

Dreams.

When the balmy days grow long,
Love, I dream of thee the more,
And I weave into my song
All the sweet, sad thoughts that throng
Of the golden days of yore.
If a dream of thee be wrong,
Then I have offended sore.
Love, I dream of thee the more
When the balmy days grow long.
All the winter have I sigh'd
For thy presence, wearily
Grieving, gazed across the wide
Gulf of selfish, human pride
Which divided thee and me—
Now sweet hope inspires my song,
Wears the smile that once she wore.
Love, I dream of thee the more
When the balmy days grow long.
—Boston Pilot.

A SOLITAIRE.

BY FRANK H. STAFFEL.

Ratherford stood at the wide stone gateway of a pretty old English homestead. The bright moonlight was gleaming upon the trees, the shrubbery and the fountain, and upon the massive buildings with their towers, balconies and quaint architectural conceits. It was such a picturesque view that the young American tourist gazed upon it with rapture.

The stillness was broken by the dipping of an oar near by, and he was made aware of the fact that close to the left of him a boat flowed through the shrubbery into the river behind him. He turned his face thitherward, and waited.

Presently a boat shot out into the river, and he saw that the occupant was a young girl with a pliant figure, a bright face, and exquisite grace in her movements.

He was as plainly defined in the moonlight as she was, but she did not happen to glance toward the terrace. She was in such a happy mood that she gave voice to it in song:

"Was there ever maid more fair,
Or a truer lover,
Seen beneath the moonlight rare
On the Downs of Dover?
On the Downs, the Downs,
On the Downs of Dover?"

A second voice followed, and the young man stood spellbound. Never had he heard a voice so sweet, so flexible, so distinctly articulate.

The melody was fresh, pleasing, vivacious. She disappeared beyond the trees which lined the river, her voice dying pleasantly away.

He had just turned to depart, when several wild, piercing shrieks came to his ears, and he knew that the fair singer had met with some disaster.

He ran swiftly along the path which skirted the shore, reached an opening among the trees, and saw her struggling in the water, the overturned boat drifting away from her. He plunged into the river and rescued her, carrying her along the path to the terrace.

She was able to stand upon the latter, and had entirely regained her consciousness. She cast a grateful glance at her wet and bedraggled attire, and then lifted her handsome eyes to the face of the young man who had so gallantly rescued her.

"Sir, I am extremely grateful to you," she said, a sweet tremor in her voice.

Her screams had been heard at the house, and her father and a male domestic came hurrying to the spot. The former was a burly man, crisp of speech and stolid in his manner.

The daughter told him of the mishap and rescue. He bestowed a sharp glance on Miss Rutherford, and said: "Send me your address and I'll compensate you."

His pride was deeply hurt, and yet he hardly felt like blaming her. She was no flirt; he had simply miscalculated the extent of her preference for him.

A few evenings later as he strolled to and fro on the veranda, he glanced in at the open window and saw her seated at a piano, with several young men by her side.

She was certainly very much at home on the instrument; her playing was as faultless as it was brilliant.

Suddenly he stopped opposite the window, his lips parted, his eyes brightening, a gleam of intelligence lighting up his face.

She was singing a ballad, and her sweet, clear, flexible voice filled the room.

"Was there ever maid more fair,
Or a truer lover,
Seen beneath the moonlight rare
On the Downs of Dover.
On the Downs, the Downs,
On the Downs of Dover."

"Ah!" he ejaculated, under his breath. "Miss Clifton is the English girl I fished out of the river. Perhaps—"

He turned on his heel and dismissed the train of thought that brought with it new hopes and probabilities.

The next day the pretty heiress came upon him as he sat alone in one of the pavilions. He arose to go.

"Pray, Mr. Ratherford, do not let me cause you to retire," she pleasantly said, as she fluttered into one of the rustic seats.

Instead of replying, he looked steadily at her, with an expression upon his face that puzzled her.

