

WHERE DREAMS ARE SOLD.

At the silent sign of the Poppy,
At a shop that is never old,
Where the twilight silence lingers,
Is there that dreams are sold.
There's the scent of love's lost roses,
The soft echo of childhood's laugh;
There's the ring of empty glasses,
For the white lips never quaff.
To the crimson sign of the Poppy
We shall come when the daylight dies,
When the curfew music quivers
'Neath the gray of evening skies.
Just beyond the gates of sunset,
Where the grim toll of death we pay,
We shall find the shop of dream-ware,
Where the poppies hang away.
So, we long for the dusk of twilight,
When with wealth or an earthly gold,
We shall come where sleep-flowers cluster,
To the shops where dreams are sold.
—Canadian Magazine.

The Light That Never Failed.

FROM a fisherman's cot on the bleak seashore a father and son were looking through the small window at a night of tempest. The wind howled dismally round the little structure that ever and anon trembled as in fear. But the hearts of the two were staunch and brave, for they were lured to the weather and had known many a storm. They could hear on the rocks below the hard beating of the surf that thundered and belabored with fearful sound. It was such a night as might bring to them a wreck at any time, and the old man lit his pipe and made ready for the call if the lifeboat was to be run out. For with his fishing he combined that of a lifesaver.

"Father, I hope you will not have to go out to-night. I hope there will be no poor ship come this way and beat its life out on the rocks."

"Aye, aye, lad, it is a night of terror for the poor souls who live far from the sea. God alone knows how many there be quaking in their rooms this night with the wild seas washing over the decks. Your prayer is mine. I wish that there may never be another wreck. Amen."

"Where do all the people live, father, and what do they do in the big world?"

"It would be a long story, lad; I could not tell you in a week. But the most of them live safe and snug enough when they are at home. Once in a while there is a bad storm on land, and it does great damage. Cyclones they call the winds that sweep funnel-shape and carry all before them. The same wind will make a waterspout at sea. Sometimes they destroy whole towns."

"I would rather live by the sea," said the boy, thoughtfully, adding: "And are there lifesavers on the land?"

The grizzled seaman smiled at the naive question of the lad, and replied, half in jest:

"Not many, my son, unless it be those who are trying to save their own lives at the expense of others."

"I do not understand that, father."

"You asked me what the people do in the great inland cities and on the wide plains. They toil hard, my son, for a mess of pottage. They dig the soil, and build houses and trade and sell every conceivable thing in the stores and market places, but not one of them tries to sell something so that another will have more life. He tries to get all he can in the exchange for himself."

"But do they never do anything to bring gladness to another? You do, father. I have heard the men and women thank you who come from the wreck with tears in their eyes. And think how much money they have given you!"

"Yes, lad; I must not deceive you. There are kind hearts even on land, my son; thousands are willing to do and die for another when the peril of sickness stirs the heart. But it is not a vocation. When you grow up I am going to quit the sea and take you to one of the big colleges and make a smart man out of you. That is what I am saving all this wreck money for. There is a good pile of it now. And if I never come back, there was a faint catch in the voice, "you will know what you are to do. Take the gold and get an education. But always remember that your father, though a rough and ignorant man, gave his life for the good of others. It is the best heritage I shall leave you."

The loud boom of the surf dominated the silence that now fell upon the two, each busy with his own thoughts. Then there was the sound of a rocket bursting in air. The old man started up and listened intently, but he heard it not again, and sank into his seat and renewed his meditation.

The boy looked out of the window intently. He could see the hurrying clouds with their billowy flashes of lightnings, and he never tired of the sight. And through all the darkness he fixed his eye on one spot low down on the horizon where a star shone. It was a light that never failed him on the blackest night, and he had grown to love it with all his starved little heart, for he knew only the rocks, the sea gulls, the passing steamers by day, and the wrecks by night, and the fishing boats that nestled in the cove at the foot of the cliff. There were few companions for his life, and he made friends with inanimate things.

"The star shines brighter to-night, father," he said.

"It is because you love it so, my son," replied the father. "Have you ever noticed that when we are together and I put out our own little taper and are listening to the waves

that do so much destruction the star shines more brightly?"

"Indeed, now you tell me, father, it is so. When the storms come it shines there and never leaves the sea. I wonder if it is possible that it knows there may be beings in distress and would light them home."

