr. Fairfax," she re-And now here we are at the church. If you walk quickly you will to the restaurant where I had arbe just in time to catch your train. Let me thank you again for coming in question is neither an expensive

down to-day.'

and a pleasant journey to you!"
We shook hands and parted. As I passed along the road I watched her making her way along the avenue towards the church. There was need

wards the church. There was need for me to shake my head. "George Fairfax," said I, "it would require very little of that young lady's society to enable you to make a fool of yourself."

CHAPTER VIII.

Unlike so many of my countrymen I am prepared to state that I detest the French capital. I always make my visits to it as brief as possible, then, my business completed, off I fly again, seeming to breathe more freely when I am outside its boundaries. I don't know why this should be so, for I have always been treated with the utmost courtesy and consideration by its inhabitants, particularly by those members of the French detective force with whom I

have been brought in contact.
On this visit I crossed with one of the cleverest Parisian detectives, a til he made himself known to dealings. He was most anxious to ascertain the reason of my visit to no sort of satisfaction. He probably regarded it as an attempt to put him off the scent, and I fancy he resent-We reached Paris at o'clock, whereupon I invited him to dine with me at eight o'clock, at a restaurant we had both patronized on many previous occasions. He accepted my invitation, and promised to meet me at the time and place I named. On the platform awaiting our arrival was my man Dickson, to whom I had telegraphed, ordering him to meet me.
"Well, Dickson," I said, when I had

bade the detective au revoir, "what

"I've had him under my eye, sir," he answered. "I know exactly what he's been doing, and where he's stay-

ing."
"That's good news, indeed," I replied. "Have you discovered anything else about him?"

"Yes, sir," he returned. "I find that he's struck up a sudden ac-quaintance with a lady named Mme. Beaumarais, and that they are to dine together at the Cafe des Ambassadeurs to-night. They have been in and out of half the jewelers' shops in the Rue de la Paix to-day, and he's spending a mint of money on her."

"They are dining at the Cafe des Ambassadeurs to-night, did you say?

At what time?"
"I cannot tell you that, sir," Dickson replied. "I only know that they are to dine there together to-night "And pray how did you find that

"I made inquiries as to who she was, and where she lived, and then pumped her maid," he answered.

"You did not do anything that would excite his suspicions, I hope," that this time what women are."

"Oh, no, sir, you needn't be afraid," he said. "I was too careful for that. The maid and I are on me to be a Russian, and I've not denied it." very friendly terms.

"It would be safest not to do so," I replied. "If she discovers that you are an Englishman, she might chance to mention the fact to her mistress. She would doubtless let it fall in

epeak Russian, do you not?"
"Ony pretty well, sir," he an-"I should be soon bowled swered out if I came in contact with a real

one. "Well, I think I will be somewhere near the Cafe des Ambassadeurs to-night just to make sure of my man.

"Very good, sir," he returned. "I suppose you will be staying at the same place?"

I thereupon departed for the quiet house at which I usually take up my abode when in Paris. The big hotels are places I steer clear of, for the simple reason that I often have business in connection with them, and it does not pay me to become too well known. At this little house I can go out and come in just as I please, have my meals at any time of the day or night, and am as well cared for as at my own abode in London. On this occasion the old lady of the house greeted me with flattering enthusiasm. She had received my telegram, she said, and my usual room awaited me. I accordingly ascended to it in order to dress myself for the dinner of the evening, and as I did so thought of the pretty bedroom I had seen on the previous day, which naturally led me to think of the owner of the house, at that moment my employer. In my mind's eye I could see her just as she had stood on that old stone bridge at stowe, with the sunset behind her and the church bells sounding across the meadows, calling the villagers to evensong. How much better it was, I argued, to be standing talking to her there in that old world peace, than to be dressing for a dinner a an up-to-date French restaurant. My toilet completed, I descended to the street, hired a fiacre, and drove own to-day."

