

#### DREAM VISIONS.

The garden lies in silence—shadow deep!  
On filmy wings of purple, soft, unfurled,  
Comes that ethereal presence we call sleep,  
To drug the throbbing senses of the world.  
Still is the night—ah, Heaven, how still and clear!  
Acacia wrapped in showering sheets of bloom  
Droops ghost-like o'er the pathway; I can hear  
A scented petal falling in the gloom.  
O love! whom nevermore I may call mine,  
I hear thy footsteps on the pathway now;  
I hear the music of that voice of thine,  
As distant harp notes, tremulous and low  
I fold thee in my arms—ah, rest, my love!  
In this death-silence rest thou on my heart!  
The wind goes shuddering to pale stars above,  
We two are here alone—the world apart.  
Nay, steal not yet away; my lips are laid  
Upon thy lips of shadow—rest awhile—  
Ah, me! that spirit form may not be stayed,  
And thy dream-presence passes in a smile

#### HARBORING A TRAMP.

It was near the night of a raw, gloomy day, in the autumn of 1886, that a seedy looking tramp turned up to a lonely farmhouse, on the Kentucky side of the Ohio river, and asked for something to eat and a place to sleep. A widow with two children, a son and a daughter, lived there. The son, a young man of twenty-two, had gone to Maysville with a small drove of cattle, which he expected to dispose of in that place in time to reach home at an early hour in the evening, and he intended to bring the proceeds of the sale with him. The daughter, a rather pretty girl of nineteen, was delicate and timid.

"I'll give you what you want to eat," said the widow, whose name was Chalmers, after she had looked the man carefully over and taken a little time for reflection; "but as for lodging you I wouldn't like to agree to that before consulting my son, who may not be home till 8 or 9 o'clock."

"How far is it to the next house?" he asked.

"Which way?"

"South."

"Nearly two miles."

"And night just coming on," returned the other. "I don't like tramping a lonely road after dark. Won't you let me stay till your son comes home, and take my chances with him?"

"I don't know that I ought to object to that," was the somewhat reluctant consent of Mrs. Chalmers.

She gave the tramp a good supper and persuaded him to sit by the general fire—she or her daughter, one or both, being constantly in the room.

Eight o'clock, 9 o'clock, 10 o'clock came, and the son and brother had not returned.

"Oh, mamma, what can be keeping George?" at length exclaimed the daughter, in the anxious tone of alarm.

"I don't know, Mary dear," answered the mother, in great anxiety, as she glanced at the clock for the twentieth time. "I suppose he didn't get through with his business as quick as he expected to. Surely he will be here soon now!"

She got up and went to the door, and her daughter timidly followed, looking over her shoulder.

"What a dark, dreary night," shuddered Mary, as a gust of wind came in bringing a little rain with it. "Oh, mamma, do you think any thing serious has happened to him?"

"I hope not," replied her mother, feeling more alarmed herself than she chose to have appear. "The night is very dark, and it may be he has to walk his horse."

"Where did your son go?" inquired the tramp from his comfortable corner beside the blazing fire.

"To Maysville."

"That's a good distance off and the night is dark and the road none of the best. I don't think you have any occasion for alarm yet awhile."

"Thank you!"

"Ah, hark!" exclaimed Mary, just as her mother was turning back to shut the door. "I think I heard the tread of a horse."

Her keen ears had made no mistake. The tread of a horse was soon audible to the others, and shortly after the son and brother rode up to the door. After some warm greetings on both sides, and the brief explanation that he had been delayed in starting, while the darkness and condition of the road compelled him to move slowly, he proceeded to the stable and fed his horse and then came in.

On seeing the tramp and learning why he was there, he felt more uneasy than he cared to show, for he had brought home with him a considerable sum of money. His decision, however, was prompt, and full of the kindness of charity. After two or three pointed questions to the un-

come stranger, which were satisfactorily answered, he said:

"Certainly you can stay through the night. I could not find it in my heart to turn adrift any well-behaved human being on a night like this."

"Thank you kindly, sir," politely responded the man. "You will not regret your hospitality."

The language and manners of the poor fellow indicated a certain degree of refined culture not in keeping with his present forlorn appearance, and while his young host ate his supper he held a conversation with him which convinced him of this fact.