"Aye, aye, lad, it does that very thing. Some day you will know this better than you do now. But it is because you think of these things that it shines so brightly. There is nothing like kindness in your own heart to make you know the kindness of others. Never forget that, son, wherever you may go in the years to come. I will not always be with you to tell you these things, and you must remember them and think of the old man who loved you. Don't forget."

"I could never forget you, father! But the storm is growing harder, is it not? I do hope you will not have to go to-night."

For answer the man took down a large torch and placed fresh oil in its wick, and then resumed his pipe.

"It is blowing great guns now, lad. Perhaps this is the last of it. I hope so. I do not want to leave you to-night. We are having such a snug time here together."

The boy thought of his pale-faced mother, who had been so patient with the broken nets, and who had given him many a soft caress when the father was battling with the waves.

"Father, did my mother know the star like I do?"

"Better than you will ever know it, lad. Your mother was one of the saints of earth that the world never knows. She knew more of the star than either of us. I think it burned in her heart more than in ours."

"How could it burn in her heart? Is the star not in Heaven?"

The man's face took on a strange expression, and the boy saw it in one of the brief flashes. It awoke him into greater silence. It was some time before the father replied:

"There is sometimes heaven on earth, my son. The star is but an emblem of that. It shines then out of human hearts. If you will but think of this when you worship it in the night it will make your own heart grow tender. But there, let us talk no more of it to-night. Some day you will know."

The storm died out. The low rumbling of the earth continued. Overhead the flying clouds grew lighter, and the star on the horizon shone with added lustre. Still the two sat on while the moments ticked by and said no word. The boy put his hand out and the father pressed it on his knee and held it with a firm, warm grasp.

"Look, father, the star is gone!" exclaimed the lad, with sudden agitation, rising from his chair.

But ere the words left his lips it flamed out as before, and he wondered. The father made no reply.

Something tugged at the hearstrings of this silent man. He loved his child with all the idolatry of one cut off from the world, and with all the ardor of his noble nature. He had never deceived him about anything, and now the thought came to him that the lad had grown older. Was it best always to let him dream? Must he not be truthful to him in everything? What if he should die, and the faint trace of a falsehood came upon the boy in after years? Always there had been this thought on his mind. To-night it became a burden more than he could bear. With a husky cough he cleared his throat. He lit his pipe up out.

"My son," he began, "let me tell you the story of a star. Once the people I told you about in the great cities grew pitiful over the wrecks of the poor ships that lost their way in the night and are dashed to pieces on shore. And they ordered that their government, which you will understand, is something like a father and yet is not, should take some of the money of the people and build a tall tower and put a light in it that should shine forever and never go out. And they put this tower by the sea, that when the storms blew it could shine on the ships as if it were a light from Heaven, and guide them, while they were sleeping in their homes and knew nothing of the perils of the deep. And this light represents the love of good men and women, who ever and wherever they may be. And yonder light, my son, is this love, and it is your star. Some day I will take you to it. But you must worship it none the less."

"And my star, then, is love?" queried the boy, in a whisper.

"The light that never failed!" murmured the father.—Charles W. Stevenson, in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Autograph Fiend Not Modern.

A certain tossa in early Roman days seems to have been the mother of autograph collectors. Cicero had a collection, which must have been a fine one, for he speaks of it with particular pride. The fever, even in those far-back days, was contagious.

Pliny speaks of Pompeius Secundus, at whose house he had seen autographs of Cicero, Augustus, Virgil and the Gracchi, and his own collection was valued at \$15,000 of our money.

Then came the inrush of barbarians, and we do not again meet with the collector until the beginning of the sixteenth century, when he reappears in the person of a Bohemian squire, who kept a book to record his exploits in the chase, and enriched it with the signatures of his great hunter friends.—Stray Stories.

First Painter of Record.

The oldest known picture was "A Battle of the Magnes," by Bularchus, who is the earliest painter of whom there is any record. This picture was purchased by Candaulus, King of Lydia, about 716 B. C., for either its weight in gold or for as much gold coin as would cover it.

Novelties and Oddities OF PRESENT-DAY SCIENCE.

ELECTRIC AERIAL LINE—A RAILWAY TO BE RUN ALONG THE GRINDLEWALD GLACIER.

