

THE LAST DREAM.

"Nay, give me back my spinning wheel,"  
She prayed: "Ah, look, my hands are  
strong.  
Give back the spindle and the reel—  
My needs to the dead past belong—  
The old-time fancies round me throng  
And make me young and blithe once more  
With my spinning wheel beside the door."  
"For one, upon a time like this  
Came up the old, sweet orchard way,  
And took our first betrothal kiss;  
An hour like this, all warm and gray,  
With shadows hung like dreams at play,  
And long he would not go, but stayed  
For love of me, his spinning maid."  
"He came up through the plaxter blows—  
He loved the soft, unfolding flowers,  
And even now, when Hesperus glows  
Through the faint shadowed, fragrant  
hours,  
When things are sweet with drifting  
showers,  
I hear his step, again I feel  
The lost thrill of my spinning wheel."  
"He said he loved this leafy place,  
—And loved the old wheel's drawy tune?  
He had the poet's tender grace—  
"Twas like a—something old—a rune,  
Some hymn-like thing, like Bonnie Doon,  
While up and down, with joyous tread,  
I walked and drew my long white thread."  
"And when I hear the one great call  
That bids me hence, this is my prayer—  
To go when night's first shadows fall—  
They'll hide my old gray face, and hair,  
They'll take me in this homely chair  
To where my lost love lies, and make  
My grave by his—for old love's sake."  
Her heart beat with the happy press  
Of old remembered dreams and sighs,  
Her lips were sweet with tenderness  
Of love that never fades or dies.  
The love light of the sunset skies  
Crept up and kissed her faded eyes,  
And as the white head trembled down,  
Wave round it the saint's shining crown.  
—Mille W. Carpenter, in Springfield (Mass.)  
Republican.

A Knave of Conscience

By FRANCIS LYNDE.

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CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

Griswold's pale face flushed, and his finger-tips tingled again. "You are very kind; kind and charitable. I think sympathy has been an unknown quantity in my equation. May I really come to see you as a friend?"  
"Haven't I said it?" she asked; and she might have emphasized it had not Raymer come to take Griswold home.  
Raymer's sorrel had covered half the distance from the lake edge to Mrs. Holcomb's before its owner said:  
"Well, how near do we come to being the manners of the effete east?"  
"I'm no authority," said Griswold; adding as a salve: "I enjoyed it."  
"Then you weren't bored?"  
"I fancy Miss Grierson doesn't often bore people, does she?"  
"No; she has a knack of stroking you the right way. It takes her father to do the other thing."  
"The magnate? I thought you said he was a public benefactor."  
"Did I? We've told ourselves that till we've come to believe it. But he's principally for Jasper Grierson at bottom."  
"Naturally. Greed is the Juggernaut of this end of the century."  
"Bah! That's a sheer platitude in your mouth, Griswold. You don't know anything about it, you men of letters and leisure. It's simply a savage fight for survival, and the man with the money wins."  
"Yes? I believe I've said some such thing myself. But I've been hoping you'd manage to escape."  
"I might have escaped. I was doing well enough, but I couldn't stand it to see the town growing away from me. So I borrowed money and spread myself; and now I'm fighting for dear life with the rest of them."  
Griswold's comment was brief and to the point. "Tell me about it," he said.  
"It's a short horse and soon curried," said the iron master, bitterly. "Two months ago I borrowed \$50,000 of Jasper Grierson's bank. I gave him a 90-day note and a mortgage, with the verbal understanding that I was to have my own time for payment. The 30 days will be up Tuesday, and he has notified me that I must lift a third of the indebtedness on that day."  
"A third?"  
"Yes. Of course it's preposterous. He knew all the circumstances at the time; that the loan was a building fund which couldn't bear fruit until it was planted."  
Griswold shook his head. "You certainly took terrific chances."  
"Didn't I? It proves what a man will do when he is greed-bitten. And the worst of it is that three-fourths of the original capital belong to my mother and sister, and they were both distrustful of the spread-eagle move with Grierson as a backer."  
Griswold was silent while the sorrel was measuring a full square. Then he said: "What is Grierson's object?"  
"I don't know. To break me or to own me, I suppose."  
"There may be an alternative; what was it you told me this morning about the little social melée?"  
Raymer pulled the sorrel up short. "Heavens! you don't suppose she has put him up to it for that!"  
"I suppose nothing that involves Miss Grierson. But isn't it possible that her father may be resentful for her? I believe if you could persuade your mother and Miss Gertrude to call—"

