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Dreamland.

Near our dreamland lies a lowland
Ever fresh and fair with flowers;
We can see it from our dreamland
From the lowland will be ours.

There is a cottage in that lowland,
Porch embowered with trellised vine;
Sweet the vision from our dreamland,
Round its windows roses twine.

Lead me gently through the dreamland
That I may no longer roam;
Guide me safely to the lowland
For I long to rest at home.

Where the breath of toyder the rose;
Sweeter duty bravely done,
Care beguiled by fond caressing
Dreamland, lowland—all in one.

—WALLACE BRUCE in Home Magazine.

THE CAPTURE.

Martha, the old servant, awakened me. She said, "Your uncle is dying!"

I went down stairs, and again found myself before the half-open door, where for the past two days I had been watching the agony of my uncle. He had brought me up, and had been the kindest of guardians. He had banished me from his presence. He had commanded that I should not be admitted to the chateau. He had done all this without motive, without any offence on my part, but simply because he had disinherited me for her!

Her! I see her moving about in the dying man's room, a few steps from me. There she reigns as a sovereign. She devotes herself to the patient. She obeys each request of the doctor, who, with her, watches by my uncle's bedside. I watch her every movement and a wild hatred, mixed with agony and humiliation, burns in my veins.

On my return from Germany, I found her living at my uncle's, and he said to me:

"She is my old friend Stuart's daughter. He died ruined, poor old fellow! I hope that you will not object to my giving her a small dowry. You will still be a millionaire!"

She was very beautiful, but proud and haughty. She received me coldly and in a very ungracious manner, but in spite of that I fell promptly in love with her. Her step made me tremble and her fine profile charmed me. At the end of a month I would have given heaven and earth for her love. I dared to tell her so, to ask her to marry me, but she refused me without hesitation.

"Never!" she declared positively.

Ah! that "never!" It broke my heart, but I answered her calmly:

"You might have told me so more gently."

"It would have been less effectuous" she returned calmly. And I admired the barbaric frankness of her answer, like the sentimental fool that I was!

Today I know what the girl with the dark eyes was hiding. I now understand her silence, her cold reception, her insulting rejection. It was because she was sure of her position. Already she knew that she should rob me of my fortune. And to think that during the past two days I have not told her how I despise her. To think that I was satisfied to avoid her, not to talk to her! How she must laugh at my folly!

As this thought enters my mind, I am about to enter the room. But the words of the doctor still sound in my ears:

"Do you wish to kill the patient? It can be done in a minute. A sudden emotion, a surprise, and he goes!"

Thus even nature is in favor of the spoiler! Again I look at her. She is leaning over the bed with the expression of a Madonna!

Suddenly the old man moves and moans like a little child. My heart is filled with pity for him. Then he calls: "Leone!"

The doctor moves quickly, I hear a confused whispering, then a cry:

"I am suffocating! Ah—I——"

A dead silence,—then a rattling in the throat,—and again silence.

Then the doctor leans over the bed, listens, and finally says in a low voice:

"He is dead."

Leone hides her face in her hands. I approach. I would like to excuse her, but a puerile sense of respect keeps me silent, and it is she who speaks first. "I would like to say something to you."

Her eyes are filled with tears, but her voice is resolute. It seems as if she were defying me.

However, I consent and lead her into the next room. There we remain looking at each other for a minute without speaking. It is she who continues:

"You will excuse me for not having sent for you sooner,—but your uncle refused absolutely to see you, and considering his condition, I had only to obey. That was at least the opinion of the doctor. Believe me, I am sorry!"

"I should think so!" I exclaimed with an insulting laugh.

She looked me full in the face,—her eyes flashed,—and she stopped crying. "You will regret that laugh!" she said haughtily. "It is cowardly! Your duty as a gentleman is first to listen to me."

I was struck with her attitude, although I believed it to be only another form of duplicity; and I replied gravely:

"Be it so! I will listen to you."

She continued then vehemently:

"I know that you believe that I influenced your uncle. I know that you believe me responsible for his change of mind toward you, and guilty of having captured his estate. I know that you believe me avaricious, a liar, a plotter! However, I am none of these things!"

"Ah! then you are not his heiress?" I asked with bitter irony.

