

## WHEN MY DREAMS COME TRUE.

I.

When my dreams come true—when my dreams come true—  
Shall I lean from out my casement, in the starlight and the dew,  
To listen—smile and listen to the tinkle of the strings  
Of the sweet guitar my lover's fingers fondle, as he sings?  
And as the moon slowly, slowly shoulders into view,  
Shall I vanish from his vision—when my dreams come true?

When my dreams come true—shall the simple gown I wear  
Be changed to softest satin, and my maiden-braided hair  
Be raveled into flossy mists of rarest, fairest gold.  
To be minted into kisses, more than any heart can hold?—  
Or "the summer of my tresses" shall my lover liken to  
"The fervor of his passion"—when my dreams come true?

II.

When my dreams come true—I shall bide among the sheaves  
Of happy harvest meadows; and the grasses and the leaves  
Shall lift and lean between me and the splendor of the sun,  
Till the noon swoons into twilight, and the gleaners' work is done—  
Save that yet an arm shall bind me, even as the reapers do  
The meaneast sheaf of harvest—when my dreams come true.

When my dreams come true! when my dreams come true!  
True love in all simplicity is fresh and pure as dew:—  
The blossom in the blackest mold is kinder to the eye  
Than any lily born of pride that looms against the sky;  
And so it is I know my heart will gladly welcome you,  
My lowliest of lovers, when my dreams come true.

## IS THERE ANY JUST CAUSE OR IMPEDIMENT?

THE harbor of Hongkong was looking its loveliest on this mellow October afternoon as the big P. and O. steamer slowly glided from her moorings amidst the crowd of shipping that filled the harbor, from the smart British man-of-war and typical Chinese junk to the quaint native sampan, which scudded along under its queer little sail, leaning over until it looked in danger of capsizing altogether.

There were not many passengers on board the Parramatta, for this was not a time of the year that many people traveled from the east homeward. But amidst the stir and bustle attendant on the departure of a big mail steamer, and the settling down of newly joined passengers, two people—both passengers—formed a tranquil contrast.

They were a man and a woman, strangers to each other, but both were leaning over the rail, not many paces apart, engaged in the same occupation—that of contemplating the rapidly receding shore. The setting sun was gilding the peak with a golden glory which extended to the whole of the long and rugged range of hills that comprise the island of Hongkong. Presently the last of the white buildings, so thickly dotting the sides and top of the peak, disappeared. Then the plague hospital and surrounding cemetery, in its lonely isolation, slowly vanished round a projecting hill, then the last of the shipping, and the Parramatta was going swiftly through the deep blue water, full speed ahead for Singapore.

Now and again a junk would creep past, sailing lazily under its quaint matting sail. The sky was gloriously blue and flecked with fluffy white clouds here and there, the air mild and warm.

Major Walton, although his eyes rested on the gold-tipped hills they were so swiftly passing, saw them not at all. His thoughts were all inward, too much occupied with a bitter past to take much heed of the surroundings of the present. It was the old, old story his mind was dwelling on. That of a woman's frailty and a man's villainy, and although the events which had well nigh wrecked his life had all happened more than a year ago now, they were brought but too freshly to his mind by this journey home. "Home! And what a homecoming!" he said to himself bitterly.

The story was one perhaps only too common. He and his wife, the latter beautiful, spoiled, vain, had been staying in the south of France, and had gone on to Monte Carlo for a week or two. Here they had met Sir Lionel Hipplesley, a handsome, shallow young Englishman, who was doing his best, without success, to ruin himself at the tables, although the money he so freely squandered was not his, but his young wife's, and, as rumor averred, he had married the pretty Scotch heiress only for her fortune.

He was staying at Monte Carlo very much en garçon, his wife being ill at home and unable to travel. He and the Waltons became acquainted, and he appeared much struck by Mrs. Walton's beauty, while she was both pleased and flattered by his admiration and attentions, and her husband, glad that she should be amused, thought or suspected no wrong. Under Hipplesley's guidance, Mrs. Walton became an ardent gambler, and a good many bank notes fluttered away; but Walton was a rich man, and could afford to indulge her every whim.

However, the wretched woman was losing more than her money, for her heart—which had never been her hus-

band's, his money being his greatest attraction in her eyes—was fast going away from her keeping into that of the good-looking, empty-headed young baronet.

Then had come the war in South Africa, and Walton's regiment was among the first ordered to the front, and he departed, leaving his wife more or less her own mistress and with the command of plenty of money.

