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Dream-Land.

Up anchor! Up anchor!
Set sail and away!
The ventures of dream-land
Are thine for a day.
Yo, heave ho!
Aloft and alow
Elf sailors are singing,
Yo, heave ho!
The breeze that is blowing
So sturdily strong
Shall fill up thy sail
With the breath of a song.
A fay at the mast-head
Keeps watch o'er the sea;
Blown amber tresses
Thy banner shall be;
Thy freight the lost laughter
That sad souls have missed,
Thy cargo the kisses
That never were kissed.
And he, for a lay made
Born merry in June,
Of lusty red roses
Beneath a red moon,
The star pearls that midnight
Casts down on the sea,
Dark pold of the sunset
Her fort me shall be.
And ever she whispers,
More tenderly sweet,
"Love am I, love only,
Love perfect, complete.
The world is my kinship,
The heart is my slave;
I mock at the ages,
I laugh at the grave.
Wit sail with me ever,
A dream haunted sea,
Whose whispering waters
Shall murmur to thee
The love-haunted lyrics
Dead poets have made
Ere life had a fetter,
Ere love was a trade!"
Then up with the anchor!
Set sail and away!
The ventures of love-land
Are thine for a day.

—[S. Weir Mitchell, M. D., in Harper.

"FORSAKEN."

Dick Dormers and Ivan Bruce journeyed by the mail car that ran from Westport to Achill on a fine September day in 1889. Dormers was an Englishman who had inherited a Scotch property and wore a Tam o' Shanter cap out of compliment to it. He was 30 years of age, and was "doing" the West of Ireland for the second time that year, having been over in the spring and hunted an April fox on the confines of Clare. Bruce was a born Caledonian, and as such wore an English touring suit. He had spent all the latter years of his life abroad. Dormers had come to Achill to fish off the Head, to make the ascent of Croughan, and to see a winsome face which he had viewed (and interviewed) during his first visit in the spring. "I shall come again," he had promised the trustful owner of it, and although he was quite a commonplace young Englishman, so far as ordinary sins went, he never really broke his word to a woman.

The Scotchman had but one actual object in going—namely, to redress, if possible, a wrong he had been guilty of in his unregenerate days; but he did not care to mention it, lest the time for redressing might be over. So he pretended curiosity to revisit the country in which some of his early years had been passed, and also a desire to pick up "an Irish horse or two," and perhaps a couple of ponies.

When they got to Dugort and had dined, the two went out for a stroll, and discussed their plans for the next day.

"I shall turn out early," said Dormers, "and do some fishing if the day is good enough; and if it isn't, why we can do Croughan, or the Watch Tower, or whatever else you like."

"Thank you," said Bruce, "but I believe I shall push on to Keem."

Mr. Richard Dormers was not often known to blush, but his face certainly reddened a little as he turned round quickly and scanned that of his friend.

"To Keem?" he repeated. "Why, how very odd! I must go there myself. Do you know the place at all?"

"Yes, or at least I did years ago. I have no doubt there are plenty of changes now."

Both men had evidently something to hide. However, although they looked rather curiously at one another, they smoked a peaceful pipe together, listened to the song of the grasshopper warbler as it reeled out its continuous little "whirr, whirr," like the spinning of a fishing reel—and then went back to their hotel to have what they called "an early turn in."

Next morning betimes they set out for Keem. Situated on the southern slope of the mighty Croughan and in the midst of the most beautiful emerald green pastures they found the picturesque village looking its loveliest, the warm sunshine lighting up the perfectly golden strand beneath it, and a refreshing breeze stealing in from the wide sea, and stirring the dahlias and gladioli in the well-cared little gardens. Before they came within sight of habitations, however, they had to pass through a piece of unfenced land, with the ruins of a cottage upon it, the old roof of which was covered with shaking grasses and loose stones. Close to it was a wall, with an ivy-twined cross on the margin, and from this a perfectly clear stream went babbling away to join a score of others in the meadows.

Dormers was foremost when they came up to the spot, and Bruce saw him start and heard him utter an exclamation as he turned quite round and drew his comrade quickly into shadow.

"Hush!" he whispered, "don't speak, or she'll be frightened; but look, and tell me presently what you think."

