

AFTER THE DREAMS.

I awoke from troubled dreams and blessed the glorious day; The sun's warm, welcome beams across the covers lay; The world was bathed in light and in the joys about Grim memories of the night were quickly blotted out.

O shall I wake again, some morning from the dream That comes to each and then behold a brighter gleam, Or shall no curtain ope, no bar fall from the gate?— I hope and dread and hope, and have my dreams and wait.

—S. E. Kiser.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE

He hadn't slept soundly. He rarely slept soundly now. It wasn't his age, surely; he was only 57; and it couldn't be his business affairs, for all his investments were sound and highly remunerative and his large income was rapidly increasing. No, he must look for the cause elsewhere. Perhaps it would be well to consult a doctor.

He arose and, lighting the gas, looked at his watch. It was 4.30. He went to a window that faced the east and raised the sash. The air came cool and fragrant. Low down by the far-away ridge streaks of pale blue light were showing.

"I'll see this sunrise," said Amos Brandon. "I haven't seen one since I was a boy." He hastily bathed and dressed himself. "I'll see it from the outside," he added, and softly creeping down the stairway, found his hat, and opening the great door, descended the stone steps that led to the street.

As he faced the east and moved slowly along the avenue he snuffed the air and found it good. He even took off his hat and let it cool his head.

"It certainly seems to me that this is better than tossing on that comfortless mattress," he muttered. "Wonder why I never thought of it before."

The pale streaks in the east grew broader, a pink flush rose behind the wooded crest, the clouds became hazy. Swiftly the flush deepened, spokes of light were flung upward and then came the sun.

Amos Brandon walked slowly onward, eagerly watching those magic changes.

"Oh," he said, "that's fine; it's worth the trouble. How many people know anything about it? Precious few. Look at the present audience. One restless, lonely old man, and a night watchman or two. What a shame!"

He came to a street intersection and paused and looked at his watch.

"Quarter to five," he muttered. "No, I'll not go home. I feel like a runaway boy. I'll stroll down to the lake. I don't believe I've really seen the lake in a dozen years."

He walked at a leisurely gait, breathing in the tonic air and ever and anon turning his gaze on the sun-tinted clouds. His eyes were brighter and his step more elastic. Laboring men, swinging their dinner boxes, looked around as they passed him. His was an unusual figure at that early hour. Once he heard a man repeat his name to his companions and they all stared curiously at him as they passed.

As he came within sight of the lake's blue ripples a girl came across the avenue and turned in on the sidewalk just ahead of him. She was a girl of perhaps 14, rather slender, with a clear olive complexion and thick, dark hair. She was neatly dressed, save her shoes, which were dingy and frayed, and in her hand she carried a basket whose contents were concealed beneath a white paper. Amos Brandon quickened his steps a little.

"You are an early riser," he said to the girl. At the moment he was interested in early risers.

"Yes, sir," said the girl, who showed no surprise at his abrupt remark. "I have to carry my father's breakfast to him. He is a help at the mills over there." She pointed to a long row of dingy buildings not far ahead.

She spoke well and with a lack of constraint that the old man admired.

"Why doesn't your father come home to his breakfast?" he asked.

"He goes to work at midnight and quits at noon," she answered.

"And how far do you come?"

"About a mile and a half."

She gave him a little nod and turned to cross a vacant field that would save her a few steps. Amos watched her for a moment as she sturdily stepped forward.

"A good little woman, and her father should be proud of her. I hope he is."

He sighed softly, as he plodded on.

He enjoyed the lake, with its dimly surface and the swash of the little waves as they struck the piling, and the black banner of smoke trailing after a far-away steamer. Presently he turned and strolled over toward the iron mills. Almost in a moment he came upon the girl of the lunch basket. She was sitting on a low pile of boards and close beside her sat a workman, bare-armed and sinewy, a swarthy man with small, black eyes, and a short, black beard. He was eating with evident enjoyment the breakfast the girl had brought him. Amos Brandon paused at the picture. It pleased him. He nodded smilingly to the girl, who nodded back, and when the swarthy man looked up he nodded to him, too. Amos leaned against a pile of lumber.

"Your load will be lighter on the way back," he said to the girl.

"Yes," she answered, "father always has a good appetite."

The swarthy man looked up. He nodded gravely to Amos.

