

BALLADE OF DREAMS.

If I had time I should like to dream— But not as poets and dreamers may Of realms and castles that only seem, And hopes that never fulfill their day; But, had I time and my own sweet way, I think I'd stay in my den, and brew A pleasant vision of things that pay— The dreams that once in awhile come true.

LENOXI. The dreams that render rewards, I say! But, after all, 'tis the straggling few That share, before they are old and gray, The dreams that once in awhile come true. —Frank W. Hutt, in Puck.

THE SOLDIER, THE CLERK, AND THE LADY

ES." Miss Melville admitted to herself, "the captain is very handsome, and he is doubtless very brave, and he wishes me to be his wife. He is a man of good character, and his family is one of the most distinguished in the country. He is rich, and he can listen as well as talk. And when he talks he says more than Bertie says, but I rather like Bertie. I am more comfortable in Bertie's company. Poor Bertie! He isn't as handsome as the captain, and his bravery—"

She laughed softly behind her fan. "Bertie also wishes me to be his wife. Both he and the captain have assured me that my refusal will make them desperately miserable; but I don't believe the captain would suffer as Bertie would. Bertie is such a violet! And the captain is a gladiator. Bertie hasn't much social standing. His father keeps a shop as mine does. Oh, dear! What a poor girl to do!"

A lady came and sat beside her, making a remark relative to the din of the company. "Miss Melville again raised her fan to her face. "What glorious weather it is, isn't it?" she said, non-committally. She did not catch the other's reply, for at that instant the tall form of Captain Gordon swung into view, crossing the lawn laden with paraphernalia for the afternoon's entertainment.

He nodded at her and she inclined her head slightly. "The captain's presence gives our little celebration quite a military air, the other was talking. "I understand that he has made something of a sacrifice to be with us. He might have been showing himself to admiring thousands in the city, and he's very fond of showing himself, is the captain. Since that little affair at some place or other in India, which was all in the papers at the time, you remember, when he led a charge or something, somewhere, where there was danger, he's been in great demand. He's a popular hero. And he looks in uniform quite the brave man he's reputed to be, which isn't customary with heroes, you know. Heroes are usually disappointing as spectacles."

"Yes," Miss Melville concurred, but she was only half listening. She was again comparing the captain with Bertie, and Bertie with the captain, and apologizing for Bertie's shortcomings. She seriously believed that a struggle was taking place in her mind. The other looked at her quizzically. "Lovely idea of Mr. Wareham's, wasn't it?" she went on, after a brief interval. "These beautiful grounds, easy chairs, perfectly delicious refreshments, and really no more noise than one might expect, I suppose. Every one should suffer a little in the cause of country for the sake of one's patriotic soul."

"You are perfectly correct." Miss Melville's eyes were gazing upward where fluffy white clouds were floating lazily, like pieces of snow upon a calm blue sea. She was unaware of the captain's approach, immaculate in his white suit. She was visibly startled when he spoke to her. "Some of the boys have arranged for a sham battle on the lake," he said. "Would you care to see it?" She arose promptly. "Won't you come, too?" she said, sweetly, to her volatile neighbor, thus causing the semblance of a pucker to appear above the captain's nose. "There will be no danger, will there, captain?"

"Not the slightest." His smile was good-humored, closely approaching patronage. "There will be nothing but action and noise—mere boys' play, you know." Miss Melville opened her sunshade herself, ignoring his movement to that end. Some quality in his tone—a quality smacking of insult to boys—and Bertie-annoyed her. But he was handsome and brave, this captain, while Bertie wasn't, and he was rich and of aristocratic lineage, while Bertie's father kept a common shop. She drew closely to the captain's side, and he leaned toward her, unheeding of their companion. So they came to the lake shore, where preparations for the battle were in progress.

Bertie saw them and waved his hand from out the midst of a snarl of excited children in which he appeared to be hopelessly entangled. His hair was ruffled. His face was streaked with perspiration and grime. His sleeves were rolled to the elbows. His white duck trousers were spotted in numerous places where they had thoughtlessly been brought in contact with the grass. He grinned. "We're making things sing," he announced, somewhat unnecessarily, when they had come nearer. "Eh, kids?"