During her husband's absence she again met Sir Lionel Hipplesley, this time at home, and he more than ever fired by her excessive beauty persuaded her—a too willing victim—to run away with him to Paris. From there she wrote to her husband and told him she had never really cared for him, and that now she loved only one man on earth, and that man was Sir Lionel Hipplesley.

The blow almost stunned Walton in the first great shock, and although, during the horrors and dangers of that campaign, he had courted death often and often, when his friends and com-



"IS IT TO BE—YES?"

rades were shot down at his side almost, he seemed to possess a charmed life. At last he was wounded and invalided home, when he speedily obtained his divorce. Hipplesley's wife had already divorced her husband. Immediately after the trial Walton had started on a voyage to Japan, and was now, after a year spent in the east, once more returning to England. No wonder he pondered somewhat bitterly on his homecoming, with no home and no wife. His love for her was as completely dead as if it had never existed, while nothing but a vague pity for her remained. Hipplesley and she were now married, and Walton often wondered if she would ever rue the day she ran away with him. He thought so, for Hipplesley was weak as water, and utterly selfish.

The last lingering sunray had disappeared, and a sudden coldness and grayness seemed to overspread everything. The wind was freshening up, too, and the Parramatta was beginning to rise and fall to a heavier sea.

With a short, impatient sigh Walton roused himself, and turned to go to the smoking room. As he did so the lady near him turned to go below at the same moment, and they came face to face. Such a beautiful, pathetic face, out of which shone a pair of dark, bluish gray eyes, Walton, as for an instant his eyes met hers, felt a sudden thrill of interest, and he wondered who she was.

He very soon found out, for on board ship one speedily becomes aware of the identity—whether true or false—of one's fellow passengers. She was a Mrs. Grenville, a widow, and had been staying at Hongkong with friends, and was now returning to England. She was chaperoned by an aunt, Lady Grahame, a placid, white-haired, elder-

ly lady, with a plaintive voice, who became, in the intimacy of a long sea voyage, very confidential with Walton, for whose bronzed face and kindly gray eyes she had conceived a strong liking.

"I wish Violet would make up her mind to marry again," she said one day, when the Parramatta had left Singapore far behind, and they were steaming through the heat of the Indian Ocean, "but I fear she never will. She had a very unhappy married life, short as it was, and I am afraid she will never care to repeat the experiment."

Walton murmured something inaudible. The idea somehow of Mrs. Grenville marrying any one became very distasteful to him, unless—and his heart suddenly beat faster, and his cheek flushed as he all at once realized that Violet Grenville had become very dear to him.

They had spent a great deal of their time together during these long, hot days, and had paced the deck after dinner in the cool darkness of those tropical nights, and she had attracted him more than any other woman he had ever met, for his wife had never attracted him or appealed to the intellectual side of his nature as Mrs. Grenville did; and alas! he knew now that the feeling he had had for his wife was but a purely physical passion born for her beauty. She could never have held his mind—she was too shallow, too vain.

After that conversation with Lady Grahame, Walton's eyes were opened to the true state of his feelings for Mrs. Grenville, but as yet he gave her no hint. First he must tell her his story, yet he shrank from the idea of laying bare the shameful past before that pure soul.

The days glided swiftly away, swift even in their monotony. Aden, that barren-looking spot, with its cluster of red-roofed dwellings, lying low on the shore—all that can be seen from the steamer as it lies at anchor—had been passed, the Parramatta had steamed through the Red Sea, and was rapidly nearing Suez.

It was a couple of evenings later; Suez was left behind, and the Parramatta had entered the canal. Several passengers had remained on deck to view the entrance, though to a good many the sight was no novelty. Among the former were Walton and Mrs. Grenville. The big searchlight affixed to the steamer's bows threw a brilliant glare ahead, and lighted up the dim, sandy banks of the desert, past which they glided.

Walton and his companion leaned side by side over the rail, and talked in a fragmentary manner, but there was an intonation in his voice, a tenderness in his gray eyes that made her heart beat and stirred her pulses strangely. One little hand lay near his, and suddenly his closed on it, and he raised it to his lips and kissed it passionately.

"My darling," he whispered. "Violet, I love you. Will you be my wife? Speak to me, darling; tell me I have not hoped in vain."

For a moment, as he put his arm round her and drew her to him, she yielded to his embrace. Then she hurriedly drew herself away.

"Wait until to-morrow," she murmured. "I—I will tell you then, if you still care to hear."

"Care to hear?" he cried passionately. "Child, don't you guess how much I love you?"

But with a sad little smile she flitted from his side, and was lost in the shadows of the deck.