"She's a good girl," he said slowly. "Come long way."

"Yes," said Amos. "I'm sure she's a good girl." The swarthy man looked around at the object of his praise. There was fondness in his glance. "Smart girl, too," he said. "Teacher say smartest girl in English school." He said this with some difficulty, but with evident gratification. "Oh, father," cried the child, with a swift little blush. Then the swarthy man's rough voice grew softer. "She's all I got," he said. "I see," said Amos Brandon. "Mutter dead, brudder dead, sister dead. Only Lena left." He turned a little and softly stroked the girl's hand.

Something rose in the rich man's throat, and a mist swam before his eyes.

"Father thinks I should wear my best shoes," she explained. "He doesn't know how fast this walk would wear them out."

"Best shoes," echoed the swarthy man; "yes, yes, best shoes." He looked at Amos Brandon. Then he softly touched the girl's shoulder with a forefinger and struck himself sharply on forehead and chest.

"She's what I work for," he smilingly said.

"I must go," remarked Amos Brandon, hurriedly. He paused and stepped forward. "I would like to shake hands with you," he said to the swarthy man, who met the advancing fingers with a warm grasp. Amos nodded to the girl and strode away.

There was a crosstown car waiting for the signal to start. He caught it and 20 minutes later opened the front door of his house. The housekeeper met him in the hall. Her anxious face cleared.

"Glad you have returned, Mr. Brandon," she said. "We were beginning to worry a little over your unusual absence."

"Out for an early stroll, Mrs. Emerson," he said. "Kindly have breakfast ready in half an hour."

He stepped into the library and opened his desk. For a moment he sat in deep thought. Then he rapidly indited this letter.

"My Dear Mary—I find it is quite impossible to hold out any longer. I am growing old and I need you, dear child. The door from which I turned you two long years ago is open for you and yours. You are all I have in the world, dear. Without you the house is cold and desolate. For what have I been toiling all these years but for you? Come back to me, daughter, and all will be forgiven and forgotten. Tell your husband that a hearty handclasp awaits him. Say to him that I confess that I sorely misjudged him."

"Write to me, dear, as soon as you receive this, and tell me when to expect you and George. Your affectionate father. Amos Brandon."

He looked at the letter when he had finished it and shook his head. Then he carefully read it through. Again he showed his disapproval. After a moment or two he raised the sheet and deliberately tore it to bits of jagged paper and tossed them into the waste basket.

"Pshaw," he smilingly muttered, "that's too slow. I'll hurry down and telegraph Mary that I'm coming for them, and then I'll follow by the first train."

The housekeeper stood in the doorway.

"Breakfast is ready, Mr. Brandon," she announced.

The rich man whirled toward her.

"Mrs. Emerson," he said, "I want you to put Mary's rooms into the nicest possible shape at once."

The housekeeper started.

"Is Miss Mary coming home, sir?" she eagerly asked.

"Yes," said Amos Brandon, "she's coming home."—W. R. Rose, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Bridegroom Runs the Gauntlet.

"The custom of throwing an old shoe after the wedded couple for luck is a remarkably widespread one, but it is not always as pleasant a feature of the ceremony as one has come to imagine," began a young lawyer who has a penchant for folk lore. "The other day I ran across a curious custom which is said to prevail to some extent even yet in villages of southern France."

"It's this way; after the ceremony the bride is escorted to her new home by her girl friends and left alone; the young husband, also in the hands of his friends, is next led to a point a couple of hundred feet from the dwelling, where a halt is made. There the girl's rejected suit-or, if there be such a one, arms himself with an old sabot, or wooden shoe, while the groom, ducking his head, makes a dash for the house. The disgruntled suitor throws as hard and true as possible, and the crowd cheers or derides according to the success of the shot. A wooden shoe is a formidable missile in the hands of an angry swain, and a husband is justified in having some misgivings as he sees his defeated rival practising up in anticipation of the wedding day. Just think, though, how great a relief it would be even in this country to take a crack at the fellow who had done you out of your best girl without having the police step in. Over there the custom has a wider meaning. It signifies that the last ill feeling is thus thrown away, and it is the depth of disgrace for the man who has thrown the shoe to harbor any further malice against the young couple."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Buffalo's system of public schools, numbering 60 separate school buildings, is said to compare favorably with any school system in the United States.

