

SONG AFTER SILENCE.

Winter is a weary time. Not the ripple of a rhyme. Stir the key chords along. Quickening outside with song. Smiles are choked with snow. Not a metaphor will flow! Envious frost doth hold in fee Every lip in Castaly. But let spring the bonds unwind With the soft touch of its wind. What a rapture! What a sweep! What a ecstatic leap! Mortal words but half express All the rapture, all the stress! Sweeter are the strains that come If the lip awhile be dumb.

Clinton Scoullard, in New England Magazine

KILLED BY VAN ORDEN.

BY JAMES HARVEY SMITH.

AMOS, do you believe in dreams?" "Certainly," I replied. "Every-body has dreams; every animate being, I should have said. They are the creations of the brain, and everything that has a brain has dreams."

Frank looked out of the window in silence, and, by the glare of the gas-lamp, I scrutinized his face with some apprehension. I anticipated something gruesome, although the surroundings were neither gloomy nor romantic.

We were in Frank's room, a second-story front, in a middle-class boarding house in a middle-class neighborhood. The windows looked out on a clean prosaic street, and the room was finished in conventional style. Frank Chessman was a medical student, now in his last year at college, and he was not at all inclined to be mystical, nor even speculative. Of all professions, none is so intensely realistic as the physician's. He cuts and carves to the root, and is so intent upon prying into the secrets of the body that he gives little thought to the mysteries of the soul. The heart is a machine to pump blood, the lungs are chemical purifiers, the brain is a mass of gray matter—that is all. My young friend had not even the average student's fondness for frankish decorations with bones and skulls; his room might have been a bookkeeper's.

Frank laughed softly, and I was glad to see, without any trace of uneasiness, I had foreseen a discussion on matters about which no man knows anything, and nothing can be more wearisome than that. So I was disappointed when he added, "Let me tell you about a singular dream I had a year ago."

"Very well," I assented. "I had gone to bed early," began Frank, "and I am quite certain that I did not overeat, and I drank no liquor at all. I am equally certain that I was not in debt, love, or bad health. But I dreamed—By-the-way, did you ever meet Van Orden?"

"Not that I remember." "If you had, you would have remembered him. He was a law student in the university; had a free scholarship from the city, I believe; and in many respects he was a remarkable young man. He was about my age, but much larger, and I always thought he was too handsome for a man. He had great black eyes—soft as an Italian girl's—crisp curly hair, and complexion like a peach. Not a prig or a fop, mind! He was on the football eleven and baseball nine, and an all-round athlete as well."

"Well," I said, shortly. "I dreamed about Van Orden. In my dream I was walking along the edge of a great high cliff which overhung the ocean. I do not remember that I ever saw such a place in my waking hours, and when I thought it over afterward, I came to the conclusion that I had read about such cliffs in England and Scotland, and perhaps seen pictures of a similar locality."

"Very likely," I assented. "Well, I dreamed I was walking along, when Van Orden came slowly toward me, and as I stretched out my hand to greet him, he seized me around the body and hurled me over the cliff. I fell down, down, an interminable time, as you do in dreams, and then, which is very unusual in dreams, I struck the water."

"And awoke?" "No, I didn't. A smothered feeling came over me, and then I saw my face floating on the surface of the water, and heard a voice say, 'He has been killed.' Then I awoke, all in a tremble."

"A disagreeable dream," I commented, "but not unique or otherwise remarkable." "I am aware of that," rejoined Frank. "But it has a sequel. I had another dream a week later. I was in a ball-room having a jolly time, and presently I went into the conservatory. I may say that in this and the subsequent dreams not once was there anything familiar in the surroundings, nor did I recognize a face—with a single exception. I had been in the conservatory only a few minutes when Van Orden appeared in a near-by doorway, and shot me, and I died."

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed, involuntarily. "Singular, wasn't it? Well, a month later I dreamed I was lying in a hammock in a grove, which, in my dream I knew to be somewhere in the tropics, when Van Orden suddenly appeared, and strangled me."