Bruce, rearing up his tall, straight figure, peeped silently over the slanting corner of the ruined cottage roof, and saw a dark haired, dark eyed splendidly handsome girl setting down a pitcher, which was much too heavy for her, and with the effort flushing her cheeks with becomming crimson.

Having placed her pitcher by the cottage wall she was about to resume her burden and go her way, when her eye caught Bruce's helmet, and blushing and confused, she glanced at him inquiringly. The young man hesitated whether to retire or go forward; but, the latter impulse prevailed, and involuntarily lifting his head covering he asked her about the welfare of a Mrs. Jolliffe, who had years ago lived at Keem.

"She is dead, sir," the girl answered simply; "but her husband is alive, and I live with him."

"Over in that direction?" Bruce asked, pointing away to the right.

"Yes, sir; just there. He's now old and weak, and I come to the brook every morning for water, and save him carrying it up."

She did not wait for further converse, but declining the aid he offered her, poised her pitcher gracefully upon her strong young shoulder and walked away by the back of the ruined hut.

Dormers started forward as she did so, but was restrained by his friend.

"Well, I call this cool," the young Englishman said, vexedly. "You monopolize all the talk. By Jove, I'll go after her and let her know that I have kept my promise."

Bruce, instead of answering, quietly linked the speaker's arm within his own.

"You shall see her presently," he said; "but meanwhile I have something serious enough to talk to you about. Seventeen years ago my mother (a widow) died, leaving me to take charge of a little two-year-old girl—a sister's child, whom she had adopted. I was a lad, without much ballast or money. An advertisement about a fishery tempted me to this part of Ireland, and being charmed with Achill (though the fishery turned out a myth), I stopped on here with the little one at the house of a farmer named Jolliffe, his good wife being particularly taken with the child. Well, one day I fell in with some men who were making up a party to tempt fortune in California. It didn't take much to persuade me to join them. I gave the Jolliffes what cash I could spare to care for my little cousin, and away I started, promising to be back in five years.

"The fellows I went with were honest enough, but we met with no good luck for a long while, and when the five years were up I had scarcely enough money to keep body and soul together where I was, and not a cent had I to send home. I'm ashamed to tell you that things went on so for another five years—for I was a bad manager, an idler when I ought to have worked—and by that time the world had so hardened my heart that I almost forgot the Jolliffes and my obligations to them, and if I thought at all of the child I had left behind, it was only to think and hope that she might be dead. At length, as I have told you, I turned up gold. In time I grew pretty rich, came home to the old country, met you shortly after, and determined to break old ground again, and if possible do justice to these good people of Keem.

"Jolliffe is not a common name in this place. The man, I have learned, is alive, his wife is dead, and the girl whom we saw here at the well is Winfred Morton, my dead mother's niece. I have been everything that was wrong, I know, but I may yet repair matters; and as you have been good enough to restrain yourself from interrupting me or knocking me down will you please go straight to Mr. Jolliffe's cottage and tell him and Winfred that when Ivan Bruce shall have pulled himself together a bit (for I am really upset, old chap), he will come right up and ask their pardon, and that they will let him shake them once more by the hand."

* * * * * * *

Two hours after this story was telling trio—two men and a girl—were climbing up the great shelving shoulder of Slieve Croughan, by the smooth moorland ascent; Winfred, or "Wisha," as they found she was called, neatly and prettily dressed, and quite as delighted with her new cousin as she was coy and timid with his friend. They climbed on further, to the very edges of the grand sea cliffs, and peeped down them into the green valleys far beneath, where the wild goats browsed, and the sea birds darted through the foam below, and Wisha pointed out to them on the right the crags of Broadhaven, and the islands or Inis-bigior, Inisishea and Deviaun, and on the left those of Turk, Boffin and Clare, with Clew Bay stretching right up to Westport, and the grand Croagh Patrick Mountain forming its magnificent boundary on the south.

As they journeyed home to dinner Bruce talked a little about the future and of certain things he intended to do, and the restricted historian is bound to say that while the happy Scotchman paused to speak a word or two to a lad about a pony, the still happier Englishman found an opportunity to utter a word in another quarter on a very difficult topic—and when old Jolliffe chaffed Wisha on the subject of her complexion, over the homely fare he heard, not one present believed a syllable of her cleverly concocted story about a cow having frightened her on the shelving cliffs of Croughan.—[London Dramatic News.