FACTS AND FANCIES FOR THE HAIR

New York City.—Tasteful morning jackets are essential to comfort and well being and can scarcely be possessed in too great number. This very



WOMAN'S MORNING JACKET.

charming May Manton model has the merit of being essentially feminine and graceful at the same time that is ideally comfortable. As shown, it is made of white dimity with collar of revering and frills of Valenciennes lace; but various white and colored materials can be substituted and needlework can be made to take the place of lace. Dainty striped materials are fashionable and always effective; polka dots and other simple allures are admirable and such plain colors as blue, pink and lavender are pretty when they suit the wearer.

The back of the jacket is plain and terminates at the waist line, but the fronts are elongated and fall in soft graceful folds. The sleeves are el-

erally becoming to blondes, although brunettes oftener wear it.

A Corset Satchet.
The corset satchet is made of two yards of four-inch wide satin taffeta ribbon in color to match the corset, or in the wearer's favorite tint. Make one yard of the ribbon into a rosette bow, which fasten to the Alsatian bow, made of the other yard. Sew the selvages of the ribbon in the Alsatian bow together, leaving a small opening at each end, into which stuff white cotton batting, which has previously been used sprinkled profusely with satchet powder. Violet and heliotrope mixed in equal proportions produce a delicate and lasting odor that is liked by most people. Fasten this satchet to the outside of the corset at the bust line.

Brooches For Belts.
Brooches especially designed to fasten the belt or the blouse in front are one of the latest novelties. The prevailing style is a turquoise set in dull gold, and the size seems to depend on the capacity of the purse.

A Bit of Color on the Handkerchief.
A suggestion of color on the handkerchief is coming more and more into general favor. Narrow hemstitched borders of a color matching the summer suit are used, and many of the French initial handkerchiefs have the letters set on a shield of pink, blue or green.

For Young Girls.
Dressmakers are making evening gowns for young girls with ruffled skirts, with three wide flounces composing the skirt, or trimmed with a cluster of narrow ones at the foot.

Woman's Tucked Skirt Waist.
The skirt waist that closes at the



A STYLE COSTUME.

bow length and comfortably loose. The neck is a big sailor collar that becoming to almost all women.

To make this jacket for a woman medium size, three and three-quarter yards of material twenty-seven inches wide, three and a quarter yards thick; two inches wide, or two and a quarter yards forty-four inches wide, will be required, with seven and a half yards of lace to trim as illustrated.

A Stylish Costume.
A stylish separate waist is of yellow silk of rather a deep shade, with a tie white at the neck, hardly enough to call a yoke or a vest. It shows pretty contrast in blue velvet ribbons which ornaments the waist at front—inch wide ribbon of a soft blue which is best described as a cadet, a number of long bows.

Another pretty waist is the one shown in the large drawing by M. Manton. Used in the same sketch an attractive five-gored skirt which serves to complete a costume of exceptional beauty.

Strings of Pearls in the Hair.
London is at last waking to the fact that diamonds become more frequent, and jewels are once more in requisition. The newest notion is to twist strings of pearls in the hair, and if this is done neatly and artistically done, the effect is excellent, especially when the hair is dark. This is really an old fashion revived, as a glance at books of beauty or portraits of ancestresses will easily prove. It is by no means necessary to use real pearls; indeed, many people consider that contact with the hair injures the beauty of valuable pearls.

Coral Piping.
A wood-colored tweed, soft and fine is made up quite simply with a tailor model, and plenty of lapped seams and rows of stitching. A touch of color occurs on the bodice, in the neighborhood of the white lace front. Coral pink panne velvet is used to pipe the opening, to edge the high standing collar, to border the wrist edge of the sleeve. There is not too much of the vivid yet dull pink, just enough to be grateful to the eye. Coral pink is ge-

back is a marked feature of the season and is peculiarly effective when made of fine material stitched in tucks.

The smart May Manton design shown is admirable in every way. The original is of white lawn with insertion of Valenciennes lace and is charmingly simple; but the style lends itself to many materials and combinations.

The front is tucked to yoke depth only and so forms soft, becoming folds below, but the backs are tucked to the waist line to give the snug fit essential to correct style. The sleeves are novel, and altogether charming, being laid in two groups of tucks, four each, with lace between. At the wrists are soft cuffs of lace and tucking and at the neck is a stock to match. As shown, the material beneath the lace is cut away to give a transparent effect, but the insertion can be put on as applique if preferred.

