

The Cry of the Dreamer.

I am tired of planning and toiling
In the crowded lives of men;
Heart weary of building and spilling,
And spilling and building again.

FROWNS AND SMILES.

Mrs. Briggs had made a mistake. She owned as much herself. And a mistake must be very patent, indeed, before Mrs. Briggs would own to it.

"I never was so disappointed in a girl in my life," said Mrs. Briggs. I thought she had some grit about her. But there! I might as well have an old dish rag in my kitchen as Meta Milton!

There were no lanes wherein to linger at dusk (Mr. Briggs was a great deal too careful of his land to let any part of it run to waste), no picturesque old well-sweeps or ivy-clad ruins.

Meta had been a shop-girl in a Bridgeport store before she came to her cousin Briggs'. Her health had failed; the doctor had advised country air, new milk and a change of scene.

Mrs. Briggs on being written to, had unwillingly consented that Meta should spend the summer there. "She must be a poor creature, indeed, if she can't earn her board and a little more into the bargain," said Mrs. Briggs.

But Meta had not passed triumphantly through the ordeal. Perhaps she had not fully regained her strength. Perhaps she had become discouraged with the endless treadmill of work which Mrs. Briggs provided for her.

She was a pale, pretty girl, with fair hair, large sorrowful blue eyes, and a color that came and went with a flickering brilliancy. "And it's my opinion," said Mrs. Briggs, who was in the habit of flying around the house with her head tied up in a cotton pocket-handkerchief.

At the end of the first month Mrs. Briggs told Meta, with engaging frankness that she had not proved equal to the emergency. "I guess we don't want you here no more," said Mrs. Briggs.

"Where am I to go?" "That's your affair," said Mrs. Briggs. "And then she went to take her bread out of the oven." John Perkins, the nephew of the old deacon who lived in the brick house on the hill, had more money than the best arithmetician in Yellow Plates could count.

The doctor said I ought to stay a year at least in the country; but Mrs. Briggs got another girl and— Here John Perkins suddenly arrested the course of the roan cob, and began turning him scientifically round.

"Dear! dear!" said Meta, "have we got into the wrong road?" "No," said John Perkins. "Not that I know of. But if the doctor said you ought to stay a year, then a year you stay."

"But where?" said Meta. "With us," said John Perkins. "I've taken a notion to you, Meta. The first time I set eyes on you, I said to myself, 'Here's the girl for me!' and if you'll marry me, Meta, I'll do my best to take care of you and be a good husband to you."

"Marry you!" repeated Meta, and she looked timidly into John Perkins' honest gray eyes, and then she added, "Yes, Mr. Perkins, I will."

"That'll do to tell," said Mrs. Briggs, with a dry chuckle. Meanwhile John went bravely to his uncle. "Uncle," said he, "I guess you'll have to spare me a bigger room after this."

Deacon Perkins, a dried-up, withered old man, with a strong likeness to his chimpanzee tribe, looked from his account book with a snarl, which revealed a set of ragged, yellow teeth. "A bigger room?" said he. "What for?"

"There's at least a dozen rooms in the house you don't use," said John, "and besides"—as if this was a mere incidental fact—"I've been getting married." The deacon dropped his spectacle-case, and as John picked it up and handed it back to him, he added: "To Meta Milton."

The deacon's little eyes glittered like very small lamps seen through a November fog. "You've married her, have you?" he said. "Yes, sir," said John. "Well, then," said the deacon, "you can take her somewhere else and support her, for I'll never see or speak to either one of you again as long as I live!"

"Do you really mean it, uncle?" said John. "Am I in the habit of joking?" said Mr. Perkins, with an ugly grin, that made him look more chimpanzee-like than ever. "If you're so independent, you can go and hang out your flag of freedom at your leisure!"

This was rather hard on John, who had always been taught to regard himself as his uncle's adopted child. But he was too proud to sue for a rich man's favor. "Just as you please, sir," said he. "But won't you let me bring Meta to see you?"