"You're right!" The answer was given in a shrill chorus of childish voices. "This is the battle we're going to fight, and we must wait till we can see the whites of the enemy's eyes." He looked at Miss Melville, who was laughing, and the captain, whose lip was curling with amused tolerance, and his face became suddenly grave. "It's a sort of kindergarten," he said, apologetically. "I'm surprised and grieved that you should view it in a spirit of levity. I'll tell you, it's no ping-pong, this fighting battles. Come, kids."

Miss Melville wiped the tears of laughter from her eyes and gasped for breath. The captain solicitously approached with a camp chair. "Won't you—?" he began, then stepped back quickly, taking the chair with him. Bertie saw the action, and in the same instant saw its cause. A mammoth cannon cracker, containing sufficient strength within its smooth shell to kill a horse if exploded from below, lay sputtering not twelve inches from Miss Melville's heels. He saw the horror-stricken face of the boy, who, unable to control his zeal, had lighted the cracker's fuse, and had been unable to extinguish it, as he had intended. Bertie saw the captain retreat forty feet or more, and heard him frantically tell the girl to jump. And he dashed forward, scattering children to the right and the left, his eyes blazing.

"You—you coward!" he cried, indignantly, to the retreating officer. "Why didn't you—?" He threw the bewildered Miss Melville aside with such force that she assumed a sitting posture upon the grass, her hat tilted over one eye, her sunshade crushed beneath her. He picked up the sputtering cracker and turned menacingly toward the captain. His intention was obvious. The cracker would have been cast straight at that heroic gentleman's head had there been time. But, unfortunately or otherwise, as the matter may be viewed, there was not time.

"Bang!" Bertie, blinded, deafened, stunned, seemed to whirl, whirl like a top. And when the force of the momentum was exhausted, like a top, he tumbled over. His ring had fallen from his finger, and, automatically Miss Melville had taken hold of it. The world turned black. Her eyes closed. Her consciousness, deated away upon a man. "When it came back and she again was all things knowingly, her companion, the volatile lady, was sitting beside her plying a fan. Other ladies were also there. At a little distance, leaning in a picturesque attitude against a tree, was the captain. "Bertie—brave Bertie!" she murmured. "Yes, dear," the lady began, talking at once. "Mr. McFarland's been taken to the hospital. Wasn't it lovely of him to do as he did? He's not badly hurt—not so badly as might have been expected, considering that one of those atrocious abominations exploded in his hand. His eyesight is affected, though not permanently, the doctors say. It was an awful shock, wasn't it? So unfortunate for Mr. Wareham's plans, too!"

Miss Melville struggled to her feet. Her face was drawn and white. Her gown was crumpled and stained with green. "I shall go, I think," she said, forcing a smile. "Thank you ever so much for what you've done for me. I'm sorry for Mr. Wareham. No," motioning back the captain, who came forward, tendering his arm, "it is but a little way home. I'll not incoon—I'll not leave you, Captain Gordon. No, nor you ladies. I should prefer to go alone."

She walked unsteadily across the lawn, passing through the iron gateway into the quiet street. At the first corner she paused, glancing about her. No one was in sight. Slowly, for the muscles were cramped, she opened her clinched hand and lifted it to her lips. Then she placed Bertie's ring upon her engagement finger.—Baltimore Herald.

Word Blindness. Some curious instances of the physical defect of "word blindness" are given in the Lancet. The disease is, fortunately, uncommon. In one case the sufferer, an Englishman, thirty-four years of age, who knew Greek, Latin and French well, suddenly lost all knowledge of English, though he could read and understand Greek perfectly and Latin and French in a rather smaller degree. Another and almost more curious case was that of a man who lost the power of reading at sight. This patient was able to write accurately from dictation, but was completely unable to read what he had written. Word blindness is apparently akin to color blindness, but is certainly attended by much more inconvenient consequences.

The Spitting Evil Abroad. The latest place to recognize the deadly consequences of indiscriminate spitting is Bristol, which has lately passed a by-law. A similar proposition is now before the Manchester City Council, and it is proposed to make the maximum fine £5, instead of 40s., as in most other places.—London Exchange.

WIT and HUMOR of THE DAY

War Has Begun. Says the Jap to the Russ, "You're a bloated old fuss!" Says the Russ to the Jap, "You're a foolish young chap!" —Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

Pronunciation. Rosie—"How do you pronounce "automobile?" Posey—"I pronounce it the best ever."

