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Love's Dream. They buried my love down by the sea; In Mother Earth's cold bosom laid him;

TO THE END.

They had not met for twenty years. Twenty years in a man's life, especially in a young man's life, is long enough

Boys together, and friends; hard workers at Harvard together, and warmer friends still; men, with lives apart

One was tall, slender, nervous; full of life and activity; with shrewd gray eyes, and with deep lines worn by worry

Both had travelled widely—the one as the shrewd, paid business agent of a wealthy firm who had had his services for years—the other as a business adventurer for himself for one decade, and as a gentleman of leisure and fortune for another.

Each was, strangely enough, thinking of the other. Active Charley Bladeley had a letter, written more than eighteen years ago, closely buttoned in his breast pocket, and stout Andrew Stone's name was at the bottom of it.

A block too soon for the swift—a block too late for the slow—and this history had never been written. But their lives crossed where their paths did.

"Charley! Charley! Where on earth did you rush from?" "Dear old Andrew! Who would ever have dreamed of knocking you over in my walk this morning?"

Bladeley had to attend to business; Stone had no business to attend to. So Stone went with Bladeley, making the latter gentleman later with several business engagements than he had been before for years.

They dined together—Bladeley always in a hurry, Stone always slow. Stone submitted, with a protest, to being hurried during the afternoon when assured that they could have the entire evening together only on the condition that Bladeley was allowed to rush his business first.

"I rushed enough when I was younger," complained Stone. "I've been getting slower and slower for ten years past. What a breezy fellow you are, Bladeley!"

It was a most uneventful evening which they spent together. Stone told the story of his life, or thought he did, and doubtless told it as completely as any one could have done under the circumstances.

A half hour after he had taken it from his pocket, Bladeley put it back, but the last page (written on an odd half sheet) flung to the floor unnoticed by either.

Stone's life had been an eventful one. Canada and California and Mexico had not been his only fields of fortune. He had travelled and traded in South America, in Russia, in India, in China.

"I never put my hands to anything that wasn't a success," he said. "I never planned a scheme that didn't go through in the best possible manner, better always than I expected. I never put my name to a note which I couldn't pay when due, to a check that wasn't promptly honored, or to anything whatever—important or unimportant—that didn't prove true.

loveliest of women for a wife. I've an elegant home, congenial neighbors, perfect servants. I wouldn't say so to anyone but you; for a man with no business and no ambition would be looked down on in this rushing age of which you are a type; but I have nothing left to work for—nothing to look forward to—no desire ungratified."

The back stopped. No one had ever called Charley Bladeley superstitious, but he glanced at his friend with much the look he might have given had a ghost leered at him over his friend's shoulder.

There is always battle and confusion at a station at train time, but Bladeley turned toward the train with his cheeks in his hand with the impression struggling into prominence in his mind that the confusion was greater this time than usual.

"Where was I when I wrote last? In California prospecting for gold? Or had I gone to Mexico on that railroad scheme? Or hadn't I got back from my trip after furs up near the Arctic Ocean in British America?"

Bladeley took the letter, a thick one, from his pocket, and opened it. Twenty-four hours before, he couldn't have said positively just what venture his friend was engaged in when the letter was written; he had made money in half a dozen various enterprises before that time.

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Did the reader ever meet an old friend and talk for hours, to part later and find how much had been said, and yet how little? In his chamber that evening Bladeley thought of a thousand questions he should ask his friend on the morrow.

The train went early. Stone was in the habit of rising late. Bladeley had been walking nervously up and down the sidewalk in front of the hotel for a half hour before his friend appeared.

A Japanese Dinner.

In Japanese houses there is in the best room a small alcove, in which are placed a roll picture and a vase of flowers. The same picture does not hang there the year through, but like the flowers, is changed often.

A lobster made to represent a ship with square sail of green plaited leaf, and decorated with the emblem of Japan—the rising sun—cut out of orange peel, was placed in the center of the table, to serve as an ornament until it should be eaten.

On a saucer of delicate china, we were now helped from the platter containing the lobster ship, and to it was added sliced orange. Over the meat of the lobster we were expected to turn a good supply of shoyu, a dark, rich sauce, of which the Japanese are very fond.

The servant was dressed in soft Japanese silk, with white mittens on his feet, and stepped softly into the room by way of the veranda between us and the garden; the paper wall having been slid back, that side of the room was open.

