

DREAMS.

I dreamed I had hard words with you
Last night, dear love, I know not why;
Some trivial word or act of yours
Had roused my anger, and when I
Awoke at last my heart and brain
Were smarting with the wrong and pain.

I dreamed your eyes—those tender eyes—
Looked coldly, sternly, into mine,
And in the accents of your voice
Was no conciliating sign.
And yet 'tis strange I do not know
What 'twas that chafed and vexed me so.

Forgive me, love! I had forgot;
Dreams are as treacherous as our joys,
And, dreaming, I remembered not
That for three years your blessed voice
Had silent been, and daisies white
Had hid your sweet eyes from my sight.
—American Cultivator.

DOMESTIC DISTURBANCE.

Bang, bang! "In Heaven's name
has she gone deaf then, or has she
gone to the —?"

And the good man gave several
blows from a fist as solid as a ship's
mallet on the wooden shutters of his
cabin.

"Open, I say! Can you be sleeping
yet at this hour of the day!" he ex-
claimed, pressing his ear against the
window, which organ was a little
deafened by age and the cutting winds
of the ocean.

But he could hear only the tic-tac of
the tall, old-fashioned clock and the
flapping of the magpie's wing, which,
frightened by the noise, struck the
furniture as she hopped across the
room.

Soon from behind the hedge, browned
by the frosts which so often lay like
a fine covering of lace over the little
garden, he heard a sharp, broken
voice cry:

"Here I am, my man, here I am!"
A ruddy-faced woman in short skirts
and a high white cap which closely
fitted her tanned temples quickly ran
with bare feet across the rough peb-
bles, and almost out of breath, stood
by him. He turned like a whirl of
rude wind, angrily threw down his
cap, and thundered out:

"Heaven and earth! This is the
way, then, that you keep the house
while I am slaving on the rough sea!"
Then snatching from the good woman's
hand a great rusty key, with which
she had been trying vainly to open the
door, with one wrench of his power-
ful fingers he turned the lock and en-
tered his domicile.

On seeing the fireless hearth, the
good man Mele crossed his arms, and
shaking with anger buried his purple
nose in his thick, gray beard, mutter-
ing:

"This is fine! This is comforting!
Fire out. No means to have anything
to warm one when coming in from
cold rain and biting wind. One must
go to bed with a cold stomach and
sea-soaked feet. All this because the
one whose duty it is to keep your
home ready for you likes better to run
the streets and idle it with her neigh-
bors!"

The good wife bent over the cinders,
blowing with all the strength of her
inflated cheeks, but never answering a
word.

"I am sure you were about to start
off on another chattering tour. What
a tongue you have, to be sure! Ever
wagging like the tail of a fish in full
swim. You'll lose it or wear it out
some day I hope."

Soon the kettle was singing, and the
wife set the blue-figured plates on the
table. Still grumbling, the fisherman
sat down, drew forth his pocket-knife,
cut a thick slice of dark bread, and
drank off, one after another, two good
mugs of cider. This repast of the
morning after his return from the sea,
still shivering with the cold and fa-
tigue of his work, was the best hour of
his home life. He prolonged it as much
as possible, spreading slowly some
crumbs of butter as thin as might be
on his slices of bread.

It was the moment when the chat-
ting of his wife amused him most.

After the long quiet of the night, the
light gossiping was to his mind what
the fire was to his body.

The good man listened silently to
all this chat without a movement of
his tanned features. When she had
finished, he would say in a calm voice,
while pouring for her a glass of cider:
"Come, now, that's enough for this
morning. You'll bring on the pip
and lose your tongue. If you don't give
it a rest."

That did not vex her, for she knew
that, in spite of his silence or chaffing,
he really liked to listen as much as
she liked to talk, and even admired
her for it.

But this morning she was aggra-
vated by his comparison to the
perpetual motions of a fish's tail. So,
instead of sitting down to the table
with him, she sat by the fire with her
bowl of soup on her knee, giving him
only the pleasure of a back view.

The warmth of the fire and repast
having chased away the bad humor
from the good man, he thought, in
his masculine egotism, that he had
only to speak in order to set the cur-
rent of speech in its normal direction
and activity.