"It has been a great pleasure to halls of mirrors, no dainty little

you," she answered. "Now good-by, to the room above, where we select- ter. And with every one she will led our table and sat down. My com- grow just an imperceptible bit older. half the languages of Europe on his I fancy there are just one or two altongue, and a knowledge of all the ready. Then she will not be so fastongue, and a knowledge of all the tricks and dodges of all the criminal fraternity at his finger-ends. He has since written a book on his experiences, and a stranger volume, or one more replete with a knowledge of the darker side of human nature it would be difficult to find. menced his professional career as a doctor, and like myself had gradually drifted into the detective profession. Among other things he was an inimitable hand at disguising himself, as many a wretched criminal now knows to his cost. Even I, who now knows to his cost. Even 1, who have been taken in by him. I have given alms to a blind beggar in the streets, have enblind beggar in the streets and the streets and the streets and the streets are streets. to him on an omnibus when he has been clothed as an artisan in a blue blouse, and on not one of those occasions have I ever recognized him unman with whom I have had many Among other things he was a decided epicure, and loved a good dinner as well as any of his compatriots. his country. My assurance that I could you but see him with his nap-was not in search of any one of his own criminals seemed to afford him twinkling eyes sparkling with mirth, and his face wreathed in smiles, you would declare him to be one of the jolliest-looking individuals you have ever encountered. See him, however, when he is on business and has a knotty problem to solve, and you will find a different man. The mouth has become one of iron, the eyes are as fierce as fierce can be. Some one, I remember, likened him to the great Napoleon, and the description is an

Napoleon, and the description is an exceedingly apt one.

"By the way," I said, as we took a peep into our second bottle of Perrier-Jouet, "there is a question I want to put to you. Do you happen to be acquainted with a certain Mme. Beaumarais?"

"I have known her for

"I have known her for more years than she or I would care to remem-ber." he answered. "For a woman who has led the life she has, she wears uncommonly well. A beautiful creature! The very finest shoulders in all Paris, and that is saying something."

He blew a kiss off the tips of his fingers, and raised his glass in her

but I do not let her touch my money. Oh, no, la belle Louise is a clever woman, a very clever woman, but money trickles through her fingers like water through a sieve. Let me is a ball of fire at the masthead! geria, and the third I know not St. Elmo in the Mediterranean downere, and now I have learnt since a fearful thunderstorm. As he terested in that Englishman, of course?'

"How do you know that?"

"Because you question me about Mme. Beaumarais," he answered. "A good many people have asked me always the man they want to get hold of. You, my astute Fairfax, are interested in the man, not because you want to save him from her, but conversation with him, and then all because he has done a little some-our trouble would be useless. You thing which he should not have done, elsewhere. The money he is lavishing on Mme. Louise, whence does it come? Should I be very wrong if I suggested gems?

I gave a start of surprise. How on earth did he guess this?

swered with a little laugh. "Well, I always to tell me any stories. She After that I'll tell you what to do knew it a long time ago. Ah, you has to play whist every day. next."

knew it a long time ago. Ah, you has to play whist every day. are astonished! You should surely teaches it, too. I wish she didn never allow yourself to be surprised by anything. Now I will tell you isn't home much, so I 'most always how I came to know about the gems. have to go to bed alone," and the little "Yes, the same place," I replied. Some time ago a certain well-known thing added, pathetically, hugging her lady of this city lost her jewel-case doll to her motherly little bosom, cate, you can either call, or send in a mysterious manner. The affair "when I grow up I'll never play whist. was placed in my hands, and when I thereupon departed for the quiet I had exhausted Paris, I went to before she goes to bed." Here was a Amsterdam, en route if necessary for London. You know our old friends. Levenstein and Schartzer?'

I nodded. I had had dealings with

that firm on many occasions.
"Well, as I went into their office, I saw the gentleman who has been paying attention to the lady we have been discussing, come out. I have an excellent memory for faces, and when I saw him to-night entering the Cafe des Ambassadeurs, I recog-nized him immediately. Thus the

mystery is explained."

He shrugged his shoulders and spread his hands apart, like a conjurer who has just vanished a rabbit

or an orange. "Has the man of whom we are speaking done very wrong?" he in-

quired.
"The stones he sold in London and Amsterdam belonged to himself and his two partners," I answered. "He has not given them their share of the

transaction. That is all."
"They had better be quick about it then, or they are not likely to get anything. It would be a very smu that would tempt la belle Louise to be faithful for a long period. If your employers really desire to pun-ish him, and they are not in want of money, I should say do not let them interfere. She will then nibble-nibble at what he has got like a mouse into a store of good things. Then presently that store will be all gone, and then she will give up, and me,"I replied. "Perhaps when I re-turn from Paris you will permit me to come down again to report Paris there. On reaching it I found mibble just as before. As I say, there

panion was a witty little man with By and by the wrinkles will appear; tidious about her hundred of thousand francs, and will condescend to think of mere thousands. After that it will come to simple hundreds. Then there will be az interval—after nature it would which a garret, a harcoal-brazier, He had com- and the morgue. I have known so many, and it is always the same. First, the diamonds, the champagne, the exquisite little dinners at best restaurants, and at brazier, the closed doors and windows, and the cold stone slab. There

fear is that he will make a bolt annot understand why he is dallying in Paris so long?"

