

THE DREAM-GOD.

Adown the winding thoroughfare
The rosy dream-god came.
"Here's dreams for sale!" rang on the air—
"Ho! dreams of wealth and fame!"
The throngs they waved round him there
Like eddies on a stream;
The old and sear, the young and fair,
All strove to buy a dream.

"Ho! dreams for sale, for one and all!
Old maid, here's youth again;
Here's beauty, for a pittance small,
That made you loved of men!
Old man, here is a dream for you,
A brimming cup of joy;
Lift to your lips the magic brew,
And be once more a boy!"

Youth I light "Tomorrow" dreams, Old Age
Bought dreams of "Yesterday";
The fool was there, so was the sage,
Each took a dream away.
And, Sweetheart, prithee let me add
That, ere he passed for me,
I gave him all the gold I had,
And bought a dream of—you!
—Harold MacGrath, in The Century.

A COAST FOR LIFE.

HOW A VERMONT BOY SAVED HIS
FATHER AND HIMSELF FROM
A TERRIBLE DEATH.

BY HENRY EDWARD ROOD.

This boy was 15 years old in 1777, when General Burgoyne started from Canada for Albany, and his name was David Spafford. He lived with his father and mother and two little sisters on a farm away up in the Green mountains of Vermont.

It was about the middle of August, 1777, that a messenger came to Mr. Spafford's farm and told him Burgoyne had been traveling southward from Canada with thousands of British regulars and many hundreds of Indian allies. The messenger added that one of the savages, a warrior so tall and heavy as to be a giant, and known as the Wyandet Panther, had murdered the beautiful daughter of a Scotch clergyman, Jenny McCrea, who was visiting a friend at Fort Edward.

After this act General Burgoyne had lost control of the Indians, and in small bands they were over-running the country. Mr. Spafford must come at once and join a company of Vermont farmers, who, under Colonel Stark, were going to protect their homes and drive Indians and Hessians alike from the country.

So Mr. Spafford went, and was badly wounded at the battle of Bennington. After that he was taken home and stayed until winter came, when he insisted that his wife and daughters should go to make a long visit in a large town some twenty miles away.

Thus it happened that when New Year's day came David Spafford and his father were living alone in the farmhouse, taking care of the horses and cows.

One night while they were in bed they heard a man shouting and kicking at the door. David jumped up and let him in. He was a farmer who lived five or six miles further in the mountains. His clothing was torn, his face was covered with blood, and he had snowshoes on his feet.

"I can't stop!" he cried. "Indians have burned my house and murdered all my family. They will soon be here and you must start at once!"

Then he turned and sped into the darkness again. For a moment David stood as if stunned. The lad knew it would be impossible for his father to escape on snowshoes, for his wounds had left him so stiff in both legs that he could scarcely walk about the house.

In such a time one's wits work quickly, and David Spafford had wits to spare. He suddenly remembered that he had a pair of snowshoes exactly like those worn by the man who had given the alarm. So he dressed rapidly and put on the snowshoes and ran back and forth between the house and the barn several times, making half a dozen tracks in the snow. Then he took the horses and cows out of the barn and laid the whip on them so vigorously that they ran out toward the road as fast as they could go. By this time Mr. Spafford had managed to dress himself.

"Good," he said to his son. "Now do you think you can carry me to the barn?"

"I'll try," David replied, and taking his father on his back like a sack of flour, he succeeded in getting him to the barn and buried in the hay mow.

"It's growing colder," said Mr. Spafford, "and if the crust keeps hardening on the snow we have one chance of escape. Haul the bobbed across the barn floor until it is just in front of that door in the rear; then bring your guns here, and hide yourself in the hay beside me. It's a slim chance and a big risk, but it's the only one, if we want to save our scalps."

"I see your idea!" the boy cried, and he did as he was told. Father and son had lain there, buried in the hay, scarcely half an hour when through a chink in the barn, they saw seven Indian warriors surrounding the house. The savages had swallowed so much rum as to be quite drunk. Several had scalps dangling from their belts.

savages became so intoxicated as to fall down in the snow, and then they rolled over and over in the feathers, which stuck to their bodies until finally every one of the band lay there stupefied with liquor, unable to move hand or foot.