THERE is apparently no more attractive field for engineering than the mountains of Switzerland, and the greatest skill and ingenuity have been exercised in the various railways designed to carry tourists to the summits. Recently there has been an entirely new departure from existing practice in a plan proposed for ascending the northwestern side of the Wetterhorn, which rises precipitously to an altitude of 7700 feet above the sea level. The new scheme consists of a combination of the fundamental principles of the ordinary aerial cableway, now so much used in constructive engineering for the transport of materials, and of the elevated mono-railway, best exemplified in the line between Barmen and Elberfeld, in Germany. In the latter a car is suspended from a single rail supported by a system of girders, while in the new Swiss railway, instead of a rail, a stout steel cable will be stretched from station to station, and from this will be suspended by its running gear a car or cage for the passengers. Each car will contain ten passengers, and be of the lightest possible construction.

The line will run from the Grindewald upper glacier, at about 4000 feet altitude, up to the Eng station in one lift, a distance of 1300 feet. This station is of massive masonry, and affords an anchorage for the cable. The gradient of the cable for this part of the line is about eighty per cent. This station affords access to a series of fine views, and there is a path along the Eng station to the departure station of the second section of the line, which extends to a point at an altitude of 7701 feet, or a lift of 2300 feet. The motive power is to be electricity at high tension, and part of the installation is already completed. The summit of the Wetterhorn is 12,150 feet above sea level, and from the present studies there is apparently no reason why access to it should not be gained by a series of such railways as the two sections already described. Only once before has the mono-rail system been used on a mountain railway, on Vesuvius in 1880, and this method was supplanted when the line was reconstructed.

WHEN DO WE DIE?—WE ARE ALL GRADUALLY SUFFLING OFF FOR YEARS.

IN the first place, there is no definite moment of death. We all are gradually dying for years. The moment which is ordinarily ascribed to death is when the breathing stops, but this is purely arbitrary and the survival of an old belief that life was drawn in with the breath and the soul passed out with the breath. The heart may continue to beat many minutes, and in animals under experimental conditions even for hours after respiration has stopped; the muscles are still irritable; the nerves are still able to carry nerve impulses. But while the cessation of respiration cannot be called the moment of death, it is the cause of it, because the body cannot live without air; the heart accordingly stops and the tissues die of suffocation.

How arbitrary it is to call a man dead when his heart ceases to beat and he no longer breathes will be apparent when it is remembered that dogs may easily be revived after they have lain in this state for six or more minutes. If the dog's chest is opened and artificial respiration begun, and if the heart is taken in the hand and rhythmically squeezed, gradually it begins to beat again, the dog begins to breathe; in fact, he recovers normal life. I believe the same experiment has not been tried in men, for the reason that in illness the system is generally so poisoned by the toxins of disease as to make it impossible spontaneously to recover, even though the heart should be kept beating.

WILL MAN DIE OF THIRST?—LONG LOOK AHEAD NECESSARY TO PROVIDE AN ADEQUATE WATER SUPPLY

SCIENTISTS are able to point out various tendencies and movements on the part of the planet earth and its people which may result in the destruction of human life by overcrowding, starvation, cold, heat or thirst. For centuries Biblical students, starting from the promise of Noah that mankind would not again be swept away by a flood, derived from other texts the opinion that the "end of the world" would be by fire. The largest collection of facts bearing on the point is probably in the works of Prince Kropotkin, and relate to the Russian Empire and some of its Asiatic neighbors.

Explorations in Central Asia have shown beyond question that vast areas now desert were once fertile. Lakes and rivers which within historic times were important factors in commerce have disappeared or are disappearing. The Siberian lakes have shrunk since

A Melancholy Career.

A young man who will some day inherit an enormous fortune and who is being brought up as a "gentleman," was interviewed the other day. Among other things he said: "If I did not have my career cut out for me, if I were to lose my fortune, I should turn to the law and study some phases of it that interest me greatly."

