AN OLD MAN'S DREAM.

Ah, child! I watch you with the firelight's gleam
Lighting the beauties of your golden hair,
Nestling within the glories of your eyes,
And kissing tenderly your cheek so fair.
Your bright young life is stretching on before,
Whilst all my youth is in the far away;
I dream but of the time to come no more,
Whilst you have hardly ventur'd into day!

And yet I love you with a love as pure
As ever found its birth in human breast—
I love you with a love that will endure,
And hold you ever as its first and best.
How I have watch'd, as one would do a flow'r,
Your many charms, my darling, soft unfold,
Longing to shelter you thro' storm and show'r—
But you are young, my dear, and I am old!

It would not do to place your slender hand
Within mine own, save for a little space;
It would not do for you and me to stand
Before the altar in God's sacred place.
Another one will come and woo, and win—
A lover, with a youth as bright as thine—
And I will keep my envious thoughts within,
And pray that you may taste Love's joy divine.

May and December are not made to wed,
Spring's sun and winter's snow can never meet.
God bless thee—there is no more to be said—
And keep thee fair and pure for him, my sweet!
Dream in the firelight, I am watching near,
Weave all your tender fancies o'er again;
May all life's happiness be yours, my dear,
Only for me the solitude and pain.

—All the Year Round.

ON THE BLUE PETER.

The good ship Blue Peter lay at her offing at the wharf in Detroit. Davy Jones, the mate, sat on his locker and was evidently in very bad humor. Ever and anon he rose and paced the deck impatiently. The ship was ready to sail, but one of the crew who had been hired for the long voyage to Chicago had not yet presented himself. The tide was ready for business and the mate was anxious to get off so as to catch the trade winds that blew across Lake St. Clair. Mr. Davy Jones used language with reference to this delay that would not look well in print, and anyhow it has nothing to do with the plot of this Clark Russellian story.

Just as the patience and the vocabulary of Mr. Jones were both exhausted a dapper stranger came down First street and approached the Blue Peter. Behind him came a colored lad, who carried a very handsome valise. The stranger was tall and extremely well dressed. He wore gloves, and his cuffs and collar were spotlessly white. A pair of gold rimmed eyeglasses were astride his nose, and connected with them was a thin gold chain that was fastened to his vest. As he saw the fuming mate he said:

"Ah! how de do!"

"Look here," cried the mate, as the dapper young man stepped aboard, "this is not a passenger vessel."

"It is the Blue Peter, is it not?" answered the young man, as he tossed the boy a quarter. "You are the mate, I presume?"

"Well, what of it?" answered that official. "What if I am the mate?"

"I merely wanted to know, you know. I have shipped on this boat as an able seaman, and I would be much obliged to you if you would ring for the bell boy to show me to my room."

"The deuce you have!" cried the mate, who had nearly fainted with astonishment. "You have kept us waiting, then, and we will very likely miss the tide."

"I am sorry for that," said the sailor. "But you see I had to have a shave and so was kept waiting for my turn. I couldn't begin a voyage to Chicago without a shave, you know."

The mate in a surly manner had to admit that such a proceeding would have been quite unprecedented, and at this moment the cabin boy approached and took the sailor's valise, intimating that his room was all ready for him.

The mate muttered to himself as he saw the sailor disappear. It was evident that he did not like the cut of his jib, as landsmen say.

"I'll take the starch out of that fellow before we get to Chicago; see if I don't," said Mr. Jones, addressing his locker.

Thus you will notice that trouble looms right up at the end of the very first chapter, but you may bet largely that the dapper young man is going to come out all right. They always do.

The good ship Blue Peter stood out for Lake St. Clair. She passed the island in safety, caught the tide all right and belayed herself straight into the lake. Capt. Coffer came out of the cabin and cast his weather eye around the horizon.

"Mr. Jones," he said, "there is a squall coming. How is the barometer?"

"Down," answered the mate."

"How low?"

"About ten miles. We left it down in Detroit."

An ominous black cloud was slowly rising in the west. The ship lay in a dead calm and was plowing through the troubled waters with the speed of a race horse. The mate hoarsely piped all hands forred. The last sailor now appeared in a nice suit of boating flannels and came forward adjusting his eyeglass.

"Now, sir," cried the mate, "what might your name be?"

"J. Marston Ingram," was the reply.