"We can't tell how many more of the savages may be coming along, and so we dare not kill these, although it would be an easy matter," said Mr. Spafford. "It's almost daylight, too, and we must be moving. Open the rear door, David, and push the bobbed out on the snow—I guess the crust is thick enough to bear it now. Then help me down, and we will make one effort to get away."

The brave boy crawled noiselessly down from the hay mow, and did as he was bid. He placed a quantity of straw in the sleigh, and wrapped his father up in a buffalo robe, for the cold was intense. Then he stepped in himself, as he did so giving a slight push with one foot. The sleigh moved slowly, but soon gathered momentum, for back of the barn was a steep valley running down for five miles to the frozen river, and in all that sweep there was not a tree or a stump sticking up above the snow, for all had been burned off in a forest fire years previous.

The noise made by the whirring runner on the hardened snow aroused some of the Indians, and, hastening through the barn, they saw the escape. Two of the savages fired their muskets at David, who was standing up in the sleigh and steering it, but they were so drunk that their bullets went wide of the mark.

A third seized a long board, and with a fiendish yell threw himself on it headlong, as a boy nowadays will now throw himself on a sled. This savage came sliding down the hillside with amazing speed, but he could not catch up with the heavier sleigh.

Still, he was so near that Mr. Spafford dared to take no chances; and, resting his musket on the seat of the sled, he aimed it and pulled the trigger. There was a yell, and the Indian seemed to leap off his board into the air, turning as he did so.

On and on sped the sled down the mountain side, and to David the snow had a curious appearance. It seemed as if he were sitting still while the great white mass rushed by him uphill. But the cold, cutting wind in his face was as strong as to dispel this illusion. It almost took away his breath.

One mile, two miles, three, four, five they went, until the river was reached; and then came the most dangerous place of all, for the sleigh leaped off the bank and fell a yard below the ice.

But it landed right side up, and by good luck there was a clear space of ice straight across where the wind had swept a broad path in the snow. In far less time than it takes to tell it the sleigh had skimmed over the opposite bank, and its occupants met a company of farmer soldiers and lumbermen, who had heard of the raid from the messenger on snowshoes, and had started to rescue them.

Coffee in the Army.

Coffee is one of the comforts of soldier life, but it is rarely served at its best. If the coffee is served to the mess in the berry, the quality of it is likely to be much better than when transported in a ground state, for the reason that in transit it loses a great deal of the aroma and fine flavor. The best makeshift for a camp coffee-pot is a cheesecloth bag, holding about a quart. This can be dropped into the coffee-pot and the ground coffee put in. Over this pour the required amount of boiling water, one coffee cupful of water to a heaping tablespoon of ground coffee. The old rule, four tablespoons for four persons and one for the pot is a good one to follow. The coffee can be drawn off into a dish and poured back through the bag several times, which adds greatly to the strength and flavor. Almost all of the best cooks are using a moderate amount of chicory in their coffee, preferring it to the entire berry. It gives richness and body to the decoction, and is considered altogether wholesome by hygienists. In addition to this, it is inexpensive, costing about eight cents per pound, against 25 to 35 cents a pound for ordinary coffee. —New York Ledger.

Tree Resents a Murder.

The white oak is a long-lived tree, and this makes the following story so remarkable: Several years ago a lawbreaker in Maryland was captured by lynchers and strung up on a sturdy young white oak tree growing near his home. In spite of its vigor the oak at once began to decay. The strange part of the story is, the fatal limb upon which the man was hanged first withered and died. The blight then spread up that side of the tree to the topmost bough, and then the entire tree began falling to pieces, until today only a rugged trunk and rotten limbs are left. The place ever since has been "hoodooed" so far as the negro population is concerned, and they give the "Jim Pippin Tree" a wide berth after sundown.

Relief for the Indian Widow.

