

THE DREAM OF THE AIRLESS.

I dreamt a dream in the morning, When the shadows were dim and gray, And oh, such a prospect golden...

I dreamt a dream at the noon tide, When half of the day was past; The first half I knew was barren...

I dreamt a dream at the even, When the day its course had run, And my heart grew sad within me...

But alas! and alas! time passes, The sun rises, shines and sets— Each morning so full of promise...

AN EVENTFUL NIGHT.

Has any of us, I wonder, a distinctly dual nature—the one dispassionate and just, the other reasoning and impetuous?

With the glance her great blue eyes dilated and darkened with unmistakable terror. Perhaps my accusing gaze frightened her and she feared, she knew not what;

The stormy moon was just visible among the thickening clouds; the wind was beginning to sough among the great maples; the grumbling of the river sounded nearer and more near...

On and on I hastened in stealthy pursuit, through the extensive grounds, across a wooded inclosure of knolls and hollows, and so emerged upon an abandoned road—a deeply excavated curve which somewhere intersected the highway.

The cloaked figure with the rakish hat had become altogether invisible, but of his proximity I was certain. For a saddled horse nibbling the lush swampy grasses in a hollow down the roadway, and there were vaguely suggestive rustlings among the vines and elders between me and the river...

As I sat there gazing dreamily out into the balmy dusk and listening drowsily to the grumbling of the restive river—somebody began to sing willy nilly some fancy operatic air, and then presently an exquisite voice aroused the hushed glooming with strain after strain of happy melody.

With a sense of infinite peace, of serene delight, I leaned back in my luxurious chair and closed my contented eyes. My Lyrie was singing—my wife, the beautiful songstress I had lured from an anticipated career of conquest and splendor, and caged in the calmer and prouder stronghold of my wedded affections.

I had never wondered if Lyrie might some time regret her marriage with a man neither particularly young nor especially attractive; I had never questioned if she might some time regret the love for which she had renounced a more dazzling life; I loved her, and she was mine.

I distrusted nothing, I apprehended nothing; my mind was content and my heart at rest, as in the dreamy dusk I leaned luxuriously back in my library-chair and serenely listened to the exquisite voice singing:

"A passionate ballad gay and gay, A musical song like a trumpet call, Singing of death and honor which cannot die."

But as I listened the song ceased—ceased abruptly with a sharp dissonance and with a little jangle, as if her fingers had come down with a startled crash upon the resplendent keys of the piano.

Then all was silent. And in the midst of the silence, with a flash and a shock, the unguessed demon unleashed the turbulent jealousies and maddening doubts; or the unreasoning quality of my being quickened to a volition which belied my sober senses.

from my chair and with a stealthy tread walked from the library and down the yet unlighted corridor toward the music-room.

"The door was ajar, and I felt not the minutest surprise as I peered into the apartment and beheld the confirmatory scene which was being enacted there.

There indeed was an intruder—a tall man cloaked like a brigand of romance a handsome man, whose broad and rakish hat flared back from a countenance impressively pallid and haggard!

"I could not believe that you would remain from me so long if you were among the living," she was scolding just audibly. "Can nothing be done? Can we not plan something that I may be near you—that you may come to me sometimes?"

"You were happier to believe me no longer among the living. You will be happier, too, if we shall meet again no more," the man answered with some fierce passion kindling in his haggard black eyes.

He lifted her drooping face, he kissed the beautiful brows, he unlocked her pleading hands—and then he turned swiftly away.

As he vanished through the open casement of the veranda, she gazed up and perceived me advancing toward her.

With the glance her great blue eyes dilated and darkened with unmistakable terror. Perhaps my accusing gaze frightened her and she feared, she knew not what; for with a scared little cry she shrank back and hid her paling face in both her trembling hands.

But I did not need her! Any emotion of hers—whether of fear or remorse or shame—was nothing to me then. I was intent only in the pursuit of a cloaked figure vanishing outside—a flying shadow where all was shade. I had been impelled to the belief that I was wronged as man was never wronged before; but I had no upbraiding just then for her—my vengeance was meant for him for whom she had cared before I met and loved her, perchance, and for whom she still cared!

The stormy moon was just visible among the thickening clouds; the wind was beginning to sough among the great maples; the grumbling of the river sounded nearer and more near, so I hastened onward, hearing now and then the uncertain thud of reckless footsteps, or seeing arakish hat looming like a black silhouette against a gleam of white moonshine.

On and on I hastened in stealthy pursuit, through the extensive grounds, across a wooded inclosure of knolls and hollows, and so emerged upon an abandoned road—a deeply excavated curve which somewhere intersected the highway.

The cloaked figure with the rakish hat had become altogether invisible, but of his proximity I was certain. For a saddled horse nibbling the lush swampy grasses in a hollow down the roadway, and there were vaguely suggestive rustlings among the vines and elders between me and the river, which just there widened to a sullen and almost barless current.

"The clump of elders is his last covert," I thought, grimly, as I descended into the curving roadway and stalked toward the marshy crescent of ground which flanked the river.

And he was there, indeed; but not erect and defiant. He lay prone upon the earth, motionless, as if he had composed himself for slumber, and totally unaware that a Cain had tracked him to his retreat.

What denunciations I uttered I do not know; I only know that I clenched his brigandish cloak, that I dragged him to an upright posture, and that some murderous thing glittered in my determined grip.

keep the saddle for a half mile, you will be safe.

I had fancied a few moments before that my vengeance and menaces only mystified him; but he understood distinctly enough now.

My task was sufficiently perilous and accomplished none too soon. We had scarcely gained the elevated ground above the roadway when the watery avalanche thundered down and submerged even the precipitous brink over which he had so unluckily stumbled.