"Well, then, Mr. Ingram, get aloft there; lay out on the main brace, stand by the peak halliards and see to the clewing away of the spliced binnacle on the forred yardarms. Jump lively now."

"Aye, aye, sir!" said Ingram, nothing daunted by the terrible order, which made the cheeks of the hardy sailors blanch as they heard it given. They knew that the mate was down on the new man.

Ingram ran swiftly up the rope ladders known on shipboard as the companion ways and walked out on the yard arms. He speedily clewed away the binnacle in a manner that showed that he was an expert seaman. This ought to have satisfied the most fiendish mate afloat, but it did not satisfy the mate of the Blue Peter.

"Come down," he yelled through his speaking trumpet. "Climb up the aft mast and clew the binnacle there."

There were ominous murmurs among the crew at this brutal command, for in all their experience they had never known the same man to be asked to clew more than one binnacle at a time. The mate paid no attention to the growls other than casting a menacing look at the men.

The storm was now at its height. The ship rolled so that the tips of the yard arms touched the seething waters on either side. It was such a storm as is quite common on the lakes, but is never seen in the tropics or on the ocean anywhere.

"Aye, aye, sir!" shouted back Ingram, and watching his chance he slipped off the end of the yard arm into the smothering surf. A cry of horror rose from the men.

"He prefers death to staying on board this ship," said one of the men.

At this moment J. Marston Ingram did something that is never done on shipboard or off except in thrilling novels like this one.

When the ship made her second dip on that side he nimbly caught the end of the yardarm and was carried aloft amid the rousing cheers of his comrades. He clewed up the binnacle and slid down on deck along the main jib boom taut sheet.

The mate muttered to himself, "Foiled! Foiled!" Gnashing his teeth, he took a fresh chew of tobacco, an unsailor like vice to which he was addicted, and went into the cabin.

The next day, as the chronometer showed that the ship was sixty-five miles from East Main street, Port Huron, the mate approached the captain and said, after the usual salute of "Aye, aye, sir:"

"I fear we are going to have trouble with the men."

"What makes you think so?" asked the captain.

"That fellow Ingram seems to have a baneful influence on them. They have just made a complaint about the food."

"What was wrong with that?"

"Well, you see, sir, on the menu today there was raw oysters to begin with, as we always have before the consomme. They growled because the oysters were common raw oysters on ice and not on the half shell."

The captain frowned.

"I thought you ordered oysters on the shell," he said.

"We generally do. But this time we neglected to have them that way, although they are perfectly good."

"Still a sailor is accustomed to having them on the half shell, and, of course, we must expect some growling when they are not. Order the men aft."

The men came sullenly aft, and any one at all practiced in their ways could see in a moment that there was going to be trouble.

"Now, then," cried the captain, "swab off the decks, will you?"

Not a man moved.

"What's this?" cried the captain angrily. "This is rank mutiny."

"Not so," said J. Marston Ingram, stepping airily forward and making a low bow. "Not so, captain. We are merely on strike."

"On strike!" shouted the captain, "on strike! Why, what's a strike at sea but a mutiny?"

"Perhaps they are somewhat similar," said Ingram, speaking with great deference. "It is a legal point that we, as members of the Seaman's union, desire to have settled. We call it a strike. You can call it a mutiny if you wish. We simply assert our rights as working men not to work. You can hire others if you choose. We respect the law too much to interfere."

"How in thunder can I hire anybody out here in the middle of the lake?"

"Ah! that is your affair, not ours."

The captain and the mate retired to the cabin to consult on the novel situation. If the trouble was simply a strike they would have to succumb. If it was a mutiny, then it would be their duty to string up the half dozen men at the yard arms. The mate was certain that this was the thing to do in all respectable mutinies, although he believed that in some such cases it was fashionable to make the men walk the plank. The captain said "pshaw," and held that that was only done by pirates. After discussing the matter for some time they agreed that the fuss was really a full grown mutiny, and they proceeded on deck to do their duty in hanging the men.

As the two officers appeared on deck Mr. Ingram moved respectfully forward to meet them, the rest of the crew staying in the background.

"Mr. Ingram," began the captain, "I presume that you are aware of the fact that on shipboard the captain's word is law?"

"I will admit that for the sake of argument, but without prejudice."

"Very well, then, the captain says, or, in other words, the law is, that this is a mutiny. It will, therefore, be my painful duty to hang you and the other five gentlemen who compose the crew unless you at once cease your mutinous conduct."