"One moment!" I cried. "Were you and Van Orden enemies or rivals in any sense?" "Not in any sense. I had meant to say that at the start. We were the best of friends, and I cannot remember that we had even a difference of opinion. Not that we were chummy, understand, because we met but seldom, but when we did, we were very congenial. And that reminds me of something else. In all these dreams there was one point of

resemblance apart from the killing. Van Orden never appeared furious or vengeful; his expression was invariably one of sorrow or pity, so far as I could judge. It left an impression on me, in an odd way, that Van Orden had to kill me."

"Yes, I understand. Any more?" "Two more. In one I met him in a secluded-by-street where I was walking and was stabbed; and in the fifth, and last we were guests at a banquet. Van Orden passed me a glass of wine, and I knew it was poisoned, but I took it and drank the contents, looking all the while into his great soulful eyes, realizing that he pitied me, but was urged on by fate, or whatever you may call it."

I felt a certain sense of uneasiness creeping over me as my friend concluded. In spite of the fact that I knew, as a philosopher, that the five dreams were but five phantasies, I felt, as a friend, a feeling of dread.

"And that was all?" I queried, after trying to think of something more consolatory or explanatory to say. "All of the dreams—yes," replied Frank, "but there is something else to tell. First, about Van Orden. I am not a philosopher like you, Amos, and so I am not ashamed to say that this series of dreams impressed me deeply. They not only alarmed but bewildered me. Had they been the same scene repeated—say, the cliff—I would have made a vow, and kept it, to never go near such a place, but I could not avoid hammocks, by-streets, banquet halls and ballrooms as well, without being a downright hermit."

"But you could avoid Van Orden," I suggested. "Not absolutely, without leaving the university. Yet I determined to avoid him as much as possible, and I did so. Mind! I felt no resentment, but as days passed on I gradually formulated the terrifying theory that Van Orden was destined to kill me. He might kill me in a hundred accidental ways—on the play ground or in the gymnasium, at table, in the street—I am sure I thought of a hundred possibilities. The idea took such a hold of me that I actually turned aside to avoid meeting him, even in a crowd. He noticed my behavior, I know, and felt justly offended—he has told my friends as much—but I made no explanation. What could I explain? To rehearse my dreams as I have done to you, and offer them as an excuse for my conduct, would subject me to ridicule. Besides, I wanted him to avoid me, so as to reduce the chances."

"I see; and it seems to have reduced the chances considerably. Van Orden has not killed you." "No, nor never will," Frank laughed. "I was rather surprised at the sudden change of demeanor, but before I had time to make a comment, he became grave again."

"Amos," he said, with a sigh, "there is nothing in dreams. I have told you that I have had five most vivid dreams, so realistic that I cannot recall them without feeling a cold chill creeping over me, and yet they have come to naught."

"Wait a bit," I objected, becoming at once logical and argumentative, "you cannot be certain of that. I will never believe that a dream is in any sense a prophecy of good or evil, but on your part, you can never be certain that Van Orden will not kill you until you are drawing the last breath of a natural decease."

"Oh, yes, I can, most wise logician!" cried Frank. "You have omitted one major premise—suppose Van Orden dies first?"

"Is he dead?" I cried, in turn. "For answer Frank turned up the student lamp until the light flooded the apartment, then he took from a near-by cabinet a polished skull, and stood it on the table before him."

"This is Van Orden," he said briefly. "Van Orden!" I repeated, recoiling slightly. "Don't be alarmed," said Frank, after an outburst of merriment. I can read your thoughts, Amos. No, I did not kill him, although an acute reasoner like yourself might have argued that I was justified. No, poor fellow—"dropping again into a melancholy tone—"he died a natural death, if disease is natural."

"And how did you become possessed of this ghastly memento?" "In a roundabout but perfectly legitimate manner. Van Orden—I told you, did I not?—was a poor chap, working at odd jobs here and there to pay his board and buy the necessities of life during his term, and when he died, there was no one to bury him. He was a retiring fellow—the pride of poverty, you know—and no one knew where he lived; to tell the truth, no one cared to inquire, and when he was taken sick, he was too proud to appeal to his friends for help. So he was taken to the almshouse hospital when he grew delirious from fever, and there he died. You know what becomes of pauper bodies, don't you? Well, I missed Van Orden, but under the circumstances, did not care to inquire about him, and when I next saw his face it was upturned on a dissecting table."

