

THE MARINER'S DREAM.

In slumbers of midnight the sailor-boy lay,
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind;
But, watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

He dreamed of his home, of his dear native bowers,
And pressure of that waiting one's merry morn;
While memory each scene gayly covered with flowers,
And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.

Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise;
Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clammers, in flower, o'er the thatch,
And the swallow sings sweet from her nest in the wall;
All trembling with transport he raises the latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight;
His cheek is bedewed with a mother's warm tear;
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast;
Joy quickens his pulses,—his hardships seem o'er;
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest;
"O God! thou hast blessed me; I ask for no more."

Ah! whence is that flame which now glares on his eye?
Ah! what is that sound which now bursts on his ear?
'Tis the lightning's red gleam, painting hell on the sky!
'Tis the crashing of thunders, the groan of the sphere!

He springs from his hammock,—he flies to the deck;
Amazement confronts him with images dire;
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a-wreck,
The masts fly in splinters; the shrouds are on fire!

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell;
In vain the lost wretch calls on Mercy to save;
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death-angel flaps his broad wings o'er the wave.

O sailor-boy! woe to thy dream of delight!
In darkness dissolves the airy frost-work of bliss;
Where now is the picture that Fancy touched bright,
Thy parent's fond pressure and love's honeyed kiss?

O sailor-boy! sailor-boy! never again
Shall home, love, or kindred thy wishes repay;
Unblessed and unbonored, down deep in the main,
Full many a fathom, thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,
Or redeem form or fame from the merciless surge;
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be,
And winds in the midnight of winter thy dirge!

On a bed of green sea-flowers thy limbs shall be laid;
In vain the lost wretch calls on Mercy to save;
Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, and ages shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll;
Earth loses thy pattern forever and aye,
O sailor-boy! sailor-boy! peace to thy soul!

—William Dimond.

THE FACE PAT PAID FOR

By ALBERT J. KLINCK

It was no wonder that when Pat entered the room he threw up his hands and fled in mortal fear. He expected to see his sick wife, but instead he beheld, seated in the huge arm-chair beside the window, a form part human, part monster. He turned and looked again. No, there was no mistake. He saw plainly enough the enormous forehead, the awful nose, the grinning mouth, the hideous cheekbones. And Pat was not crazy, nor was he intoxicated.

Rational as he was, he did not believe his own senses. And, going back once more, he peered through the half-opened door at the strange figure in the armchair. He was more startled now that he found that everything but the face belonged to his wife. There was the flowered waist she had worn when he left in the morning; there was the same snowy kerchief about her neck; there was the same skirt; and there, clasped upon its somber folds, were—yes, those were his wife's hands. Of his he was as certain as that two and two are four. Even the cloth hoppers protruding from beneath the skirt belonged to his wife. But the face—oh, that awful face! Yes, his wife was sick, but no disease could distort a human countenance into the grotesque one that was most certainly his wife.

Pat went out on the doorstep and pondered. Then he went and sat on the bench by the pump. From there he moved to an old stump opposite the window at which the strange being was seated. He tried to look in, but a tangled growth of vines prevented this. So he advanced cautiously, and when he reached the window he peered through into the room. There it still sat, so solemn, stolid, awful. Pat made a hasty retreat. He sat down on the doorstep again.

He began to wonder where Mary, his daughter, had gone. Why had she left "it"—that's what he now began to term the figure in the armchair—alone? He had cautioned her before he left, telling her to be sure to remain constantly at his wife's side. This awful catastrophe would not have occurred had she heeded what he told her. Well, how could anything like it happen, anyway? Pat ran his fingers through his hair. How could his wife get another face? How could—? Pat swore under his breath and went back to the old stump again.

At length Mary came sauntering down the road. She had a parcel or two in her arms. These she placed upon the step beside her father, and then asked how her mother was feeling.