The Largest Stationary Engine.

At the Friendsville (Penn.) zinc mines there is in operation the largest stationary engine in the world. During the past few months it has pumped dry by underground drainage nearly every ore pit, spring and small stream within a radius of five miles. The engine is known as the "President," is of 5000 horse-power, and is run by sixteen boilers. At each revolution of its ponderous wheels a small stream is thrown out, the number of gallons raised every minute being 17,500. The driving wheels are 35 feet in diameter, and weigh 40 tons each. The sweep rod is 10 feet long.

The cylinder is 110 inches in diameter, while the piston-rod is 18 inches in diameter and makes a 10-foot stroke. The engine has a bedplate box capable of holding 100 tons, and to feed the boilers 28 tons of coal are required daily. On the engine is the largest nut in the world. It is hexagonal in shape and weighs 1000 pounds. To tighten or loosen this nut twenty men are required, while the wrench that fits it is 20 feet long. From the end of the walking-beam of the engine to the bottom of the shaft the distance is 300 feet. The masonry on which the engine rests is 108 feet deep, some of the foundation stones weighing five tons.

Deserted Farms in New England.

"The report of the Labor Commissioner of Maine shows," notes the New York Press, "that over three thousand farms in that State have been abandoned by their former occupants. The same movement has been going on for years in other parts of New England. The native Americans are leaving the farms for the cities and the West. Some succeed in winning wealth and perhaps fame besides; the majority seldom achieve a better living than they would have had on the ancestral farm. But the farms do not all remain abandoned. Foreigners see their value and take them up for a song, eventually saving a competence by industry and patience from the soil that the some of the old settlers had deserted. There is something painful and pathetic in the spectacle of homesteads, which once sheltered the children of the Pilgrim and the Puritan, now tenanted by strangers who know nothing of the traditions and the struggles of the earlier occupants. For the present, perhaps, no change is likely."

A Natural Inquiry.

A certain witty bishop found himself a few months ago crossing the Bay of Fundy, from Digby to St. John, in company with a certain Mr. Caswell. The Bay of Fundy has a reputation for turbulence only to be matched by the English Channel or the Bay of Biscay. Mr. Caswell was struggling with a violent attack of sea-sickness; but the bishop, who was above such weakness, was very cheerful, and inclined to conversation. He had failed, however, to catch Mr. Caswell's name correctly, and persisted in calling him "Mr. Aswell." At last the sufferer, in a moment of ease, corrected him, saying.

"Caswell, my lord; my name is Caswell, not Aswell."

"Oh!" said the bishop, eying him critically, as a new spasm seized upon his unhappy acquaintance. "Well, Mr. Caswell, don't you think you would be Aswell without the sea?"—[Harper's Magazine.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

THE POOR BOY.

His face was a picture of beauty and health,
And his cheeks were as red as the rose,
His eyes were as bright
As the stars of the night,
But he didn't wear very good clothes.
Two little brown curls found a hole in his hat,
While others hid under its brim,
While the people passed by,
Never turning an eye
On a poor little fellow like him.

His little red hands hung down by his side
As he looked in the window to see
All the beautiful toys
That would please little boys
More blest and more happy than he.
His father was dead and his mother was poor,
And the crowd kept on hurrying by,
Then he picked up a sack,
Threw it over his back,
And he left with a tear in his eye.

He thought of his mother is bed at home sick
And his feelings he tried to control
As he stopped here and there
On the street everywhere
To pick up a stray lump of coal.
A gentleman gave him a quarter to go
And purchase some nice little toy.
And the heart that was sad
In the breast of that lad
Never beat in a happier boy.

He lifted the rim of his little brown hat
And thanked him the proudest of boys,
But he never went back
To that store with his sack
To invest it in purchasing toys.
No! no! he went to the river in haste,
With a feeling of joy in his soul.
No toys had he bought,
For the little boy thought
Of his mother, and spent it for coal.

—[Will S. Hayes in Commercial Gazette.

LENGTH OF LIFE IN BEE-LAND.

The life of a bee depends upon how much work it does. In the busy summer months they do not live much more than thirty or forty days, but in the winter, when resting in a half-asleep state, they may live six months. In the summer season they lead lives of the greatest activity.