To cut this waist for a woman of medium size, four yards of material twenty-one inches wide, three and



TUCKED SHIRT WAIST.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

An attempt is being made to prevail upon the nightingale to favor Norway with its presence in the nesting season. Numbers have been imported from Hungary, but the experiment is expected to prove a failure.

Mr. J. W. Gridley describes in the bulletin of the American Museum of Natural History a new species of fossil horse. This species was one of the last of the series of American horses which begins with the four-toed hyracothere of the size of a dog. The present specimen had a head about the size of an ordinary horse, but resembled a pony in respect of height and weight. Its proportions are similar to those of the zebra or quagga.

Readings of the wind's force are transmitted electrically to a distance by a new French instrument. The spindle carrying the revolving cups of an ordinary anemometer also carries a small Gramme ring, which revolves in the field of a strong permanent magnet, and connection is made between the coils of the ring and a special form of voltmeter, whose graduations are adjusted to correspond to speeds of the wind as measured by the anemometer.

A discovery of much interest to geologists has recently been made about the Yellowstone river. It seems to have been established beyond doubt that Yellowstone lake, now the head of the river, once flowed off southward into Snake river. At that time a comparatively small stream followed the course of the Yellowstone canyon, which had then nothing like its present great depth. The head of this stream gradually ate its way back until it cut the divide that inclosed the basin of the lake, and by thus diverting the waters of the latter formed the Yellowstone river.

The sensation of hunger has not been easy to explain. The new theory of a German physician is that it is due to emptiness of the blood vessels of the stomach, and it is pointed out that hunger is appeased with the rush of blood to the stomach following the taking of food and beginning of digestion. In many anemic patients, who have no appetite when the stomach is empty, the blood vessels of the stomach are really congested instead of being empty. Lack of blood in the stomach, in health, acts on a special nerve, which is a branch of the same nerve of the mouth and tongue. A stimulus applied to the tongue as by a spice, thus increases appetite.

There are more kinds of dark clouds than are dreamed of in most people's philosophy, but they are only modifications and combinations of those already mentioned. The "nimbus," or rain cloud proper, is a thick layer of dark cloud, shapeless, with ragged edges. The cumulo-nimbus is the thunder cloud or shower cloud. This sort of cloud is formed in heavy masses, which assume weird shapes, suggesting to the imaginative eye castles, giants, ordinary animals, etc. The strato-cumulus is the typical storm cloud, almost always seen in advance of a storm. The altostratus is a thick sheet of gray or bluish cloud, with a brilliant patch near the sun or moon. The alto-cumulus consists of large globular masses of white or grayish cloud, arranged in groups of lines. The cirro-stratus is a thin whitish sheet covering the sky, through which the sun or moon is seen surrounded by a halo.

A Remedy for Restlessness.

Here is a new idea for curing the children's restlessness. A restless, peevish, imaginative youngster, who seems equally unable to become interested in studies or pleasures, is a constant trial both in school and at home. Here is an original cure that will often prove helpful. Said a teacher the other day: "When I find a pupil restless and out of temper, with flushed face and generally heated look, I send out to let cold water run on his wrists. In a few minutes he comes back cool and calm. The circulation is quickly affected by an application to the wrists. In a chill a nurse will put hot compresses at the pulse with excellent results or bathe the wrist with camphor to revive from a fainting fit; and this gave me the idea of reducing the temperature of a restless, irritable pupil."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

New Fashion in Fire Escapes.

A new idea in fire escapes is being carried out on the construction of several new houses on Fifth avenue. Instead of the conventional ladder on the outside of the building, this plan calls for a staircase right in the middle of the house. The passageway is walled in with iron half an inch thick. The steps are of iron. On each floor there is a door leading to the staircase. The door is covered with iron on the stairway side, so that when the doors are closed the stairway is absolutely fire-proof. The exit is through the basement, which has a fire-proof hallway leading to the street, there being another stairway at the sidewalk.—New York Times.

Britain's Crown in Pawn.

At least four times the crown of England has been in pawn. Henry III. and Henry V., Edward III. and Richard II. all resorted to this means of raising money. The merchants of Flanders once had possession of the crown, the city of London held it as security for \$10,000, and it was pledged at another time for \$100,000. Edward III. disposed of it to the bishop of Winchester for \$67,500, and Charles II. would have used the crown as a personal asset if he had been able to turn it into money.