Probably, if the young man were actually thrown on his own resources he would resort to something less entirely "elegant"—and more useful. But, the aside, what is this "career" that he fancies that he has "cut out" for him? To take care of his property. That is, to spend his life at an occupation similar to that of a watchman or a policeman, but far more mechanical and less exciting. What a miserable, what a melancholy conception of a career! To spend one's life at just making money is poor enough use of the one chance to live; to spend it at watching a heap of money—what dullness, what dreariness! And in a world teeming with opportunities to live honestly, vividly, interestingly, usefully!—Saturday Evening Post.

the eighteenth century. Novgorod, the great market town of the Voiga region, owed its early importance to its protection from Mongol raids by vast marshes, which have gone dry without any large effort to drain them.

In Africa, Lake Tchad, which loomed so large in the tales of explorers, is now a half-dried water bed. Lake Chiroua, to the southwest of Nyassa, has gone from the map. Lake Ngami, discovered by Livingstone, and then navigable, has ceased to exist. And in Australia, Lake Eyre, to mention only the largest water body, has greatly lost its size in fifty years. In Europe no such great change can be noted, although Spain is certainly drier than it used to be.

In America no such startling changes are recorded, though it is manifest that such rivers as the Ohio now flow less regularly, if not less copiously, owing to the destruction of forests about their head waters. And here is the practical point of such collections of data as Mr. Whitby and others have made on this subject. To speculate upon the human race, and whether it is destined to die of thirst, is to reach so far into the future that no conclusion of practical utility can be drawn. But it is perfectly plain that if this and other nations wish to avoid the inconveniences of an irregular, and probably diminishing, water supply, they must take care of their forests.

A LIGHTNING CATARACT—TWENTY CASES THAT WERE THE RESULT OF THIS UNUSUAL AGENCY.

A CATARACT is a cloudiness of the liquid in one of the lenses of the eye. Usually it takes months (or even years) to form, and after it has reached a certain stage of maturity it can be removed by an expert surgeon. That operation restores the sight. The most common cause of the formation of cataracts seems to be advancing years, for they are rarely heard of in young people. A new but unusual agency which produces them, or, at least, starts them, is mentioned by a French medical journal, the Gazette des Hopitaux.

In the columns of that periodical Dr. Verhaegue reports that he has collected from literature about twenty-two cases of cataract resulting from the action of lightning. These evils are not caused by the light, that is, by either heat or chemical rays, but by the passage of the electric current. If they were the result of the light they would be found as the result of the action of ordinary electric illumination. Troubles caused by lightning may involve other parts of the eye or produce paralysis of the muscles which move it. The lesions of the crystalline lens are most frequent. The opacity of the lens may begin within a few days after the stroke of lightning, or in a few weeks, or it may be delayed in its appearance for some months. Such cataracts are a long time in maturing, so as to permit of successful operations. The author's case had no bad effects until six months after the stroke. They were three years in maturing, and at one time there was a long period in which the process was entirely stationary. The operative results were excellent.

CLOTHES OF WOOD—A GARMENT THAT LOOKS AS IF IT WOULD WEAR LIKE LEATHER.

THIS waistcoat is made of pine wood, said the cardroom boss of a woolen mill. The garment, of a thick, stiff, bluish stuff, looked as if it would wear like leather.

It will wear like leather, too, said the cardroom boss. If my experiments succeed, cheap clothes in the future will be made of spruce or pine, instead of wool or cotton. A suit, then, will cost half a dollar and last five years. Napkins, shirts and collars are made of a plant fibre, the fibre of hemp. Why, then, I asked myself last year, shouldn't heavier, coarser stuffs be made of the fibre of wood? I began to experiment, and here—be tapped his stomach, which the waistcoat covered—here is the result. First, I grind the wood into a soft pulp. I press this pulp through perforated iron plates. It comes forth in long ropes, each rope as thick as a sausage. I dry these thick ropes, which a breath would break, and then I twist them, twist them tighter and tighter, smaller and smaller, till finally they become threads.

Once the threads are gotten, the rest is easy. Part of the threads become a warp, and form the lengthwise lines of a piece of cloth in a loom. Part of them become filling and dart in clattering shuttles across the warp. Thus the weaving goes on, and out of the warp, or lengthwise threads, and the filling or crosswise threads, we get a strong piece of woollen cloth.

Some day, when I'll have perfected my experiment, you'll hear me saying in clothing stores: "Is this suit all oak? Do you guarantee that there is no cheap yellow pine in it?"

lar to that of a watchman or a policeman, but far more mechanical and less exciting. What a miserable, what a melancholy conception of a career! To spend one's life at just making money is poor enough use of the one chance to live; to spend it at watching a heap of money—what dullness, what dreariness! And in a world teeming with opportunities to live honestly, vividly, interestingly, usefully!—Saturday Evening Post.

