

THE FAMILY STORY



A BELIEVER IN DREAMS.

At the top of a steep hill two young men sat on a stone wall by the roadside, resting. It was late on a Sunday afternoon in October. Stretching away on every side, with here and there the roofs of farm-houses visible, were the bright colors of ripening foliage. Four miles away toward the west was the hazy outline of the city.

There had been silence for some time between the two companions. At length Howard Crane spoke. He was an athletic fellow, with a healthy color in his alert, smooth-shaven face. "I suppose this is our last walk together for this year," he said. "I shall be lonesome enough without you all winter. I wish you had not got to go south."

"And I wish you could go south with me," said John Brant, smiling. He was tall and spare, with a pale, sensitive face. "But of course the law can't get on without you."

Crane laughed. "I don't just see how I can leave now. I'd like to be with you, only I'd hate to waste so much time, and I was never particularly fond of loafing around doing nothing."

"I know I'm lazy," said Brant, good-humoredly. "But where's the use in my doing anything? It would only be taking the bread out of some poor fellow's mouth."

As the sun went down they left the wall and set out at a brisk pace toward the city.

"Of course," said Crane, after a pause. "I don't want you to stay here

hands, the same perplexing, harassing thoughts which had troubled him for the month past chased through his tired brain.

Was he a fool, he asked himself, for his friends, making them think he must leave home on account of his health, when in reality it had never been better. He was going away to college, leaving his family, all his acquaintances, Crane, and all, worst of all—Mildred.

And for what? Because in that wretched dream he had seen Mildred happily married to Crane.

He was tempted even now, at the eleventh hour, to go to Mildred and ask her to be his wife. But the spell of the dream was upon him still, and he felt that he could not betray his friend.

Even if he could, what reason had he to think that Mildred returned his love? And supposing she did, it would be a wrong to her, for he told himself, with self-deprecation, that Crane would make her the better husband.

No, he would carry out his plan to the bitter end. The dream was so real to him that he did not for a moment doubt its coming true. He smiled a little grimly as he thought how every one believed him to have one foot in the grave, and how his naturally pale face had helped to deceive them.

Mildred would not expect to hear from him, thinking him not able to write. Then Crane would begin to show her little attentions, and—

But here he broke off his reflections,

PICTURES IN SPAIN.

The Tottering Old Nation Has a Big Lot of Fine Paintings.

"It isn't every artist," remarked the man who looked as if he knew what a picture was whether he could paint one or not, "who gets into Spain, and yet thinks because he has seen what Florence, Dresden, Rome, Paris and London have to present to the eye that he has seen all there is in painting. And still, there is a gallery in Madrid which is well worth going all the way there to see. Not at present, perhaps, for an American artist, but at any time when there is no war on hand to make even artists enemies.

"I was in Madrid two years ago, and after a week's study through the Royal Picture gallery, or Real Museo de Pinturas, as the Spaniards call it, if I were not quite ready to believe as they do that it is the finest gallery in the world, I was ready to say that it was without a superior. The building was erected in 1785 by Charles III., as a Museum of Natural History, and after being used as a barracks, became a gallery of painting in 1819 with 311 pictures on exhibition. There are now over 2,000 pictures in the collection, and while it is not a chronological series of the schools of painting, it is a collection of gems that Uncle Sam might almost be warranted in invading Spain to possess for distribution among the American galleries that are at present doing what they can to compete with European exhibitions of pictures, and not making much of a show in doing. To go into details, let me say that on its walls are 62 Rubens, 53 Teniers, 10 Raphael, 46 Murillos, 64 Velasquez, 25 Van Dykes, 43 Titians, 31 Tintoretos, 23 Veroneses, 54 Breughels, 23 Snyder, 19 Poussins, 10 Wouvermans, 55 Giordanos, 58 Riberas, 10 Claudes and a lot more, including Ghirlandajos, Sassafrettos, Wattenans, Guido, and plenty of others which if not in such superior company would be held to be very superior themselves. Now if any of you know of any other gallery that can show such a list of winners as this one in Spain that doesn't have half as many visitors and art students in a year as Dresden or Florence has in a month, I'd like to know its address.