THE EAR OF CORN.

A farmer went out into his field with his little son to see whether the corn would soon be ripe.

"Father, how is it," said the boy, "that some stalks bend so low to the earth, and others hold up their heads? Are not the straight ones the best? The others which stoop low down before them are surely not as good, are they?" The father plucked off two ears, and said:

"See, this ear which bent modestly is full of the finest corn, but that which stretched upward proudly is quite barren and empty.

"To carry one's head up very high
Is often a sign of vanity."

TAMED BY KINDNESS.

We have heard of taming almost everything, but we were surprised when we read in the Christian at-Work some time ago of a lady taming a wasp. She found one on her window which appeared to be dead, but it was only chilled by the frost, and when she took it upon a piece of paper and put it by the fire as soon as it became warm it flew to the window again, where it stayed all day. The next morning it was again chilled so it could not move, and she put it near the stove again, which it did as it had done the day before. So she continued to do every morning for some days. But one day she was surprised to find that it flew up on her shoulder instead of going to the window. She put her finger near its head and it crawled upon it. From that time she began to feed it with pieces of apple and pear, and after that it would fly to the lady many times during the day and the two became great friends.

"GRANDFATHER OF THE RUSSIAN NAVY."

Peter the Great traveled to Holland in search of knowledge and the mechanic arts.

Here learning also how to build boats, he returned to Russia and constructed with his own hands the big double-bowed whale boat which has been nubbed "the grandfather of the Russian navy," and from which sprang literally the first great fleet of Russia.

In visiting St. Petersburg today you are shown Peter's cottage, built of round logs and painted red, the palace that he built in 1703, and from which he superintended the building of his new capital. It contains only two rooms and a kitchen, their combined size being about fifty-five feet by twenty feet in breadth.

The bed-room on the left, in which he also dined, has been converted into a chapel of the Russian-Greek faith and is often crowded with worshippers, who are attracted by an ikon of the Savior, which accompanied Peter in his battles and effected the discomfiture of Charles XII. at the famous battle of Poltava. A substantial house has been erected over this historic cottage and the whaleboat of Peter, together with the rude bench on which he sat, are also preserved intact.—[Chicago Herald.

COUNTERFEITERS.

Their Capture Is an Extremely Difficult Matter.

They Work in Gangs and are Ruled by a Chief.

The Secret Service Bureau in this city is not a widely-advertised place and the methods used in detecting the counterfeit money men are kept as close as the name of the bureau would imply. Outside of the office itself there is probably not any one who knows how many men are employed in running down those who make and sell the base coin or counterfeit the bills. This kind of detective work is one of the most difficult, as the counterfeiter is usually a man who is intelligent and careful to keep his track well concealed. The days when he manufactured his coin or worked over the bit of paper to make a note in some country recess are over. The large cities are now found to be the most secure spots for the making of counterfeit money, and there he is less liable to be discovered.

At the least suspicion he is enabled to pack up and move away on half an hour's notice. The maker of the money never passes it. He would not bend to such low work. He is the skilled artisan who only makes and sells at wholesale. There is also a middleman who buys the stuff and makes a profit in selling it in small quantities to the men who do the passing. So the detectives, who find little difficulty in scaring the poor ignorant fellows who go around to small stores and buy a cheap article and then offer a bad dollar, presuming good change, meet with obstacles at every step in trying to get their clutches on the principals. Often a month elapses, during which the detectives are kept busy following up clews, before they get near the man, and then are baffled by his suddenly changing his usual haunts and retreats.

To get the evidence is also a very difficult matter and the law is strict, requiring that the arrested man had the intent to pass and know it was counterfeit money, while in the case of the manufacturer the evidence must connect him with the making of the coin. If a quantity of tools are found in a house which are clearly used in making bad coin the defense will be set up that the plant was left by a boarder or some other person and the arrested party will claim he was not aware of their nature, and a cloud of reasonable doubt will be raised by the lawyer defending him. So the detectives always try to catch the maker in the act of making.