"Yes! I am his heiress! But I did nothing that the most scrupulous delicacy could object to! I often begged your uncle to send for you, and I only ceased when the doctor assured me that my constant demands worried the patient. Your uncle was my benefactor.

"He saved me from misery, and I could not do anything which would prove me ungrateful. When he was attacked with the strange whim of preferring me to you, I was obliged to submit; as he was then too ill to be opposed——"

"But you inherit the estate!" I repeated with the same mechanical irony.

"I inherit it—well?"

She gazed fixedly at me.

"If you were in my place, what would you think?" I exclaimed.

"Just what you will think!" and she drew a small packet from her pocket and handed it to me, saying, "Forgive the old man, and destroy this proof of his delirium!"

I was too much astonished to speak. My hands trembled. Confusedly I realized how wrong I had been in blaming her.

"What do you mean?" I finally stammered.

"That is the will. I give it to you, and you remain the heir of your unhappy uncle."

I was so overcome by her answer that I was obliged to lean against the wall for support; so ashamed that I could not look her in the face, her, whom I had so basely accused.

After a few minutes, I collected myself and begged in a supplicating voice:

"Forgive me! Take back this packet! I would rather die than accept the estate on these conditions."

"And I?" she exclaimed, vehemently and disdainfully, "do you think that I will touch it? Do you think I would defile myself by stealing?"

"I have misunderstood you!" I exclaimed. "I have acted like a brute! I am a miserable fool!"

"It does not matter now! We shall probably never see each other again!" She spoke gently, in an absent manner. Her beautiful eyes had a far-away look, and now I knew she was really pure, innocent, stainless.

"Ah!" I murmured, "Of what use is the money to me! To receive it thus from your hands is the hardest of punishments. I will not have it! To receive it from you who refused me so coldly!—from you who despise me with such humiliating gentleness! I should consider myself disgraced for life!"

"What do you say? Disgraced because I returned to you what belonged to you? Because I refuse to profit by the unintelligible whim of an invalid?"

She retreated a few steps, and her admirable beauty filled my heart with adoration. "Ah why would you not accept my love?" I cried. "Why would you let me have no part in your life?"

"I was a poor girl, treated with kindness and trust in listening to you."

"Would you have listened to me, then, if you had been rich?" I exclaimed.

She cast down her eyes and remained a minute undecided. Then, lifting her long eyelashes, she said simply:

"I think so!"

My excitement increased, wood-tailed me, and I could only stammer:

"But now—you can——"

She motioned me to be silent. After a few minutes deep thought, she said:

"Today, I think that I have the right to listen to you. My refusal or acceptance depends now only upon my own inclination."

I approached and implored her:

"Accept my life or refuse it!"

"I will not refuse it!" she answered gently. And suddenly, smiling sweetly, she said with subtle feminine irony:

"I would never have refused it. For if you fell quickly in love with me, I too, was not slow in loving you!"

I caught Leone's hands and kissed them humbly, but she gently drew them away and begged me to remember the presence of the dead, which, to tell the truth, I had almost forgotten.

Thus I captured my inheritance. (Romance.

An Apache Mason and Sea Cook.

Since the days of William Kidd, the talented but unfortunate buccaneer of the Spanish main, there has been a halo of romance over the head of sea cooks. They have been the heroes and villains of prodigious tales, and even their soups have been endowed with peculiar attributes. Every sea cook commands wonderful recollections of hairbreadth escapes, as well as stories of plum duff and nutritious hoosey. Not one, however, is himself more of a unique specimen than the cook of the British ship John Cooke, which recently arrived at San Diego, Cal., after a long and dangerous voyage from Cardiff. This cook, says the Union, is a full-blooded Apache Indian, born in the White Mountains of Arizona. His people, the terrible White Mountain and Tonto Apaches, have caused no end of trouble to the troops and settlers in Arizona. This new was named Tumeshan (Silver River) and was taken when still a child to Mexico where he was raised. He has followed the sea for the greater part of his life, and has visited every part of the globe, learning several languages, including English, and becoming some years ago a member of the mystic fraternity. In civilization he is known as John Levin. He is quite dark, with the Indian physiognomy, and although sixty years of age, appears hardly in middle life. He has a Mexican wife and family living on the peninsula of Lower California, and says that this is his last voyage. He was picked up in Liverpool by Captain Lillie of the John Cooke. Levin or Silver River is an intelligent fellow and a sea cook, and does not seem half as bloodthirsty as many other cooks with a far different pedigree.