J. Marston Ingram bowed low and answered:

"I will present your decision to my comrades and inform you of their reply."

After a short conference Mr. Ingram turned to the captain and said:

"I beg to state respectfully that the men refuse to accept your decision, and also refuse to be hanged."

"Refuse!" cried the captain. "Oh, this is mutiny. I thought so before, but now I am sure of it. However, I am willing to make any reasonable concession. If they prefer to walk the plank to being hanged I will accommodate them."

"The impression I gathered from their conversation was that it was not so much the method they objected to as to the result. However, I shall be pleased to submit your alternative to them."

He again turned to the men, and the discussion this time was a longer one. Finally he came back and addressed the captain:

"As I thought, the men refuse also the alternative. They are, however, willing to admit that this is a mutiny on one condition."

"What is that?" asked the captain.

"That is that they carry it out as a mutiny. They leave it for you to decide whether it is a mutiny or a simple strike. If you decide that it is a strike things will go on as they are until one side or the other comes to terms. If you decide that it is a mutiny, then they will act as if it were a mutiny. They will proceed at once to tie both yourself and the mate up in a hard knot, and they will then drop you overboard. We will withdraw for a few moments to await your decision."

They did not have long to wait. The captain came forward and said:

"I have carefully considered the question in all its bearings and taken note of several points that before escaped my attention. I now decide that this is a strike."

A rousing, hearty, honest, nautical cheer went up as this judgment was rendered.

"I am glad," said Mr. Ingram, "that so wise and just a decision was made. It will relieve you of the disagreeable duty of hanging us, and you will also escape the trouble of arranging any technical difficulties that are almost sure to arise when two men attempt to execute six. Now, I suppose, as this is a simple strike, and I believe it is the first that has ever arisen on board a ship, you will have no objection to submit the matter to arbitration."

"None in the least," replied the captain.

"As you are so good as to agree to this it becomes us to make like concessions. We will give you every advantage. I will act for the crew and the mate will act for you. I presume that is satisfactory to you?"

"Perfectly. But who is to be the third man?"

"That we concede entirely to you. You shall choose him. That, you see, throws the majority of the arbitration committee on your side. Choose anybody but yourself, captain."

Mr. Ingram said this with a frank air that was very charming. The captain frowned and scratched his head. The proposition certainly looked magnanimous, but as there was no one for him to choose but one of the crew he looked dubiously at the mate, who was so bewildered that he seemed able to make no suggestion.

"Look here," said the captain. "Come into the cabin for a few moments. Perhaps we can adjust this difficulty without appointing a third man."

Mr. Ingram bowed gravely and followed the captain down the companion way, the mate remaining outside by the direction of his chief.

"Now," began the captain, "who are you, anyhow? You are not a common sailor."

"No," said Ingram, "I am a lawyer. I am rather an expert yachtsman and am merely here on a vacation."

"Ah, I see. The crew have retained you."

"Exactly."

"Then you are quite willing to chuck up their case and take a retainer from me providing it is a bigger one than the one you are receiving?"

"That is what we are here for, cap."

"Then consider it settled. Now, what can you do for me?"

"I will at once show the men that it is really a mutiny. You see, they signed articles. A man must keep his contract."

"But if it is a mutiny, the men will drop me overboard."

"Oh, we won't decide it to be a mutiny. You pick out the other arbitrator, and the mate and I will settle the matter."

"All right," said the captain. "Here's your fee."

The men growled a little, but they accepted the ruling of the arbitrators. The captain said gently to the mate after the trouble was over:

"See here, you lubber, if you ever ship a lawyer again I'll stave in your blooming thick skull with a marlinspike. Don't you know that if a lawyer got into paradise there would be trouble right away!" — Luke Sharp in Detroit Free Press.

A Modest Mother.

I suppose if there is one thing women may be permitted to be prejudiced about it is their own babies. The baby before you is always the handsomest and the best and the cutest in the world. He is indeed a man of tact who can hit the right remark to make about a baby all the time. You cannot be sure that you are pleasing the mother by saying it looks just like her, or the father by pointing out its extraordinary resemblance to him. But still the mother desires to find the beautiful in her features reproduced in the baby, and she is willing to concede that possibly mentally the boy may take after his father. On the other hand, she may wish to believe it is like its father.