The detectives must use great care not to throw out the least word that could be taken suspiciously by the man against whom he is collecting evidence. Once in a while a passer, when arrested, will disclose the maker, but that is rare, and for the most part they remain mute while going through the process of law, and never give a hint as to where they procured the stuff. Of course the old counterfeiters, on coming out of prison, are watched, but not much useful information is gained in this manner. There are several gangs of counterfeiters that the Secret Service men would like to get hold of. The two-dollar crowd are turning out lots of bad bills. The silver dollar men are evidently very active, while there seems to be as many bad quarters out as ever. The makers of the latter class in this city have a large organization which works in apparent harmony.

For instance, there is a chief who rules the gang. If he is captured his mantle falls upon another member of the company, usually time of service being the qualification of promotion. The money is distributed among the passers, who go out in pairs, one to do the "shoving," a coin at a time, while the other carries the bag and watches for danger. The Italians are the men who do most of the passing. Many use fruit stands to work off bad coins in change. It is not improbable that a good deal of the small counterfeit money is made in Italy and sent over here.

To get these petty passers the detectives haunt the saloons, get acquainted with the men, and ingratiate themselves until they are trusted sufficiently to be sold the bad coin. Having once purchased a lot, the detective pretends that he has passed it, gets some more, and is introduced to others of the gang, and finally, when a good-le number have been placed, a raid is made and the men are gathered in.

Many bankers bring bills to the bureau for inspection, and an agent from the department at Washington travels through the country, visiting banks and financial houses, picking up bad bills. A fine specimen was shown in this city lately of a pen-and-ink-made twenty-dollar bill. It had been made by a monomaniac, and was not for business purposes.—[New York Times.

Growth of Brains.

In the inferior races the head ceases to grow after 20 years of age. In the superior races the head of the intelligent and educated man increases in volume until 35, 40 and 45 years. The skull has reached its maximum development when the bones composing it are welded together, so as to render the sutures invisible. Once the sutures are solidified, the future growth of the brain is impossible, which is said to explain the insurmountable difficulty experienced in trying to teach illiterate adults.

The solidification varies according to the investigating activity of the brain. It takes place between the ages of 22 and 25 years in the task worker, between 28 and 35 in the middle class manual professions, and after 35 in educated persons who practise intellectual professions. Recent experiments in the female colleges of Russia prove that woman's head, though naturally smaller than man's, is susceptible to similar development under educational treatment. The skulls of great thinkers grow throughout life.

The frontal sutures of Pascal, Rousseau and others who lived to a ripe old age were found open. Comparison of the individual skulls of different races discloses the singular and important fact that in the inferior beings the solidification of the sutures begins in the frontal, or intellectual, region of the brain, and terminates in the occipital, or animal. In the case of the civilized man, on the contrary, the solidification, beginning much later in life, starts in the occipital, passes to the parietal bone, and thence to the frontal, thus giving to the last moment the fullest scope to the superior functions.—[Chicago News.

"Uncle Sam's" Military Road.

The military road, of which I have just spoken, was constructed by the United States government to connect the military posts of the Far West with one another. Beginning at Fort Leavenworth, on the Missouri River, it passed through Fort Riley at the junction of the forks of the Kaw, and then, still keeping up the north side of the Republican Fork, went on to Fort Kearney, still farther west, then to Fort Laramie, which in those days was so far on the frontier of our country that few people ever saw it except military men and the emigrants to California. At the time of which I am writing, there had been a very heavy emigration to California, and companies of emigrants, bound to the Golden Land, still occasionally passed along the great military road.

Interlacing this highway are innumerable trails and wagon-tracks, the traces of the great migration to the Eldorado of the Pacific; and here and there were the narrow trails made by Indians on their hunting expeditions and warlike excursions. Roads, such as our emigrants had been accustomed to in Illinois, there were none. First came the faint traces of human feet and of unshod horses and ponies; then the well-defined trail of hunters, trappers and Indians; then the wagon track of the military trains, which, in course of time, were smoothed and formed into the military road kept in repair by the United States government.—[St. Nicholas.

Feels Better.

"Are you happier since your second marriage?" he asked of his friend as they rode down town on a Broadway car.

"Oh, much happier."

"Then it was a case of love?"

"Exactly, the same as with my first, but there is this difference—I feel more settled."

"In your mind?"

"Yes, and all other ways. It was never quite clear in my first venture who ran the house, but in this case everything is plain sailing, and no occasion for dispute."

"She knuckled, eh?"