Golden Silence.

"I made $500 once," said the man in the mackintosh, "by merely keeping my mouth shut."

"Was it at an auction?" asked the man in the slouch hat.

"No."

"High priced doctor asked you to show him your tongue and you didn't do it?" ventured the man who had his feet on the table.

"No. It was——"

"Found it on the street and didn't say a word about it to anybody?" suggested the man behind the green goggles.

"Do it on a bet?" inquired the man in the shaggy ulster.

"Burglar asked you where your money was hid and you were struck speechless and couldn't tell him?" hazarded the man with the big spot of gray in his moustache.

"You think you're pretty smart," said the man in the mackintosh, speaking to the crowd generally, "but you're not. None of you would ever guess it. I made that $500 in the simplest way in the world. A rich old uncle who was visiting us told a long story we'd heard him tell a hundred times before. I was the only one in the family that didn't yawn, and he remembered me in his will."—(Chicago Tribune.

Coyotes Stuck to the Ice.

A gentleman from up the river, who for obvious reasons, does not want his name mentioned, relates that a few evenings ago he had occasion to build a bonfire on the ice of a pond about two miles below Floriston. He left it burning and went home. The next morning when he came back he was surprised to see four coyotes sitting on the ice on their haunches in a circle about the black embers. He approached them, and while they made frantic efforts to get away, they seemed fastened to the ice. He procured a club and dispatched all four. His theory is that they sat down on the ice, attracted by the blaze, and froze fast. (Reno (Nev.) Journal.

The Only Explanation.

Jack—"I don't comprehend Miss Smith."

Tom—"In what respect?"

Jack—"Well, we were children together, and here now I'm 32 and she's only 22."

Tom—"You've lived faster than she has."

Jack—"Thanks, old fellow. I guess that explains it."—(Detroit Free Press.

Major Graham Davis of North Carolina, is actively interesting himself in a movement to save from ruin the old fort of Sir Walter Raleigh on the eastern coast and preserve to the State the ground on which it was built.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

STEADY AND STEADY.

A—she's good to its place, lad
But not at the start, I say
For it's a very long race, lad
And never was won that way
To the stay they tells the story—
And the heart that never says die
A sport may do with the good in store,
But steady's the word says I
Steady's the word that wins the
Gritty and steady grain,
But sticking to it will carry you through at—
Roll up your sleeves—a gain

Oh, steady is very good—no lie
To frighten the chaps, I trow
But Holdfast she's like a horse, lad—
Brave Holdfast never lets go
And Clever's a pretty nice horse, lad
But steady—and don't they say
Be steady I mean the right course
To carry you all the way.

The iron bar will snap, lad
At straining muscle and thew,
But the patient teeth of the file, lad,
I warrant will gnaw it through
A ship may come at the end, lad,
And a boat of might and main,
But Steady and Stick must do the trick—
Roll up your sleeves again.

[New York Journal.

A DOG'S FRIENDSHIP.

A pretty story of dog friendship comes from across the water. A small terrier accompanied his master on a visit to a country house, where it soon received very rough handling from one of the house dogs, being rescued, indeed, just in time to escape total destruction. The next day the little dog was missed, and all search for him for two days was unavailing. At the end of that time, however, he reappeared in the stable yard in company with a big retriever, which belonged to his master. The moment the retriever met the house dog that had maltreated the little terrier he dashed at him savagely and severely fought him. There was no doubt that the small dog had journeyed to the home kennels and persuaded in dog language his big friend to return with him and avenge his wrongs.—[New York Times.

A VERY IDLE ANIMAL.

