Dreams.

When midnight o'er the vaulted skies
Her jewell'd robe of splendor flings,
We feel the glance of wistful eyes,
We hear the rush of spirit wings;
A fair-haired vision comes to me
With prattling tongue and witching smile;
A dearer still, perchance, to thee
Of her who shared thy heart awhile.

Each hath his own dear, treasured form
In dreams that to his heart returns,
Round whose dead features, still and warm,
The faithful beam of memory burns.
A mother, father, child or wife,
A friend long tried, a maiden's face,
Whose passing love once filled his life
With something more than mortal grace.

A little shoe, a lock of hair,
The picture your dead darling made,
The merry laugh, the pensive air
At midnight by dead fingers played,
All, all of pain or peace or joy;
The head with grief, untimely gray,
The memory of that wounded boy
Who, Christlike, sank beside the way.

A star, a cloud, a smile, a tear,
A still voice, singing through the night
A loved one passing wondrous near,
So near we almost see the light;
These are the dreams, at twilight gray,
That haunt these troubled hearts of ours;
But sterner, fiercer still than they,
The wailing ghosts of wasted hours.

—[J. R. Parke, in Detroit Free Press.

THE MILLER'S THIEF.

Something very unusual to quiet Talmley had happened, and Talmley was decidedly uncomfortable about it.

Of course everybody knew—as everybody knew everything in that delightful place, where each neighbor was a friend, each friend a brother—and what the village folk knew was this—the miller, old Harvey Jameson, had been robbed.

"A queer business," said the miller, shaking his dusty head solemnly, and telling the circumstance for the fiftieth to his neighbor, Farmer Greene, who had dropped in to sympathize with his old friend; "nobody knew I had the money but my daughter Jennie and young Levoe, and I can't suspect a single soul. I put the money in a tin box, and I put that among a lot of other boxes in the cupboard, waitin' till I could go to the bank with it, an' lo and behold! when I went to get it out yesterday there wasn't a single sign of box or money. I can't understand it."

"Neither can I, neighbor," said Greene, running a brawny hand over his shock of untidy hair; "neither can I. But I do think ye set too much store in that young man ye've taken into your house, an' mebbe ye've mistook him. He's a deal too fine about his clothes an' his hands an' his hair to be too honest, but," cautiously, as he saw the flush that stole over Jameson's face, "but mebbe I'm talkin' too fast, but it's mighty curious and one don't know what to think."

"One might try to think nothin' that weren't charitable," said the miller gravely, "an' I don't suspect the lad. It's mor'n I'd like to lose, for it takes a time to earn it. But young Levoe didn't have nothin' to do with the stealin' no more'n you or me—an' I'd rather people wouldn't kinder hint he had."

"Tain't in nature not to think it seein' he's a stranger, an' nobody knows what or who he is; an' he has his fine ways with him an' talks like a schoolmaster," said Greene stubbornly. "I don't like to see you took in, neighbor, and I'm mighty much afraid you are by that mill hand of yourn."

Then Greene held out his hand to the miller, who was in deep thought, and bade him good day, and betook himself to his duties on the farm near the mill.

But the farmer had left a seed of doubt behind him; and when has such a seed not found soil to nurture it until its fruit hung heavy on the giant tree which shadowed a friendship or darkened forever a soul immortal?

In Talmley there was but one who had not been born there, and that one was Dick Levoe, the stranger who had crossed his threshold six months before to ask for employment.

Jameson wanted a hand in the mill, and hired Dick, taking him as a boarder. The young man had "fine ways," as Greene said.

He was not especially handsome, but he was cheerful, courteous and willing to work, and yet, for all that, showed unmistakable signs of having had no occasion to perform any labor, at some time not far past. He was educated—even Jennie, who had spent a year at boarding school, could be instructed by him.

"I'll just keep my eyes open and not let on for a while," thought the miller, "but as Greene said, who else could have stolen the money?"

He perceived no change in Dick, no confusion, no signs of guilt, but greatly to the good man's consternation he discovered something else. The young man was in love with pretty Jennie, and she was fully conscious of the fact.

There was a new difficulty, and one which the miller did not care to meet.

He was pondering over it one day three weeks after the robbery, when Galvin of the Hollow called and paid him $50 which had been due some time.

"I hear your house isn't a very secure place for money," said Galvin, with a smile, "but I hope nobody will walk off with this while you're asleep."

"I'll take care of that," answered the miller, conscious that Dick could hear, "I don't calc'late on bein' robbed twice by the same person, and I've got over thinkin' everybody I meet is honest. Good day, sir. Much obliged."

Glavin departed and the miller went into the house.