In the southern Caucasus a traveler may still apply for food and shelter in any house and be sure of a welcome and the best available fare.



CUT FLOWERS.

Cut flowers will last much longer in water if the stalk is peeled. This is especially true in the case of any shrub plant. Succulent stalks may be split up the ends. This process expedites the absorption of water and keeps the plant fresh. The Japanese dab a bit of salt at the base of some blossoms to postpone the dropping which is occasioned by dryness.

SAND AND FLOWERS.

For bulbs in the mixed border white sand has a very particular service quite distinct from its use to the young roots. It never cakes, and when digging its color warns one if too near a bulb. Its cost is infinitesimal, as a sack can be had from the grocer for almost nothing, and that quantity goes a long way. We not only set all our lily and other bulbs in this white sand, but a little of the earth is removed from the crowns of such plants as larkspur, foxglove, columbine and hollyhocks and replaced with the sand. In the spring the crowns are fresh and clean, and the sand prevents trouble from baked or saggy soil during the following summer.—Garden Magazine.

GROWING FERNS IN POTS.

Many persons have given up growing ferns in pots on account of poor success with them. They get fine plants from the florist and in a few months they go to pieces. There are but a few things to know in order to keep ferns in good condition, and have them increase in beauty from year to year, says an authority. They must be grown in a moist atmosphere. If kept in a hot, dry room they will do no good. For this reason they do poorly in rooms heated by steam or hot water unless provision is made for adding moisture to the air. A room heated by a hot air heater which has an evaporating pan is the best for ferns. Also the soil must be kept moist at all times, yet well drained. The soil should be made up of peaty loam, one part, and leaf mold, one part, and a handful of bone meal to a pot.

APPLE DAY.

We are gratified to receive good reports of the general observance of National Apple Day all over the United States. Like other movements, it has its day of small beginning, but its quiet observation in many places was effective in sowing good seed that will take lasting root and show excellent results with passing years. The Boston papers gave good reports of the observance of the day in that city and throughout different parts of New England. Among the pleasantest things noted in the work of those interested in apple industry in New Hampshire, in many places in that State the school-children were given trolley-party rides into the country to see the orchards and the autumn foliage on the trees. Oklahoma deserves special mention for its enthusiasm in observing this day. In most places the school-children were given apples, lit early exercises were held suitable for the occasion, and many families vied with each other in efforts to discover the many different ways apples could be cooked and served on dining tables.—The Apple Specialist.

A GOOD APPLE STOREHOUSE.

I am convinced that every orchard should have some sort of a storage room as near as possible owing to scarcity of help and it should be co-operative, if favorably situated for such a plan. I will describe my own. The underpinning was carefully fitted, pointed with a mixture of lime and cement, air tight save for two small places left for ventilation. Our house is built with four air-tight partitions, making three dead air spaces, made by two thicknesses of boards with sheathing paper between.

The outside and inside of the buildings are of sheathing boards. All the other parts are made of the very cheapest materials. Upon the tightness of the partitions depends the success of the building.

We have two double windows fitted with shutters outside and in. For common use we have an ordinary door large enough to drive a double team into, with an extra door containing an air space, to close up for winter. A fine 10x12 inches opens from the floor opposite the door, going down four or five feet, then rubbing off into a hollow. This is used for cooling the apples when first stored, also for ventilation.

Two small flues and a movable stairway, so constructed as to make an air space like the rest of the ceiling, lead to the chamber above. This ceiling is of two thicknesses of board and one of sheathing paper, and the floor of the chamber is made in the same way, making an air space between. The house has been in use eleven years, the fruit keeping in practically a perfect condition. The apples are stored as they are picked, being careful not to bruise them. There is as little waste as if shipped to cold storage. Evenness of temperature favors keeping. We have known the house after being cooled down to nearly freezing to remain weeks without varying a degree. There is little loss from shrinkage, and we have got from twenty-five to fifty cents more per barrel by holding the fruit awhile. Our orchard has outgrown the storage, and we are adding another room built on about the same principle.—F. H. Morse, in the American Cultivator.