The next day the Parramatta was still in the canal, gliding along its sinuous windings. All through that long, hot day—or the earlier portions of it—it almost seemed as if Mrs. Grenville wanted to avoid Major Walton. She remained in her cabin under the plea of a headache, and it was now nearly 5 o'clock. To Walton—in his lover's impatience—that day had seemed endless, with its usual canal incidents of little Arab boys running along the banks beside the slowly moving steamer, shouting for backsheesh; or the occasional appearance on the banks of a solitary Arab and his camel; or a whole herd of camels gathered together, crouching in the sand, giving an old world, biblical aspect to the scenery.

But punctually at 5 o'clock, Mrs. Grenville appeared on deck, looking very lovely in her white dress, though her face was pale and heavy shadows rested under the gray-blue eyes. Walton, to whom her coming was as a glimpse of paradise, hurried forward to meet her, and he carried her deck chair to a secluded corner, shaded from the glare of the afternoon sun, which was now creeping to its rest. They were more or less quite alone, for most of the passengers were below enjoying siestas, and Walton drew a chair near to his companion's.

"Well, Violet, which is it to be?" he whispered. "You don't know what tortures of impatience and uncertainty I have suffered since last night. Is it to be—yes?" and he tried to read his answer in her averted eyes.

She was deadly pale, and her slender hands trembled as they lay in her lap. "Wait," she murmured faintly. "I—I have something to tell you before I give you my answer, something that

you ought to know. If after—you still care, I—will—say yes."

"My darling," he cried. "Violet, only say you love me a little, and I don't care for anything else."

A little flush and a faint smile brightened her face.

"Yes, I—I do care for you," she whispered. "More than I thought I could ever care for any one. I feel I can trust you, lean on you, respect you, and you do not know what all that means to a woman who has suffered as I have, and has had every illusion stripped from her. Listen, and I will tell you my story. To begin with: I am not a widow, as you thought, and my name is not Grenville. It was my mother's name, and I took it when I dropped my own, after—after I was divorced. I divorced my husband nearly two years ago now. We had only been married a short time, and I was ill, when he went abroad and met there a married woman who I suppose attracted him. But to cut the story short—he finally ran away with her to Paris, after her husband had been ordered out to South Africa. She was a Mrs. Walton, oddly enough, a namesake of yours."

Walton had turned livid. "Good God!" he cried hoarsely. "My wife!"

"Your wife?" echoed his companion. "Then—then you—"

"Yes," he answered thickly. "My wife. I was the husband of that wretched woman."

"Then it was not a mere coincidence, as I thought it was, your name being the same? I never dreamed of this," she murmured brokenly.

Walton rose and leaned over the rail, turning his feverish brow to the desert, where a little breeze was blowing from the mountains. His mind was in a whirl, only one thought being uppermost!

"Then you are really—"

"Lady Hipplesley," she replied bitterly.

There followed a long silence, only broken by the slow pulsing of the engines and the ripple and eddy of the water caused by the steamer's wash. Two pairs of blank, unseeing eyes gazed out over the wide desert, and the sun went down in a sea of blood behind the distant line of hills, while in the pale, cold east hovered the faint crescent of the new moon.

At length the man roused himself, and fixing his eyes yearningly on the pale face before him, he said, abruptly:

"Well, darling, and why not? Is there any just cause or impediment? Why not?"

"Why not?" she whispered dreamily, letting her hand fall in his.—P. B. Pattison in *The Bystander*.

## THE PEKINESE TOY DOG.

Fashionable Women of London Prefer Chinese Spaniels for Pets.

The most fashionable dog in London just now is the Pekinese spaniel, says a London cable to the *New York Herald*. This fact was demonstrated at the first members' show of the Ladies' Kennel Association, held at Westminster recently.

Among all the tiny pet dogs which were seen there in silk-lined pens the Pekinese were easily first in popularity. Additional interest was centered in them by reason of their being judged by a Mandarin, Wang Yun, from the Chinese embassy, in his picturesque oriental silks.

It was really a good show, and so well was it managed that it gave a death blow to the belief that women are unable to govern.

The entries totaled upward of 600, but the actual number of dogs benched fell a little short of 400. They consisted mostly of toys, and it was one of these Japanese spaniels, named Fugi of Kobe, belonging to Miss Marie Lorena, to which the judges awarded the prize for the best dog in the show. The honors for the best of the opposite sex went to a greyhound named Joyous Girdle, owned by Miss Joan Godfrey.

The exhibition was packed from the opening to the close by a company which consisted mostly of well-dressed women.