Pony Spotted the Moonlight Vibration.

A gentleman who is a member of the Meadow Brook Hunt Club and delights in horseback riding received a few days ago a wily "cayuse," or cow-pony, as they are called in the Northwest. The animal had some speed and an easy gait, and, after riding it around the country roads a few days, he rode it, one evening, with a party of ladies and gentlemen who were out for a moonlight canter.

The party split up into couples, and while the gentleman in question would much prefer to have taken the rear of the line with the lady whose escort he was, yet the pony developed and unexpected ambition to lead the procession. He let the "cayuse" have its way only to find that the headstrong animal insisted on being at least one-half a length in front of the horse ridden by the lady.

There was no holding that pony back on even terms with the other horse. It pranced about, jumped from side to side and pulled in the bit, and would be quiet only when it had its nose well to the front. The lady enjoyed it all immensely, but the gentleman—well, he left unsaid many things which he had planned to say to the young lady when they started on the ride. Subsequently the gentleman found the pony had been used for racing in the West, and had been trained to "go to the front and stay there."—New York Mail and Express.

Fierce Battle Between Bulls.

The Washington Times prints a story of a desperate battle between a Durham bull and a sacred bull of India on the place of A. E. Randle, at Congress Heights, near Washington. The animals are magnificent specimens and were pastured in separate inclosures. The Durham went to the dividing fence and belowered a challenge to the sacred bull, and was answered promptly. Then the Durham broke down the fence and the animals locked horns. There was a bitter contest for half an hour and much blood was spilled. Some men watched the encounter, but were afraid to attempt to separate the bulls. According to the story the India bull made a mighty effort and managed to toss his antagonist into the air and over the dividing fence. This was enough for the Durham, which turned tail and ran following away. The ground where the battle was fought is said to have been torn up as if by a steam plow.

The Rabbit Fired the Gun.

"Brer Rabbit" has been outdone in real life, and a West Virginia rabbit family has a hero. The incident occurred in this wise, according to the Chicago Tribune:

Peter Frees and his son Louis went out rabbit-hunting in the woods near Parkersburg, West Va. Their dog soon chased a cottontail into a pile of brush, and Dang rushed up to get him out. He put his gun on the ground, and taking up a long pole, began to punch in the brush pile to dislodge the rabbit.

Finally bunny ran out in an unexpected place, straight over the gun, which was cocked. His hind foot struck the trigger, sending the charge of shot into Louis's leg, and some of it into the dog. The boy yelled, the dog howled, and in the midst of the excitement bunny got away.

We refund 10c. for every package of PRUSSIAN FADELESS DYE that fails to give satisfaction. Monroe Drug Co., Unionville, Mo.

Of all the newspapers published in the world sixty-eight per cent. are in the English language.

It doesn't take a hoarse voice to say "nay."

Gray?

"My hair was falling out and turning gray very fast. But your Hair Vigor stopped the falling and restored the natural color."—Mrs. E. Z. Benomme, Cohoes, N. Y.

It's impossible for you not to look old, with the color of seventy years in your hair! Perhaps you are seventy, and you like your gray hair! If not, use Ayer's Hair Vigor. In less than a month your gray hair will have all the dark, rich color of youth.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Bromonia For Headache

Effective in cases of nervous disorders of women. Headaches from overwork, or other causes. Mailed to your address on receipt of 25 cents; medium size, 50c.; large size, \$1.00.

BROMONIA CO., Seymour Bldg., 5th Ave. and 42d St., N. Y.

PRETISS CALENDAR CLOCKS

run sixty days on one winding. The movement is strong and durable; the calendar perfection itself; the case finely finished; the time-keeping qualities unexcelled.

Also Fry-pan, Program and Electric Clocks.

Send for Catalogue No. 861.

The Pretiss Clock Improver's Co., Dept. 59, 49 Dey St., N. Y. City.

"The Sauce that made West Point famous."

McILHENNY'S TABASCO.

ADVERTISING IN THIS PAPER BRINGS YOU THE MOST EFFECTIVE RESULTS.

PISSON'S PURE FAYE.

CHILLS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

NO SUFFERING.