"This is a collection of genuine, too, as most of them are from the palaces of Madrid, the Escorial, El Pardo and Le Granja and were painted to order with a guarantee going with each one. It is the crown's property, and can only be seen free on Sunday, the one day in America when pictures in all the galleries I know of, but one, cannot be seen at all."

CAUSE OF FAILURE.

Good Clerks Are Not Always Good Managers.

Some men make excellent clerks. They are honest, reliable and industrious, but are lacking in executive ability and the qualities necessary for the management of details. They are all right if they have some one to plan the campaign. They can then carry it out, but they are entirely at sea when compelled to depend upon their own resources.

Business causes many a man to miss that success which he might obtain were he alert. Many men start well and make some progress, but as they see things going along smoothly they think they can now "take it easy," and so leave the management of their stores to irresponsible clerks while they go on a hunting or a fishing trip, or spend many hours loafing around hotels when they should be behind their own counters.

A man cannot make a business success in this way, and he will be surprised to see how his trade is drifting away from him.

A man to succeed in these days of keenest competition must work hard. He must have a constant oversight upon the minutest details of the business, and though he may not perform every task himself, he should know that it has been done properly by his subordinates.

Extravagance ruins many a man who otherwise might have achieved fortune. Young men on a salary are contented and save a portion of it. But when these same men start in business they are not content with their former pay. They fall to realize that in its initial stages every dollar left in the business is worth more than two dollars when a business is fully established.—Hardware.

Has No Faith in Horshoes.

There is a truck driver on Greenland street, in this city, who stands ready to demolish any man who attempts to persuade him that horseshoes are lucky. He started up the street the other day with a load of discarded horseshoes, which were to be delivered to a junk shop in the neighborhood. He was hardly under way when the tail board of his wagon fell out and about a bushel of shoes were scattered on the pavement, and in picking those up one of them fell upon his foot and injured him so that he limped for a week. While he was reloading, a rapidly driven car came down the street and struck the rim of his wheel, demolishing two spokes, and he had hardly loaded and started for home before his horse took fright and ran away, demolishing his wagon and nearly killing him in the bargain by throwing him against a pillar of the elevated road. On reaching home he found three of the children sick with the measles.

Bogus Electric Belts.

An exchange reports that in an examination that was made of some "electric belts" sold by a street fakir it was found that beneath a strip of gauze was a layer of dry mustard. When the wearer perspired a little the mustard was moistened and set up a burning sensation, and the deluded victim believed a current of electricity was passing through him.

Steak for Breakfast.

Our ancestors ate much more meat than we do. In Queen Elizabeth's time her maids of honor were allowed three rump steaks for breakfast. Mutter was not so much used as beef, being looked upon as diet rather for a fastidious appetite than for a woman in good health.

There is usually more danger in a slope than in any other kind of runway.

A man's life is always in danger while the doctor continues his visit.

THE NAVAL HEROES OF THE GREAT SANTIAGO BATTLE.



A GRANITE PILL.

Facile suggestion of an Old Bay State Odd Fellow.

The authorities of the Oddfellows of Worcester, Mass., are anxious that all local Oddfellows shall be buried together in the local cemetery, and, as an inducement, the tomb shown has been put up. The monument is made of slabs of solid granite, and has been polished. It looks like a stupendous ball of stone, and is the most conspicuous object in the cemetery. A large plot of land round about it has been purchased.



THE MONUMENT.

chased by the committee, and the Worcester Oddfellows will have their names engraved on this unique memorial.

It appears that some of the members do not approve of the idea, as many people prefer to be buried with their families. Some amusement was caused by one of the objecting members suggesting that the memorial should be placed over the grave of a doctor who died recently, as the ball of stone would represent a certain pill which it appears the physician had been fond of giving to his patients.