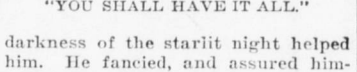
"Oh, I don't know. If it is only a little social friction—"  
"It's more than that; though why it should be I don't know. I believe my mother and Gertrude would face beggary cheerfully before they would pay that price. Anyway, I shan't ask them."  
"What will you do?"  
"If I knew I shouldn't be unloading my grief on you."  
They had reached Mrs. Holcomb's gate and Raymer cramped the buggy at the curb. But Griswold did not get out. Instead he put one hand on Raymer's knee and said: "Have you ever thought of taking a partner?"  
Raymer's smile was a mere grimace.  
"It begins to look as if I should have to take one that I don't want."  
"It needn't come to that. I have some money which I want to invest where it will do the most good to the greatest number. You spoke this morning of some plans you had in view for the betterment of your workmen. If you will carry them out, and let me help, we can arrange a little surprise for Mr. Grierson."  
Raymer was stupefied, as he had a good right to be. But he managed to ask how.  
"In the simplest way imaginable. Come to me to-morrow morning and I will give you the money to take up your note and the mortgage."  
"You? But, Griswold, man, you didn't understand me. It's ninety-five-thousand dollars!" He said it slowly, so that the misunderstanding might be removed.  
Griswold climbed out of the buggy carefully, as befitted his weakness. But when he turned to say good night his grasp was the grasp of an athlete.  
"I understand you perfectly, my dear fellow. You shall have it all, and a little more, if you need it. And when you've broken the Grierson grip we'll talk about the partnership. Good night."

CHAPTER XVIII.

After all, it was Raymer who was responsible for Griswold's introduction to Charlotte and her aunt. It was after the partnership—a silent partnership by Griswold's express condition—had been formed and Griswold had been taken into the Raymer household as well as into the Raymer firm.  
It was thus that he found himself included in a family invitation to the doctor's, and it was thus that Raymer became his sponsor. Not that a sponsor was greatly needed. The good doctor had come to know and to love his sometime patient, and the invitation to Griswold in his proper person had not been lacking.  
It was inevitable that he should meet Miss Farnham with some degree of restraint, and that the entire evening should scarcely suffice for its effacement. As a matter of fact it was not properly effaced until the time came for an adjournment to the broad veranda, and the

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"Getting a draft cashed, I presumed."  
"Where would that draft be now?"  
"In the possession of the issuing bank, and probably cancelled long since. It couldn't be traced or identified. We've been over all that."  
"Of course; but I was hoping we might stumble upon something that had been overlooked. May I use the phone?"  
"Certainly."  
Griffin shut himself into the phone-box and called up the wharf-master's office on the levee.  
"Hello! Is this Robertson? Say, Dick, where is the Belle Julie now? Up-river, you say? All right; I am coming down to get you to wire Capt. Mayfield for me."  
The "wire" sent a little later from the wharf-master's office asked for a list of the Belle Julie's lady passengers on that voyage which began on the day of the robbery. Griffin was not above swearing a little when the answer came. It was a string of twenty-odd names, and to have speech with these twenty-odd women meant weeks of continuous travel for the detective.  
That being the next move in the game, however, he set about making it methodically, beginning with those most accessible, and working through the list from name to name; and at the end of weeks he had interviewed every woman on the list save two. These two lived in a small inland city in Minnesota, and when he turned his face northward to try the final cast of the die he was weary enough to be disheartened, if disheartenment had been admissible.  
It was evening when he reached Wahaska, and since it was too late to do anything he promised himself that he would smoke but a single cigar and go to bed. But when the cigar was alight he left the hotel to smoke it in the open. There was an unusual stir in the streets, and a question asked of a chance passer-by evoked the reason. The new Grierson opera house was to be opened that night by a company imported from Chicago for the occasion, and everybody was going to the theater [To Be Continued.]



"YOU SHALL HAVE IT ALL."

"It is just about as I put it up," he said, at the end of the photograph inspection. "The fellow isn't a professional crank, and this is his first break."  
This point established, there were two courses open; to try to trace the man in New Orleans, and so to determine his identity; or to take up the lost clew in St. Louis. Since it asked for less time, Griffin did the latter first, and succeeded in besting the St. Louis officers by one move. For them the fugitive had disappeared, handcuffed, in the runaway carriage; for Griffin he reappeared a little later at Mr. Abram Sonnenschein's emporium, but was lost again when he left with his purchases.  
Griffin went back to New Orleans, baffled but not discouraged. As before, the case turned upon the pivot of identity. When he should have learned the man's name and place in the world it would be an easy matter to track him down.  
Accordingly he went to the bank and asked again for the anonymous letter.  
"You have tried every means to place the writer of this, Mr. Galbraith?" he queried.  
"Everything we could think of. It might be any one of the hundred transient customers we served that day."  
"It is a woman," hazarded Griffin, at a venture.  
"Doubtless."  
"Was there a woman in the bank when you went with the fellow to cash the check?"  
"There was. She was at the teller's window."  
"Did you notice her particularly?"  
"Not well enough to be able to describe her. I had other things to think of just then."  
"Sure enough. What was she doing?"