The simplest remark I ever heard of made by a mother on the subject of her baby was made by a lady who believed herself and knew her husband to be very homely. The child was really a lovely little girl, so much so that when the friend, visiting the house, saw her he involuntarily said:

"What a very pretty child!"

The pleased mother looked up and said quite sincerely:

"Yes. She was such a surprise to us."
—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Useful Record.

Those householders who have passed through the experience are well aware that the task of measuring a dwelling for carpets is a formidable one. It occupies a great deal of time, even with experts, in making diagrams, taking figures, etc. One of the large retail firms in this city has adopted a system in this regard whereby a great deal of time is saved. Every house that is measured for carpets is entered on a book indexed for streets and numbers. Whenever a new order is handed in this book is searched to see whether the house has ever been measured before. As the firm in question has been in business since Chicago has been a city, it has upon its books a record of the floor measurements of more than half of the houses in town, and a great deal of time is saved thereby. If the measurements of a house are in the book they are taken off, and a man visits the place to see that no changes have been made. Thus he can accomplish in ten minutes what would ordinarily take three or four hours. Such are the benefits of a thorough system.—Chicago Herald.

SOME SUPERSTITIONS.

A FEW OF THE POPULAR FEARS, FANCIES AND FAIRY TALES.

Didn't Believe in Ghosts, but Afraid of Them—Things Worn and Carried to Prevent Disease—Unlucky to Go Under a Ladder—In and Out the Same Door.

The probable truth is that there is not one of The Globe's readers who does not at least half believe in some superstition. Somewhere in your lives you have a little private closet where you keep one or more pet superstitions locked up out of sight of your friends, and, for the most part, out of your own sight. But now and then you unlock the door, or they get out through the keyhole; then they look at you in the twilight with their weird eyes, full of the mystery of the past, and you find yourself on your knees before them. Perhaps you are half ashamed of them, because you do not more than half believe in them, but when they get you alone they master you. You are like Mme. de Stael. A friend said to her one day, "Do you believe in ghosts?" "No," she replied, "but I am afraid of them, though."

A LONESOME LADY.

Col. Ingersoll dedicated his first volume of lectures to "Eva A. Ingersoll, a woman without superstition." In the early mining days in California, when selfish rascality seemed to be the rule, an old miner who had been repeatedly "fleeced" was very much astonished at the remarkable honesty of a young man who had just paid back some money which had been given him by mistake. Thinking he could not have many companions in such deeds the old man stepped up to him, laid his hand on his shoulder and said, "Stranger, don't you find yourself awfully lonesome about these parts?" So I have often thought that if Mrs. Ingersoll is really altogether "without superstition," she must sometimes find herself "awfully lonesome."

I remember, when a boy, that one of my brothers used to wear about his neck a red woolen cord to prevent the nosebleed. The only thing clear in my mind on the subject was that it did not prevent it. At any rate it used to bleed very often, while the rest of us, who did not wear one, were never troubled at all, except in those cases that all who have been boys will understand, where a post, or the ice in skating, or a snowball, or some other boy's fist came in somewhat violent contact with the most prominent feature of our faces. I suppose, however that there was some fanciful connection between the red of the string and the red of the blood, and an incipient homeopathy suggested that "like would cure like."

I also remember, when a child, how some of the larger boys used to carry about a horse chestnut in their pockets as a preventive of rheumatism. This is one of the mysteries I have never fathomed. Only it does seem a willful perversity for people to suffer so, just to save the trouble of carrying a horse chestnut. Just as it seems pure malice in any one ever to die when one looks through an apothecary shop, reads the advertisements in the newspapers, or knows how Dr. Cullis cures people by simply praying for them, and then telling them they are well.

WHAT BAD DREAMS MEAN.

A friend told me the other day that when a boy he always felt it incumbent on him to spit three times whenever he saw a dead cat. The origin of this I will not stop now to trace.

Not long since a lady acquaintance was walking along the street with a friend, when she suddenly felt herself pulled off the sidewalk into the street. The occasion of this sudden maneuver was the other lady's superstitious fear of walking under a ladder that leaned against the wall in front of them. I have learned that this superstition is very common—and, perhaps, it is not worth my while to disturb it. For it might be decidedly "unlucky" to walk under a ladder—provided a man weighing 200 was on it and it should slip; or in case an unsteady man with a "drop too much," should indulge in a further drop too much of a loose lying brick from his hod. Though in the case of the colored brother, who stood serene while the brick lay in fragments at his feet, and who merely exclaimed, "Look out, dar! Ef yo' doan't want yo' bricks broke jes' keep 'em off o' dis chile's he'd!" it was only the brick that was "unlucky."