"No, I won't," said the deacon. "Oh, John, I have ruined you!" said Meta, when he returned to tell the tale. "Ruined me, puss?" said he, cheerfully, "not a bit of it! You've been the making of me. It ain't good for nobody to hang on the coat-skirts of a rich man. I'm more independent now than I have been for ten years. If Mrs. Briggs will let us stay there for a few days—"

"I couldn't possibly!" said Mrs. Briggs, freezing visibly. "If your good pious uncle disapproves you, it ain't for me to set myself up ag'in his judgment." "Very well," said John; "Farmer Drake wanted a hand to clear up the maple hills this winter—I'll engage with him. My Meta shall a good home somewhere!"

young couple as they entered and Mrs. Briggs studiously evaded them. When the burial ceremonies were over, Mr. Briggs sidled up to the lawyer, a fat man with a shining bald head and a white moustache.

"It's about the mortgage, Squire Coyte," said he. "That one that Deacon Perkins had on our farm. I do hope the Gattawoochie Indians won't be particular about taking it up just yet, because times is hard, and I ain't no ways prepared. The interest is a little behind, to be sure, but—"

"What have the Gattawoochie Indians got to do with it?" said the lawyer crisply. "Why, they're the heirs, folks tell me," said Mr. Briggs, uneasily twirling his thumbs. "Not at all," said Mr. Coyte. "The Gattawoochie Indian will be destroyed long ago; and Mr. Perkins never made another. The heir to all the property is the next of kin, his nephew, John Perkins."

Public opinion changes as only public opinion can do, when this piece of news became bruited abroad. Everybody discovered all of a sudden that they had always sympathized with the dear young couple—that John Perkins was a noble fellow, and his wife Meta one of the salts of the earth.

And Mrs. Briggs came humbly to the red brick mansion on the hill to see Meta, and beg her to intercede with her husband in their behalf. "About the mortgage," said she, "that Deacon Perkins had on our farm. It's over due, and Briggs hasn't been as regular with the interest as I could have wished; but I do hope, Meta, he won't be hard with us."

It was a bitter pill for Mrs. Briggs to swallow, but Meta did not exult over her fallen foe. "Of course he will not be hard with you, Cousin Briggs," said she, loudly. "Are we not relations? And now you must sit down and have a cup of tea with us, and John will send the box wagon down for your husband to come and spend the evening."

The tears came into Mrs. Briggs' eyes. "I do feel sort o' faint," said she. "I never slept none last night, thinking what would become of us if the old home was took away. But I'm all right now, Meta, thanks to you." And she said, when she got home to her fireside, that she heaped 'em on mine this day.

"She's a good gal," said farmer Briggs, "a good gal." Let The Children Earn Something. If more children were taught the use of money—the value of money counted by labor—there would certainly be fewer newspaper comments on business failures, fewer bank cashiers running away, fewer helpless women who are dependent on some relatives because they cannot earn their own living.

Every child ought to be allowed some money of his own; he ought to earn it; and he ought to be obliged to use it for some specific purpose. If he never be given money to spend on sweets, he will soon learn that he does not quite want to spend all he has on those. If a girl be allowed only her own money for ribbons, she soon learns to be cautious as to its durability, and to inquire if that has a fast color before spending her own money for a new piece.

The most business-like women grow from the girls who when quite young are given a certain allowance and are obliged to make all their clothing out of that. It seems quite wonderful how well one can dress on a comparatively small sum if she can know how to calculate upon just what amount she will have. One girl the daughter of a rich man, has twelve dollars and fifty cents each month. She knows she can have no more, and in order to make that go as far as possible, she learned to make her own dresses; and with herself as seamstress, she dresses well on what would seem to many in her position a very small sum.

A girl who is allowed to go to a store and buy whatever she will, having it charged, will find herself buying many articles she does not really need, and worse than all else, will, if the time comes when she must do for herself, find herself with no definite idea of what money is worth. To a woman, the being obliged to ask for every dollar needed is not a pleasant part of life, especially if a woman has been earning her own living before going into her husband's home, does it come as a bitter task to ask for what should rightfully be, and what is, half hers. Then are those who either have a certain sum for their own use, or have a right of way to a common purse. All the joking about the change in the vest pocket disappearing, and about buying Christmas presents and having the bill sent in afterward, is very humiliating to a woman's sense of honor, and ought not to be. A woman has as much right to money as her husband. In many cases, it is true, the reason a woman is not given more liberty with money is because she is not a better manager; but, if as a child she were allowed to earn a little and spend it in her own way she would grow up with much more appreciation of what money costs.