Climate of Iceland.

Iceland is not by any means so forbidding a country as its name implies; it is no more a land of ice than Greenland is a land of verdure. It is not nearly so cold as many places in the United States, not to mention the Canadian Dominion. The fifty and sixty degrees below zero registered every winter in the Northwest Territory and Assinibola, and even the thirty-five and forty below experienced in Montana and Northern Dakota, are unheard of in Iceland. Neither is the extreme of great heat felt, such as these very regions in North America endure. No Icelanders know what a temperature of a hundred in the shade is. There are no sudden fluctuations or great changes; the climate is remarkably equable. A variation of thirty degrees in a month is probably not on record in the island. This equableness is due, of course, to the same cause that produces a similar effect in the British Isles—the gulf stream. This great ocean current washes the southern and western shores of Iceland, insuring a mild winter and a balmy summer. There are glaciers, but they form no icebergs. The sea around the island is never frozen, nor indeed is any floating ice seen, save on rare occasions off the northern coast. Now and then, in summer, prolonged storms will carry floating ice across from the Greenland coast, and drive it upon the northern shore of Iceland, together with cold fog and rain. In this way polar bears are also sometimes landed on the island. On the other hand, the winters are so mild that thunderstorms often occur. In fact, most of the thunder storms in Iceland are in the winter months.

A Taste of Discipline.

The woman who insists on dragging her helpless child into the most crowded of shops is abroad in the land this year, as usual. I encountered her, or a certain variety of her, in the waiting room of a big store day before yesterday. She wasn't quite the common variety, for her child was helpless. In fact, it was quite evident that the

TOAD'S INGENIOUS PLAN.

Owes Its "Board and Keep" to the Electric Light Company.

A Kansas City toad owes its "board and keep" to the electric light company. An electric arc light hangs at the corner of Prospect avenue and Independence boulevard, and at night it attracts myriads of flies and bugs. They flutter too near the flame, become blinded or singe their wings and fall to the toad, who sits below in delightful anticipation.

He dines slowly, as becomes an epicure, taking about an hour for the performance.

Power Propelled Lighters.

A new idea, somewhat on the order of the trolley canal-boats used in France and Germany, has been suggested to relieve the traffic in large cities where a narrow river carrying a great amount of boat traffic enters the heart of the city. This, of course, necessitates numerous drawbridges and interruption and annoyance both to the land traffic and the boat traffic. The scheme proposed contemplates the use of trolley lighters, which could run up alongside the vessels for unloading at the docks on the outskirts of the town, and when loaded could convey the goods to the warehouses and docks desired, without necessitating the opening swing bridges. In loading the vessels the system would be just as applicable, and the coal and supplies in cars could be loaded directly on the lighters, carried to the boats and unloaded with a minimum of handling. Broad, shallow lighters, with screw propellers driven by electric motors, could be used, and the power supplied by trolley wires running along the banks and under the bridges, connection between the boats and the wire being made by means of flexible cables. If this method were adopted the swing bridges could be made permanent ones, and all the smoke, dirt and noise of the puffing steam tugs would be obviated.

Output of Cent Pieces.

The mint of Philadelphia is almost constantly engaged in turning out cents made of copper, with a slight alloy of zinc and tin. The State of Pennsylvania alone absorbed 11,000,000 last year, and New York 9,000,000. There is as much curiosity about the final fate of these cents as there is about that of pins. Nobody is able to tell where the pins go to, and it is impossible to even surmise what has become of the hundreds of millions of cents issued by the mint since it began operations. It is rather a profitable business for the government, as it means the conversion of copper costing 10 cents a pound into a form in which it is worth \$2 or more a pound.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Novel Anti-Burglar Device.

In a report from Leipzig, Germany, Consul Warner describes a novel German anti-burglar device. This consists of flexible safety curtains made of hardened tubes properly connected, which are invulnerable to the ordinary burglar's tools, for the reason that the tubes revolve freely and the centerbit or other tool can find no hold.