Action is being taken by certain enlightened natives to ameliorate the shocking condition of the average Hindoo widow. To begin with, the Indian widow is shaved bald, and can only hide her baldness with her cloth; she is deprived of all jewelry, wears coarser clothes than the rest of woman-kind, must fast on certain days, and every day has fewer meals than are taken as a rule by the rest of the family. The scheme of relief aforesaid is that no widow shall be shaved until she is twenty-one, the age at which it may be supposed that she will be able to show a will of her own in case she objects.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

The stars cannot be counted. The telescope brings into view not only thousands, but millions of these bodies.

The French scientist, Leduc, claims to have established the fact that sound travels at the rate of exactly 1,088.58 feet per second.

Since the beginning of the century no fewer than fifty-two volcanic islands have risen out of the sea. Nine-tenths of that number have since disappeared, and ten are now inhabited.

A German patent has been granted for the treatment of articles of plaster of Paris with an aqueous solution of ammonium borate, hardening the article and rendering it insoluble in water.

Professor Lewis Swift, observer on Mount Lowe observatory, Echo mountain, Cal., has discovered a new bright comet in Eridanus, right ascensions 3 hours 45 minutes, declination south 29 degrees.

By varying the light exposure of plants M. Maige, at Fontainebleau, has succeeded in transforming the flowering branches into sterile creeping or climbing ones, and creeping or climbing branches into flowering ones.

A man with a penchant for computation has calculated that when we are at rest we consume 500 cubic inches of air a minute. If we walk at the rate of one mile an hour we use 800; two miles, 1000; three miles, 1600; four miles, 2300. If we start out and run six miles an hour we consume 3000 cubic inches of air during every minute of the time.

Forest of Stone.

Old forests are apt to get into the most impossible places and to turn into the most preposterous shapes. All our coal fields are ancient forests far underground, then crushed and cooked into a hard mineral substance. There are forests of plants which once grew as mighty trees, for outside of fairyland who would ever imagine a majestic woodland of club moss, and reeds, and the little sand weed called the horsetail?

In Greenland, right under the ice fields a buried forest has been found in which the plants were all palms and tropical creepers, proving that once the Arctic regions were as hot as the Indies.

In the Wash, between the counties of Lincoln and Norfolk, there is an old forest under the sea, with stumps of fallen oaks and elms still visible in places when the tide is low. This was all dry land in the days of the ancient Britons.

Out in the deserts of Arizona there is a dead forest on the surface of burning rock and driving sand, where no plant save the cactus can now find any water. When the place was first discovered a negro cook thought that it would be excellent for camping. So he took an axe and delivered a mighty blow upon the fallen trunk of a big red pine.

His axe head was ruined, the haft smashed, and his fingers so badly hurt that he sat down and howled. For that tree was changed to massive rock, which looked as fresh as though felled yesterday. The whole prostrate forest of big timber had been changed into valuable and beautiful onyx, Jasper and agate. —Chicago Tribune.

Pineapple Cloth.

The question of using the by-products in all industries is one that is receiving a large share of attention in these days of close figuring and small profits, and the use of the fibre of pineapple leaves is now attracting considerable attention. A recent article in the Popular Science Monthly gives a good description of the uses that the leaves may be put to after the fruit is gathered. Each pineapple plant bears but one apple a season, and after the apple is cut the leaves may also be stripped off without injury. From the leaves a fibre is obtained that is both fine and strong. The trouble with the scheme is that the industry would hardly be large enough to make it a profitable investment for anyone. It is figured that it takes a ton of leaves to produce fifty pounds of fiber. As the area in which pineapples can be grown successfully is of limited extent it would seem as though pineapple fiber is not, for the present at least, destined to be an article of great importance to the business world.

Subterranean City of Salt.