"For the simple reason that he is confident he has put you off scent," was my companion's reply.
'He is doing the one foolish thing the criminal always does sooner or later; that is to say, he is becoming over-confident of his own powers to elude us. You and I, my friend, should be able to remember several such instances. Now, strange to say I came across a curious one other day. Would you care to hear

He lit a cigarette and blew a cloud of smoke while he waited for my an-

"Very much," I said, being well that his stories were always worth hearing.

[To Be Continued.]

ST. ELMO'S FIRE. One Instance in Which the Mysterious Light Appeared in an Unmistakable Manner.

The phenomena of a phosphorescent ight at the masthead is one so rarely witnessed by others than superstitious sailors that it is seldom one finds an in-telligent account of it. The following, by Rev. Dr. Mason, of Burma, is there fore of interest, says Youth's Compan-

"On one occasion I was with others on board a small schooner at anchor off Tavoy Point, when a severe squall of wind and rain, accompanied by much thunder and lightning came on.

"After the storm began to abate, we were aroused by a cry on deck: think for a moment. She ruined went up and saw, what is very rarely Marquis D'Esmai, the Vicomte Cotseen, 'the fire of St. Elmo,' or 'the fire foret, M. D'Armier and many others of St. Elmo and St. Anne.' It exhibited whose names I cannot now recall. an appearance quite different from all The first is with our noble troops in the descriptions I have read. Phipson Cochin China, the second is in Alsays: 'Lord Napier observed the fire not St. Elmo in the Mediterranean during my arrival in Paris that she has got retiring to rest, a cry from those aloft: hold of a young Englishman, who is "St Elmo and St. Anne!" induced him vastly wealthy. She will have all he to go on deck. The masthead was comhas got very soon, and then he will pletely enveloped in a blaze of pale begin the world anew. You are in-

"The St. Elmo that I saw did not envelop the masthead in a blaze at all, but it took the form of a perfect blaze of phosphoric light, perhaps a in diameter. It was not on the summit of the mast, but touched it on one side, about her at different times, but it is playing about it when the vessel rolled, as a large soap bubble, a trifle lighter

than the air. "After remaining some ten minutes the light grew fainter, and finally died out like a soap bubble."

Her Whist Playing Mamma.
Two little girls sat on the steps chatting over their dolls. Said one: mamma tells me lovely stories before I go to bed. Does yours? "No," replied the other. "My mamma is hardly ever at home when I go to "Yes! I see I'm right," he and bed, and when she is she is too tired She teaches it, too. I wish she didn't, because I get awfully lonesome and papa childish outburst of a stored-up sense of radical wrong in her life. And there are too many little hearts oppressed by this sense of deprivation. not alone the children who suffer from the whist fashion. It is responsible for more tantrums and breakdowns of over-wrought women than women's clubs' work or woman suffrage, or any

other in-doors diversion of society.

Modest Fees.
Sir Walter Scott's first client was a burglar. He got the fellow off, but the man declared that he hadn't a penny to give him for his services. Two bits of useful information he offered, however, and with these the young lawyer had to be content. The first was that a yelping terrier inside the house was beter protection against thieves than a big dog outside and the second, that no sort of lock bothered his craft so much as an old, rusty one.

Small compensation as this was, the first brief of the noted French law-yer, M. Rouher, yielded still less. The peasant for whom M. Rouher won the case asked how much he owed him: "Oh, say two francs," said the modest advocate.
"Two francs!" exclaimed the peas-

ant. "That is very high. Won't you let me off with a franc and a half?" "No," said the counsel "two francs or nothing."

"Well, then," said his client, "I'a

And with a bow he left .-- Green Bag. Also Requires Greater Ability. "Do you think women should pro

"No; the sport of making men pro rogress?"

my guest had been the first to arrive. will be somebody else, and somebody pose is much more exciting and en else, right up to the end of the chap
"We shall be very pleased to see . We accordingly ascended the stairs else, right up to the end of the chap-

PUZZLE PICTURE.

"THAT BOY APPEARS A LITTLE ROUGH."
WHAT BOY?

THE COLLEGE TRADE.

33

An Enterprising Groceryman's Way of Increasing His Sales of Candy and Pickles.

In the neighborhood of a fashionschool for girls within the lines of the district, there is a small grocery store where the girls have been wont to wander almost daily for the purchase of cucumber pickles, crackers and little tid-bits that all crave and are not included in the regular menu of the school table. Recently the proprietor of the grocery store decided to sell out and return to his home in another city, says the Washington

After some advertising he met up with a probable purchaser. At first the prospective buyer was not particularly struck with the possibilities of the location as a grocery mart of profitable proportions. He was just a little doubtful, when the proprietor with the desire to sell brought out his trump card.