The man who takes everything for granted rarely has time to be surprised at anything.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS



A KETTLE CLEANER.

A little article which housekeepers who have used pronounce indispensable could easily be made at home if not found in the local store, but the cost being only a dime it is of course cheaper to purchase if possible. It is a piece of heavy zinc, cut about three inches long and two inches wide with a slanting piece cut from one end, all the corners rounded and a hole pierced in one end by which it can be hung on a nail beside the sink. It is a kettle cleaner, and it does its work well.

COTTON WASTE CLEANSER.

Why do not housekeepers adopt cotton waste as a cleaning agent? Watch the engineer pick up a bunch of waste, wipe off oil or dust and throw the cotton into a heap to be burned at his convenience. How much better than to use a cloth which some one had to hem and some one else would have to wash and iron. Why not cotton waste the best possible stuff to use instead of so many floor cloths, wall cloths, dust cloths, stove cleaners and mops? It is cheap, and it can be had anywhere. Cotton waste, by the way, is one of the best agencies for polishing waxed floors or furniture.

CARE OF LINOLEUM.

A household economies authority says: "In caring for linoleum do not use soapsuds as for scrubbing a floor. It stands to reason that soap is going to injure the varnish and the finish. On a farm where there is plenty of milk, a cloth wrung out of skim milk is the best means of taking up the dust and brightening the linoleum. Where milk is scarce, or needed for food, use lukewarm water, to which has been added half a cupful of kerosene. Wring the cloth rather dry from this, and go over the linoleum after sweeping, and it will be quite new and bright, and the finish uninjured. * * * Most housewives scrub oilcloth and linoleum as though it were a hard floor; it is dusty rather than dirty, since everything remains on the top, and for this reason a clean cloth slightly damp is all that is necessary."

HINTS ON CAKE-MAKING.

Home-made cakes, skillfully mixed and baked, are wholesome, more nourishing and far more appetizing than bought ones. The art of cake-making is simple, the important points being exactitude in the proportions of ingredients, care in preparing them, and lightness of hand in mixing.

Here are a few "sign-posts" which will point the way to success in cake-making:

All ingredients to be of good quality. The flour should be thoroughly dry and sifted well, if the cake is to be light. Damp flour makes heavy cakes. Fruit should be freed of stalks, stones and be rubbed in a clean cloth. Fresh butter is better than salt; and sweet, pure beef dripping makes excellent plain cakes.

Weigh each ingredient carefully, and be sure the quantities are correct.

Before greasing a cake-tin or lining it with greased paper, the tin must be greased properly, and, therefore, the cake will stick.

A pinch of salt should be added to every cake; it brings out the flavor of the ingredients.

For all light and fancy cakes butter is usually creamed, and the operation is well worth the trouble. Warm a basin slightly, put the butter and sugar in it, and with a large silver fork or the hand work it round and round, until it is creamy.



Tutti Frutti Gems—Into a cupful of sweet milk stir the well-beaten yolks of three eggs, add one teaspoonful of salt and two and one-half cupfuls of flour into which has been sifted a teaspoonful of baking powder; when these ingredients have been thoroughly mixed, stir in one and one-half cupfuls of chopped raisins, almonds and candied pineapple; lastly, beat in lightly the yolks of three eggs, and bake about twenty minutes in a quick oven in gem pans.

Celery Toast—Clean the celery and cut into inch pieces, cover with boiling water and cook until tender; drain off the water. Prepare a cream sauce in the following manner: Scald one cupful of milk; melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, stir in two tablespoonfuls of flour, then add the milk gradually; stir constantly until smooth, cooking for five minutes afterward; add the cooked celery to the sauce and pour over; garnish with slices of buttered toast.

Russian Salad—A Russian salad is described by a correspondent of Good Housekeeping. Small tomatoes were skinned and partially scooped out, to be filled with a slice of green pepper very thin, a ring of green pepper around the cucumber, and a small round of truffle to garnish. Place the decorated tomatoes in nests of lettuce leaves and pour over them the following highly original dressing: Mix four tablespoonfuls of mustard, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, half a cupful of paprika, one tablespoonful of vinegar, and one-half teaspoonful of table sauce. Add very slowly, stirring all the time, half a cupful of olive oil. French mustard is indicated and the best imported should be used.