Jennie was singing softly as she sewed at a window. Mrs. Jameson was not in, having gone to visit a sick neighbor.

Without a word the old man passed into his chamber and there secreted the money, frowning as he did so.

"I'll send that fellow packin' soon, whether I find him stealin' or not," he muttered. "It ain't none too comfortable a feelin' to know you've got to lock up every dollar you get and not tell anybody where you put it."

He ate his supper that evening in silence, Jennie and Dick chattering incessantly, and Mrs. Jameson told about every ache and pain that racked the woman she had been to visit.

But the miller could only wonder whether or not that frank, manly face and those cheery tones of his employe belonged to a knave and scoundrel.

"An' Jennie and him seemed to unstand one another far too well," he soliloquized. "I used to like the lad, but I'd as lief see my girl care for old blind Jack, the fiddler, as this fine gentleman. As Greene says he's too fancy about himself to be honest. I've heard the greater the rascal the more genteel, an' I guess I'll load the rifle."

He did load his rifle and placed it near his bed, telling his wife that he "warn't going to lose any more money, but the first one that came for dishonest purposes would lose his life."

Mrs. Jameson was very nervous, concerning the proximity of the rifle; she begged her husband to put it further away, declaring he might touch it in his sleep "an' make the thing go off" and probably kill her.

"I never move in my sleep, so you needn't be scared," he told her. "If I touch the gun you can be sure it will go off, but I'll not touch it in my sleep. I sleep like an honest man, I do."

So he went to bed and thought more of his daughter than of the money under the carpet. However, he did think of his money sometimes, and, in fact, his thoughts ran from Jennie, as the thoughts of the money-lender ran from his ducats to his daughter.

At last he slept, but not too soundly! dreams visited him, and unpleasant ones they were. Vision after vision came and faded, and his wife was alarmed beyond measure to see his unconscious hands go out again and again, perilously near sometimes to the loaded rifle.

It was midnight before she slept at all, but then her sleep was profound. It was broken at last by the strangest and most thrilling of sounds, no less startling than a heavy fall and a loud, harsh, reverberating report, as though a cannon had been fired through the door.

No woman is ever too frightened to scream, and Mrs. Jameson's shrieks were loud and shrill as she cowered among the bedclothes, and a scrambling in the darkness and muttered words she could not understand did not tend to calm her.

There was a rush of feet in the hall without; a stout shoulder sent the door inward with a crash, and Dick Levoe, who had made this unceremonious entrance, stood there, with a light high above his head, his keen eyes scanning the apartment swiftly.

It took him a moment to comprehend, and then he laughed with immeasurable amusement.

The miller, clad but lightly, was sprawling on the floor, a dazed wonder in his face, the old rifle, which he had struck as he fell, lying harmless beside him and now unloaded; a window was open, and through it came a fine sheet of rain; the old man was soaking wet and raindrops glistened on his hair and scanty garments; his bare feet were muddy, and altogether he presented anything but an agreeable or presentable appearance.

"What has happened?" asked Dick as soon as his mirth could be suppressed, as he aided the miller to his feet.

"I—I don't know," stammered Jameson.

His wife, hearing voices, cautiously peeped out from under the coverlet.

"Robbers!" she cried shrilly. "They have been here again. Have they shot you, Harvey?"

"No, wife, I'm not shot," said Harvey, "an' I don't think there's been any robbers round. Fact is I've been sleep-walking."

"What!"

"I've been walkin' in my sleep, sure as you live," groaned the miller. "I'm all wet, so I must have gone out of doors, an' the Lord only knows where I have been or what I've been doin'. I was dreamin' of that fifty dollars" ——

He broke off and hurried to the spot in which he had hidden the money. It was not there.

"You're rather old for such capers, Harvey," his wife was saying.

But he didn't hear her. Very blankly he turned to Dick, who had now retreated to the threshold where Jennie was standing, white and startled, but ravishingly pretty.

"Lad," the miller said solemnly, "I believe I've robbed myself. I've heard of such things, and now I believe I've just done that, an' I hain't got a notion where I put the money."

"Is it gone?"

"Yes."

"Then you had best put on dry clothes, sir, while I go out and try to follow the tracks you have probably left in the garden. Your feet are so muddy I'm sure you must have been there. I'll report in a few moments."

A whispered sentence to Jennie at the door, and Dick was off to don his boots and laugh at the remembrance of the miller's plight.

With a lantern he went out into the rain, and his gravity departed again as under the window of the miller's chamber he discovered deeply indented footprints, which proved that Jameson had emerged like a schoolboy.