The underground city of Wieliczka, which is hewn in salt and is the centre of the salt industry of Polish Austria, is one of the most interesting of places to the American tourist. It is a veritable subterranean city, where skilled laborers have carved ballrooms, restaurants, chapels, altars, statues and chandeliers. There are railways, too, in this wonderful city, which is 700 feet below the surface of the earth. There are sixteen salt lakes, but the visitor may be rowed over only one of them. The waters of this one are thick, dark and heavy, and those who have been across it tell of the ghostly swish of the waters against the side of the grotto and compare its dark surface to the fabled Styx. There are twenty-five miles of railways in the mines, and a thousand miners are employed every day in the crystal city. They produce 65,000 tons of salt every year. The mines are under the direct control of the Austro-Hungarian minister of finance.

A Curious Vegetable Graft.

M. Henri Laridan, head gardener of Longport in the Aisne, France, has succeeded in grafting the tobacco plant on potato tubers. The process, which requires care, is fully described in La Nature. The handsome ornamental tobacco plant Nicotiana glauca variegata can be reared more easily in this way. —London Globe.

Syrup of Figs

DELIGHTFUL LIQUID LAXATIVE

TO GET ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS BUY THE GENUINE

MANUFACTURED BY CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y. U.S.A. LONDON, ENG.

PRICE 50¢ PER BOTTLE.

AN EXCELLENT COMBINATION

THE pleasant method and beneficial effects of the well-known remedy, SYRUP OF FIGS, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company, illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principles of plants known to be medicinally laxative and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strengthening laxative,

CLEANSING THE SYSTEM EFFECTUALLY, DISPELLING
COLDS AND HEADACHES, PREVENTING FEVERS,
OVERCOMING HABITUAL CONSTIPATION PERMANENTLY.

Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and substance, and its acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, gently yet promptly, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative. In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but

THE MEDICINAL QUALITIES ARE OBTAINED FROM SENNA AND OTHER AROMATIC PLANTS,

by a method known to the California Fig Syrup Company only. In order to get its beneficial effects, and to avoid imitations, please remember the full name of the Company printed on the front of every package.

Consumers of the choicest products of modern commerce purchase at about the same price that others pay for cheap and worthless imitations. To come into universal demand and to be everywhere considered the best of its class, an article must be capable of satisfying the wants and tastes of the best informed purchasers. The California Fig Syrup Company having met with the highest success in the manufacture and sale of its excellent liquid laxative remedy, SYRUP OF FIGS, it has become important to all to have a knowledge of the Company and its product. The California Fig Syrup Company was organized more than fifteen years ago, for the special purpose of manufacturing and selling a laxative remedy which would be more pleasant to the taste and more beneficial in effect than any other known. The great value of the remedy, as a medicinal agent and of the Company's efforts, is attested by the sale of millions of bottles annually, and by the high approval of most eminent physicians. As the true and genuine remedy named SYRUP OF FIGS is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company only, the knowledge of that fact will assist in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

LOUISVILLE, KY. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. NEW YORK, N.Y.

For Sale by All Druggists. Price 50¢ Per Bottle.

One Woman's Added Burden.

I was taking my dinner one day at a mountain farmhouse on the headwaters of the Cumberland River, and the lady of the house, who had four children playing around the front of the establishment, was inclined to repine at her hard luck in having so much work to do.

"I run this here whole farm," she said in a tone which indicated that she was ready to resign.

"How many acres have you?" I inquired.

"A hundred and forty; twenty in wheat, sixty in corn, ten in madder 'n' paster, an' the balance scatterin' an' woods."

"Got any stock?"

"Ten head uv cattle, two cows, six dogs and work critters for the place."

"And you run the whole business?"

"Indeed I do; every hide an' hair uv it," she sighed.

"Don't you hire some help?"

"In course, but 'tain't hired help that takes the load of en a body."

There was philosophy in that statement, and I paused a minute.

"Haven't you got a husband?" I next asked with a good deal of sympathy.

"Yes," she responded very slowly, "but I have to run him, too." —Washington Star.

Glass For Street Paving.