"Why didn't ye sthaye to home?" Pat asked. Then with true Irish abruptness he added, "Yer mither's lost her head. She's gone. Ye got—"

But Mary listened no longer. Her shrill voice rose in wild wailing at hearing her father say she no longer had a mother, and she rushed up the stairs and into the house.

Pat sat on musing, and of a sudden an awful shriek came from within the house. A moment later Mary, her face white, her eyes staring, almost fell out of the doorway into his arms. She was bordering on hysterics.

"Did ye iver in your loife see sich a lookin'—mither?" Pat asked.

"It ain't mother," Mary sobbed, "it ain't mother. But it's her dress, and— and—her hands. But her face! Oh, it ain't mother, it can't be mother!"

"It's mither all but the—fa—ce," Pat declared. "But how did she get that fa—ce? Did ye iver see wan loike it? It's enough to scare the devil himself."

Mary clung to her father. "I had to go to the store," she began by way of explanation. "I went just as the doc-came in so mother wouldn't be alone for long. I hurried as much as I could. Oh, if I hadn't only gone, if I hadn't only gone!" "Yis, yis," said Pat, "if ye'd 'a' sthayed at home, ye could 'a' seen how it happened anyway, even if ye couldn't 'a' stopped it. Mary, ye don't think—No, Oi don't think meself they could gra-af another head on; do ye? Shtill, they do wonderful things these days. If the doctor did put it on, why didn't he put on a decent one? Oi bet he put on the worst one in the lot. Oi won't pay fur it, Mary, no, Oi won't pay fur it, not till I'm satisfied. He's got to put on a better lookin' fa-ace than that before he gits anny money out me, Oi tell ye. Did ye iver see sich a for-ead? And sich a nose! It's plashtered all over the fa-ace. The mouth is laughin' all the toime. Oi don't want a face loike that that's grinnin' all the toime. He's got to put on a decent one, or he don't git no pay."

Pat folded his arms and threw back his head.

"He couldn't do it," Mary now said; "no, he couldn't put on a different face."

"Will, is that yere mither's fa-ace?" Pat asked. "Oi say, is that yere mither's fa-ace?"

Mary had to acknowledge it was not.

"And the rist of it's your mither, ain't it?" he further questioned.

Mary had to acknowledge it was.

"Will, there ye be," Pat said. "The doctor said the poison olvy moight git in her oyes and blind her, didn't he? Will, Oi suppose it did. But Oi'd rather have her blind than with such a mug. In all me loife Oi niver saw a fa-ace loike that. He's got to ta-ake it off, Mary, Oi tell ye. Oi won't stand it."

Mary sat down and held her head in her hands.

"Honest, now, Mary," persisted Pat, "did ye iver see sich a fa-ace?"

"It's awful, it's awful," she moaned. The next moment they almost fell off the steps from fright. Some one called Mary. It was her mother's voice.

"D'you hear?" Pat whispered, "d'you hear? She's callin', and with that—that fa-ace. But it's her voice. Ain't it, Mary?"

They listened. Once, twice, three times they heard it call Mary. There was no mistaking that voice.

It was getting dark now. The trees about the doorstep threw that region into deeper gloom. As they sat there Pat and Mary heard sounds from within. They crouched closer together. Both were shaking from head to foot. And when they beheld, framed in the doorway, the familiar figure bearing that awful face, they slunk away in mortal terror. When they reached the bench by the pump they sunk breathlessly down upon it.

"Oi say, Mary, Mary, where be ye? Pat! Pat! come loight the lamp. It must be toime fur me med'cine. Mary! Mary! Mary!"

The words came to them, striking a chill to their hearts.

Finally Pat became emboldened.

"It's no-o use, Mary," he said. "Oi got to go and foind out about it. But Oi'll niver be satisfied. Mither's got to have a decent fa-ace, or no fa-ace at all. Oi won't pay a rid cint fur sich a fur-sich-a—"

The words died away as he moved toward the open doorway, through which there now fell the feeble rays of the low-turnd lamp. From a distance

he could look in, and there, seated at the table, was the well-known figure, the hideous countenance. The lamp-light made it look still more horrible.