A Difficult Conundrum. "Hi, waiter! what do you call this?" "Bean soup, sir." "Yes, it's bean soup, but what the deuce is it now?"

Dog Show Item. McDuff—"Oh, I'm sure you'll get to like our dog—he grows upon one." McBuff—"But I don't like to have dogs grow on me."

Better Than Riches. De Garry—"In making love to a Boston girl, what is the best thing for a fellow to possess?" Merritt—"A dictionary."

Untrammeled. Naggsby—"According to what school of dramatic art does Maxine Elliott shape her work?" Wagsby—"None. She plays in 'Her Own Way.'"—Baltimore American.

Didn't Work. He—"Do you believe in thought transference, Miss Frivolous?" She—"Not at all. I have been trying for weeks to convey the idea to your mind that you ought to propose."—Detroit Free Press.

Perfectly Satisfied. Brown—"So Smith's mother-in-law is dead? Did she leave Smith anything?" Jones—"No; but Smith says he feels that she has done everything in her power to make him happy, as it is."—Comfort.

Well Begun. "And do you know, they hadn't been married a week before they began to quarrel?" "Well, there's nothing like getting an early start."—New York American.

Far From Useful. Young Lawyer—"It will be quite useless to try and break 'old Jones' will, don't you think so?" Old Lawyer—"Useless? Not at all. The relatives will get lots of experience and we will get some fat fees."—Kansas City World.

A Servant Task. "You should strive to appeal to the imagination and the human interest of your pupils," said the principal. "I do," answered the teacher, "but it is very hard to convince the boys that Hector and Achilles were as great men as Corbett and Jeffries."

She Probably Forgot. Jack—"I called on Miss Giddyton last night, and she said if I kissed her she would scream." Tom—"Well?" Jack—"Well, under the circumstances, I don't think much of her reputation for veracity."

Lest We Forget. Singleton—"I say, old chap, what have you that string around your finger for?" Wedderly—"To remind me of something I am to get for my wife." Singleton—"What are you to get?" Wedderly—"Why—er—I've forgotten what it was."—New Yorker.

Fate. "Just my luck," he growled. "When I was out of a job no one wanted me, and now that I've just got one there is a most pressing demand for my services." "For what?" "For jury service."—Chicago Post.

New Opportunities. Smartley—"I believe I can find the South Pole." Dumbley—"How would you go about it?" Smartley—"By following the revolutions in South America until I reached the apex."—Butte Inter Mountain.

Now They Hate Each Other. "Well," said her neighbor, "this is a regular old-fashioned winter, isn't it?" "Oh, is it?" she returned. "Really, you know, I can't speak from experience about old-fashioned winters, not having been here when you used to have that kind."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Religious Man. Mrs. Newbridge—"My husband doesn't play poker any more. He promised me not to." Mrs. Wise—"And doesn't he play anything now?" Mrs. Newbridge—"He says he only plays 'Pharaoh,' and as that's a Biblical name, it must be all right."—Philadelphia Ledger.



IN WOMAN'S REALM

PREPARING A BRIDAL OUTFIT. Some of the Most Important Points in Selecting a Costume. For the wedding dress select silk muslin, crepe de chine, or one of the newer weaves, liberty or duchesse satin, taffeta or peau de cygne. If of a thin fabric nothing could be more charming than the new (old) 1830 skirt gathered at the belt and having graduating tucks interspersed with bands of flimsy lace and immense tucked sleeves with lingerie undersleeves of lace complete the costume. A modish traveling costume is of mixed tweed, the coat preferably in short three-quarter length and with a jaunty skirt just clearing the ground. A dressy costume is of fine dark brown broadcloth or zebeline and is indispensable for calling, etc. It should be made on rather elaborate lines, having the skirt with short sweep and a drop shoulder Eton jacket or pleated coat smartly trimmed with touches of silk, janne velvet braid and with buttons. Then a modish storm suit or long waterproof English coat should be a part of the outfit. Have also a dainty tea gown of rose colored crepe elaborately trimmed with cream-colored lace and a touch of black velvet to give character. Add several pretty dressing saques, accordion pleated and plain, trimmed with lace, embroidery and ribbon, and a kimono of warm-hued Oriental silk. If you would have the outfit complete add one all-white and one-half black-evening dress, an evening cloak of white cloth richly trimmed with lace, fur and embroidery, a theatre gown of crepe or soft silk, several fancy waists and an abundance of trig shirt waists. Hats, gloves, shoes, stocks, etc., to match the different costumes are necessary. And last, but not least, the lingerie, which is no small item, as it must be of the simplest description, in addition to the regular lingerie a generous supply of black silk and blue-colored petticoats are essential, not forgetting some white ones for use without and evening gowns. Mirror and hairbrush.