"Well, well, my woman, come!
What has been the gossip this morn-
ing?" Without a movement of her
chair or a turn of her head, she re-
plied:

"Really? You seem as curious about
neighborly affairs as I am. Go, then,
and find out for yourself."

Then, angrily, he replied:
"Have you got the pip, or have you
tired your tongue? Say?"

"If I have, I am going to be quiet
in order to be cured or rested."

"That will need fifteen minutes or a
half-hour," he added, half mischiev-
ously and half angrily.

"It will last until you take back
what you said, or talk yourself."

"Good! You have said your last
word for a long time, then!"

And throwing the bread across the
room into the open box he went into
the shed to mend his nets. While
working, he glanced from time to time
into the room to mark any change in
the good woman's mien. Generally
in her movements she talked either to
him, the cat or the bird, or hummed
in her cracked voice snatches of the
songs of her younger days.

From these premises the good man
concluded: "She can't hold her
tongue much longer, surely."

But, to his great astonishment, she
swept the house, scoured the table and
tiled the floor, punished the bird that
had flown on the bed, shelled the beans
and sat down to her knitting without
opening her tight-set lips. "Thunder
and lightning! She is in an obstinate
humor!" thought the husband astounded.

The morning passed thus in mutual,
obstinate silence, each determined not
to yield by speaking the first word.

Hours of the same obstinate silence
followed, but at last the good man en-
tered the room.

"He can't bear it any longer; he's
going to speak!" thought the wife, de-
lighted at the idea of her conquest.

But instead of speaking, or even
looking at her, he went directly to the
high cupboard. Mounting a footstool
he began to search carefully with the
close attention of one who had lost
something very precious. One by one
he brought down piles of sheets and
towels, and placed them on the bed,
displaced the odds and ends of bric-a-
brac accumulated during their thirty
years of wedded life, which formed a
mosaic and precious picture from the
past.

There were bits of china bought at
fairs, foreign curiosities, by the sailor
boy the elder son now sleeping forever
in distant China; another blue box in
which was carefully preserved the
bridal veil of the now aged woman,
embroidered by her youthful fingers.

The husband examined each treasure
most minutely, stopping to contemplate
each object. He soon attacked the
second cupboard.

His wife could not help a feeling of
disturbance at first, which increased
into anxiety that made her follow his
movements with close but secret watch-
fulness. As his eagerness in searching
became more intense, so her curiosity
mounted to the insupportable point.

"What in the name of Heaven has
he lost? It cannot be his knife, for he
had it this morning in his hand. What
can it be?" She continued to watch
him in the hope that some gesture of
his would enlighten her, or in his irri-
tation that the name of the lost object
would escape his lips.

But with a perseverance that one
would never have believed of him, he
continued his work until dark without
even a whisper.

With the night came the tide and
the hour for departure, but he seemed
all unconscious of the call of duty.

Having completely scrutinized every
corner and object in the second cup-
board, he lighted a candle, and setting
the candle-stick on the tiles threw
himself down and began to peer under
the bed.

That was too much for the poor
woman's power of control. Her obsti-
nacy melted before the fire of her
curiosity, and vanquished she asked:

"What in all this world are you
looking for, my man?"

Jumping to his feet, he burst into a
hard laugh that shook the old hut and
answered:

"I often told you you'd lose or wear
it out some day, but now that I've
found it, take care of it for the future.
After all, 'tain't worth while to lose
one's—" and being given to gesture,
he touched with his thumb the tip of
his tongue, to indicate that of his wife,
the use of which he had missed so
much during the long, long day.—
Adapted from the French by Bally
Blake.

The Wild Men of Prester John.

In the "Travails of Edward Webbe,"
1590, occurs this paragraph: "In the
court of Prester John there is a wild
man, and another in the high street of
Constantinople, each having a daily
allowance of one quarter of raw mutton;
and, when any man dieth for
some notorious offence, then they are
allowed every day a quarter of a man's
flesh. . . . These men are chained
fast, and all over their body they have
long hair."

Went to Law.

A would-be suicide in Cincinnati,
who left instructions and the money
for her burial with a friend, didn't
succeed with her rash act, and there-
upon demanded the return of the
funeral money. The friend would on-
ly pay over a portion of the cash, so
instead of being a corpse she became
the prosecutrix in a law suit, which
has just been decided in her favor.