While Pat was gazing Mary crept up to him, and together they continued to look in silence.

"Let's go in," suggested Pat.

Mary shook her head.

"Come on," said Pat, "I'll lade the way and face the face of her."

So they went in, like two culprits, stealthily.

"Where wuz ye?" Mary's mother asked. "An' why didn't ye come whin Oi called?"

Neither answered. While they stood trembling Mrs. Muldoon slowly raised her hands and removed the cause of all their fear, laying it upon the table beside her.

"Oh, oh," gasped Pat, "praise be to God! It's a falst fa-ace!"

Mary heaved a sigh of relief at sight of the familiar cotton-battin' with which her mother's face had been covered for the past week.

"Was you fur foolin' us, mother?" she asked.

"'Twas a good jo-oke," Pat said, and began to laugh boisterously.

"'Twas no jo-oke at all," said his wife sternly. "Oi'll have ye understand Oi don't feel loike jo-okin'."

When Pat heard this he ceased laughing. The statement that it was no joke aroused in him a new fear. Perhaps, after all, the face was not false, perhaps—

Pat's wife arrested his further thoughts by clapping the face into place again.

"Trow that thing out!" he now exclaimed. "Oi won't be havin' it scarin' the loife out o' me. Trow it out, Oi say! D'you think ye look noice with it on? Ye look worse than the devil. What ye wearin' it fur?"

"What'm Oi wearin' it fur?" repeated Mrs. Muldoon. "What do ye suppose Oi'm wearin' it fur? It's to hold the cotton-battin' an' the salve on me fa-ace. That's what Oi'm wearin' it fur. They have reglar masks fur that, the doctor troled to git wan, but couldn't, so he got this here falst face. It answers the purpose juisht as well."

"Oi'm willin' to pay fur that face," said Pat chuckling.—From The Home Magazine.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

A battleship canal across Scotland, 29 miles long, 35 feet deep and 120 feet wide at the bottom is one of the possibilities.

An English woman writes to the Woman at Home that she always uses an alarm clock in her kitchen to save her from overbaking what she may happen to have in the oven.

A Frenchman in France, if he is under 25 years of age, whose parents are dead and whose grandparents are living, cannot marry without the written consent of both or either of them.

The Euche Indians, 500 in number, who live in a remote part of the Creek Nation, cling to their own language and marry principally among their own tribe, after having been conquered and absorbed by the Creek Indians more than 200 years ago.

There are more women than men in Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia. The largest proportion is in Massachusetts, closely run by the District of Columbia.

The acoustic properties of the court rooms in London's new Criminal courts building are so bad, it is said, that the other day a prisoner who had been sentenced to six months thought he had been sentenced to 12. He said to a warden, "One of the beaks gave me six months more." Also, besides echoes, "reverberations" are complained of.

A cat, which has adopted the plant of the Sandusky (Ohio) Foundry and Machine company as her home, undertook to jump through the flywheel on the engine. The cat got caught in the spokes, was whirled around 400 or 500 times and then through a window. With eight lives still to her credit, she hoisted her tail and started on a swift run to find another home.

Canada and Alaska.

The conditions for the acquirement of a homestead in Canada are far easier than in Alaska. In Canada it is possible for a man and three sons, the youngest of whom is 17 years of age, each to take up a quarter section at trifling expense, build a house for all on one quarter section, do the required six months' improvement work on each for three years, and at the end of that time obtain crown grants for all four quarter sections. In Alaska, while conditions are very liberal, a man taking up a homestead of 320 acres must do improvement work for five years before obtaining title, though he is privileged at the end of the first year to have 100 acres surveyed at his own expense, and by paying \$1.25 an acre obtain full right to it.—Boston Alaskan.

The Apparent Reason.

"Wyndley doesn't play the cornet any more, does he?"