His first intention was to throw down some horse blankets and robes, and let him camp down before the fire, but this design was altered with his opinion of the man's antecedents, and he finally lighted him to a decent bed up stairs under the roof, and then he and the family retired for the night, occupying two rooms on the ground floor. While these things were taking place inside of that lonely farmhouse, some things were occurring outside that vitally concerned the parties we have introduced. Two met in the road a few rods from the dwelling.

"Hi, Sam!" said one.

"Ho, Ben!" replied the other.

Then they came together, and spoke in low, guarded tones.

"Well?" queried Ben.

"All right!" answered Sam. "He's home and got the money with him. There are \$1,700 I know about, that I know he brought away with him for sure, and that ought to pay us for the venture, if we don't get any more."

"All right, then. When shall we begin?"

"I reckon between 12 and 1 o'clock will be the best time. He's been home about long enough to get his supper and turn in, and after the long, hard day and night he's had of it, we must give him a chance to get sound asleep."

The plotters got under a shed and waited till the time fixed upon for their burglarious work. There were no shutters to the windows—only fastenings on the inside. With a diamond the burglars cut the glass close to the frame in which it was held, but in spite of their endeavors to get hold of it, the glass fell with a crash on the inside. There was a faint murmur of "What 's that," in a tone that showed he was asleep again by the time the words were fairly uttered. Then the two burglars, their faces concealed by black masks, worked their way into the room, each assisting the other, and flashed a light all around them from the bull's eye of the lantern they carried. To their surprise they found the door of the young man's sleeping room partly open instead of being shut and locked, and they were disposed to take alarm at it till they heard his steady, heavy breathing. Then both, after another sharp sweep of the light around them, noiselessly advanced to the bed of the sleeper—one prepared with the chloroform to seal up his senses, but both ready to murder him rather than fail in their purpose. Just at that critical point of time another human figure, unseen by them, came silently gliding through the darkness and stealing up behind them. It was the tramp. In his hand he held a rope with a noose at one end, not unlike a lasso. He stopped so near the two midnight prowlers that he could have touched them, and poised the hand that held the rope, while every nerve secretly quivered with intense excitement. It was a moment big with fate for all concerned. A single mistake, the slightest error, might cost his own and other human lives. The robbers, both intent upon their evil design, did not look behind them. They stopped close to the bed of the sleeping man, one looking over the shoulder of the other. The forward one held a handkerchief in one hand saturated with chloroform, and in the other hand the lantern whose light he streamed full upon the face of the sleeper.

Just as he reached forward to press the handkerchief to the nostrils of their intended victim, the second robber, armed with a knife and revolver, prepared for deadly assault, brought his head up close to his companion's, the better to note the slightest movement—at that moment the tramp skillfully threw his noose over the heads of both. Then, with a vigorous backward spring, he tightened the noose around the necks of both and jerked them down—stumbling, floundering, crashing—surprised, terrified, almost strangled.

"Surrender and throw down your weapons or I'll beat out your brains!" cried the tramp, as he jerked and pulled upon the rope, in order to strangle the robbers into submission. The answer was three pistol shots from the man

who held the revolver, neither of which hit the tramp, but one of which entered the brain of his companion and ended his wicked work for this world. The noise aroused the sleeper, who started up in alarm, with loud cries for murder and for help. This, in turn set the women to shrieking, and the late silent and peaceful dwelling became for the time a bedlam of horrors.

"Keep quiet, Mr. Chalmers, you shall not be harmed," said the tramp, as, still pulling the rope, he pounded the head of the living robber with the butt of his revolver, till he sank under the blows. "Now get a light," he continued, "or turn the light of the villains' lantern upon their faces and see what your tramp has done for you."

It took some minutes more to make George Chalmers, his mother and sister understand the true state of the case—that the man to whom they had given shelter had saved them from being robbed, if not murdered. But what was their further amazement and horror to discover that the dead burglar and the living burglar were two of their neighbors, with whom they had long been intimate, and whose reputation stood high as well-to-do, upright, honorable men.

When they came to pour out their profuse thanks to the tramp for his courageous and timely interference in their behalf, he quietly responded: "You have much to thank me for, it is true, because you would certainly have been robbed, if not murdered, if I had not been under your roof; but you have to thank me for it in a different way than you suppose. I'm not here by accident, but design. I'm no tramp but a detective. I've had my eye on these villains for some time, but needed proof before arresting them. By chance I overheard a plot to rob George Chalmers on the night he should get paid for his cattle, and I worked out the rest as you see. This villain, Samuel Jennings," nodding to the now tightly bound living robber, "must either go to the state prison or the gallows."