I looked at the grinning skull within reach of my hand, and with difficulty repressed a shudder. "It was a dreadful shock to me for a moment, and then I actually felt a thrill of joy, something like a murderer who has been reprieved, I imagine. But I did not breathe entirely easy until I got this in my possession—tapping the skull—"and it cost me a pretty penny; you know skulls are expensive. I worked over it until I got it into excellent shape—don't you think?"

"I shouldn't dare to keep it," I said, earnestly. "Shouldn't you?" said Frank, in surprise. "It is my greatest object-lesson; one I shall remember as long as I live. See what it teaches me! Here am I, a young man in perfect health and sound mind, troubled with no mystical notions, and a member of a profession that is singularly free from superstition, and yet a series of disordered visions lead me to unhappy days and restless nights, rout my reason, and warp my judgment, and worst of all, make me cruelly suspicious and unjust to a fellow-being who never

did nor never would have done me as injury. Could any lesson be more impressive? Poor fellow!" he added, with tears in his eyes, as he took up the skull in his left hand, and slowly passed his right hand over the cranium. "It will be many days before I can forgive myself for doing you an injustice. Who knows, Amos, that if it had not been for those foolish dreams, I would have been his dearest friend?"

"Who knows?" I echoed, keeping my eyes upon the skull, which had for me a singular fascination. "He was a noble fellow, and would have made a noble friend. I wish you had known him, Amos; you would have liked him. I look at this every day, and try to picture it as alive. His mouth, his eyes—"

"What is that?" I asked as Frank uttered a slight exclamation. "I have pricked my finger in the eye-socket—a mere scratch," he replied. Then, raising his put away the skull with a sigh. "Well, well, I'll forget it in time, Amos; but the whole affair has certainly been a epoch in my life. Take another cigar, Amos."

Our senior delegated to me to go to Montana next day, where a silver trust was being organized, and some one was needed to draw up the preliminary papers, and it was four weeks before I returned to New York. Almost the first person I met said to me: "Sad about young Chessman, wasn't it?"

"What of him?" I asked, quickly. "Didn't you know?" he rejoined, open-mouthed. "Such a promising young fellow—"

"Died three weeks ago." "Good heavens! How?" "Blood poisoning; curious case, too. It seems he was handling a skull and cut his finger—a mere scratch, they say. He paid no attention to it until the finger began to swell. Then he had two of the best doctors in the city, but they couldn't save him, and he died on the fifth day."—Harpers Weekly.

Mining Feats. To some great feats the mining engineering profession points with pride. There was the work of S. F. Emmons, of Leadville, Col. The mining city of the clouds thought it had had its day. The mines were being worked out one after another and abandoned. Vein after vein had been followed to what seemed to be the end. The city's population and business were growing smaller. Emmons went to Leadville. He had maps prepared showing the workings of the mines, the veins of ore and the various strata of rocks. There were the given quantities of the problem. Emmons studied them. He arrived at a conclusion that a great fault had occurred in the early days when the mountains curled up. He pointed where he thought the veins should be recovered. The miners dug and found the ore bodies again. The second Leadville became greater than the first had been.

The Drum Lumberman, near Helena, Mont., is one of the greatest mines in the present day. It is owned by a company in which Englishmen are largely stockholders. At one time in its history, years ago, the Drum Lumberman seemed to have fulfilled its destiny. The vein came to an end. Repeated trials to recover it all failed. The management, almost in despair, sent for Clayton. "The flannel shirt expert," Clayton was called throughout the Western camps. He was a mining engineer, self-educated in the main, but possessed of a great deal of ability. Clayton studied the mine, located the fault, ordered a cross-cut at that particular point and recovered the vein.