Highest Point for Health.

The highest point to which a man can ascend without health being seriously affected is 14,500 feet.

A VICARIOUS PENANCE.

Twenty Generations Have Borne a Cross in the Holy Week Procession.

In the Century Stephen Bonsal, late of the American Legation at Madrid, describes "Holy Week in Seville." In describing the Procession of Silence, Mr. Bonsal says:

But there is one muffled figure that bears the heaviest cross, and walks painfully with unshod and shackled feet over the uneven stones, who, owing to the strange and peculiar penance he performs, cannot hope to enjoy the anonymity of his brother penitents. The self-imposed penance of the fathers in Seville would seem, even as the weight of their sins, to be visited upon their children unto the last generation of their seed. At least, it is true that the staggering youth before us is the twentieth of his name and line who has done vicarious penance for the sins of his forefather, a celebrity of the sixteenth century, who looked "on beauty charming" with the eyes of Don Juan Tenorio. He was finally captured, the legend relates, by a Barbary corsair, and carried a prisoner to Oran, where, manacled and chained, he spent many a long and weary day wishing that he were dead. But while he pined hopelessly in prison he made a solemn vow that, should he ever regain his liberty, he would walk barefooted, and humbly bearing his cross, behind the Christ of the Great Power in every madrugada, or morning procession; and, further, he vowed that he would make the annual accomplishment of this vow a charge upon his estate for all time, by providing that, should any one of his male descendants fall in its performance, his portion of the estate should go to enrich the foundation of a convent.

There have been no defaulters among the old gallant's heirs; and though the present bearer of the proud name 's a perfumed and scented polio, a dude of Seville society, he too did not shrink from the sacrifice necessary to keeping the money in the family. And I regret to say that, as he came meekly along in this strange guise, his appearance excited much amusement among the other polios, whose inheritance had come to them without so unpleasant a condition; and at the sight of his bruised and bleeding feet much money was wagered on the question of whether he would be able to lead the cotton at the Duke of Alba's on Easter Monday. But perhaps the strangest of all the array of silent maskers who followed the Christ of the Great Power, was a little girl of some twelve summers, clothed in her communion robes, weird and ghostly apparel for this dark hour before the dawn. Her eyes were blindfolded, and, unlike the hoods of the Nazarenos, there was not left the smallest aperture through which she might look to choose and pick her way. She carried a golden chalice in one hand, while with the other she groped and felt her way. Every now and then, misled by the deceiving echo of the music, she would turn out of the way, now to the right, and now to the left. Once she stumbled and fell, and when she rose, in her confusion, started to walk back the way she had come; but the Nazarenos caught her by the hand, and directed her on her way again. The little girl in the white communion dress symbolized that faith which is blind.

QUEER SUIT FOR DAMAGES.

Country Swain Sued for Giving His Sweetheart the Measles.

"I was called upon in 1878 to defend a man who was charged with the most unusual misdemeanor I ever heard of any clerk entering on a court calendar," said a lawyer friend from the mountains Sunday. "A young farm hand came to me at the hotel, where I was stopping, my home being in another town, but my practice extending to the county seat I was then in. The swain told me he had been charged by a girl, to whom he had been paying attention, with giving her measles, she claiming that the disease, which had been epidemic in the neighborhood, had been communicated to her by kissing her repeatedly while the defendant was recovering from measles. The girl's sorry father sued the badly alarmed defendant for \$50 damages, claiming he had expended that sum in doctor's bills for the afflicted daughter. My client pleaded guilty to kissing the plaintiff, but said he couldn't 'a-hoped it of he'd been a mind ter,' and insisted that he had never had measles. I tried the case before a kind-hearted old squire, and after the court had heard the testimony he delivered a long opinion in which he held that a girl as pretty as the plaintiff would make a boy risk measles and 'even dumb chills' to sip the sweets of her coral-like lips. The judge's 'jolly' put both sides in a good humor and the defendant two weeks later married the plaintiff and settled the costs of the suit to appease the wrath of her father."—Louisville Post.