I have an old acquaintance in Maine who used to stick his jackknife in the headboard on going to bed to prevent his having the cramp. That is the sole instance of that sublime faith with which I am acquainted. But I have known of people who warded off the same uncomfortable nightly visitant by scrupulously arranging their slippers bottom up at the foot of their bed.

A lady not long since went into a jewelry store. Being at a corner it opened on two streets. When she started to go out, the salesman said, "Madam! you have forgotten." "Why what?" said she, thinking of purchase or purse. "But you came in at the other door," he replied. Then it flashed over her; and though she went on her way, she remembered that it was "unlucky" to enter by one door and go out by another. However it may be about other places, I am really inclined to think that it is unlucky for a lady to go into a jewelry store, no matter which door she goes out of; unlucky for the man who has to pay the bills.

Then, again, it is unlucky to have a bad dream three nights running. This is one of the signs that I believe in thoroughly. "Aha!" you say, "then you, too, are superstitious as well as the rest of us?" Yes, I believe it is very unlucky to have a bad dream—even one night. It is a sign that your supper didn't set well, and also that you will not feel nearly so well the next morning. And if you allow it to trouble you the next day it is another bad sign—a sign that you won't sleep so well the next night, and also a sign that you have not yet outgrown the fanciful dreams of the world's childhood.—Dr. Savage in Boston Globe.

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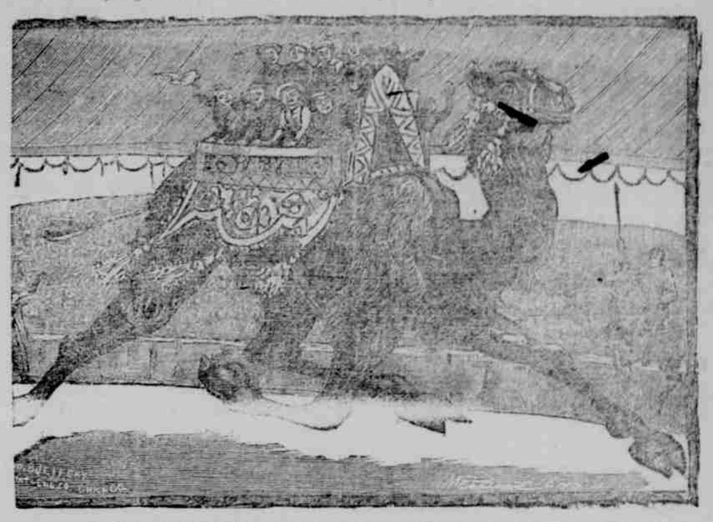

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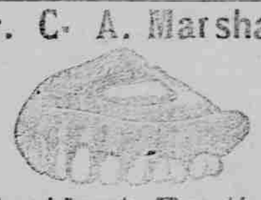

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B. & M. Time Table.

GOING WEST.	GOING EAST.
No. 1.—9 05 a. m.	No. 2.—4 44 p. m.
No. 3.—6 16 p. m.	No. 4.—10 29 a. m.
No. 5.—8 01 a. m.	No. 6.—7 28 p. m
No. 7.—7 05 p. m.	No. 8.—10 00 a. m.
No. 9.—6 06 p. m.	No. 10.—9 54 a. m.

All trains run daily by way of Omaha, except Nos 7 and 8 which run to and from Schuyler daily except Sunday.

Arrival and Departure of the Mails.

ARRIVE AT POSTOFFICE.

No. 5	From the East	8:15 a. m.
No. 3	" "	6:15 p. m.
No. 10	" " West	10:30 a. m.
No. 4	" " "	10:45 a. m.
No. 6	" " "	7:45 p. m.

DEPART FROM POSTOFFICE.

No. 5	Going West	7:35 a. m.
No. 3	" "	5:45 p. m.
No. 7	" " (Schuy'er)	6:30 p. m.
No. 10	" East (K. C.)	9:25 a. m.
No. 4	" "	10:00 a. m.
No. 6	" "	7:00 p. m.

Mail should be deposited fifteen minutes before the above time to insure dispatch.

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