

B. F. SCHWEIER.

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NO. 4.

THE STAR CROSS.
She lay so patient there, so calm, so still,
It seemed a sin to wake her from that sleep,
Whose mystic dreams did her soul's peace
keep.

In Lillian's eyes, and all her heart,
With joy, as if 't were new, she had the thrill
Of angel's wings come stealing on the deep
Whose unseen ways forever wash and sweep
Around the haloed base of heaven's hill.
Why, day and night, and through the case
Which made her face the picture of the
soul.

And drew a shadowy curtain round her bed,
And while we watched the passing of the
soul.

A star burst forth from her breast, the light
And she was known that she had reached her
goal,
And that her crown had fallen on her head.

Three Dreams.

In the fall of 1888, among the collection of paintings in the art room of the great Mechanics' Exhibition in Boston was one whose history only three persons beside the participants in its history knew.

This picture, measuring five by four, was an altar cross, forced entirely of ivory and gilded. The ivy was to typify Christ clinging to the cross, and the Easter lily, new life beyond. The base was formed of lilies of the valley; to the right, representing the two Marys, and two other figures, enshrouded in mist, which had dripped into a pool beneath, reflecting the stems and buds of the leaves of the two cypresses, standing the tears which laid bare the agonized sufferings to the gaze of a tumultuous multitude.

Who that gazed upon that wonderful representation of Nature as the symbol of life and death, and the artist's fine meaning? Yet such was the symbolic intent embodied in her theme, and which to Miss Cotton's richly imaginative conception was unattainable.

Miss Cotton was an ideal painter of the old school, whose unique little studio was reached through the "City of Colleges." The broad effective touch of the modern school was ever an error to her studied fine touch and delicate art.

Moreover, Miss Cotton cherished her old-school ideas as something too alike to bear improving upon, and based her predilection for fine work upon the conviction that there were no "moderns" in Nature, and that God's works are finely finished, and never hurried by anything; all things beautiful unfolded by gradual process; and, with a loving look at her father's studio, she would say: "I have seen more of the less than upon that for nine years, and now I see something in your eyes—just stand where you are, and don't wink a lid; now I've caught it! And with a few slow steps I'll lead you to the shining floor, one seat at once the very slightest change in the downward glance of this Madonna of nine years' development, though she is recognizing how her own eyes influenced the artistic sense of subject.

How we all who were privileged to be "received on Wednesdays" loved the dear, scenic old lady—too well to let her pass without a few words of tributes; and perhaps it was there, I allowed myself to be led into what might have proven a dire misfortune to the grand old lady as regards this ideal picture. Her Madonna, after having gazed at "his" history, unconsciously gazed among his fellow pictures, and now knew how doubly symbolized its meaning to a few.

Life is very strange, indeed, in its abrupt transitions, and thus it happened that at twenty I was called upon a life of rural idleness to take upon me the responsibility of a thriving photographic studio, which I carried on with the benefit of its managing head; not to pour into details of which, suffice it to say, that our dear Miss Cotton, always a privileged patron of this same photographic studio, continued her patronage as faithfully as ever, and many a fantastic order for a post head, a Greek athlete or Norse warrior, executed with patience and kindness, which, later, we saw finished in oil, and his necessity of doing the work for the benefit of many a poor man, and many a printer was a rare knock which I fancy few artists are in the secret of; and which I fancy a favored recipient of many secrets of the dear old gentleman, of loving respect, and sound theory, to unlock said closet without delay.

"Why, it's not locked!" he cried, and dazed and wondering he revealed to an equally puzzled audience a sight from which neither scripture nor science can remove the marvelous; and there stood the "Lily Cross" in perfect safety, deposited upon rugs so as to prevent the gold of the frame from marbling.

Evidently the work of some motive or power, the whether conscious or unconscious.

Fred was questioned. He admitted having awakened and found himself in the midst of a silencing process one night, in the dark, undressed, yet handling albumen paper most dexterously.

Our dreams were related, and upon reflection Fred remembered finding the key to the scene closest under his pillow, but never of a questioning mind in matters of more moment, he was not at all disturbed at finding the key had been removed from the rack.