Longest Fence in the World.

The longest fence in the world is probably that which has just been finished by the Erie Cattle Company along the Mexican border. It is seventy-five miles in length and separates exactly for its entire distance the two republics of North America. The fence was built to keep the cattle from running across the border and falling easy prey to the Mexican cow punchers. Although it cost a great deal of money, it is estimated that cattle enough will be saved in one year to more than pay for it. It is a barbed wire fence, with mesquite and cottonwood poles, and for the entire length of it runs as straight as the crow flies.

Gratitude for Past Favors.

Fuddy—I don't understand how it is that Dr. Smarte has so large a practice. He certainly is not much of a physician.

Duddy—No, but most of his patients are men, you know. When he was called to see them when they were boys he invariably directed that they be kept home from school. They have never forgotten it.—Boston Transcript.

Beyond His Ken.

"You're late, young man. What's the reason?"

"Had a toothache."

"Ah! has the tooth stopped aching?"

"Dunno."

"What? Don't know! Why don't you know?"

"'Cause it's pulled."—Life.



"I SUPPOSE THIS IS OUR LAST WALK TOGETHER FOR THIS YEAR."

If your health can't stand it. Queer freak of your lungs to go back on you this way, when they've never given you any trouble before. A winter in the South will fix you all right, but it's going to be lonesome for me. You know you are the only one I am at all chummy with." He sighed deeply.

"You are not going to be so lonesome as you think," said Brant, with a quiet smile.

"What do you mean?"

Brant hesitated, and then said, a little apologetically: "I know you'll think I'm a silly old woman to believe it, but I had a dream about you a little while ago, and I can't get it out of my head. It was so real."

"Well, what was it?" prompted Crane, as his friend paused.

"That you would be married in less than a year."

"There's nothing I'm less likely to do," said Crane, laughing.

"But I feel sure you will," said Brant, earnestly. "The dream was so vivid, more like a vision, I saw you, and where you lived, and you were very happy."

"It's utterly absurd," said Crane. "Such a thing hasn't entered my head."

They became silent, as they neared the city, each occupied with his own thoughts. At Crane's door they parted.

"If I'm married when you come back, you must come and see us," he said lightly. "But I sha'n't be. I haven't any faith in dreams."

"Yes, you will," said Brant, positively. "and I'll be sure and visit you. Good-by."

Slowly and dejectedly Brant walked along the brightly lighted streets to his home. Leaving his coat and hat in the hall, he went to his room, and, groping his way across it, sat down in the dark. With his head resting on his

and found himself feeling glad that he would be away and would not have to see the affair going on. When he came back he would be able to meet her with no outward show of emotion.

All winter Brant wandered from place to place. Crane wrote twice, at the first, but he was a poor correspondent, and Brant's third letter remained unanswered.

At home the winter's snows melted, the days grew longer, spring came, and in May Brant returned.

As he walked along the street from the station he heard his name spoken, and a moment later Crane was shaking his hand, and saying words of welcome.

"I'm in a hurry now," said Crane, "but come around to the office later, and go home to tea with me. You see," he went on, smilingly, "I've been married a month. It's all just as you said it would be, and I believe in dreams now—your dreams, at any rate. Well, good-by for the present. Be sure and come out. Margaret will be delighted to see you."

Crane hurried off down the street. Brant stood looking after him with an expression of overwhelming amazement on his face.

"Margaret!" he exclaimed, under his breath. "Good heavens—he's gone and married the wrong one!"—Omaha Bee

Left Teeth Used Offense.

The natural habit of human beings appears to be the use of the teeth on the left side of the mouth for masticating the food. During a lengthened period of observation only one person out of thirteen was found who used both sides of his mouth for chewing and masticating his food.

The average woman's club is a boom erang.