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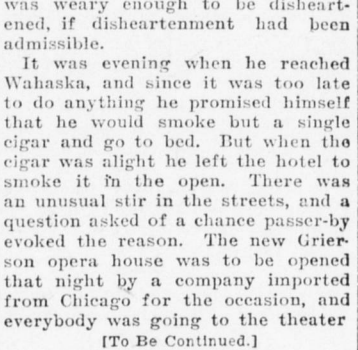
**THAT SETTLED HIM.**  
**A Statesman's Happy Method of Disposing of Troublesome Place Hunters.**  
A celebrated statesman had a happy way of ridding himself of applicants for diplomatic and other posts. The son of an old friend called upon him one day to bespeak his influence in getting him an important embassy, relates London Tit-Bits.  
"Mr. F—," said the minister, motioning his visitor to a chair, "I am glad you called."  
"Thank you, my lord."  
"You are one of the few people to whom I feel under obligation."  
"It's very good of you to say so. I called to see—"  
"It is an obligation which I feel deeply, and which I always hope to feel."  
"Perhaps you exaggerate," the hopeful visitor said, in an effort to be modest.  
"No; I don't. You are one of the few people of my acquaintance who never asked me for an appointment."  
And the applicant was so embarrassed that in a few moments he took his hat and left.

**Humor of Major Venable.**  
Maj. Richard M. Venable, of Baltimore, is one of the leading lawyers of the south, and one of the most distinguished lecturers on law in Maryland. He is a Virginian who went to Baltimore after the war, and who has become identified with the city. In the recent reform movement, which won, and which saved the people a great deal of money, he was elected to one of the most responsible positions in the municipal legislature, the presidency of the council branch which had to do with the budget. There is probably no keener wit in the whole country. He has the dry, solemn manner which accentuates his points, and some of his puns have become famous. For instance, after a trip to England and Egypt he was speaking of the things that impressed him in both countries—in one, of fields and flowers; in the other, the rows of preserved bodies. "Indeed," he said, very soberly, "the mummies of Egypt seemed to be almost as numerous as the poppies of England."—Harper's Weekly.

**A Medieval Survival.**  
The inhabitants of a far-away village in Surrey have been enjoying a quaint medieval survival in the sale by auction of a local meadow. Long ago, when the world was not so busy as it is to-day, the landlord of the "White Brown Meadow" at Bourne bequeathed the meadow subject to an auction sale which every now and again adds to the gaiety of this rural population. At each bid a boy sets out to run to a given point, and the "White Brown Meadow" is let to the bidder whose offer is unchallenged when the last boy returns. Equally curious is the candle-light auction at Wharton in Warwickshire, where the right of grazing upon the roadside and the common lands is sold each year to the men who bids highest before the last flicker of a candle dies away. As the tallow candle burns away the bidding begins, and the road-surveyor, who acts as auctioneer, encourages the bidders with such phrases as "Get on, gentlemen, please; the light's burning." —St. James' Gazette.

**Neighborhood Love.**  
No man on earth can love his neighbor as himself if he has a garden and the aforesaid neighbor keeps chickens.—Chicago Daily News.

**ROTARY CONCRETE MIXER.**  
Designed to Replace the Bulky and Clumsy Mixing Boards Now in General Use.  
While the apparatus shown below may look a little like a cannon, it is intended for the more peaceful service of laying and repairing street pavements. With the machine concrete can be mixed rapidly and discharged at intervals as needed, the feeding of the material and rotation of the mixer not interfering in any way with the delivery. As will be seen, a rotary drum is mounted on rollers on a supporting carriage, with a discharge outlet at one end and a charging opening at the other. The stone, cement and



IMPROVED CONCRETE MIXER.

water are fed into the hopper at the rear end as the drum is revolved, power being obtained either from a electric motor connected to the trolley wire or from a steam engine. As the material becomes thoroughly mixed and ready for discharge the pivoted beam on which the drum rests is tilted forward, without interfering with the rotation of the mixer, which then delivers a portion of its contents into a barrow set beneath the mouth, to be wheeled to the exact spot where it is needed in preparing the roadway, or by keeping the machine in close touch with the workmen the concrete may be delivered direct to the road-bed without further handling. As the machine can be built with a large capacity and is thorough in its work it will probably be found more economical in use than the flat mixing boards on which the concrete is now commonly mixed with hoes in the hands of laborers. William J. Judd, of New York city, is the patentee.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

COOKING REDUCES MEAT BULK.

Meat in cooking loses much of its bulk from evaporation—small pieces more than large. In late experiments a pound piece of lean beef lost 45.6 per cent. in weight, but a five-pound piece was reduced only 39.8 per cent. Loss in nutrition was much less than this would indicate.