"Neither, you miserable scamp," cried the man with a long string of blasphemous oaths.

He never did—for on the day of the coroner's inquest on his companion, he was found hanged head. The whole affair made a great sensation in its locality. On removing his false hair and beard, the tramp detective was found to be a young and handsome fellow. A warm friendship sprang up between him and George Chalmers, and shortly afterward a still warmer one between him and Mary Chalmers. It seems enough to merely add that she is now his happy, grateful and loving wife.

#### HOME LIFE OF NOTED DIVINES.

Preachers in a big city fare about as well as any one on earth can, unless he is born to millions, says a New York letter to the Washington Post.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage has a charming home in Brooklyn, at the corner of De Kalb avenue and South Oxford street. The house is a handsome one, four stories and a basement, and in the saloon parlor there is enough costly bric-a-brac to stock a bazaar, all of which has been given the worthy divine by his parishioners.

In every-day life he is a decidedly pleasant man to meet, and in one respect is like Mrs. Logan. He tries heartily to be pleasing. He is not a ready or fluent talker out of the pulpit, but he is always an entertaining and cheerful one. His optimism, indeed, is his great forte.

Another preacher whom I met recently is Dr. Robert Collyer, and I never met a man who so impressed me with his wholesomeness. There is a sweetness, and rugged, sturdy strength about him that is wonderfully winning.

He is an old man, his hair is white as snow, and brushed back like a mane after the fashion Beecher wore his hair; his face is marked by the good thoughts and noble endeavors of a long life, and his form seems a tower of strength.

He is just the sort of man a woman feels implicit trust in, whether as husband, father or religious adviser.

Mrs. Collyer is quite old, and enjoys less robust health than her eminent husband, so on her account they make their home in a charming little flat in the top of the Strathmore, on upper Broadway, where she can have the pleasure of overseeing her household.

It is too small to give room for a study for Dr. Collyer, so he has a charming, quiet room in the Holland Building, which is largely given over to artists and literary people, and there he is surrounded by his beloved books, photographs of friends and some good pictures.

#### BILL NYE AT HOME.

##### THE DOMESTIC LIFE OF THE GREAT HUMORIST.

##### He Owns a House, Four Children, and a Big Barn.

When Bill Nye isn't, as he himself says, "jostling and junketing around with foreign dynasties," he lives on Staten Island. He owns a large house perhaps half a mile from the landing at St. George; has four children, equally balanced as to sex, a solefaced cow and a big barn. The house cost forty thousand dollars, but it fell into Mr. Nye's hands at about one-third of that imposing sum. The owner has dipped deep enough into the thirties to be perilously close to forty. He has drawn his own picture too often to need the focusing of a foreign lens. Now that he is recognized as a peer of the realm of American humorists he has no trouble in defraying his expenses. Many exaggerated statements concerning his earnings have found their way into print. They are large enough, however, to obviate the necessity for inflation. Last year his tongue wagged at the rate of about twenty thousand dollars for the lecture season, and with the receipt of about ten thousand dollars more his pen is to be credited. He is in platform partnership with Whitcomb Riley, the "Hoosier Poet," for whose brother strangers usually mistake him. He is often supposed to be the poet of the combination, a circumstance which he explains by saying:

"Riley is always saying something funny in conversation, and I never do anything of that kind."

It is only within recent years that tidal waves of prosperity began to roll over Mr. Nye. Without straining his memory he can recall the time when his literary drudgery netted him a dollar a column.

"The columns were short and the type large," he explains, "and I was glad to get the dollar."

One hundred dollars is nearer his figure now. Most of the humorist's pen portraits represent him as perfectly innocent of hair. This does a gross injustice to the vegetation with which his scalp is fringed, though it is not luxuriant and though truth compels the admission that the crown is of the billiard ball variety. He is loosely built, large boned, six feet high and straight as a plummet line. The kindness that is in him seems to find an outlet at every pore. It dances in his eyes, softens the expression of his face and rings in every sentence that he utters.

He was born in the woods, near Moosehead Lake, and his parents were school friends of the Browns—the family from which Artemus Ward sprang.