There have been great fees paid to some mining engineers, for their opinions on mines. It is tradition that James D. Haque received a fee of \$25,000 for his examination of the Anaconda mine at Butte, Montana. A queer history the Anaconda has had. The mining engineers recalled this when they visited the great copper reduction works at Baltimore, where the Anaconda product comes to be treated and burned into sulphate of copper and pure copper. In the early days of Montana mining the gold hunters panned gravel and worked out yellow nuggets on the location of the Anaconda mine. Another generation of treasure seekers came along and searched for silver, going down some distance and getting enough to keep them encouraged. As they followed the silver veins they came to copper, and the richest mine in the world was developed. There is some gold and silver in the Anaconda product which comes to Baltimore; the great value, however, is in the copper. But what of the mining engineer who got \$25,000 for his report on Anaconda when it was a doubtful proposition? Didn't he earn his fee, as big as six months' salary of the President of the United States? Well, hardly! He reported adversely on the Anaconda.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Where Cloves Come From. Two little islands furnish four-fifths of the cloves consumed by the world. The islands are Zanzibar and Pemba, and a little while ago Arabs found it very profitable to bring slaves from the African lake region to the coast and smuggle them in the night over to Pemba to work on the clove plantations. These farms were very remunerative once, but the market has been overstocked and the price has fallen so low that the clove raisers have decided to diversify their crops.

Squirrels are Fond of Oranges. "When we see oranges falling from palmetto trees," says the Halifax (Fla.) Journal, "we might think they had taken to producing that fruit, but a closer inspection will show us a disappointed squirrel, looking longingly after the mandarin or tangerine it had dropped. It is an amusing sight to see one of these little fellows hold an orange and disrobe it of its covering, preparatory to a feast."



THE PROFESSIONAL ENTERTAINERS.

The professional entertainer is the go just now. Hostesses consider that it saves them an immense deal of wear and tear, as she is not obliged to consume her time and lessen her own enjoyment by endeavoring to make people have a good time. This fad is an importation from England, where it has long been practised.—St. Louis World.

HISTORY OF MOURNING CRAPE.

Mourning crape seems to have been of Japanese origin. In 1743 it was extensively produced in England by the Huguenot refugees. There has always been a secret in the manufacture, and in old days apprentices and assistants promised not to reveal certain processes. It is made of silk from which all the gloss has been taken. The lightest kind of crape consists of filaments of silk lightly twisted technically called "singles." In the thicker kinds two or three filaments are twisted, and the subsequent dressing is with a gummy preparation. The custom of dispensing with crape is much on the increase, and many women are content with perfectly plain woolen stuffs.—New York World.

LACE IN FAVOR.

Lace of all kinds will be employed upon all sorts of garments this coming season. The price of the imitation guipure is marvelously cheap, some of the houses running out lines of wide guipure for twenty-five and forty cents of a deep width and quite good enough to make a handsome trimming for cotton and crepe dresses. I saw a lovely new lace recently called Point de Gaze, which is one of the handsomest laces I have seen, and not too expensive either. The tinted guipures—real and imitation—in scar, gray and green, are very popular. Cloth dresses and all sorts of woolen stuffs will be adorned with lace in preference to any other trimming. Capes and pelerines, cascades and corsets of lace are arranged as the wearer fancies on any sort of fabric.—New York Herald.

RETURN OF THE "BEEF-EATER."

In milliner-land the chief event is the return of the Beefeater. It is to be hoped, however, that beefeater crowns will not become such monstrosities as they did when last in vogue, some twenty years ago. At present they are wondrous moderate in size and shape. Cloth hats are most in vogue, and if well made of a fine material, look exactly like fells. A pretty combination was seen in one bonnet, which had a brim of soft, brown plush and a befeater crown of pale blue cloth sewed with gold. Bows of gold galleon and blue-and-gold sprays were its further adornments. Another had a brim of smoke-colored velvet and a crown of pale-blue cloth. A wing and one large single bow of the velvet trimmed it behind. A pretty hat had a flat brim of smoke-colored plush and full crown of spruce cloth. It is in these skilful combinations of materials and color that the whole charm of present millinery lies; and any one with an eye for color, a light hand (this is as essential in millinery as in pastry), and a few bits of bright-hued cloth may make herself as fashionable a hat as any.—Detroit Free Press.