Superstition in Japan. "In the garden of the Shihan Gakko at Nakanoshima stands an old pine-tree called Takonomatsu, among the roots of which a badger has taken up his abode. One of the residents in the vicinity had a dream lately in which the badger appeared. He announced that as the winter is very severe he has no food, and that if fried bean cake and boiled rice mixed with red beans were placed at his disposal nightly, he would dispense wealth and prosperity among his benefactors. If, however, these modest requirements were not attended to, the houses in the ward would surely be destroyed by fire. The credulous people were much alarmed, and the wants of the badger are looked after very carefully."

A GIRLISH LUNCH.

How Two of the Dear Creatures Do When They Go Alone and Don't Have a Man Along to Pay.

Time—1 o'clock p. m. Place—Fashionable restaurant. Dramatis Personae: Brown Tailor-Made Girl. Gray Tailor-Made Girl. Patient Waiter.

[The young woman being advantageously seated, extra wraps and bundles disposed of, patient waiter fills their glasses and lays menu card before them. Neither glances at it.]

Brown Tailor Made Girl—I declare, I didn't know I was so tired. Gray Tailor-Made Girl—Nor I. It's so hard to match goods.

Brown—Dreadful. I'd rather buy material for three new dresses than renovate one old one. Gray—So should I. I'm in such a quandary about that silk at Cash's. Did it seem to you to match at all?

[Patient waiter goes off to seat a newcomer. A man.] Brown—Why, I thought it was quite the nearest of any we have seen yet. Gray—Did you, really? I am in such a dilemma about it, and I must send it down to Whalebone to-day or she will disappoint me.

Brown—Yes, the wretch! How quickly she takes advantage of a little delay in that way. Gray—Yes, indeed. She kept me waiting three weeks last winter for a pink tulle, because I was one day late in sending word whether I wanted a pointed or square bodice.

[Patient waiter, having taken the man's order to the kitchen, returns.] Brown—Well, I suppose we must have some luncheon. [Pulls menu card toward her.] What do you want, Nell? Gray—Oh, I don't know. What are you going to have?

Brown—I don't know. I'm not very hungry. Gray—Nor I. I breakfasted late, and don't feel as if I could eat a thing. Brown [pushing the card across the table]—Do pick out something, Nell. I can't.

Gray—Well, I can't either. I never do know what to take. [Patient waiter retires and serves man's order. Then he returns.] Gray—[still studying card]—Do you like oysters?

Brown—Not much; I get tired of them. Gray—Well, I don't know but I do, too. At any rate, we won't take an oyster stew, for they only serve crackers with that, and the bread here is just lovely.

Brown—Isn't it! I can make a lunch off their bread and butter. [Patient waiter shifts from the left to the right leg.] Gray—How would a chicken croquette go?

Brown [not sure whether it's Dutch treat or not]—Oh, don't take croquettes. We'll be sure to have them to-night at the Millers. Gray—That's so. Oh, dear, what do I want? I believe I'll take some cream-hashed potatoes.

Brown—So will I—and we'll have a cup of chocolate. Gray—Yes, that will do nicely. [To patient waiter.] Bring us two cream-hashed potatoes and two cups of chocolate.

Patient waiter—Yes, madam; and bread? Gray—Of course, bread. Patient waiter—Bread is only served with a meat order. Not with potatoes alone.

Gray—Oh, is that so? Then I don't care for potatoes. Brown—Nor I, either. I do love the bread here. Gray [resuming the study of the card]—Oh, bother! let's take some consommé.

Brown—All right. Gray—But we don't want chocolate with soup. Brown—Oh, no. Gray—Well, we won't take chocolate, then, but we can have some ice cream afterwards if we want it.

Brown—Very well. Gray [to patient waiter]—Bring two consommés. [Three quarters of an hour later.] Brown [finishing the last morsel of bread and a long story at the same moment]—And from that day to this I have never even bowed to her.

jar with a label which states that the weight of oxygen in a man weighing 150 pounds is ninety-seven pounds. The jar, which will hold about a gallon, represents only one ten thousandth part of the oxygen of a man of that weight.

If the ninety-seven pounds of oxygen were set free from the body it would fill a space of 1,000 cubic feet. The oxygen is the great supporter of combustion in the system.