The big, bare feet left plain traces in the soft soil of the garden. Dick followed them on across the road, and found that they ceased at one corner of the mill. A loose board had been freshly replaced. He drew it out and there, in the aperture, found a small tin box.

Taking it out, he hurried back to find Jameson, his wife and Jennie up and dressed, waiting for him.

The miller took the box eagerly and opened it with scarcely steady hands. There were the fifty dollars, and under them the money of which he had thought Dick had robbed him.

"Lad," he said turning to his employe, "I've been thinkin' ill of you for the last few days, an' I ask your pardon. If I can ever do you a good turn call on me."

"I take your word, sir," said Dick, cheerfully, going straight to Jennie and taking her hand. "I want your consent to my marrying Jennie some day when I have proved myself able to take care of her. We love each other, and I hope, sir, you'll not forget what love was to yourself once."

"No, I don't, lad," said the miller, with a tender glance towards his wife; "but a mill hand gets but poor wages, and you'll have to wait a while."

"As for that," said Dick, "I think you'll have to look for another mill hand, Mr. Jameson, for I have another offer, and intend taking it. I wasn't brought up to labor and was at college when my father died, leaving me, instead of the thousands I expected, nothing but my empty, untrained hands. I left the college and fate led me hither. If I have shown no talent as a miller, I have won the sweetest girl in the world to love me. Now a friend of my father's offers me the post of bookkeeper in his bank at a salary on which Jennie and I can live, I know. I didn't take your money, sir, and I'll forgive you for suspecting that I did if you'll give me Jennie."

"What do you say, daughter?", asked the old man wistfully.

"I love him, father," she whispered.

"Then I'll only say, 'God bless you both!'" said the miller.

How Fortunes Are Made.

"One secret of the Chicago packers' great fortunes is simple," said a resident of that city recently. "They don't waste anything. Everything is made use of but the squeal. They can't catch that, so it is wasted. Funny thing that they do with the blood. It is all caught in a great tank, and after it clots is carted of to a stamping house, where powerful machines are busy stamping it into buttons. Yes, buttons of blood are no novelty. It is all done at one stamp of the big dies, and it was found that they wear remarkably well. They are easily distinguished by their peculiar dark red color."—[Cincinnati Times-Star.

PUEBLO PEDDLERS.

PICTURESQUE SCENES IN A NEW MEXICO TOWN.

Indian Women Who Huckster Fruit and Pottery—The Ancient Village of Isleta and Its Queer People.

ABOUT the first thing that attracts the attention of the visitor to Albuquerque is the Isleta Indian street venders. Their village is fourteen miles west of the city, and Albuquerque is their market for the sale of fruits, earthenware and wood or bales of rushes. The village of Isleta is immediately on the line of the railroad, but they rarely utilize the road, preferring to walk rather than pay fare. They arrive in the city before the palefaces have breakfasted, and supply the residences, restaurants, hotels and fruit stands with fresh grapes, melons, plums, chili peppers, apricots, etc., which they cultivate in and around their little village.

The women do the marketing, and in addition to two or three baskets of fruit a few pieces of pottery are also brought along. The women come in bevies, some carrying fruits, a few vessels of earthenware. The latter they sell to the

POTTERY MAKERS.

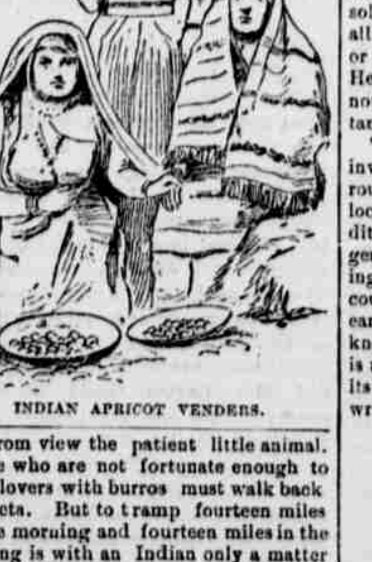
tourists at the hotels at prices regulated by the verdancy of the sightseer.

Dressed, or rather undressed, in their seemingly quaint costumes, they attract immediate attention from the open mouthed and wonder stricken tourist, who laughs at and ridicules everything he is not accustomed to see in his own bailiwick. At the depot grounds, especially when the trains come in, the fruit and pottery venders assemble in full force, and generally do a land office business in selling to the tourists.

The Indian maidens are dressed in their brightest colors, and some of them would be pretty if they did not daub their faces with red paint. They are special objects of mirthful interest to the ladies on the trains, who criticise the scant costumes of the Pueblo maidens very narrowly. The Indian women no doubt reserve their criticism of the "paleface squaws" until after they have sold their fruits and wares.