THE DOLL WOMAN OF BROOKLYN.

There has just died in the City of Churches in her seventieth year a remarkable old lady, known for years as the "doll woman." She was Miss Margaret Ball, and there is about the story of her life a pathos which would have appealed to Dickens. Indeed, so like was she to the little doll woman whom he immortalized that she was known as "Jenny Wren." She was one of the early graduates of Rutgers College, was brought up in luxury and lived in the very shadow of the old Lorillard mansion among the aristocracy of the early days of New York. But reverses came and she was left with an infirm brother and a crippled, decrepit sister to support. She opened a little shop at first, but the big stores crowded her out, her trade fell away and the wolf looked in at the door. Yet she had business ideas and was ingenious, and from the time she began making her quaint little dolls a ready market for them at the Woman's Exchange. So she lived contentedly in her little home with her "babies," as she called her brother and sister, until just before Christmas she was taken ill, and after lingering some weeks, died. Now the infirm brother and the decrepit sister are left alone in the world, but with childlike trust they believe that they will be taken care of.—Chicago Post.

WOMAN'S GREATEST CHARM.

And this virtue is the innate womanliness that is the distinct charm of every womanly woman, be she as fair as Helen or as homely as George Eliot; as graceful as Psyche or as unprepossessing as Mme. de Staël. The charm of woman has ever been the uppermost theme of poets, painters and philosophers. They have dwelt on her beauty of expression, of color, of motion, of mold; on the delicate beauty of her mind and heart; on her almost supernatural instinct, and her natural tendency toward the right rather than the wrong; each in his own way celebrating these attributes of womanliness as the intangible something that sets her above and apart.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

THE IDEAL WELSH RABBIT. If any "housewife" desires to compose a "poem" of a Welsh rabbit within five minutes without any trouble or old ale, let her adopt the following modus operandi, and I can assure her that if, after partaking of the ambrosia, there be a gourmand who will pass an adverse criticism and not pass his plate for more, if you please, I have yet to find him.

I know whereof I speak, for I have run the whole gamut of chop-houses from Sixth avenue to Wall street, from 7 p. m. to 2 a. m., and never a better have I relished or digested, too, than this one, prepared a la Bohemia in a frying-pan over a small gas stove for want of anything else.

First have your plates hot, put on your previously prepared toast or slices of dry wheat bread if it so pleases you, then keep as warm as you take one pound of good American cheese, not soft like putty, nor so hard that it is very brittle. Cut rind off thick and break or cut cheese in pieces the size of walnuts, or smaller if you choose. Butter your polished pan over a hot fire. A teaspoonful of butter suffices, as too much butter makes the bit too rich. Put into your cheese, stir and when melting add two or three large tablespoonfuls of milk and keep stirring till all is melted and well blended, or, as a celebrated chef de cuisine expressed it to me, amalgamated—with the accent on the mate; then, when it "boils and bubbles," add one teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce or English mustard, whichever you prefer. Pour it over your toast, and let each participant apply his or her own salt.

If the cheese is too fresh and soft the rabbit becomes stringy. To avoid this you may, when it is finished, stir in a beaten egg; but this is no more a Welsh rabbit, shows that your cheese was faulty, gives it a decidedly different flavor, and for many is too rich. According to whether your cheese is hard or soft, more or less milk is to be added.

Anybody with a little common sense, after once attempting the above method of procedure, will be an expert in judging the kind of cheese to use and how much milk to add so that the rabbit becomes neither too thin nor too thick. It is always better to add at once whatever quantity of milk is required.—New York World.

HOW TO USE STALE BREAD.