"We moved from Moosehead Lake when I was very young," he says, "and I lived in the West among the rattlesnakes and the Indians until I grew up. I practiced law for about a year, but," he adds, "without changing a muscle, 'nobody knew much about it; I kept it very quiet. I was a Justice of the Peace for six years. Yes I used to marry people and try them for other offenses."

This comparatively innocent description of his administration of Laramie law scarcely goes far enough. For instance: In an evil hour a tramp attempted to steal a Cayuse pony belonging to his Honor. The pony was chiefly formidable about the heels, which moved with great rapidity, and flew to a fearful height. The tramp was caught in the act and was promptly arraigned before Judge Nye. He was found guilty of stealing a horse, guilty of vandalism in trying to make away with the bucking pride of all Laramie, and, for obvious reasons guilty of contempt of court. The sentence was that the culprit should ride the peppery pony for thirty minutes in the public square of Laramie.

The court adjourned, and all hands, including his Honor, went over to see the sentence executed. This is a published account of what followed:

"The horse was bridled and saddled without error, led out into the square and the prisoner lifted on its back. The animal stood still a moment or two, turned its head clear around and coolly viewed the rider, then took a short forward, instantly plunged backward, arched his back, jumped in the air and landed with four feet stiff.

The rider was shot over his head and landed on his back, four feet in front of the steed. He was picked up again and placed in the saddle. The horse did not look at the rider this time, but, with that exception, the performance was the same as before. The culprit was mounted and tossed five times to

the delight of the crowd and the Judge and then allowed to depart."

Some of the stories told of Nye's experiences on the bench have a fairy-tale flavor about them, "but," says Mr. Nye, "the worst about the tale of the turbulent trotter is that it will stand any amount of cross-examination and won't impeach itself. It is unfortunately true."

The same serious charge of absolute veracity can be maintained against another of Nye's judicial rulings, the criminal in this case being a wife-beater. When his honor examined the statute book he failed, or said he failed, to find anything about wife-beating. It might be a legal pastime for anything he knew in the statutes to the contrary, but he would take the chances and assess a penalty to fit the crime. There were several cowboys in the court, and they were requested to use their rawhides on the prisoner. The wife-beater's shoulders were soon artistically adorned with black and blue stripes, and, as he yelled like a Comanche, he was fined \$10 for being verbally indecorous.

Whatever misgivings may be entertained regarding Nye's qualifications as an exponent of law, there is no debatable ground about his capacity for the mission which is bringing him fame and fortune. He must have been singularly retiring and unobtrusive in his early days. Even the friction of the platform, with all that it involves—constant traveling, contact with every type of human being and the crucible of critical assemblages in every big city on the continent—has not worn away the fine delicacies which commend him to those who know him well and those who know him little. It is easy enough to pluck out the heart of Nye's mystery. He can be comprehended in a moment and imitated not at all. Those who try to follow in his footsteps will have a hard road to travel. They would rise to the height of none of his excellencies and duplicate and emphasize every deficiency he has. Or course he is not a man to rhapsodise about. He is the first to smile when florid things are said about him. To fall down and worship himself will be the last of his follies. Perhaps no better evidence of his simplicity of character than one which he himself affords can be given.

"No one could be more surprised than I was at my success."

##### A National Gretna Green.

There have been so many runaway marriages in Washington during the past year that the city is becoming a veritable Gretna Green. Children failing to secure a marriage license or a minister to perform a matrimonial ceremony have only to fly to Washington and their hearts are quickly made to beat as one. Attention has been called to the loose condition of affairs in this respect by the elopement and marriage of Claiborne A. Wilson and Miss Maud Glasscott. He is twenty, she is seventeen. He is a nephew of President Arthur's United States Marshal in the District of Columbia, while she is a belle in the youngest channels of upper society. On both sides of the match there is a protest, but it is of no use; it is too late.