"No, he thought he'd better give it up."

"Bad for the lungs, eh?"

"It wasn't that. One of the neighbors shot two keys off the instrument while he was playing it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WHAT WOMEN ARE WEARING

New York City.—Seldom has any fashion been so enthusiastically received as has this one of the over blouse, and there are excellent reasons for such being the fact. It is generally becoming, it is very charm-



ing in effect, yet it is simple without and involves so little labor in the making that the veriest amateur need not hesitate to undertake it. Here is one of the very latest developments

line, while the centre front and centre back pieces are crossed and attached to position over the girdle. The girdle is a simple full one, draped over a fitted foundation, and the blouse can be arranged to close at either front or back.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is two and one-fourth yards twenty-one, two yards thirty-two or one and one-eighth yards forty-four inches wide, with five and one-half yards of banding.

Fitted Lining.

The plain fitted basque or lining makes the foundation for so many blouses and waists that its uses are almost numberless. Here is one that can be utilized in an infinite variety of ways and that is cut to give the latest and most fashionable lines to the figure. When such a lining or basque is fitted exactly to the figure it becomes an easy matter to cut, fit and arrange almost any sort of over blouse or drapery upon this foundation and wise women, bearing this fact in mind, are careful that a perfectly fitting one shall always be at hand. In the illustration the basque is made with high neck and long sleeves and is closed at the front, but it can be made to close at the back, it can be cut out to form a low, round or square neck or the half low or square neck, it can be cut longer or shorter over the hips and allows of the three lengths of sleeves, so that really every possible contingency is provided for. All lining materials



can be utilized for the foundation, although a firm one is always to be desired.

The basque is made with fronts and side-fronts, backs and side-backs and under-arm gores. There is a stock collar that completes the neck, and the sleeves are made in two portions each.

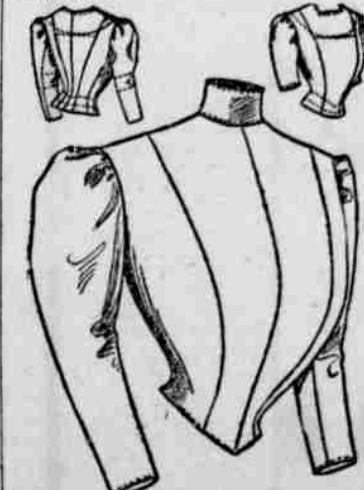
The over blouse is made in two portions and the girdle. Each portion of the blouse is shirred at the shoulders, where stays hold the shirrings in place, and again at the waist

Hair Worn Lower.

Changes are being made in hair dressing modes which have to be taken into consideration. The hair is still massed full about the forehead and ears, but much less on the top of the head, and it is beginning to be worn low in the nape of the neck.

New Motor Veils.

The new motor veils, huge squares of chiffon with hemstitched sides, are to be had in all the new shades.



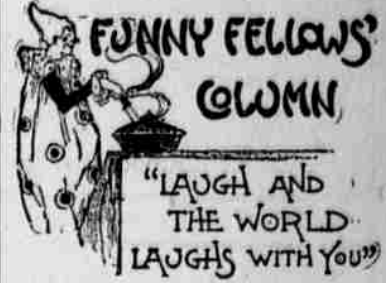
The quantity of material required for the medium size is three and one-half yards twenty-one or two and one-eighth yards thirty-six inches wide.

Velvet For Boleros.

The present styles adapt themselves beautifully to remodeling—velvet boleros, sleeve puffs and skirt trimming bands, the authorized ornamentation for entirely new gowns filling the exact needs of the old garment in order to bring it up to the mode.

AFTER SHE BOWED.