"I am sorry for what happened the other day," she softly said.

"You were the arbiter of your own fate," he replied.

"Why, that sounds funny!" she said, with an odd little laugh. "I fancied that you had made me the arbiter of yours."

"Of course, Miss Clifton, if you have reconsidered—"

"But I haven't," she hurriedly interrupted.

She blushed considerably, for she knew she had not been entirely truthful. She might not have reconsidered her refusal, but she had made sundry mental admissions; one that he was the most worthy of her admirers, and the other, that she at least liked him.

"Did you know it the evening you proposed to me?" persisted she.

"No, Miss Clifton. I did not know it until last evening. That ballad identified you; you were singing it when your boat upset."

"Was I?" she asked, merely to control her embarrassment, for she remembered quite distinctly.

"I had intended to send you the ring by mail today, without explanation or comment," he said. "I ask no advantage now."

"I cannot say that I understand your last remark, Mr. Ratherford," she replied, slightly flustered.

He was standing with his arms folded, his eyes fixed upon her, a waiting, intensely yearning look in them that made her heart beat faster.

"You are going away today, are you say, Mr. Ratherford?" she nervously asked.

"Yes, Miss Clifton."

"From—from dire necessity?" she asked, in a queer tone, covertly watching him.

"From choice," he crisply rejoined. He waited a few moments and then significantly added:

"I have lost interest in everything here."

"Even in me?" she asked, with a faint blush on her cheeks and an encouraging smile on her lips.

"Ah," he quickly replied, eyes, with a catch in his breath. "Yes, it can! One little word from you will be sufficient."

"Then it would not be kind in me to withhold it," she softly said. "I might be cruel to myself. You must keep this ring. I will feel hurt if you decline to accept it."

"I will accept it on one condition."

"And what is that?"

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

KATY HAD A LITTLE MONKEY.
It was a little long tailed one, but I will tell the answer true.
Just what it was that Katy did, and all that Katy didn't do.
She didn't want to hold it tight, and didn't want to wait till later.
She didn't care for party games, she did not sit very still in church, and didn't break her little fan.
She did right all vacation time, and didn't fret when school began.
No wonder this surprising child is sung about with such delight
Forthwith the great round harvest-moon, on every pleasant autumn night.
—Youth's Companion.

AMONG THE INVALID CHILD.

A camera obscura is an amusing plaything for an invalid child and helps to pass the weary weeks of convalescence after an illness. This little instrument if placed in a darkened room through the window will reflect everything that passes the house on the ground glass, making a sort of moving, colored puppet show.—(New York Tribune.)

ADOPTED BY A MONKEY.

I heard a very curious story the other day about a monkey which adopted a kitten, says a writer in the Denver Republican. It happened this way. Mollie—that was the monkey—had a little baby monkey—that was the kitten. Mollie was the monkey. She used to carry him all about the house, showing to visitors and exhibiting him to the family. Perhaps she carried the poor little fellow around too much, for when he was about two weeks old he took sick and died. Poor Mollie was crazed with grief. She mourned and crooned over his poor cold body, and vainly tried to bring him back to life. When her mistress attempted to take her dead monkey to be buried Mollie fought and resisted with her all night.

At last, however, they succeeded in getting him from her, and then she refused to eat. For two days she would touch nothing, and they feared she would starve. On the third day she sat moodily watching the cat, who lay near the fire surrounded by her seven kittens. They were just learning to walk and one of them came near Mollie. Like a flash Mollie swooped down and grabbed him, chattering with delight. Ever since she has kept the kitten with her, and neither the cat nor any person can get him away. As for the kitten, he seems perfectly happy, and sleeps and eats by Mollie's side.

THOMAS' FORTUNE.

A family leaving town for the summer left behind one Thomas, a big cat, who had a reputation throughout the street in which he lived as a fighter and ratter.

Provision was made for Thomas' subsistence during the summer with the milkman, who each morning poured into a dish inside the area some milk.

