

DREAM OF THE SEA.

A farmer lad in his prairie home Lay dreaming of the sea! He had ne'er seen it, but well he knew Its pictured image and heavenly hue; And he dreamed he swept o'er its waters blue.

THE DRIFTWOOD FIRE.

BY MRS. M. L. HAYNE.



O Ralph Bargeant's girl is to marry a land lubber, after all, and not a seafaring man, as would be most natural?

Other man, who was mending a torn sail and stopped now to look at his work; "I mind as if 'twere yesterday, how the great ship came swirling on the rocks, and the noise of the storm and the sea in the awful blackness, for the light was out, as ye mind, and old Jack Dorr, the lightkeeper, lying on his death bed! It were a visitation of misfortunes all in a body, that night."

and all her crew drowned on Black Beach. I had to be with old Dorr to ease his dying, and as a man can't well be in two places at once I couldn't leave one to see 'tether," said Ronald in a retrospective vein.

It had been the great event of the little fishing hamlet, this wreck of seventeen years ago. Others might count from the war, or the fire, or floods, but with them everything had either happened before the wreck or since. It was the Anno Domini of events.

Nor was the element of mystery wanting. Some unknown hand had extinguished the Black Beach light and lured the unfortunate ship, seen in the offing at nightfall, to her doom. Who was the miscreant? What had he to gain by it? The underwriters and salvage men laid the loss of the vessel to accident. The cargo being of sugar—the ship was from Mauritius, America-bound—there was nothing saved, and further it was not a wrecker's station. The one object rescued was a babe taken from its dead mother's arms by the man Ralph Bargeant, who had been living among the fisher-folk for his health, he said. He seemed, however, to have no lack of favor with the sturdy fisherman, possibly on account of being himself a foreigner.

Virginia was a healthy girl, but by no means robust. She said as little as possible of her dislike to her enemy, the sea, but beguiled her adopted father away from it as much as she could. It did not seem to her that he loved it, but rather that it held and fascinated him. He would never talk to her of that night, but he had told her that he, too, was a Mauritian, and thus accounted for his interest in the wrecked ship.

She looked up laughing into her lover's face, and he laughed in return, but as far as he did shudder, too. If there was one quality lacking in this perfect creature it was her want of sensibility. He had seen her put her foot on a worm, hurrying in its crawling pace out of her way, and crush its life out with no compunction. He thought himself that driftwood fire might be painfully suggestive, but both men were under her complete control, and although Ralph looked stern and white, he said no more about the disobedience of his orders, that driftwood should never be burned in that house.

There is a coast—I seem to know it—and sea, the waves are dashing up on the rocks, and the ship—the glistening ship—is riding safe far away. But now it is night—all is black, a man hurries along the coast—see, he is going to the light-house—he climbs the stairs—he is there a moment and now the light is gone—I see his face—it is you!" and she pointed accusingly to Ralph.

WOOD FOR MATCHES.

SCARCE IN EUROPE BUT PLENTIFUL IN AMERICA.

THE Department of State will soon issue a report suggesting that the United States might furnish wood for friction matches to factories in Europe. In Germany and elsewhere on the Continent supplies of the raw material are running out, and manufacturers will be obliged to look elsewhere. The best stuff for the purpose is the aspen. The tree, which is getting to be rare abroad, is plentiful enough in many parts of this country, and large profit is likely to be obtained by shipping the logs across the water.

Value of the Ramie Plant.

Phon Lee, of New York, a high-born Chinese young man, who was educated in the Norwich (Conn.) Free Academy and Yale College and later married a Native maiden and became a citizen of the United States, is about to undertake in company with his brother Henry a novel and important experiment related to the cotton and woolen making business. Together they have leased a part of the lower Starveant factory at Bean Hill, Conn., from Charles Bard, trustee of the Starveant estate, and began work in their undertaking this week.

A Land and Water Steamboat.

An interesting steamer is just about to be started on some lakes a few miles distant from Copenhagen, the peculiar feature being that the steamer has to make a short journey overland, the two lakes being divided by a strip of land. Across this a railway has been constructed, crossing a high road, which necessitates a gradient on both sides of 1.50, the metals being ordinary rails. At the two ends the rails have been carried into and under the water on a wooden structure. By means of piles the steamer is guided on to the rails, which correspond in position with two wheels fixed on each side of the steamer. The steamer goes then on to the rails at "full speed" and travels up the rails on the one side and down the incline on the other, into the water, where the propeller again takes over its function.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

TO KEEP THE SILVER BRIGHT. Various methods are recommended from time to time for keeping the silver clean and bright. But few seem to understand how to pack away silver plate that is not to be used for some time. Silver plate should always be cleaned with prepared whiting made into a thin paste with a little spirit of wine and the same quantity of water. When the silver is to be put away this same mixture should be carefully rubbed over it with chamois leather and the plate enveloped in green baize bags, and if kept in a dry place in a good box it will be ready for use at any time, merely requiring to be carefully dusted when taken out of the bags until all the white powder is removed.—St. Louis Star-Sayings.