"Oh, no, she's boss."—[New York Sun.

A Long Mortgage.

One of the oldest mortgages in the State was "foreclosed" in Lubec last week. Major Trescott, a Revolutionary hero, who died at Lubec in 1826, left by his will the sum of $300, the income of which was to be devoted to the use of public schools in District No. 3, in that town. The money has been invested in a mortgage on one piece of real estate in Lubec for fifty years and the interest regularly paid.—[Pittsfield (Mass.) Advertiser.

A Birthday Song.

When berries redden on the thorn,
O that's the timely June-time born!
When the heavy grain is in the sale,
And all the feathered people pipe
When running wheels thrash out the corn,
'Twas then my pretty love was born.

When hunters whist the merry horn,
By woodland ways and meadows green,
In darksome days when to the sere and chill
In [illegible]
Except the lark, [illegible]
Of whitey snow—why, [illegible] was born.

O wee lag mouth with tresses torn!
O happy month as month [illegible]
For thee, through [illegible] below,
In heaven the angel winds shall blow,
The rose of [illegible] the star of morn,
Shall crown the month my love was born.

—[Margaret L. Woods in Tomorrow.

HUMOROUS.

A fertile theme—Tan beaver hat.

An absorbing subject—A piece of blotting paper.

"A great movement on foot"—When the elephant walks around.

The dime museum man loads a lion on the fat woman for advance salary.

Queen Victoria seldom retires before 2 a. m. Her son does not think she retires soon enough.

There isn't much deception about dressmakers. They are generally busy when they seem sewing.

It is true that an office-seeker may live to a green old age without ever reaching his declining years.

The members of the Farmers' Alliance may doubtless be set down as being in favor of low'en rule.

"Way—hello! You are the last person I expected to meet." "Well, I am the last person you have met."

"Does the cellar leak?" "No. It's had two feet of water in it ever since I've been in the house. Not a drop has got out."

Smiley—Now, remember, I don't want a very large picture. Photographer—All right, sir. Then please close your mouth.

He—"I fear I shall never be perfectly happy, my dear." She—"Why not, darling?" He—"Because I can never forget all the mean things I know about myself."

The Skill of Criminals.

I have been struck lately by the way in which the public and I agreed in the work of criminals, but, I am sorry to say, in their best—or prospects of reform, but in whatever is connected with their criminality and the prison life to which it leads. An inlaid wooden box made by Jesse Sewell while in prison attracts crowds before a Washington street shoe window, in which it is exhibited. The box, by the way, which is said to be composed of nearly forty-five hundred pieces of wood, is of excellent workmanship and shows the maker's huge nerve and patience to a good deal of advantage.

It impressed me anew with the often expressed idea that if criminals would only use in respectable occupations the skill which they devote to nefarious ways of earning a living they would make handsome fortunes. But there is something in the excitement of criminal practices which, in certain natures, has an attraction beyond the steady gain of laborious honesty.—[Boston Post.

Value of the Metals.

The Jewelers' Circular tells its readers that in 1887 the valuation of the metals mined in the United States was estimated at $200,000,000, and that of the minerals of every kind, including the natural gas and mineral waters, at $288,000,000, as $206,000,000 in 1886. Although precious metals are also found in the Alleghanies, the principal States where gold is found are California, Colorado and Dakota, while Colorado, Nevada, Utah and Montana are richest in silver.

The proportion in the yield of gold and silver has changed entirely since 1860; for the decade from 1850 to 1859, $555,000,000 gold and $50,000,000 silver were mined. The two decades from 1860 to 1879 showed a decided change—$870,000,000 gold and $142,000,000 silver; from 1880 to 1887 only $264,000,000 gold and $375,000,000 silver. In the year 1887 the mines furnished $33,100,000 gold and $53,400,000 silver.

Smallest Book Ever Printed.

The smallest book ever printed since type was invented is, perhaps, the microscope edition of Dante's "Divine Comedy," which was exhibited at the Paris exposition of 1882. The volume of 500 pages was somewhat less than half an inch square. Two sheets of paper sufficed to contain all of the 14,323 verses. The type in this little book was cast in 1834, but no complete book had hitherto been turned out, the difficulties for compositors and revisers being so redoubtable that no one would continue the work for any length of time.