Thomas, while vicious enough to other than intimate acquaintances, was while at home of a social disposition. Personally he missed a great deal the family and the pet pig, with whom he was on the best of terms.

At any rate on the family's return the members were surprised when the servant hurried up stairs and told them Tom was playing in a most friendly manner in the rear area with an immense rat.

Everybody tiptoed down to look. Sure enough, Tom had made a new friend. His love of society had overcome his natural instinct, and he was drinking his breakfast while the rat was jumping around the saucer in the most unbecoming manner.

But alas for the rat's confidence in feline nature! For a few days all went well between the strange friends. They were often seen together, and were always apparently on the best of terms. One morning, however, Bridget coming down stairs found the rat's headless body. Thomas' whiskers were stained with blood.

Either the whimsical friends had quarrelled, or relieved by the return of the family from the necessity of taking up with any acquaintance he could make, Thomas had decided to give up his friendship. And with that decision, probably, his normal instincts had resumed their sway.

The foregoing is a true story.—(New York Herald.)

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Some Facts Which Indicate Its Stupendous Size.

A Building Which Covers Twenty-One Acres.

Writing about the World's Fair in Chicago, H. C. Banner says in Scribner:

The grounds are a little less than a mile and a half in length. In width they are about a third of a mile at the narrow end, and about four-fifths of a mile at the broad or south end. Speaking roughly, this is about equivalent to as much of the lower end of New York city as would be separated from the upper portion by a line drawn from the foot of Canal street and North River to the foot of Rutgers street and East River. They contain more than half a thousand acres, exclusive of the Midway Plaisance, an annex running eastward behind the Women's Pavilion.

The main court, Plaza or Cour d'Honneur is a quadrangle 2000 by 700 feet. It contains the Great Basin, 1000 by 350 feet; the MacMonnies Fountain, the centre-piece of a basin 150 feet in diameter; and terminates at the lake end in the peristyle designed by Mr. C. B. Atwood, which is 60 feet high and is composed of four rows of pillars.

The manufactures and liberal arts building is 1687 by 78 feet in size. It covers about thirty-one acres. The great main roof covers an area 1499 by 385 feet, and has an extreme height of 210 feet. This is between 55 and 60 feet higher than the Great Arch of the Machinery Building in the recent Paris Exposition. It is only 10 feet less in height than the great chimney of the New York Steam Heating Company. It is just 6 feet lower than the top of the spire of Grace Church, New York. It is 11 feet lower than the Bunker Hill shaft at Boston. It would hold the Vendôme column mounted on a 74-foot pedestal.

The seating capacity of the building is estimated at over 200,000 people. St. Peter's at Rome holds about 54,000, St. Paul's in London less than 20,000, and the Metropolitan Opera House in New York has a capacity of 2000 people. The entrance to this building are 40 feet wide by 80 feet high. Its ground plan is much more than twice the size of that of the Pyramid of Cheops. It is the latter part of a hundred feet longer than the main span of the Brooklyn Bridge. It is nearly two and one-half times as long and more than two and one-half times as wide as the Capitol at Washington. The architect is Mr. George B. Post of New York.

A Novel Building.

A novelty in architecture is proposed to be constructed, so far as the exterior is concerned, entirely of aluminum and glass. It will be the first time in the history of architecture that aluminum is used for the exterior of a building, and it is safe to say that this innovation will command great attention all over the world. The metal has been used to a considerable extent for interior work, such as railings, elevator rails, letter boxes, etc., but never has it been used, save in a petty way, on the outside.

The first story will be of ordinary height, and the stories above (twelve feet, ten feet six inches and eleven feet in clear. The windows will occupy the entire distance between the stories save the small amount of space required for the mullions, and each window will have two sheets of plate glass eleven feet long, joined at the centre with a line of aluminum, making practically one plate of glass twenty-two feet long. It will be seen that the dimensions of this glass are equal to that of a very good sized room. On each side of this large plate will be a smaller window, say two or three feet wide, provided for the purpose of ventilation, etc. The mullions between the two windows will be covered with aluminum plate.