In the multiplicity of complications which have brought forth hundreds of sensational marriages in the District of Columbia during the past three years, making this a resort, far famed, for all who have obstacles in the way of marriage, no one has ever been made to suffer. It is not a crime in the eyes of society and the law to aid and abet amusements of this character. From Maryland, Virginia and all directions they come every day, till the list of marriage licenses issued by the Clerk of the District Court runs as high as that of a whole large State. Congress will not, however, be invoked to stop the traffic, for the people here seem to enjoy it. On the contrary, it will be encouraged. No troublesome questions are asked when a man applies for a license in Washington to wed the girl of his choice. All that is necessary to secure a wife is to get the girl to say "Yes," and raise \$1 in cash for the license and secure a minister to tie the knot. It does not matter whether you are white, black or copper-colored; or whether your sweetheart is one color and you another. It makes no difference whether you are twenty-one or seventeen; whether your girl is fifteen or forty; or whether your parents are willing or unwilling. One dollar will secure the order of the court upon a minister of the gospel to solemnize the rites of marriage, and no questions will be asked. So much encouragement is just now afforded young people to elope to Washington that fathers and mothers in the surrounding country are not a little worried.

#### FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Despise not to-day.  
Regret not yesterday.  
Depend not on to-morrow.

It is better to lose a jest than a friend.  
A fact never apologized to anybody  
If you would be pure in mind be pure in habit.  
Every little act is the child of a great principle.

We never overcome only where we undergo.  
Our words and actions to be fair must be timely.

Purity of soul and conduct is the first glory of women.  
If thou wouldst walk in light, make other spirits bright.  
The man who wears blue glasses never finds the sunshine.

If you want to come out right, be sure to get started right.  
If you are in the wrong place your right place is empty.

The man who does his best, does as well as an angel can do.  
One of the biggest cowards is the man who is afraid to do right.

Never think that you make yourself great by making others less.  
To persist in living beyond our incomes is to live a life of dishonesty.  
It is marvelous how long a rotten post will stand, if it be not shaken.

The man who continues to back race horses seldom gets to the front.  
Many of our cares are but a morbid way of looking at our privileges.  
The shadow of a trouble is always blacker than the trouble itself.

To have to look at himself is the hottest fire a bad man can get into.  
The man you meet going down hill was at one time higher than you are.

There is nothing in life so earnestly to be sought as character and nobility.  
Poverty is the only burden that is not lightened by being shared with others.  
Without steadiness of character in social life there can be no true friendship.

The glass filled to the brim at night will fill the hat to the brim in the morning.  
Do not judge a man by his failure in life, for many men are too honest to succeed.

A fool can be forgiven but a cunning man with bad manners is continually disliked.  
When a man has once willfully broken his word he cannot very well mend it again.

It is better to miss an opportunity of saying a "good thing" than to make an enemy.  
Men may boast of great actions, but they are often the effect of chance than design.

The beginning of things evades us; their end evades us also. We see only the middle.  
Education begets the gentleman, but reading, good company and reflection finish him.

No man can be provident of his time who is not prudent in the choice of his company.  
Most young women study the character of men but little, because they have but little opportunity.

There is always plenty of room for men whose life is governed by a fixed principle.  
A cheerful disposition will do more for you than a pedigree running back to the Mayflower.

The bad man throws mud at the good man because he has to do it to keep from looking at himself.  
If happiness were the only good it would be hard work to find anybody to turn the grindstone.

The world needs people who have the courage to do right, a great deal more than it does soldiers.  
All our actions take their lines from the complexion of the heart, as landscapes their variety from light.

Purity of heart is that quick and sensitive delicacy to which the very thought of sin is offensive.  
"Life," say the Arabs, "is of two parts; that which is past—a dream; that which is to come—a wish."

Before marriage a woman is interested in everything he says; after marriage she is interested in things he does.  
People who are always talking about charity beginning at home, never do anything to help her start.

He who tries to solve the problem of his own existence will find that it takes just a little longer than lifetime.  
When a man mends the error of his ways, it will usually be found that it was a woman who sewed on the patches.

If you want to know why Eve ate the apple, just analyze your own feelings when you see a "Keep Off The Grass" sign.  
The more wicked a man the more apt it is to be said of him that he would be a very bright man if he would turn his talents in the right direction.

It is beautiful to watch about the domestic fireside, but the fire ought to be on the hearthstone, and not in the tempers of those who live there.  
Probably no man who honestly tries to be of service to his fellow-men quites falls, because, even if he tries in wrong ways, his errors are instructive.

When a man resolves for to be begins to look around for the names of men who distinguished themselves after that age.  
When the butler begins to brag of his honesty it is time to fall on his neck—and fee for the spoons in his coat-tail pocket.

Be not angry that you cannot make others as you wish them to be, since you cannot make yourself what you wish to be.