"COME HOME."

The Strange Story of a Phantom Train
and Rotten Ties.

It was fifteen years ago that three
young men, Hermann Eckman, Henry
Dean and myself, alighted just at dusk
from a northern bound train at the lit-
tle village of W—, says a writer in
the Boston Globe.

Hermann was a physician, very
plain-spoken and practical. Henry
and myself were more Bohemian, being,
as we were, struggling artists, await-
ing the slow step of fame and fortune.

We were bound for the town of S—,
three miles distant, where we were to
meet some friends and while away a
few days of October in duck shooting.

After making some inquiries we
found that the stage would wait for
passengers on the southern-bound ex-
press, a matter of about an hour.

"You might take the old spur," sug-
gested the agent, if you ain't afraid of
the walk. It is part of the old track
down to the quarries, but it is straight
'n there ain't been any train on it these
ten years."

For a few minutes we walked in si-
lence, Hermann taking long pulls at

his cigar and seeming absorbed in
meditation.

It was a beautiful night, clear and a
little cold. The moon had not yet
risen, but the stars were so bright that
we hardly missed the serene little old
lady.

Suddenly a long, shrill whistle
sounded just beyond the cut which
loomed on either side of the track.

"Thought they didn't use this road,"
said I.

"On the main line, perhaps," replied
Henry.

Another whistle nearer still, put his
theory to rout, a moment later the
head-light appeared in the end of the
cut.

We stepped to one side and held on
our hats, while with a roar the train
swept by, followed by a cloud of dust.

"Boys!" could that be Hermann's
voice? "Boys, do you know what
we've done?" His face was pale, and
like a marble statue he stood pointing
at the track.

"Why, yes. Stepped off, didn't we?
He's got the dillium tremendous,"
laughed the indomitable Harry, fol-
lowing the direction of the doctor's
finger.

He knelt quickly and examined the
track; then raising a ghastly face to
the starlight, he exclaimed in a husky
whisper, "No rails!"

Just then we heard again the long,
melancholy whistle of the train, and
from a distance it was repeated tremu-
lously by some belated echo.

The silence of an October night in
the middle of a railroad cut, surround-
ed by black, mysterious pine trees,
with their gaunt, misshapen shadows,
and the cold, cold stars above, is not
calculated to be very composing to the
nerves, especially after seeing a phan-
tom train.

The rank weeds growing between
the rotting sleepers seemed to snatch
at my feet as I hurried on, and I re-
member giving a little gasp of horror
as a careless bat, too eager in pursuit
of his prey, flew against my sleeve.

When we reached S—, and, seated
by a comfortable fire, related our ex-
perience, our friends were inclined to
laugh, thinking we were trying some
practical joke. But the next day
came a telegram for Hermann, stating
that his brother was dead, killed by
the express the evening before, and
ending with two pathetic little words,
"Come home!"

Life Made Comfortable.

Borem—Still living in Jersey, eh?
Hustler—Yes; I have no thought of
coming back to the city.

Borem—But it must be very incon-
venient, forty minutes by train and fif-
teen by boat every day, and you've got
to catch both right on the minute.

Hustler—That's what I like about
it. You see when people buttonhole
me and get to talking, all I have to do
is to jerk out my watch, mutter some-
thing about train time and I get away
without giving offence. See?

Borem—Ha, ha! That's good. That
reminds me of a little thing Saphead
was telling last—

Hustler—By the way, it's train time
now. Ta-ta.—New York Weekly.

Omens and Coincidences.

"Do I believe in omens?" said a
resident of Detroit. "Well, I don't
know. I certainly believe in coinci-
dences. An acquaintance of mine who
was interested in getting up a statue
to a famous man came to my house to
look at a picture and a plaster bust I
happened to have. After he had gone
I picked up the book I had been read-
ing and had nearly finished. You can
believe I was astonished when I came
to its closing words: 'What is fame?
A wretched picture and a worse bust.'"

Patti dictates an hour on her memoirs,
pores over the typewritten matter and
then, as like as not, tears it up.

Senator Harris, of Tennessee, is said to
be the oldest living congressman. He was
first elected in 1849 at the age of thirty-
one years.