The question has been recently asked, "What can be done with stale bread?" I would be almost easier to answer the inquiry, "What cannot be done with it?" The same correspondent who propounds the query refers to having burned bread, because she knew of no way in which to utilize the bits and scraps that were left over. Does she not tremble lest there may fall upon her the fate indicated by the proverb, "Willful waste brings woe-ful want?" In the well regulated kitchen not a fragment of bread is thrown away or destroyed. There is always plenty of use for the large pieces, for they can be made into Swiss pates, milk toast, etc., to say nothing of puddings and breads. But the hardest, staled scraps may be dried in the oven and crushed with a rolling pin to make crumbs for breading croquettes, chops, cutlets and the like. An excellent use to which to put the bread that is sliced for the table and not even taken from the plate is to cut it into small diamonds or squares. These may then be dried in the oven to a very delicate brown and put away in a jar to serve as croutons for pea, bean and tomato soup. Since there seems to be a good deal of ignorance as to the uses to which stale bread may be put, a few recipes may not come amiss.

Swiss Pate—Slice stale bread about two inches thick and with a biscuit cutter cut the centre of each slice into a round. With a smaller cutter mark a circle on this and scoop out the crumb from it to the depth of an inch and a quarter. If this is carefully done there will remain a firm bottom and sides to the shell of bread. Lay the shells in a shallow dish and pour over them a raw, sugarless custard made in the proportion of two eggs beaten light to a pint of milk. This should be enough for five or six pates. Let them soak in this for an hour, turning them once. They must be handled very carefully or they will break. When they have absorbed all the custard take them up one at a time on a cake-turner and slip them into fat hot enough to brown in a second a bit of bread, dropped into it. Do not let them crowd one another. They will color quickly, and be done in five or six minutes. Take them out with a skimmer or split spoon, and let them drain on paper laid in a colander. These may be filled with creamed oysters or sweetbreads, or stewed mushrooms as an entree or side dish. Thus treated they make an excellent luncheon or supper dish. Or they may be filled with jelly, jam or marmalade, and be served as a desert.

Fried Bread—This is an excellent breakfast dish, and is made by soaking slices of bread in a custard made as described in the recipe for Swiss pates, flouring the slices lightly and frying them as you would hominy or mush.

Apple Toast—Toast thin slices of stale bread and spread with butter. Take as many apples as you desire in quantity, cut in thin slices and stew in saucers as quickly as possible. Sweeten, make fine and flavor with nutmeg. While toast and sauce are hot spread the sauce on the toast and serve.

Bread and Apple Pudding—Mix one-half cup of sugar and one-half a salt-spoonful of cinnamon. Melt one-half cup of butter and stir into it one pint of soft bread crumbs; prepare two pints of sliced apples; butter a pudding dish; put in a layer of crumbs, then sliced apples, sprinkled with sugar. Repeat layers of crumbs, apples and sugar until your material is used. If the apples are not juicy add half a cup of cold water. Cover with a thick layer of jam, and to prevent burning protect with a tin for a few minutes until it begins to bake. An hour's baking will suffice. Serve with cream.—New York Recorder.

Heart-shaped lockets, in gold and silver, are the fancy of the hour. Blue serge makes one of the prettiest and most serviceable street dresses. Girdles of jet, dull gold and silver are to be worn upon the street as well as in the house. For informal outings, driving, and so forth, the loose-fitting jackets will be in general use. A new fashion in color is a combination of blue and yellow, or black and fawn color. Very few of the new costumes show a lining, being simply faced and worn over a petticoat of silk. Velveteen is to be used for seasonable suits. Narrow passementerie or gimp is used for trimming. Handsome cashmere shawls are being made up into street gowns, the border forming the bottom of the skirt and a side panel. Some skirts have a width of four and a half, or even five breadths at the lower part, narrowing in the sloping to three or more, according to the use or not of gathers or plaits.

The breakfast and lounging jacket has grown in importance until it has succeeded in capturing the prettiest fabrics in the market. A lovely material especially fancied by those women who can buy without counting the cost has the appearance of highly wadded silk. The favorite tint is an ivory white surface powdered with delicately toned blossoms. A profusion of lace and knots of ribbon add to the beauty of these house fancies. A great many jackets with pelerine effects will be seen upon the promenade during the coming season. These wraps are so constructed that viewed from the front they appear to be composed of a series of shoulder capes, but a glance at the back shows that they end just at the arm-hole. When the background of the material will allow the combination, two and even three shades are employed, but of course, the harmony must be perfect if one does not wish the prettiness of the tiny capes utterly destroyed.