Well, the "Lily Cross" was despatched to the exhibition forthwith, without taking any impressions; and Fred was obliged to seek other lodgings, as it was evident that his sleeping act were more selfishly effective than his daily and habitual routine of employment.

One wonders by what hypnotic power were the unconscious minds of three people bleated so as to make a silent picture, and the man who hid the picture; the artist who saw her picture in the hands of the somnambulist; and I, who saw the cross symbol where the Christ symbol was hidden.

A. SCHWEIER.

A Practical Explanation.

Poet's son.—"Father, what does 'handicap' mean?"
"Poet."—It means—ah—in what connection did you hear it used, my son?
"Poet's son."—In connection with you, Mr. Brownson said you'd never see an eye as last night as a poet's son was seen in a dream. —Yes.
—Poet's son.

entered; all was ready for business, but no one present, and silence everywhere.

I ascended to the various departments, and at last found the whole encampment of employes on the roof, and Fred gazed with the "Lily Cross" in hand, and I haven't left the building since nine o'clock last night! We are looking for tracks!

"Tracks of what?" One answers, "The cat who stole the canary? Come down! Do you think any one, feline or human, could remove that picture and you not hear it?" This to Fred.

"And another reason, they could not do anything with it without being instantly detected. This is very mysterious. Anything else gone?"

"Not that I can find," replied Fred, in nervous, though honest anxiety, ransacking corners and cupboards and boxes and cases; "no trace of other tracks."

An officer was sent for, who appeared at once, and in true constabulary manner went to work, overhauling poor Fred, and finding he had in fact secured a quarter in his pocket, was the (the officer) very much stressed on the discovery that the operator suggested he evidently intended to prove that Fred had bartered the picture "for silver quarters!"

The mystery remained unsolved, and a busy day was more than had spent, and I had been considering the expedient of enforcing my morning's note to Miss Cotton by a personal explanation, when in walked that lady herself, calm, majestic and serene as her own paintings.

"Now what have you done with my 'Lily Cross'?" were her greeting words, but not a tone or an expression of reproach.

"Oh, Miss Cotton!" was all on my lips.

"Now don't you worry, my dear, it's all right," and she drew her lips together in a characteristically mysterious manner, and then in a whisper imparted to me the following story, "I dreamed something too—let me think—I was so apprehensive on awakening this morning—I replied in a ruminating mood.

"Did you? Well, now, try to think of it, dear. You know I have some faith in the power of the unfinanced sleeping mind to acquaint itself with the subject of its waking solicitation."

A moment's thought, and as if by magic it all occurred to me.

"I seems I had started in a new business, and by an invention of my own, was striving to keep secret, I could not but produce a strangely standardized plate and internally acting lens photograph the conceptions of my mind as fast as they were formed; and this means the most beautiful ideal subjects were produced which I was able to sell to artists to save them the trouble of looking up into sitters; and all these negatives, some five hundred, I was storing in our closet close to the door, with a number of negatives, I opened the door and found the whole closet occupied with canvas stretchers, upon each of which was outlined a woman's hand holding a mirror.

"I made me shiver, it seemed so suggestive of my own trying position, and I fled back to the operating room, which seemed flooded with sunlight so bright it was rubbing my eyes to remove the effect, I awakened to find the sun shining in and the clock striking seven.

"I did not retain my dream, but the feeling of apprehension which was mentioned was explained on arriving at the studio.

Miss Cotton listened with a very constructive look in her eyes, and when I had finished, observing a suggestion to remember that the key to the door of the closet, which she had been told to look after, was in her hand; and she said: "I look in it!"

I was off to obey the bidding of a divine impulse, but she stopped me, and she said: "Wait, my dear, which was, that your printer Fred, who sleeps here, is a somnambulist."

At which I was again ready to start for the unknown mysteries of that dream, but she continued, "And I saw him in my dream floating my 'Lily Cross' on the Charles River near the bridge, the sanctity of which I did not stop to hear more, but calling Fred, requested him to unlock said closet without delay."