Message to Girls in Boston. After nearly three months of service, during which they have been obliged to encounter every sort of weather condition, the messenger girls have fairly earned their right to remain in the places of the boys, who went on strike last October. It was thought by some people who have been watching the experiment, and officials of the company feared a little that the girls would have to give way when the hard winter storms set in. Such has not been the case, however, in rain, in snow, in slush, and in freezing temperature the girls have been tried, and they have not been found wanting. The A. D. T. management is even more pleased with the girls than it was immediately after it had found relief from the trials and tribulations of dealing with the boys. One of the officials said to-day: "The girls have proved exceptionally satisfactory, and have more than come up to our expectations. They have stayed on in bad weather and have made good time even under the worst conditions possible."

Hats of fine thread lace will be worn. Rough fabrics lead for spring street wear. Light brown and purples are promised continued popularity for spring. It seems that, to be really well, the shirt waist must be made a size too large. It is predicted that long and three-quarter coats are to be entirely passe in a little while. One of the prettiest revived fashions is that of catching up lace bouffes with clusters of flowers. Many of the winter's stoles are cut square at the back, somewhat in the fashion of a sailor collar. Coats are not so loose and baggy as they were, and even the loosest must fit well over the shoulders. The fashionable dress skirt is made in five pleats, and measures only about three inches longer in back than in front. The smart girl wears stiff little bands of embroidery, fastened with jeweled buttons, outside her coat sleeves. Among the many attractive hats is a white silky zebeline round hat, the folds caught in places with small jet ornaments. These Chinese, Japanese, Turkish, Bulgarian and Russian embroideries are creating quite an Oriental furore among us. Flat surplice pieces of real lace in the heavier varieties appear upon many of the new evening bodices, bordering a Y-shaped decollete and crossing surplice fashion in front. The lace is broad upon the shoulders and tapers toward the points, and this shape is newer and more desirable than the cape collar.

Life can be sustained for something like thirty days on water alone; but with dry food one could live but a quarter of that time. Consumption of earth as food is said to be common not only in China, New Caledonia and New Guinea, but in the Malay archipelago as well. The zebra, the cross between the zebra and the horse, has been under test in Germany, and is claimed to be less liable to disease than the mule. To render new born animals immune against tuberculosis is the hope of Professor von Behring, whose plan is to supply a suitable solution of tuberculous virus in the food. There are now living in the Royal Aquarium in Russia several carp that are known to be more than 600 years old, and it has been ascertained in several cases that whales live to be over 200 years old. Electricity as War Agent. Rapid Extension of Its Use in Fortifications on the Coast. An interesting instance of the rapid extension of the use of electricity is furnished by the fortifications distributed along our coast. A few years ago the electric light was introduced to add to the comfort of the garrisons and to provide better illumination of the works. Once a generating plant had been installed there was at hand a supply of power in a convenient and easily controllable form, and this led to its use for purposes which were not contemplated at the time the plant was installed. Electric fans have been put in to make the living quarters more comfortable in hot weather, and electric motors have been adopted for training the guns, a class of work for which they are particularly well adapted. Motors are used to drive the ammunition hoists, and do other work which before had either been done by hand or some less satisfactory power. Searchlights have been installed, enabling a fortification to sweep the sea at night. The various posts of the fortress are connected together by telephone, so that the commandant is in touch at all times with the entire garrison, and can instantly transmit orders to any point. The various fortifications along the coast are tied together by telephone and telegraph, so that on the appearance of the enemy at any point all the fortifications would be informed of it. Submarine mines are controlled electrically, and even the guns may be fired by this means, by an officer at some distant point. By means of wireless telegraphy a fortification can be kept in touch with the scouting vessels, and would be informed of the approach of the enemy long before he is visible from the coast. The telegraph may be brought into service for transmitting orders, and electric signaling lights are replacing the older types. Electric lights, lighting the rangefinder, electric and electric clock circuits furnish accurate time to all parts of the fortifications. To insure the continuity of these manifold services, accumulators are now installed, so that there will at all times be a constant and reliable supply of power. Thus, from being at first a small auxiliary, the electrical equipment has extended until it is now probably the most important part of the entire equipment of the fortress.—Scientific American.