Thus the two fronts of the building, which is to be located at the corner of State and Madison streets, will present a beautiful surface of aluminum bronze and plate glass. There will be three columns on the State street front and four on Madison street, running up the entire height of the building, the metal of these columns being in ornate and pleasing forms, developing at the cornice into interlacing palm leaves. A few difficulties of minor consequence were encountered in elaborating these plans, but it is believed that they have all been overcome. Provision has been made for convenient access to these large windows for the purpose of washing.

and also for keeping the metal surface clear of soot. The window frames will be covered with gold leaf, and the radiators within the building, which, owing to the large amount of glass will be visible from the outside, will be gilded, and present a pleasing appearance. One of the great advantages of this lavish use of plate glass will be in the fact that merchants can have immense signs on the windows if they choose. One pane of glass will take a sign twenty-two feet long and as broad as may be desired.—(New York Advertiser.)

Making Roads.

Engineers learned long ago that the weight and hardness of rock have no bearing on its fitness for roadmaking, and whatever doubt existed that the same is true as to building stone was dispelled by the Chicago fire. Very heavy stone may be brittle. Slate weighing 175 pounds per cubic foot, and pure mica weighing 185 pounds, are of no value whatever for paving; and as to building stone, it is shown that a minute proportion of natural cement, possibly less than one per cent, and adding nothing to the weight, makes all the difference between the most tenacious stone and that which crumbles like loaf sugar.

At present the tendency is to prefer trap rock, and after that felsite and granite for roadmaking. In the last there is much variety, and the kind containing hornblende is greatly preferred to that containing mica. It is admitted, however, by all engineers, that we have yet a great deal to learn about roadmaking.—(New York Advertiser.)

Percentage of Females Growing Less.

The last census reports show that the females as compared with the males have lost relatively since 1880 in the United States as a whole, the numerical loss being 1261 to each 100,000 males, as against a relative loss in 1880 of 1257 females to each 100,000 males. There has been a relative loss during the decade of 2070 females to each 100,000 males in the North Atlantic division of 1776 females to each 100,000 males in the South Atlantic division and 1411 females to each 100,000 males in the south central division. There has been a slight increase relatively on the other hand of 269 to each 100,000 males in the north central division and 1650 females to each 100,000 males in the western division. In 19 states and territories there has been a relative increase of females to each 100,000 males, while in 29 states and territories there has been a relative decrease of females to each 100,000 males.

Curiosities of Grave Robbing.

Under the laws of Draco, which you will remember as being the most severe code ever drawn up, all grave robbers were put to death without trial. The old Athenian laws put a slave to death for disturbing a body after interment; but, in the case of a freeman, a contribution of a moiety of his possessions was the penalty. At one time (in the time of the seventh and eighth Henry's) the English laws held that it was deemed unlawful to open a grave for a second person, except for a husband or wife. If a man had not been informed, grave robbers in this country only lay themselves liable to a fine and imprisonment for a short time, unless it can be proven that they took the grave clothes along with the body. For this reason, ghosts (real professionals) always strip the remains before depositing them in the "long sack" preparatory to their removal to some medical college.—(St. Louis Republic.)

So Amiable as She is Spoke in Japan.

So amiable as she is spoke in Japan English that the jirikisha man or much usually will repeat after you any English word they hear. Servants will come and beg to work for an American for their rice and the privilege of being ordered in English. When we came away from Yokohama the last day I remember how proud our jirikisha man was when he made us a present of a bundle of fans, and said, with his face all beaming with smiles, "Please accept from Fuji San No. 1," nor how triumphantly he looked down upon the other "jirikishas" who did not understand him. Fuji San was prouder of that speech than Calver was of his speech against Cataline.—(New York Sun.)