"Why, yes, good reasons I can bring, I think, that she's a horrid thing. I know quite well we won't agree, but she's as mean as she can be. I'll hold my tongue if you prefer, but still I have no use for her. That girl—But I'll not say a word, I'm prejudiced! Now, that's absurd. A treacherous, tame pussy cat! What can men see in girls like that? I don't abuse her—no, indeed; There really isn't any need. There's nothing that I need to say—The creature gives herself away. She can't deceive a woman's eyes; They penetrate through her disguise. But men don't show much evidence That they possess a lick of sense. I don't believe she'll turn her head, But if she does I'll cut her dead. I'll not discuss her—not worth while, I simply say she's not my style. She bowed! Look there! I think, don't you. She's stylish! And so lovely, too!" —Chicago Daily News.



"He seems to enjoy the little things of life." "Yes, he has seven small children and a runabout."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Deacon Wigg—Now, that was a finished discourse. Farmer Wagg—Yes; but do you know, I thought it never would be.—Judge.

Mrs. Blank—How do you get along with your new cook? Mrs. Frank—Finely. Fortunately enough, her card club and mine meet on alternate Wednesdays.—Life.

Editor—Threatening to sue us for libel? Good heavens! What for? Manager—Through some mistake we described her as being in evening dress at a five o'clock tea.—Harper's Bazar.

Editor—I wish I knew what our lady readers want. Assistant—Why don't you send out a circular letter and ask them. Editor—Great heavens, man, do you suppose they know? —Puck.

"Why does Wogsley look so blue?" "His rich aunt died." "Thought a good deal of her, did he?" "That doesn't account for his blues." "What then?" "She didn't think of him at all."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Church—What's that piece of cord tied around your finger for? Gotham—My wife put it there to remind me to mail her letter. "And did you mail it?" "No; she forgot to give it to me!"—Yonkers Statesman.

"Has your daughter made her society debut yet, Mrs. Comeup?" "No, she hasn't, and she don't have to, neither. We can get all our society fixens from them Paris dressmakers new."—Baltimore American.

Mr. McDooley—Faith, an' it do be a question Oi have yer fez, me darlin'. Miss Clancey—Pfwat is it, Pat. Mr. McDooley—Whin it comes toime fer the funeral how would yez loike t' be th' Widder McDooley?—Chicago Daily News.

Bishop (who has "looked in" at rural Sunday school)—"Now, children, can any of you tell what is meant by the visitation of the bishop?" Little Girl (after a long pause)—Please, sir, an affliction sent from heaven!—Punch.

Mrs. Caterby (just moved to the suburbs)—Don't you think the people here are awfully slow? Caterby—I'm too busy to notice. Mrs. Caterby—Why, really, my dear, it's hardly worth while living beyond our income to associate with them.—Judge.

Vicar—I am so glad your dear daughter is better. I was greatly pleased to see her in church this morning, and shortened the service on purpose for her. Mother of dear daughter—Thank you, vicar. I shall hope to bring her every Sunday now! —Punch.

"Senator, how are the people standing by you in your campaign?" "First rate, replied Senator Badger, as he took a chew of finecut. "I've sold my crops two years ahead, mortgaged my home, and made a loan of \$10,000. I guess that ought to keep them by me, hadn't it?"—Milwaukee Sentinel.

"Are you sure your motives are not mercenary rather than patriotic?" "My friend," answered Senator Sorghum, "if I have not been neglectful of this world's goods, it was merely because I wanted to check some of the idle gossip about my beloved country being ungrateful to those who have served it."—Washington Star.

"My dear, will it bother you if I ask a question about our club book-keeping? You know I'm treasurer." "No; delighted, I'm sure." "Well, we gave a charity euchre for the benefit of the Old Ladies' Home. It cost our club \$300, and we only took in \$250. Now I figure it out that the old ladies owe us \$50. Am I right?"—Life.

Good Guesses.

One man in 208 is over six feet. One in 100 women carries life insurance. One man succeeds in business to eight who go bankrupt. There is one sudden death among women to eight among men. One cold is taken out of doors where nine are taken indoors. One in each 1000 couples lives to celebrate the golden wedding.—Philadelphia Bulletin.