He was safe; but of my safety I had been too incautions. For even as I momentarily lingered on the brink my footing failed me, the flood smote me, and I knew no more.

When consciousness was restored to me, I was lying in my own chamber, and my darling was kneeling beside my bed, her beautiful beloved face all wan and aguish with a trouble which I knew was for me alone.

"Life was worthless to my poor brother, and you would have given your own that he might live," I heard her murmur.

I needed no more to understand the truth. The night was gone like some weirdly distorted dream; and in the glory and gladness of the dawning, I put an arm about her and drew her to my heart.

"You never told me about your brother—tell me now," I said.

The explanation was sufficiently lucid. No doubt her brother had been more stung against than sinning; but all the same he had been condemned for a grievous crime, and he was a fugitive from pursuing justice.

And now when all is over and done, my mind content, my heart at rest, I can calmly marvel and moralize upon the chaotic misery of that eventful night! I can wonderingly question if I were possessed by some frenzied spirit not my own, or if some unreasoning and inconsistent quality of my being had been quickened to uncanny volition within me!

A Fortified Gambling House.

On the east side of Dupont street, San Francisco, a building is being altered for the purpose of establishing a restaurant in it, and in connection therewith there is being fitted up a room which will be used by Chinese gamblers.

The entrance from the street is through a narrow door set in the western partition, and hid from view by a large staircase that leads to the upper floor. The casing of this doorway is covered with steel strips a quarter of an inch thick and several inches wide, which are as well secured to the partition by iron bolts as possible.

Smiles for the Kaiser Only.

A letter from Grastein tells a mildly romantic story of one Franklin Keon, the daughter of a manufacturer who is an habitual visitor at that resort.

Iowa's Great Walled Lake.

As we emerged from behind the row of trees a large, irregular body of water appeared, which the guide told us was the far-famed Wall Lake.

We must confess to a sense of disappointment at first sight. A very large pond, which washed over mud banks on the opposite side, and over which the odor of harvests and dead fish came faintly, did not strike us with the wonder we had expected.

We approached the lake very impatiently, for we knew that the mystery, if there was any, was hidden behind the high bank; but the guide who had seen the lake for years—and, I began to think for centuries, if his growth was as slow as his motions—purposely delayed, and it was not till we had time to get our expectations aroused to a high pitch that he led us down a curving road to the beach, and the great wall stood before us in all its greatness.

From the beach to the summit of the bank, twenty-five feet or more, and extending for over a mile in length, huge bowlders, of herculean proportions, were piled upon and around each other. Here and there some of the smaller rocks were missing, taken away by man for building purposes, but enough remained to show what its former magnificence must have been.

How those huge bowlders were piled up in such regular order, and even how they should come into a place naturally so devoid of rocks, is the wonder of scientists. Of course, the glacial theory, evolved especially for ignorant scientists in difficult places, is the one most commonly advanced.

The beautiful daughter of a proud Indian chief had run away with one who loved her, contrary to the wishes of her parent. For days and nights the lovers fled, hotly pursued by the warriors of her tribe.

At night their only shelter was a mantle which he had brought with him. Their food was only such berries and herbs as she could find. Far into western Iowa, they fled, into thinly-settled lands, deeming themselves safe at last.

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THE FASHIONS.

—Black or cream lace mantels are worn with any toilet.

—Rococo jewelry, like that worn by the Italian peasants, is very popular.

—White vests are made of Turkish towelling and buttoned with small pearl buttons.

—Roman sashes are those of wide, watered ribbon and are worn with jerseys and round waists.

—Dusters are of gray alpaca, mohair gray or beige velvety or waterproof. Traveling garments are cut like the long cloaks worn during the winter.

—A dress worn by a miss about twelve years of age was of fine ecru etamine combined with embroidered insertion in open-work.

—Hats for garden and seaside use are of coarse straw. The same shapes serve for ladies and children.

—Undergarments are as varied in making as ever. They are trimmed with a profusion of rich lace, either the real article or an imitation.

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HORSE NOTES.

—Phallas and Harry Wilkes are very likely to have another race.

—Next to Ban Fox, Quito ranks as among the best of the 2 year-olds started at Saratoga.

—The thoroughbred stallion Hugo, owned by Paul Hacke of Pittsburg, died on Paul Hagus' farm, near Greensburg, Pa., on August 1.

—Pat Sheehy and Matley Corbett, Jim William's pair of racers that did so well early in the season, have gone all to pieces, and will probably be turned out for the year.

—Charles Reed, Fairview Stud, Gallatin, Tenn., has purchased from Appleby & Johnson the chestnut horse Forester, foaled 1879, by imp. Ill-used, dam, Woodbine, by Censor or Kentucky. Forester will be used for stock purposes.

—A match trot between David Bonner's Dainty in harness, driven by John Murphy, and J. Barry's Captain Hunt, under saddle, driven by Joe Burk, for \$200, took place at Fleetwood Park on the 17th. The former won in three straight heats. Time—2:26 1/2, 2:29, 2:32 1/2.

—James L. Eoff, who once handled George M. Patchen and Princess, the dam of Happy Medium, is dead. He went to California in 1849, and since has been classed as a resident of that State.

—The Dwyer Brothers' great mare, Miss Woodford, by imp. Billet, dam, by imp. Knight of St. George, was foaled in 1880. She was started in thirty-nine races, winning thirty of them, running second five times, third twice and was unplaced twice.

—Fourteen thoroughbreds have this year won upward of \$10,000 each, and more than \$20,000 in the aggregate.

—The season is now more than half over, and King Alfonso heads the list of winning sires his get having won about \$65,000 his principal winners being Joe Cotton, St. Augustine, Lizzie Dwyer, Ida, Hope and Florence Fonso.

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