A Puzzling Situation.

Charlie—I've forgotten something.
Chapple—Indeed, what is it?
Charlie—That's just what I've forgotten, dear boy.
Chapple—Then, old man, how do you know you've forgotten it?
Truth.

The Road to Slumber-land.
What is the road to Slumber-land and where does the baby go?
The road lies straight through mother's arms when the sun is sinking low.

He goes by the drowsy "land of nod" to the land of "lullaby."
When all wee lambs are safe in the fold, under the evening sky.

A soft little night gown clean and white; a face washed sweet and fair;
A mother brushing the tangles out of the silken, golden hair.

Two little feet, astyng free from the shoe and the stocking foot,
Two little palms together clasped, at the mother's patient knee.

Some baby words that are strowly lapped to the tender Shepherd's ear;
And a kiss that only the mother can place on the brow of her baby dear.

A little round head which nestles at last close to the mother's breast,
And then the lullaby, soft and low, sing'd the song of rest.

And close and closer the blue-eyed lids are fading the baby's eyes,
As over the road to Slumber-land the dear little traveler lies.

For this is the way, through mother's arms, all little babies go,
To the beautiful city of Slumber-land, when the sun is sinking low.

HUMOROUS.

Should be looked into—A telescope.
Maid to order—The waitress in a restaurant.

It stands to reason that ocean gray-hounds are not ordinary harks.
"Did you ever talk with Miss Gabb?" "No, she always talks with me."

Familiarity does not appear to breed contempt in the case of some millionaires and a dollar.
"A little of this will go a great weight," said the man who was preparing a load of coal.

Doctor—Your wife really needs change, Jangle. Jangle—Great Scott! I gave her a \$10 bill not a month ago.
"I see villain in your face," said a judge to a prisoner. "May it please your honor," said the latter "that is a personal reflection."

It was once an Easter bonnet that her loveliness did lack;
But the present source of sorrow is a so-called saqueo.

Freshleigh—I love you more than myself, darling. Miss Sharpleigh—That's not saying much. You are away giving yourself away.

"I hear bandits are holding you, boy Peter for ransom." "No," returned the banker. "They threaten to send him back if I don't pay. I shall pay."
Judge—You were alone when you committed the robbery? Delinquent—Yes, your worship. You see, when you've got a mate you never know whether he's honest or not.

Ethel—Just wait a moment, Hetty, until I show you the lovely engagement ring Gerald gave me. Hetty—Oh, never mind, dear; I wore it for six months myself and know just how it looks.

A military captain, desirous of inspiring a soldier with patriotic sentiments, asked him the following question: "What would you think if you saw a banner waving over the field of battle?" "I should think the wind was blowing," was the man's reply.

The Syph and the Students.

It was a wet afternoon and some half-dozen students from the university were about the only passengers on board the interurban car. At Pylor avenue a dainty creature got on and took a seat right plump in the middle. Her eyes were beautiful and her complexion as beautiful as a dream. A long mackintosh coming down to the elegant and trim little rain boots and a rubber hood were the outward and only apparent articles of attire. The six students lined up in a row on the opposite seat and the face of each assumed a peculiar and beguiling expression. They smiled, they stroked their chins, while one or two pulled away in the most captivating manner at their soft downy moustaches. That syph-like creature eyed the stalwart young men wonderingly and with strict impartiality. After a while its umbrella dropped nervously from its fingers. In a second six brawny arms grabbed at it and four thoughtful brows bumped against each other, but the syph took the umbrella and didn't say a word. At Dale street the car stopped and the syph stood up and unbuttoned its surcoat and stood revealed—a ten-year-old boy. "Well, I never knew that students were such great gawks," it said, and then it tripped out, and during the rest of the run there was a profound silence, broken only by the conductor as he looked up at the clouds and smiled to himself gently but audibly.—(St. Paul Pioneer-Press.)