Experiments are being made in Lyons, France, with glass for street paving purposes, according to John C. Covert, United States Consul in that city. A stretch of pavement has been laid in Lyons, consisting of ceramo-crystal, or devitrified glass, in the form of blocks, eight inches square, each block containing sixteen square parts. These are fitted together, so that water cannot pass between them, and make the pavement look like an enlarged checker board. It is claimed for it that it offers greater resistance than stone, that it is a poor conductor of cold, that dirt will not accumulate on it as easily as on stone, and that it will not retain microbes and that it is more durable than stone and not more costly. The paving material is obtained from broken glass heated to 1250 degrees Fahrenheit and compressed by hydraulic force. Nothing is said about its slippery qualities in this way. —London Globe.

Cromwell's Mother.

The sympathy existing between this mother and son is one of the most beautiful traits in Oliver's personal history. They loved each other with a passionate affection that no time or change lessened, and when he arrived at the summit of his power, though she was then upwards of ninety years of age, he appointed her royal apartments in Whitehall, and visited her every day. Noble quaintly says, "She occasionally yet offered the Protector advice, which he always heard with great attention, but acted as he judged proper." It is pleasant to think that this fine old lady died happily before her son's power began to wane. It is pleasant to think of the Great Protector kneeling to receive her dying blessing, and of her last smiling words to him and his children—"A good night, dears!" There is yet a portrait of her at Hinchinbrooke, which shows us a handsome woman, with a face full of character, and a rather melancholy expression. Her dress is that of a gentlewoman of the time—a white satin hood, a pearl necklace, and a neckerchief edged with rich lace. The mantle is of green satin edged with gold lace, and fastened with a jeweled clasp. —Amelia Barr, in Harper's Magazine.

Anglo-American Friendship at Manila.

A letter from a marine on H. M. S. Powerful, now stationed at Manila, which has been received at Seattle, Wash., says, regarding the friendliness of American soldiers and British sailors: Our men and the Yankee soldiers soon became awfully friendly. You never saw such soldiers. Very few of them were in uniform. They wore big slouch hats, with the number of their regiment often written on a bit of paper and pinned on. It was a sight to see them come on board. They went along the deck, speaking to everybody, and when we saw them go up to the officers without saluting we felt as if they must drop on the spot. But they didn't. They offered their cigar cases to our men with "Have a s'gar, boy," and after they had smoked and talked with us they took out their card cases and handed us a visiting card, saying as they did so, "Now be sure you look us up if you're our way, you know."

The Author of "By Jingo."

It is rather amusing to those who know the facts to hear people talk of the "Great Macdermott," as if he were really the inventor of the word "jingo." That he made it popular is true enough, but the famous song came to him one fateful morning in 1876, with the milk, by penny post. So it was by no means what is called a "put-up job." Every well-known comique has a biggish delivery of ditties. "We don't want to fight" arrived in such a batch. It was sent by a certain Mr. Hunt, who thought it stiffish for the public. The great one was of another opinion. Being an old naval man himself, he was thrilled at once, and saw its possibilities in a moment. Moreover, he agreed with its sentiments, which enabled him to give it with gusto, "by jingo." —London News.

One Way to Clean a Chimney.

An easy way to clean a chimney of soot has been discovered by a Maine man. Instead of going to the top of the chimney and probing with rods, he begins at the bottom. There an opening is made, and he fires upward a revolver charged with a blank cartridge. The concussion, it is said, will clean out the soot. He also claims that the burning of a piece of zinc in a stove will clear the stove and its funnel of soot.

Ages of French Brides.

The Hachette Almanac for the current year gives some very interesting statistics as to the ages of brides in France. Only thirteen out of 100 young women marry between the ages of 15 and 20. From 20 to 25 years the average is sixty out of 100. The further from her twenty-fifth year the maid travels the slimmer are her chances for marriage; still up to 30 years the nuptial chimes ring out for twenty-two out of 100.

Maids from 30 to 35 years old have twelve chances in 100; from 35 to 40 years six, and from 40 to 45 years only five in 100. There is only one lucky female in 100 who marries when between 45 and 50 years old.

It must not be supposed, however, that after 50 oblivion covers the hearts of "belated maids." Even between the years of 60 and 65 there is a chance for one maid among 365. The strongest competitors maids have to encounter are the widows, for they marry with equal if not better chances than their single sisters.