Probably no animal in the world spends more of its life among trees than the sloth, which is a native of the tropical forests of South America. It lives among the trees, feeds on their leaves and sleeps suspended from a bough or huddled up at the point where the branch meets the trunk. It does not walk along the branches, but clings to them back downward. Fairly active by night, it spends its day in sleep, and having little need for exhaustive intelligence, is one of the dullest of creatures. Its chief enemy is the snake, which is enabled to attack it in its own quarters. When it has stripped one tree of its foliage it moves on to the next by seizing an adjoining branch, but should this not be possible it must perforce come to the ground, on which it walks most clumsily, and climbs awkwardly.—[New York Mail and Express.

CHICKEN TALK.

Gilbert White says, in his old fashioned "polite" English, that the inhabitants of the farm yard seem possessed of such a variety of expressions and so copious a language as common poultry. Take a chicken of four or five days old, hold it up to a window where there are flies, and it will quickly chirp them with self-satisfied little twitterings. But offer it a wasp or bee and it will give a harsh cry of dislike and fear.

When a pullet is ready to lay she makes it known by a peculiar and very soft note; and when the laying is done she rushes forth with loudly jovial sounds, which are taken up and pronounced by the cock and all the hennery and which often spread from one farm yard to another.

When a hen becomes a mother she has still other expressions, and spends much time running about clucking and screaming.

The cock talks in many voices also. When he finds food he utters a peculiar call to some favorite hen to come and partake of it with him. When a bird of prey passes near the yard he calls in quick and warning tones to all his family. At other times his voice is as defiant as if he were using sharp words, or as gentle as if he were petting some one.

But the sound by which he is best known is his crowing; by this he has been distinguished in all ages as the countryman's clock, as the watchman that proclaims the divisions of the night, "the crested cock whose clarion sounds the silent hours."—[New York World.

Her Two Languages.

He—"Did you ever hear that Jagson's wife speaks two languages?"

She—"Yes."

He—"What are they?"

"The one for company and the other for Jagson."—(Chicago Inter-Ocean.

PRIDE OF THE ARMY.

The Third Infantry, Now Stationed at Fort Snelling.

It is the Oldest Regiment in Uncle Sam's Service.

The Third United States Infantry, now stationed at Fort Snelling, Colonel E. C. Mason, commandant, is the oldest regiment in the United States army, dating its organized life from 1784, when it was brought into existence under a resolution of the continental congress, the first American Infantry, Colonel Jackson's regiment having been ordered disbanded, and it became known as the First United States infantry. At the first session of congress, after the adoption of the constitution in 1789, Washington nominated and congress confirmed its officers.

It has always been a crack regiment, and was early given the subriquet of "The Rifles," and Sousa dedicated his famous march in its honor. To it has always been assigned duties most difficult or dangerous, and in almost every important campaign it has been in the lead. It has marched to and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, back and forth, along the great lakes, and from our northern border to the gulf. Through forests, over the deserts of the southwest, across the mountains and plains of the United States and Mexico it has made its way, contending against every foe, which has dared to oppose the United States soldier in battle.

From its ranks came Zachary Taylor, President of the United States, Senators, members of Congress, great jurists, governors of states and territories, and some of the bravest, best and most distinguished officers of the United States army, now and in its past history.

The soldiers of this regiment left their blood on almost every important field in the war of 1812; they were with Jackson at New Orleans and Mad Anthony Wayne in his Ohio campaign. They were in the Black Hawk and Seminole wars, won glory in every important engagement in Mexico, retreated but in order and without a stragler from the disastrous field at Bull Run. They were at Appomattox when Lee surrendered. Its flag tells the story of its engagements during the war.

Legions almost have been its foes—with the Indians, with Creeks, Navajos, Apaches, Modocs, Sioux—and it was with Howard in his 2,000 mile chase after Joseph's Nez Perces, winning glory and a star for General Miles, who caught the Indians on the fly.

Its first officers came from the old continental line and many of its officers since were sons or grandsons of those who fought in the revolution. When the soldiers of the revolution the continentals furnished by the several colonies or States were disbanded, Colonel Henry Jackson's first American infantry was organized from Massachusetts and New Hampshire soldiers.

There were six battalions June 20, 1874, by resolution of Congress dated June 2, 1874, which provided for retaining in the service only twenty-five men at Fort Pitt and fifty-five at West Point, with no officer higher in rank than captain; but on the following day a resolution was passed under which the first regiment infantry was reorganized.