Among the exhibitors were the Countess of Aberdeen, who won with her drop-eared Skye terriers; the Countess of Chesterfield, Lady Decies, successful with her Pekinese; Lady Ewart, Lady Eva Heathcote, Lady Kathleen Pilkington, whose toy bulls were to the fore; Lady Clementine Waring, who also won with her Pekinese; the Hon. Mrs. Maclaren Morrison, who took all the prizes for both the Lhasa terriers and Samoyedes; the Hon. Mrs. Ballie, of Dochfour, the Hon. Mrs. Barot, taking prizes for griffons and bruxellois; Lady Moor and the Hon. Rose Hubbard, with Pomeranians. Hamilton Nick, the property of Mrs. Henry Morris, was the best chowchow in the show. The dachshunds were headed by Mrs. Gerald Spencer's Jenny Spinner and Mrs. Beere's Rienzi.

## This Reading Comes High.

In memory of King Humbert, Queen Margherita of Italy has built a library on the top of Pic d'Orden, in the Alps. The library occupies a higher site than any other institution of its kind in the world.



"Ranawara" is believed by planter experimenters of Colombo to have a promising future as a substitute for tea.

By breeding and feeding his fowls in a special way, a chemist in Wiesbaden, Germany, has been able to so increase the natural quantity of iron in eggs that they are medicinal and useful for the cure of various diseases.

Analyses of 350 samples of coal from forty-four French, Belgian, German and British mines have shown M. Sallard that a good coal should contain about twenty per cent of volatile matter and not more than six to eight per cent of ash.

The flavor of hens' eggs is declared by an English medical man to be very materially affected by food. When the hens act as scavengers their eggs are made unfit to eat, but a diet of sunflower seeds produces remarkably fine and sweet eggs.

The coating on the scales of fish has been studied by a recent investigator. He attributes the fish's agility of movement and sustained life in water to this substance, and has at last produced a composition identical with it. This artificial coating is claimed to be moisture proof and a preservative, and when applied to ships' bottoms it keeps them free from barnacles, thus tending to give increased speed.

Prof. Flinders Petrie, the Egyptologist, has made some important discoveries in the Sinai peninsula. The ancient temple of Seabit el Khadem, five days' camel journey south of Suez, he found to be of a Semitic type, different from any other known Egyptian temple, possessing two courts for abtulation and a long series of subterranean chambers. These had been added by successive kings from the eighteenth to the twentieth dynasties.

Will Japan's new island that appeared recently from the depths of the sea endure? Scientists have been asking this question. Graham Island popped up in much the same way in the Mediterranean sea in 1831 and was at once decorated with an English flag. But the action of the waves demolished the island in a short time. On the other hand, the island of Bogosloff, in the Bering sea, appeared with equal suddenness in 1795, and, together with a second island formed in 1883, has stood the test of time to the present day.

F. A. Lucas of the Brooklyn Institute Museum, who has made a special study of whales in Newfoundland, says that the average length of a full-grown sulphur-bottom whale is just under 80 feet. This estimate disregards the exaggerated reports sometimes spread by sailors, and is based on actual measurements of many individual specimens. There seem to be credible accounts of whales reaching a length of from 85 to 95 feet, but Mr. Lucas did not see any of that size. Whales appear to grow with great rapidity, the length of "yearlings" being estimated at from 30 to 35 feet.

Studies made at the Western Maryland College by Miss E. M. Brace indicate that the chief function of the slender forked tongue which darts in so startling a manner from the mouth of a disturbed serpent may be connected with a sense of feeling that does not require the stimulus of actual contact, but which may be a finer development of the sense that enables some persons to avoid obstacles in the dark without touching them. This peculiar sensitiveness is sometimes highly developed in the blind. The forking of the tip of the snake's tongue and the numerous folds that lie behind the forking evidently serve greatly to increase the surface exposure of the organ.

## Both on Their Guard.

A plumber was sent to the house of a wealthy broker to make repairs, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger. He was taken by the butler into the pantry, and was beginning his work when the woman of the house entered.

"James," she said to the butler, with a suspicious look at the plumber, "remove the silver from the sideboard at once and lock it up."

The plumber turned calmly to his assistant and handed him his valuables.

"Tom," he said, "take my watch and chain and these few coppers home to my wife at once, and tell her to keep them safe for me."

## Cruel Deception.

Mrs. Justwed—The butcher deceived me about this tough old chicken.

Mr. J.—Didn't you examine it?  
Mrs. J.—Yes, and I should have followed my own instincts. I looked in its mouth and told him it was old—it had lost all its teeth. But that horrid butcher said I was mistaken—it was a spring chicken and hadn't cut its first ones yet. And I b-b-believed him!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Do not go too much into details in your conversation. If you touch only the high places, you can get over more ground.