

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, who was one of those griping, grinding task-mistresses who think of trade and profit alone.

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, "that she spends a deal too much time a fixin' up and primkin' before the glass—white lace at her neck every day and a ribbon bow and white aprons of an afternoon. Checked gingham is good enough for me and it ought to be for her."

At the end of the first month Mrs. Briggs told Meta, with engaging frankness that she had not proved equal to the emergency.

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."

"Shall we go right to the parson's?" said John.

"I suppose so," said Meta.

"It's the best way," said John. If I begin a job, I generally like to go on with it."

So they were married. Meta went back to Mrs. Briggs' house until her young husband could break the news to his uncle. Mrs. Briggs received the bride with some faint semblance of welcome.

"John Perkins is a likely fellow," said she, "and the deacon is the richest man in Yellow Plains. I will allow Meta, that if you haven't done badly for yourself. If you'd told me what you was calculatin' for—"

"But I was not calculatin'," said Meta, indignantly, "I never thought of such a thing until John asked me to be his wife."

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."

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.]

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 jar of chlorine was put in the case the stopper was blown out and the gas bleached all the tinted labels in the case.

The carbon is represented by a solid cube of charcoal weighing thirty-one pounds.

The 154-pound man yields one pound and two ounces of phosphorus, and three-fifths of an ounce of sulphur.

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-veined 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.

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 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.

Superstition in Japan.

In the garden of the Shihan Gakko at Nakanosima 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.

WHAT MAKES A MAN.

Solids, Liquids, and Grease Which Constitute an Average Human Being. Suppose a man five feet eight inches high, weighing 154 pounds, had been passed through the chemist's laboratory and divided and subdivided into his ultimate elements.

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.

As well as written words, many are chiefly in the impressions of those who look on them.