The next jar represents the fifteen pounds of hydrogen going to make up the 154-pound man. This amount of hydrogen set free would fill 2,750 cubic feet, and the jar represents only one ten-thousandth of the whole amount.

Another jar or bottle, having a capacity of a little over a quart, represents the three pounds and thirteen ounces of nitrogen found in the imaginary man. This nitrogen, if free, would fill 48.3 cubic feet.

Another small bottle contains, combined with calcium, the 3.5 ounces of fluorine. Another jar contains one-tenth of the four ounces of chlorine to be found in the man. Chlorine is one of the constituents of bleaching powder.

After the gases, the carbon, the phosphorus and sulphur have been extracted from the man there is nothing left of him but metals.

First there is iron, of which the average man described carries one-tenth of an ounce in his system. This quantity is shown in the exhibit in the form of iron wire.

The metal with which the body is most abundantly provided is calcium, the basis of lime, of which the man, supposed to have been resolved into his chemical constituents, yielded three pounds and thirteen ounces. This is a yellowish metal, and the amount obtained is shown in a tulle about three inches high.

A little block of magnesium, a silver-hued metal, weighing 1.8 ounces, and then 2.8 ounces of potassium were taken from the man, and all that remains was a little quantity of sodium weighing 2.6 ounces.

The weight of the chemical elements in the body of a man weighing 154 pounds are summarized on one of the labels as follows: Oxygen 97.20 pounds, carbon 31.10, hydrogen 15.20, nitrogen 13.80, calcium 3.80, phosphorus 1.75, chlorine .25, fluorine .22, sulphur .22, potassium .18, sodium .16, magnesium .11, iron .01. Total, 154 pounds.

These elements are chemically combined with each other, forming numerous compounds, and another series in the same class represents the results obtained by resolving another 154-pound man into his principal chemical compounds.

First there are two large jars of water, containing together ninety-six pounds or forty-six quarts. Then another large jar represents the proteine compounds, of which the man yielded twenty-four pounds.

The next in order of quantity are the fats, weighing twenty-three pounds; the mineral salts weighing ten pounds thirteen ounces, and the carbohydrates, starch and sugar, weighing three ounces.

Among the proteine compounds appears hemoglobin, the red coloring matter of the blood, and which serves to carry and distribute the oxygen from the lungs to the different parts of the body.

Two little vials contain protogen and lecithin, substances found in the brain, spinal cord and nerves. There is a pound of carbonate of lime, eight and one-half ounces of phosphate of lime, seven ounces of fluoride of calcium, six ounces of phosphate of magnesium, six ounces of chloride of sodium, five ounces of chloride of potassium, that exhausted the man with which the chemist started.

Origin of Slanting Roofs. To find the source from which the European nations have derived the art of building in stone we must look to the land of the Pharaohs. From Egypt the craft passed to Greece, and from the Greeks it was taken up by the Romans, to be by them disseminated through the north and west of Europe in the process of colonization.

The similarity, in regard to the constructive parts of the ancient Greek buildings, to some of those found in Egypt of older date affords strong confirmation of the tradition that the Greeks borrowed the art from the Egyptians. The Greeks, however, in adopting it added a new feature, the pediment, and the reason for this addition is easy to find. Egypt is practically rainless. All the protection from the climate required in a palace or temple in such a country is shelter from the sun by day and from the cold by night, and for this a flat roof supported by walls or pillars with architraves is quite sufficient, but when, as in all European countries, rain has to be taken into account, a slanting roof becomes a necessity.

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

An American Declines to Fall into a Swiss Hotel-keeper's Pitfall.

The pitfalls which the innkeepers prepare for the Americans are as whimsical and curious as they are numerous. He who speaks only the English language has no show whatever, and his best course is to submit with good humor, and go his way. The ready device of not understanding what you mean, although you may be employing the most variegated and vigorous imprecations known to Anglo-Saxon ears, is common everywhere. And what can you say against a blank stare, or do against an outstretched "addition," with your trunk on the omnibus, and your train, or steamer, about to start?