No Use For Lawyers. There is a queer state of affairs in Walworth County, Wisconsin, one of the best counties in the State, and one in which there is a high grade of intelligence. It is claimed that in this county no criminal lawyer has an opportunity to develop his talent, there not being enough cases to practice on. The prosecuting attorney has only enough business to keep him in his office a small part of each term. Most of the cases that come up are of such small importance that they are either dismissed, nolle, or continued. If a Walworth County lawyer wants to make courtrooms resound with his eloquence he must practice law in other counties, where the people are of a more quarrelsome nature. The only case on the Walworth docket that claims any great amount of attending was taken to that tribunal from Lake Geneva, where the defendant in the case is charged with throwing a woman off his front stoop.—Chicago Tribune.

He Didn't Have to Prove It. The other day a stranger stepped off the train at Hopkins and said to a man on the depot platform: "Can you tell me who is the best lawyer in this town?" "I am," replied the man on the platform, without hesitation. The stranger seemed somewhat disconcerted by this display of egotism, and gently said: "Excuse me, sir, but I should like to have you prove it." "Don't have to prove it, sir," answered the man on the platform. "I admit it, I'm the only lawyer in this town, sir." And immediately the stranger got a lawyer and the lawyer got a client.—Kansas City Journal.

Young Sharks in a Shark's Stomach. A huge shark, measuring nearly eleven feet in length, was caught off the ocean pier at West Palm Beach Monday by F. C. Bingham of Nautilus cottage. A strange revelation was made when the big fish was cut open. In the stomach were twelve young sharks, each about sixteen inches in length. These were transferred to a water tank on the pier, in which they lived for five hours.—Tropical Sun.

FASHIONS OF THE DAY

Hats of fine thread lace will be worn. Rough fabrics lead for spring street wear. Light brown and purples are promised continued popularity for spring. It seems that, to be really well, the shirt waist must be made a size too large. It is predicted that long and three-quarter coats are to be entirely passe in a little while. One of the prettiest revived fashions is that of catching up lace bouffes with clusters of flowers. Many of the winter's stoles are cut square at the back, somewhat in the fashion of a sailor collar. Coats are not so loose and baggy as they were, and even the loosest must fit well over the shoulders. The fashionable dress skirt is made in five pleats, and measures only about three inches longer in back than in front. The smart girl wears stiff little bands of embroidery, fastened with jeweled buttons, outside her coat sleeves. Among the many attractive hats is a white silky zebeline round hat, the folds caught in places with small jet ornaments. These Chinese, Japanese, Turkish, Bulgarian and Russian embroideries are creating quite an Oriental furore among us. Flat surplice pieces of real lace in the heavier varieties appear upon many of the new evening bodices, bordering a Y-shaped decollete and crossing surplice fashion in front. The lace is broad upon the shoulders and tapers toward the points, and this shape is newer and more desirable than the cape collar.