Our friend's garden, which we enjoyed after dinner, was laid out in the peculiar taste of the Japanese, which has been well said to be the combination of beauty with ugliness. Here were old twisted, gnarled trunks of trees, out of which were growing the most lovely pink and white blossoms in perfect luxuriance.

A Lucky Father. An Austin father complained bitterly of the way his children destroyed their clothing. He said: "When I was a boy I only had one suit of clothes, and I had to take care of it. I was only allowed one pair of shoes a year in those days."

Mary Clemmer says that only one girl in five hundred can be happy as a clergyman's wife. She tried it and she didn't see a circus for eleven years.

FASHION NOTES.

Worth uses jet profusely. Rampant ruffles are stylish. Garden flowers are fashionable. Tonnours are very large.

Little girls wear wide white neckties. Panier dresses modernize last year's dresses. Derby felt hats are worn by equestriennes.

Flowers are superseding feathers on ladies' bonnets. White wool dresses are made in aesthetic styles.

Brocade gloves are worn in terra cotta shades. Japanese crinkle crapes are imported in all colors.

Patent leather loaf shoes will be worn in the summer by ladies. White flannel dresses will be popular in the country with young ladies.

Eight bridesmaids at a fashionable wedding of the past week carried baskets of roses, each having a different variety of roses.

Recreative Power of the Cypress Tree. In the southern swamps the deciduous cypress sends up knobs from its roots, like straw beehives, apparently to air them by keeping part above water.

What a Dollar Will Do. One dollar will buy a prime steak. A family of four persons will get away with the best of this steak at a single meal, and with all of it in some form or other in two meals.

Why is it, asks the Philadelphia Chronicle, "we hear so much about the Cochon China, but nothing about the horse?" Ah, is it a beast or bird?"

What is the national fishery question? pompously exclaimed an orator; and a squeaking voice in the audience responded. "It is have you got a bite?"

A friend of the author who had come in just at the end of the latter's new play—"Oh, my dear fellow! your play was charming, delicious—and so short!"

"I want a little change," said Mrs. B. to her husband yesterday. "Just wait for it. Time brings change to everybody."

Polydipsia is the Boston name for thirst. When suffering from polydipsia the Boston man calls for spiritous fragments and then washes it down with protoxide of hydrogen.

A Western young man aged eighteen has eloped with a woman of three score years. This a pathetic case for antiquities is becoming altogether too general, and threatens to cause trouble.

It is understood that Eli Perkins rode Apollo, the horse that won the Derby at Louisville, Tuesday. In the pictures and statues Apollo is always represented as carrying a lyre.

"Violet, dearest, do you play that tune often?" asked Hugh Montrossor of his affianced. "Yes, pet, and when we are married I'll play it all the time." Then Hugh went out and shuddered himself to death.

Smoke Dispersing Frost.

Among the dispatches which have recently come from the interior of California reporting the condition of fruits and vines are several stating that Jack Frost swept over the bay counties one night last week, and brought the usual devastation to fruit and vine plantations.

Science has done something already to obviate this trouble, and it may be that time will perfect a system of thwarting the ravages of Jack Frost. It is not well-known to the general public that a layer of frost upon a tender plant does not materially injure it—that is, the bare frost, produced by dew being frozen by low temperature.

Missouri has a new law forbidding the manufacture or the sale in that State of any imitation of butter, no matter whether represented to be genuine or not.

Richard King, known all over Texas and the West as "The Cattle King," is a small, swarthy Irishman, with a limping gait. His lameness is due to the careless way in which a broken leg was set.

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Learning to Decorate.

Year follows year with silent tread, And lays the tribute on the dead. The children of the men who fought Now grown to man's estate, Have reared their children, who in turn Shall commemorate;

Dr. Forshee, of Madison, Indiana, was a radical infidel, but he has been converted, and has professed Christianity in Trinity Methodist Church, of that city.

Young English ladies have adopted the American custom, and no longer fear to walk about London. The fashion was unknown twenty years ago.

Dr. Glenn, the great California wheat-grower, is making preparations to harvest 1,000,000 bushels of wheat this year. Dr. Glenn is a native of Augusta county, Va.

Among the curious things in the London International Exhibition of Ship Models is a model of a yacht made of hammered silver by a workman, who has given his leisure time for seven years to its construction.

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