Perhaps, anticipating this every situation, you have demanded your bill some hours before. It will serve you little. You may ask, and ask again, and it will be denied you till the last moment. This is a favorite and effective trick, and nearly always wins. Now and then, of course, it doesn't. For example, a friend of mine the other day came to settle for his night's lodging at a bed-buggy little hole in the wall near the railway station here in Neuchatel, called the Hotel des Alps. In addition to the charge for apartment, service, lights, etc., was the item "indejeuner." I will put into plain English that which followed.

"What is this?" said my friend, with a simulation of bad French, though he spoke the language like a native. "That, monsieur, that is breakfast." "Breakfast? but I had no breakfast." "That is very true, but monsieur might have had it if he desired."

"The devil I might!" "Yes, monsieur." "But I didn't order any breakfast." "That was no fault of the house, monsieur."

"Do you mean to tell me that you wish to charge me for breakfast I neither ordered nor ate?" "The breakfast was prepared all the same, monsieur."

"But I took the room only, and was to pay simply for what I got." "It is a rule of the house, monsieur, to charge every one for breakfast."

"Then you pretend that you provide a regular table d'hote breakfast every morning and charge for it whether your guests take it or not?" "Yes, monsieur. See the menu? Here it is," and the firm, yet polite, landlord produced his regular "a la carte." My friend turned it upside down. Then he carefully perused it. Then he said:

"How much of this do you serve as your regular breakfast?" "Anything you like, monsieur." "Very well. Receipt the bill, and as I am to pay for a breakfast, please God I will eat it. Bring me a fillet of beef, with mushrooms, a half chicken grille, a rum omelette and a pint of Chablis. I shall wait over until the next train."

Mine host of the Hotel des Alps looked first stupefied and then disgusted, and, finally grasping the situation, he ran into his office, altered his bill in conformity with the facts, and hurried back, cried: "Here, monsieur, here is your bill, quite correct—six francs thirty-five centimes—and you will just have time to catch your train."

The Wrestlers of Japan. The average Japanese man will weigh 125 pounds. One of the wrestlers will weigh from 200 to 250 pounds, and is head and shoulders above the other people. So marked is the difference that you see them several blocks away as they tower above the crowds in the streets. The women of this class are fine physical specimens also. This is probably the only instance in the world where only the best physical specimens of men and women intermarry, and the result is such as to deserve attention.

These wrestlers form troupes of fifteen or twenty each and travel from town to town, where they always meet a rival troupe and the two companies give exhibitions. By these means there are no hippodromes but genuine exhibitions of strength, skill and activity.

These exhibitions are generally held in large buildings improvised from bamboo poles for the purpose. They will accommodate thousands of people and thousands are always there. The rival troupes are seated on opposite sides of the house and the managers arrange the matches. When it comes to the meeting of the champions of the respective troupes the interest is intense and large amounts are staked on the result. The favorites are stimulated by the offer of large sums of money from their friends in case they win. These entertainments last a whole afternoon, and in the large towns extend through a week or two.

These athletic sports are popular and so well patronized that wrestlers of any considerable note accumulate small fortunes. The production of such a class of giants in so short a time from so small a race is proof of what might be done to improve the physique of the human race and measurably to banish disease and all infirmities.

Faggotting at Eton. Faggotting is not easy work at Eton. Fags not only have to wait on their fag-masters at almost all hours, to bring them water and to look out for their rooms, but they even have to cook for them. All the boys of a house take their dinner together, but excepting in two or three houses where a new rule has been made, every one has his breakfast and tea in his own room. And for these meals the poor fags are cooks and waiters. There is even a kitchen provided for their special use, where they boil water, brew tea, and toast bread. Many heartaches have there been in those little kitchens. Fancy a youngster just out of the home nursery, you might say, being set to making toast, when he knows as little about it as he does about Latin verses! And yet, if it is not all right, his fastidious master will take him to task with all the indignation of disappointed hunger and then send him off to do his work over again. But he grows hardened by degrees to this work, just as he does to verse-making, and in time can joke and laugh as he cooks. And if while he talks he forgets his toast and lets it burn, what matters? With a little experience he learns to scrape off the black with a knife.

Fond of Music. In France the oxen that work in the fields are regularly sung to as an encouragement to exertion; and no peasant has the slightest doubt but that the animals listen to him with pleasure.

Often the grand meanings of faces, as well as written words, may be chiefly in the impressions of those who look on them.