The Indian braves bring in bales of chili and rushes on burros, or what are called "narrow gauge mules." Rushes are used for light fires or for kindling. The burros are invariably well loaded, not only in weight but in bulk—only the ears left sticking out. The chili and rushes are compactly and securely baled, and when loaded the head of the burro is turned toward Albuquerque, he is given a kick, and he and the brave jog along to the city. After disposing of his load the Indian mounts the burro and rides back to the village.

Frequently the burro has an extra passenger. The Indian maiden who has disposed of her grapes accepts the hospitality of her lover and rides behind him, weighting down and almost cover-



INDIAN APRICOT VENDERS.

ing from view the patient little animal. Those who are not fortunate enough to have lovers with burros must walk back to Isleta. But to tramp fourteen miles in the morning and fourteen miles in the evening is with an Indian only a matter of recreation.

Isleta contains about 1000 inhabitants. They are industrious, and, except on feast and fete days, a uniformly sober people. They pursue agriculture—cultivating mainly corn, beans, pumpkins and fruits. They have their little patches of one, two and three acres, which are irrigated by ditches which tap the "raging" Rio Grande. Each patch is "fenced" in by an adobe wall about three feet in height. These patches have been cultivated for centuries, as the old crumbling walls bear evidence. The walls are to prevent the depredations of stock, which they also raise, each farmer having a cow and a horse and a few sheep.

At several commanding positions in the village an Indian is seen on the flat roof, and a sentinel is invariably seen upon the roof of the church—the highest building in the village. These sentinels are not armed and looking for the advancing enemy, as was their duty for centuries, but are keeping a vigil over the surrounding fields. Should a trespasser enter—either a small boy or a marauding animal—a signal is given by signs, and the rancher is soon in his patch hurling rocks at the invader, and he invariably carries a pocketful for that purpose.

In addition to agriculture, they make the clothes they wear, which is not a great task—weaving the cloth and dressing the skins for their shoes, leggings and pantaloons.

They also make large quantities of earthenware resembling stone, and in the shape of animals, "hand painted" with curious designs and figures. Heaps of wild thyme and rushes are set on fire and reduced to ashes; water and earth are thrown upon the hot ashes, when the consistency is kneaded and formed into any desirable shape. Women generally do this work, while the men serve as the hewers of the wood and bring the water.

The pottery factory is located in the "basement," entrance to which is made by means of a ladder through a trap door in the roof. This was the custom centuries ago. As a means of protection from surprise by the enemy there were no doors to the houses, and when a person called on his neighbor, after looking through a hole or the blinds to see who it was, a ladder was let down, which the caller would climb, when the ladder was drawn up after him.

The plan of construction of these houses has never been changed. The houses are built in common, and in compartments, as French flats, but instead of pushing the button the caller stands outside and gives war-whoops until he arouses the host. Only those houses or compartments fronting on a street have windows, and these are very small and grated like the lookout port holes of a Mexican jail. In the construction of these houses no lime is used. The adobes are cemented with the mixture of ashes, charcoal and earth, seemingly more lasting than cement, enduring for centuries. The families live peaceably on this community plan, and rarely indulging in the "neighborly quarrels" usual with their pale-faced brethren. It is very seldom that a brave strikes his wife.

The city government is conducted independently of any other of the Pueblo villages. Each village has its own separate government—a free republic in itself. The Spaniards found about three hundred thousand Indians and about two hundred villages in what is now New Mexico and Arizona. When the United States took possession of this country—less than half a century ago—there were

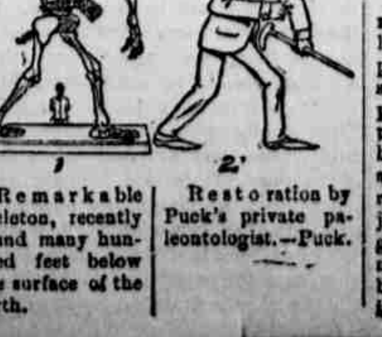
ZANDI INDIAN AND BURRO.

about one hundred and twenty thousand Indians and about one hundred villages. Now there are not more than thirty-five thousand of these poor Los and about twenty-five villages.

Long before Columbus sailed from Palos in search of a new world this Indian village — Isleta — was ancient. In this valley—now called the Rio Grande—the Pueblos had their village and enjoyed a "semi-barbarous civilization" in the pursuit of agriculture. But with the "discovery of the New World, which is the old," came the cavalier, adventurer and half bandit; the soldier, the hidalgo, the mutineer and all of that class in search of what fortune or chance might throw in their way. Here they found "a day whose noon has not come, and whose evening is far distant."