INDUSTRY & MECHANICS

DURABILITY OF WOODS.

Scientific Experiments from the Results of Which Many Practical Lessons May Be Learned.

Experiments have been lately made by driving sticks, made of different woods, each two feet long and one and one-half inches square, into the ground, only one-half an inch projecting outward. It was found that in five years all those made of oak, elm, ash, fir, soft mahogany, and nearly every variety of pine, were totally rotten. Larch, hard pine and oak wood were decayed on the outside only; while acacia, with the exception of being also slightly attacked on the exterior, was otherwise sound. Hard mahogany and cedar of Lebanon were in tolerably good condition; but only Virginia cedar was found as good as when put in the ground. This is of some importance to builders, showing what woods should be avoided and what others used by preference in underground work. The duration of wood when kept dry is very great, as beams still exist which are known to be nearly 1,100 years old. Piles driven by the Romans prior to the Christian era have been examined of late and found to be perfectly sound after an immersion of nearly 2,000 years. The wood of some trees will last longer than the metals, as in spades, hoes and plows. In other tools the wood is first gone, as in wagons, wheelbarrows and machines. Such wood should be painted or oiled; the paint not only looks well, but preserves the wood. Petroleum oil is as good as any other. Hardwood stumps decay in five or six years, spruce stumps decay in about the same time, hemlock stumps in eight to nine years, cedar eight to nine years, pine stumps never. Cedar, oak, yellow pine and chestnut are the most durable woods in dry places.—Boston Budget.

SOME FACTS ABOUT MOSS.

A familiar belief is that moss grows chiefly on the north side of trees. The notion is not established by science, and an examination of many trees has shown Prof. Henry Kraemer, a Philadelphia botanist, that ten per cent. had the moss on the west side, ten per cent. on the northwest side, ten per cent. on the north side, 20 per cent. on the northeast side, 35 per cent. on the east side, and 15 per cent. on the southeast side.

FLAT-ROOFED HOUSE FOR NARROW LOT

THE perspective view and floor plans as here shown represent plans and designs for a very neat, attractive and low priced flat-roof dwelling house, suitable for a narrow lot.

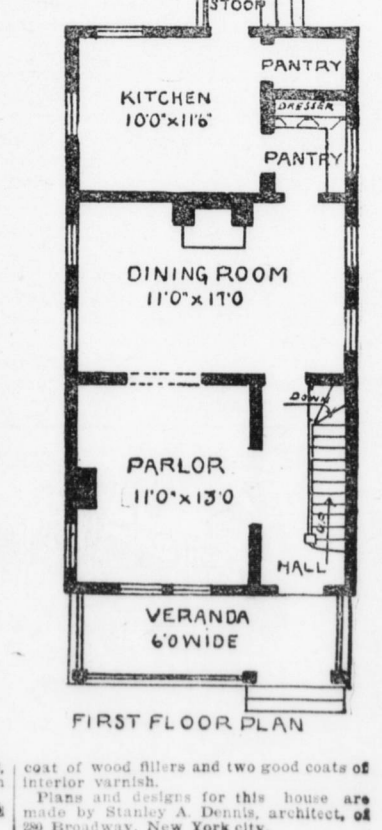
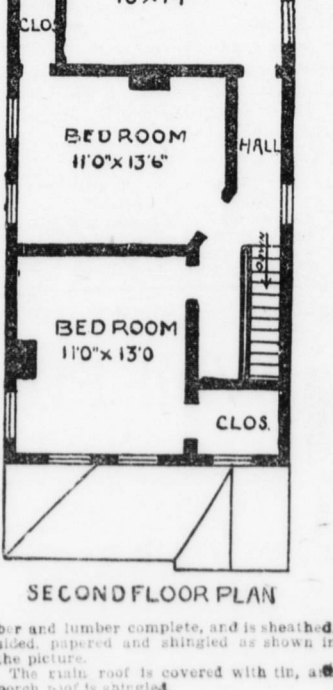
This house as here shown can be erected in most locations for about \$1,200. The floors throughout are of hard N. C. pine flooring boards, finely tongued and grooved.



A LOW-PRICED HOUSE FOR NARROW TOWN LOT.

There is a cellar under the entire house built of brick walls, with cement floors, etc., complete.  
The entire frame is built of hemlock timber.

The walls are all plastered with patent plaster white finish.  
All of the trim throughout is of cypress, finished in the natural wood, with one good



SECOND FLOOR PLAN and FIRST FLOOR PLAN

coat of wood fillers and two good coats of interior varnish.  
Plans and designs for this house are made by Stanley A. Dennis, architect, of 200 Broadway, New York city.