Life can be sustained for something like thirty days on water alone; but with dry food one could live but a quarter of that time. Consumption of earth as food is said to be common not only in China, New Caledonia and New Guinea, but in the Malay archipelago as well. The zebra, the cross between the zebra and the horse, has been under test in Germany, and is claimed to be less liable to disease than the mule. To render new born animals immune against tuberculosis is the hope of Professor von Behring, whose plan is to supply a suitable solution of tuberculous virus in the food. There are now living in the Royal Aquarium in Russia several carp that are known to be more than 600 years old, and it has been ascertained in several cases that whales live to be over 200 years old. Electricity as War Agent. Rapid Extension of Its Use in Fortifications on the Coast. An interesting instance of the rapid extension of the use of electricity is furnished by the fortifications distributed along our coast. A few years ago the electric light was introduced to add to the comfort of the garrisons and to provide better illumination of the works. Once a generating plant had been installed there was at hand a supply of power in a convenient and easily controllable form, and this led to its use for purposes which were not contemplated at the time the plant was installed. Electric fans have been put in to make the living quarters more comfortable in hot weather, and electric motors have been adopted for training the guns, a class of work for which they are particularly well adapted. Motors are used to drive the ammunition hoists, and do other work which before had either been done by hand or some less satisfactory power. Searchlights have been installed, enabling a fortification to sweep the sea at night. The various posts of the fortress are connected together by telephone, so that the commandant is in touch at all times with the entire garrison, and can instantly transmit orders to any point. The various fortifications along the coast are tied together by telephone and telegraph, so that on the appearance of the enemy at any point all the fortifications would be informed of it. Submarine mines are controlled electrically, and even the guns may be fired by this means, by an officer at some distant point. By means of wireless telegraphy a fortification can be kept in touch with the scouting vessels, and would be informed of the approach of the enemy long before he is visible from the coast. The telegraph may be brought into service for transmitting orders, and electric signaling lights are replacing the older types. Electric lights, lighting the rangefinder, electric and electric clock circuits furnish accurate time to all parts of the fortifications. To insure the continuity of these manifold services, accumulators are now installed, so that there will at all times be a constant and reliable supply of power. Thus, from being at first a small auxiliary, the electrical equipment has extended until it is now probably the most important part of the entire equipment of the fortress.—Scientific American.

No Use For Lawyers. There is a queer state of affairs in Walworth County, Wisconsin, one of the best counties in the State, and one in which there is a high grade of intelligence. It is claimed that in this county no criminal lawyer has an opportunity to develop his talent, there not being enough cases to practice on. The prosecuting attorney has only enough business to keep him in his office a small part of each term. Most of the cases that come up are of such small importance that they are either dismissed, nolle, or continued. If a Walworth County lawyer wants to make courtrooms resound with his eloquence he must practice law in other counties, where the people are of a more quarrelsome nature. The only case on the Walworth docket that claims any great amount of attending was taken to that tribunal from Lake Geneva, where the defendant in the case is charged with throwing a woman off his front stoop.—Chicago Tribune.

He Didn't Have to Prove It. The other day a stranger stepped off the train at Hopkins and said to a man on the depot platform: "Can you tell me who is the best lawyer in this town?" "I am," replied the man on the platform, without hesitation. The stranger seemed somewhat disconcerted by this display of egotism, and gently said: "Excuse me, sir, but I should like to have you prove it." "Don't have to prove it, sir," answered the man on the platform. "I admit it, I'm the only lawyer in this town, sir." And immediately the stranger got a lawyer and the lawyer got a client.—Kansas City Journal.

Young Sharks in a Shark's Stomach. A huge shark, measuring nearly eleven feet in length, was caught off the ocean pier at West Palm Beach Monday by F. C. Bingham of Nautilus cottage. A strange revelation was made when the big fish was cut open. In the stomach were twelve young sharks, each about sixteen inches in length. These were transferred to a water tank on the pier, in which they lived for five hours.—Tropical Sun.

FASHIONS OF THE DAY. Hats of fine thread lace will be worn. Rough fabrics lead for spring street wear. Light brown and purples are promised continued popularity for spring. It seems that, to be really well, the shirt waist must be made a size too large. It is predicted that long and three-quarter coats are to be entirely passe in a little while. One of the prettiest revived fashions is that of catching up lace bouffes with clusters of flowers. Many of the winter's stoles are cut square at the back, somewhat in the fashion of a sailor collar. Coats are not so loose and baggy as they were, and even the loosest must fit well over the shoulders. The fashionable dress skirt is made in five pleats, and measures only about three inches longer in back than in front. The smart girl wears stiff little bands of embroidery, fastened with jeweled buttons, outside her coat sleeves. Among the many attractive hats is a white silky zebeline round hat, the folds caught in places with small jet ornaments. These Chinese, Japanese, Turkish, Bulgarian and Russian embroideries are creating quite an Oriental furore among us. Flat surplice pieces of real lace in the heavier varieties appear upon many of the new evening bodices, bordering a Y-shaped decollete and crossing surplice fashion in front. The lace is broad upon the shoulders and tapers toward the points, and this shape is newer and more desirable than the cape collar.