"My good man," he said, "there is the college trade you have not counted upon in your calculations.

"What is the college trade?" inquired the newcomer. "It is lively at all times," assured the proprietor, "and you will find it

The "college trade" slogan carried the day, and the store was sold forth-with. The newcomer was to pay half the purchase price down and the other half within two weeks, during which time he was to have the privilege of withdrawing from the bargain if the "college trade" did not prove all that was predicted of it.

e new proprietor began business at the old stand in a very good sort of way, but during the first few days the "college trade" did not materialize, and he was beginning to grow un-easy. Occasionally girls came to the store and looked around, but did not seem anxious to make purchases.

One bright morning there was a misive in the mail that brought joy to the groceryman. His face beamed with newborn knowledge, and he under-stood for the first time the significance of the term which had induced him to take the business—"college trade."

The missive was a letter addressed to a girl at the college, in care of the grocer. In the noonday mail two other letters came. They, too, were addressed to college girls and the writing was of the bold, brave sort usually attributed to men.

AND RELIGION

By REV. GEORGE C. LORIMER,

Pastor Madison Ave. Baptist Church, N. Y.

For the next two weeks the "college trade" flourished magnificently, and whenever the mail was heavy the purchases by the girls were correspondingly large. The grocer was delighted to pay the final installment of the purchase money. He adopted the system of placing the letters in the show case where candied and sweet nothings were kept. Here the letters not only were easily seen by the girls, but the same time attracted their attention to dainty commodities with which the proprietor could be induced to upon a slight consideration of so much er quarter pound.

Things were progressing boomingly and the embryo post office was gaining in popularity daily. Things were coming too easy to last, however, and a day or two ago the crash came.

As bad luck would have it, the daily

run of visitors brought to the grocery store a member of the college faculty. The member had been a girl herself not so many years ago, and while in the store her fancies led her to inquire whether or not candy was to be had there. The proprietor delightedly pointed the way to the candy showcase. But the beauty of the bonbons faded from the teacher's view as her eyes caught sight of a little package of letters in one corner of the case and she recognized on the uppermost one the name of a certain very pretty student

"What means this?" she demanded, as an appalling hush fell over the scene.

The grocer confessed. The girls are no longer allowed to patronize the store. The "college trade" is but a sweet remembrance. There is no joy in the young grocer's life.

The Important Thing.

"He told me it would probably be a bitter fight," said the man who had just been to see a lawyer. "But he convinced himself of the

justice of your cause," suggested his 'Well, no; not right away," replied the prospective litigant. "He first convinced himself that I had money

enough to make a fight."-Chicago Like Mont Pelee.

Every husband is a sort of Mont Pelee, and though he shows symptoms of growing dangerous, his family reto take warning.-Atchison

Bowery Amenities,

Jim (giving her a box of candy)— Sweets to de sweet. Kate-Tanks to de tank .- N. Y. Times.

The literature and religion of a people go hand in hand. AGE PRODUCTIVE OF THE BEST THERE IS IN RELIGION WILL BE PRODUCTIVE AL-SO OF THE BEST IN LITER-LITERATURE ATURE. The one but reflects

the other. THE GOVERNING SPIR-IT OF AN AGE REVEALS ITSELF IN ITS LITERATURE. The literature of ancient Greece and Rome was sensuous. Just as

there was the nude in statuary so, in a sense, was there the nude in lit-We sometimes hear people talk of a revival of ancient art, but those who express such sentiments do not know what they are talking about; they do not understand the spirit of the age in which we

THE ART OF THE GREEKS WAS SATURATED WITH SENSUOUSNESS BUT WE, TO-DAY, ARE TRYING TO

EMANCIPATE OURSELVES FROM SENSUOUSNESS. What good would it do to tell some poor wretch of humanity

about such a God as Mathew Arnold pictures in his definition when he says: "A power not ourselves which makes for righteousness." What good would it do to tell of such a God as that? But tell such a man that God is our Father, and the effect of such teaching is shown in

results. WHAT PEOPLE WANT IN THE PULPIT IS RELIGIOUS INSTRUC-TION, and if we do not give it to them they will get it from Mrs. Humphrey Ward, George McDonald, or elsewhere. I think perhaps, all of us have a morbid desire to see the shady side of life, and if not to see it actually, then to read about it in books.