By order of the Secretary of War numerous battles in which not less than half of the companies of the regiment have been engaged have been inscribed upon its banners. The list does not include the scores of skirmishes and battles in which a part only have been in action.—Chicago Tribune.

Artificial Flower Factories.

In the French quarter, which is cut in two by South Fifth avenue, are factories which turn out artificial flowers by the million and employ several hundred girls and women. The trade was formerly very unhealthful, so many poisonous chemicals being used to color the crude materials. Of late years such great improvements have been made by substituting innocuous pigments that the industry, as practiced in New York, can be pronounced quite safe. The girls and women are wonderfully deft and skillful. All earn good wages, and a few get as high as twenty dollars a week. But it takes a long apprenticeship and requires considerable inborn talent to become a successful operator. Every step has to be mastered before a girl gets to be a journeywoman. The shaping, cropping or curling of the leaves, their arrangement on the stem, the relations of leaf to flower and both to stem have to be known down to the minutest detail. The workwomen serve an apprenticeship of never less than a year. During this time they earn little or nothing, the products just about offsetting the raw material they spoil or waste. After that they get a small wage for a year or two and then blossom out into experts. Some girls never can learn at all. Grown women, especially when over thirty, can seldom acquire the requisite skill. [New York Advertiser.

Smokeless Powders.

The composition of smokeless powders is kept a profound secret by all the inventors and by the Governments which purchase them. Nearly all of them consist essentially of guncotton or other lower forms of nitrocotton, reduced by a solvent, such as acetic ether or acetone, which reduces the nitrocellulose to a viscous paste; this paste is then rolled out into sheets and the solvent allowed to evaporate.

The sheets are left as a definite horny substance, and are cut first into strips, and then the strips are cut across into grains of any size, or the substance can be left in strips or in a fibrous form. The French were the first to use smokeless powder, and this they did in the Lebel gun. It is believed that this Vieilles powder was made by mixing picric acid with the paste as above. This powder was found rapidly to deteriorate, and had to be abandoned. The Germans introduced a smokeless powder in 1889, a nitrated guncotton like that of the French. It, also, was wanting in stability. A first-class smokeless powder must not be too violent in its action; must be able to stand extremes of heat and cold; must not absorb water or deteriorate otherwise while in store. And it is a problem to find suitable powders to answer all these conditions.—[Baltimore American.

Japanese Lacquer.

The Japanese lacquer is a ready made product of nature, being prepared from the sap of the lacquer tree, which, when hardened, is of nearly like smoothness, unaffected by either acids or hot water. It is of great durability, never splitting or cracking. The industrial importance of lacquer work is far above its art value in Japan, where it is employed for an infinite variety of uses, even for such objects as acid tanks, ship keels, and photographic tablets, not to speak of the objects of domestic use. The unique superiority of Japanese lacquer work is due not only to the special merit of the material, but also to the care and skill shown by the Japanese in the manipulation of the material. The art lacquer work of Japan is essentially individual. It is not merely bric-a-brac. There is as wide a distinction between the ordinary lacquer tray or cabinet of commerce and the exquisite lacs by the great Japanese artists as between a placard and a canvas of Raphael. Each of the great masters of lacquer created a style of his own and founded a school, of which the traditions were kept alive by his successors for centuries.—[New York Sun.

She Employed Strategy.

The young husband was somewhat surprised when his wife came into the office. She opened the conversation at once.

"I want enough money to go out of town for a few days," she said, "and you will have to take your meals down town for a few days."

"Why, what does this mean?"

"I mean just this. I got a message yesterday to come to the house for Mary Ann to tell her that she was wanted at her aunt's, and as soon as she got around the corner I shut up the house and locked it and ran away. When she comes back she won't find any one there. We don't owe her anything, so it's all right, and I wanted to discourage her, but you know I never would dare to tell her to go, and I know you wouldn't dare, and don't you think you little wife knows pretty well how to manage? Say yes, now, or I'll break down and cry right here in the office."—[Indianapolis Journal.

How a Plant Has Traveled.