There stood the "Lily Cross" in perfect safety, deposited upon rugs so as to prevent the gold of the frame from marbling.

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Fair Oarsmen on the Hudson.

Many yachtsmen have noticed those bright Summer afternoons as they passed barge showing a fluttering blue and white pennant and manned by young girls all dressed alike in white serge gowns with white fishermen's caps and blue sailor handkerchiefs knotted under their chins. Sometimes a young man in a blazer displaying the same colors has the stroke seat and occasionally there is a young man or two in the crew, but though the pressure is admitted to this athletic enterprise on the part of young persons masculine has occasionally been denied by the stroke skims on its way propelled in the best of form by oarsmen. Last Saturday afternoon such a party was seen in the Harlem and elicited much admiration as it spun past the club house under the Third Avenue bridge and almost down to Hell Gate and back.

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Possible Journeys.

To travel by way of Siberia would be the approved route to travel by-and-by. People who dislike ocean travel, and who have been in the habit of saying that they will go to Europe—when the ocean is bridged over—will find it bridged for all practical purposes when the proposed Siberian railroad connects, by way of Behring's Straits, with an Oregon and Alaska coast railroad. This is looking forward, but not as far as human eye can see for it is quite within the range of possibilities. The time must come when our Alaskan riches will be brought nearer to the States. Railroad syndicates will grapple Alaska with lines of steel, and the way to Siberia and thence to central Europe will be become an easy one. The Siberian railroad is of course to be built by the Russian Government. Whatever ideas are advanced for the proposed coast line will be treated with respect, and will be given such consideration as they merit.

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The Bishop's Wit Saw Him.

A story showing the shrewdness and ready wit of the Scotchman is told of a well known Scotch bishop who was about to be united in marriage to a young girl, and the father, who was, of course, an object of considerable interest to the unmarried ladies of the neighborhood. One day he received a visit from one of them, who had reached the point of desperation. Her name was so common, that she would have been thought of rather as a revelation rather than a surprise.

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A Billiardist's Habits.

I called upon George F. Stinson, who is the champion of the billiard world, if there be such a thing as a champion of that fascinating pastime, and asked him what were the conditions necessary to be observed to become a great expert. He stated in reply to my questions as follows:

"There is no pretentious belief that great tenors and famous sopranos are the most sensitive souls in the world, and require the largest amount of care. There is another profession, my own, that requires the most delicate and delicate care, and that is the billiardist's. It is not more that (that of vocal music. Billiards, since it has passed from a mere pastime to a science, demands the finest condition of the body, and especially the nervous system, if a player ever proposes to become an expert or a champion. It is very hard to define what I mean by condition. Every good player recognizes and appreciates and alludes to it as being in good condition, or in the words of the general public, and especially those who have never played the game, cannot realize the extent to which good play depends upon the physical organism."

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"There is no pretentious belief that great tenors and famous sopranos are the most sensitive souls in the world, and require the largest amount of care. There is another profession, my own, that requires the most delicate and delicate care, and that is the billiardist's. It is not more that (that of vocal music. Billiards, since it has passed from a mere pastime to a science, demands the finest condition of the body, and especially the nervous system, if a player ever proposes to become an expert or a champion. It is very hard to define what I mean by condition. Every good player recognizes and appreciates and alludes to it as being in good condition, or in the words of the general public, and especially those who have never played the game, cannot realize the extent to which good play depends upon the physical organism."

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THE MATRIMONIAL CARRIAGE.

I took my darling for a drive,
Just such a sight as poets love;
The stars were twinkling and the moon
Shone radiant in the sky above.

And, as we in the country drove,
She gave me the reins that she drove,
The situation taking in—
('Tis funny how dumb creatures know!)

I asked her if she'd like to drive;
She took the reins—my arms were free,
And one whole lovingly—oh, well!
You know where it was to be!

She held the reins then listlessly,
But when she answered "Yes," she seemed
To grasp them closer in her hands,
Then how the silvery, bright moon beamed!

Well, we've been married just a year;
I'd like the single track again;
For since we've been together night,
I've never got them back again.

—Lawrence American.

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