The history of the Pueblo of Isleta is involved in that obscurity which surrounds an unlettered people, but their local "historians" hand down the traditions of their race from generation to generation and century to century, dating back from the migrations to this country of the Toltecs and Aztecs—the earliest tribes of which we have any knowledge. The history of the Pueblos is rich in legend, war and romance, and its most interesting pages will never be written.—New York Advertiser.

Darwin Vindicated.



1. Remarkable skeleton, recently found many hundred feet below the surface of the earth.

2. Restoration by Puck's private paleontologist.—Puck.

Grace Darling.

Fifty years ago, on October 25th, Grace Horsley Darling, the heroine of the Longstone Lighthouse, died. The heroic girl, small in stature, of a consumptive, fragile constitution, accomplished the rescue of the steamship Forfarshire on the night of September 7th,

GRACE DARLING.

1838, by sheer force of will, pluck and determination. All that now remains to tell the tale of Grace Darling to those of this generation is the modest tombstone in the old churchyard of Bamburg, Northumberland. Upon it are inscribed these words: "Grace Horsley Darling, born November 20th, 1815; steamship Forfarshire wrecked September 7th, 1838; died October 25th, 1842, aged twenty-six years."

Under the canopy covering the tomb Grace Darling's effigy lies carved in stone. The face is sweet and girlish, the pose of the slender figure is graceful, as, with tiny hands folded over her breast, her arm encircles an oar, the emblem of her greatness. In that little grass-grown churchyard Grace lies in lonely state close to the picturesque village, with its white-walled, thatched-roofed cottages clustering at the foot of the grim old castle on the verge of the sea.

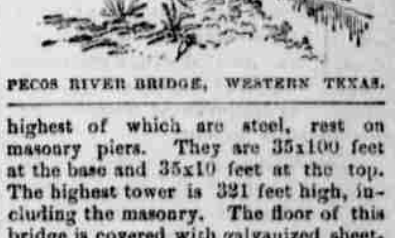
Standing within the castle keep, dark as the night may be, one can always see the revolving light of the Longstone Lighthouse, shedding its intermittent gleams upon the black water, to warn mariners of the sunken rocks and perilous passages surrounding the group of islands known as the Outer and Inner Farne. Here in this lighthouse tower Grace was living in 1838, when the ship struck upon the Harker's Rock, and it was from thence, aided by the no less heroic mother, who pushed off their little boat, that the father and daughter set off through the blinding storm to rescue the shipwrecked crew.

King of Land and Sea.

A steamer recently arrived at Seattle, Washington, from Alaska brought from that icy country the skeleton of a whale lizard, the second of its kind known to be in existence. The other was found some years ago near Oxford, England, but is much smaller than this one. It is now in the British Museum. The whale lizard is described in natural history as "the king of the land and sea," doubtless from the fact that it was equally at home on land or in the water. In water its speed was terrific; it swam with its legs, its enormous wings serving to keep its body above the surface, so that it must have appeared to be walking on the water. An idea of its great size can be formed from the fact that one bone weighed 794 pounds. The weight of the whole skeleton is 2159 pounds.—Illustrated American.

A Great Bridge in Texas.

The Republic has published notices of this remarkable bridge while it was under construction, and the accompanying picture, by the Hall Signal Company, graphically illustrates the remarkable structure. It is one of the two or three highest bridges in the world—328 feet high and 2080 feet long. It is on the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, 787 miles from New Orleans, and was built by the Phoenix Bridge Company for the purpose of shortening the main line and reducing the grades as well as avoiding other difficulties incident to maintaining a railroad in the canyons of the Rio Grande. There are 48 spans alternately 35 feet and 65 feet long, except the channel span, which is a cantilever 185 feet long. The towers, the



PECOS RIVER BRIDGE, WESTERN TEXAS.

highest of which are steel, rest on masonry piers. They are 35x100 feet at the base and 35x10 feet at the top. The highest tower is 321 feet high, including the masonry. The floor of this bridge is covered with galvanized sheet-iron as a protection against fire, 32,500 square feet of iron having been used for the purpose.—St. Louis Republic.

Quaker Cure for Colds.

For colds, an old-time remedy with a ridiculous name, is a stewed Quaker molasses posset. It is a very soothing and pleasant drink, made as follows. Let simmer slowly for a half hour one half-pint of best molasses, one dram of powdered white ginger and a lump of butter. This should be stirred frequently and should not come to a boil. After removing it from the stove stir in it the juice of two lemons or one ounce of good vinegar, cover and let it stand five minutes. It may be used hot or cold, but must not in the latter case be kept in tin.—St. Louis Republic.