Less than 125 years ago the little plant known to the botanists as Lepachys Columnaris, was only known to inhabit a small section of country in the very southern portion of Louisiana. Some time later it was reported as occurring sparingly along the Canadian river, and, later still, on the Arkansas. Since that time it has slowly spread north, west and east, even to the very source of the Missouri, over into the British possessions, and is now said to be creeping along the Saskatchewan towards Hudson Bay. How a plant which originated in a warm climate could accustom itself to such changes is another of nature's mysteries.—[St. Louis Republic.

A Little Old Curl.

It fell from the folds of a letter
That came to a Maytime of old
From one I shall never forget her—
A curl with a glamor of gold.
And I thought of the bright brow that wore it—
It was only the brow of a girl,
But how grain-bills came it fell over it—
This witching and wonderful curl!

Her eyes, like the heavens above her,
Brightest bright as an April and blue,
All the world of the May seemed to love her
And traveled her ends as they blew;
And one, when with tenderest caresses
They kissed the bright wonders apart
And made a sweet song of her tresses,
They twined the wild curl to my heart!

And now, after years that have perished,
It comes through the mist and the glower—
Neglected and faded, yet cherished,
It stabs like a ray in a dream!
And though the dear forehead that wore it
Lies low beneath the maples that moan,
Still—still in the dark I adore it,
And kiss it, and love it alone!

C. C. SANDERS in Atlanta Constitution.

HUMOROUS.

Old Disentangled Snarls.

We never know what we can't do until we have tried it, but don't.

Teacher—"Tommy, how do you know that the world is round?" Tommy—"I don't."

She—"Will you love me when I'm old?" He—"Sure. It will be a settled habit by that time, you know."

Author—"Well, I want a husband who is easily pleased." Maud—"Don't worry, dear, that's the kind you'll get."

Editor—"No tip on the strike?" Proofreader—"Here's sixteen poems on 'Passion.'" Editor—"Shove em in and strike a match!"

"What—that yellow at the piano singing?" "A Fear Thee Not." "Fear the knot. I should think he would fear the noose."

"I know I'm a little irritable, John, but if I died to live my life again I'd marry you just the same."—"H'm!—I have my doubts about it."

A servant girl, writing home to her parents, said—"I am sorry I have no money to buy a stamp for this letter, I will put two on the next."

He—"You seem to be thinking hard?" She—"I was." He—"Of me?" She—"Why, Mr. Timmid, I couldn't think hard of you."

"Your neighbor appears to have failed a good many times." "Just twenty-four times. The next time will be his sixty-second bankruptcy."

Squibbs—"Dowdville is absolutely the coldest town I know." McSwilligan—"In what way?" "I never knew him to suggest a remedy to any one with a cold."

There was a young man of Kent,
He pondered gravely while he wore
On whether he had better get
His life preserver or his skates.

Willie—"Papa, I think I like history twice as much as I do arithmetic." Papa—"Why do you think so?" Willie—"Because I don't have to figure out the answers."

Fanny—"What's the matter with your walking cane? It's a faded rain." Annie—"Oh, that's my wife's work. She is always using it from the mother with various results."

"I wish I could make my collections as easily as you do," said the merchant to the street car conductor. "Mine don't seem good, but they are only fares," was the reply.

"Have you read that article on 'How to tell a good cigar?'" "No. I haven't but no matter, would be. If you have anything important to tell a friend, wait, wait, break it gently."

In a boarding house—Smith—"What's—the—knife—with this pie?" Landlady—"Why, I never furnish a knife with pie here." Smith—"Well, gimme the ax, then."

Dillingham—"What's the difference between a reduce at the mint and a conquer?" Stillingfleet—"Let's have it." Dillingham—"One makes barrels of money and the other makes money of barrels."

"Your daughter has a remarkably pretty foot, Mrs. Songes," said Mrs. Bloomfield to her friend. "Indeed she has," replied the grateful mother, "and I have decided to let some sculptor make a bust of it."

Bolkins—"Doctor, how can insomnia be cured?" Doctor—"Well, the patient should count slowly and in a meditative manner 500, and then—" Bolkins—"That's all very well, doctor; but our baby can't count."

Tommy—"Mr. Yabsley, sister Laura said at the table this morning that she thought you had the prettiest mustache she ever saw." Yabsley—"You oughtn't to tell things you hear at the table, Tommy." Tommy—"But she's going to give me a dime for telling you."