I have dreams. I sometimes dream of life In the full meaning of that splendid word; Its subtle music, which few men have heard, Though all may hear it sounding through earth's strife Its lofty heights by mystic breezes kissed, Lifting their lovely peaks above the dust; Its treasures that no touch of time can rust; Its emerald seas, its dawns of amethyst; Its certain purpose, its serene repose; Its usefulness, that finds no hour for woes-This is my dream of Life,

res, I have dreams. I ofttimes dream of love, As radiant and brilliant as a star As changeless, too, as that fixed light sfar, That glorifles vast worlds of space above; trong as the tempest when it holds its breath fore it bursts in fury, and as deep As the unfathomed seas, where lost worlds sleep, And sad as birth, and beautiful as death, As fervent as the fondest soul could crave, Yet boly as the moonlight on a grave-This is my dream of Love.

Yes, yes, I dream. One oft-recurring dream Is beautiful and comforting and blest, Complete with certain promises of rest, Divine content and happiness supreme, hen that strange essence, author of all faith-That subtle something, that eries for the light, Like a lost child that wanders in the night-Shall solve the mighty mystery of death, Shall find eternal progress, or sublime And satisfying slumber for all time-This is my dream of Death.

## A STOLEN PLEASURE.

DEAR MISS NEVILL: Do you feel disposed for a gondola-trip this afternoon? It is just the weather for an expedi-tion to the Armenian convent. I know that I am violating all the Venetian proprieties by not addressing this note to Mrs. Langton, but—I shall call for you at half-past I, and if you do not care to go, I shall proceed on my journey alone. Devotedly yours,

This note was read by a girl standing in a flood of spring sunshine against a high, balconied window. When she had finished, she gazed long and wistfully upon the expanse of water rippling with s metallic gleam in the spring wind, across which boats were darting, rocking from side to side. She crossed the room to where a small woman with a face that bore traces of a former negative prettiness was seated, embroidering a table-cover, with a cup of tea by her side."

"Auntie, Mr. Vane writes to ask me to go to the Armenian convent with him. May I?"

"How can you ask such a question, Dotha" You know perfectly well I shall not permit it. It's not a suitable thing for you to do. Mr. Vane is too conspicuous a man for you to go out with. I saw Mrs. Graves look at you in a very strange way last evening when you were talking with him. Remember, your reputation is all you

"I wish I had no reputation," said Miss Nevill, bitterly, "if my youth must be spent in thinking of what Mrs. Graves or Mrs. Brown or some other oman may or may not say of me. I wonder ris in America have to do the same thing. rish I lived there !"

"How ungrateful of you, Dotha, when you know what sacrifices I make and have made to

keep you in Europe."
"Is that the only objection you have to my going, that some of these women may talk about me over their tea?"

"The principal one. I am glad Mr. Vane is going away soon. These attentions of his are very compromising." Then I shall take my risks into my own

hands, and go out with one of the few n have ever felt any interest in."

"You will see your mistake, Dotha, when it is too late. I must beg to waive all responsibility. If you bring scandal upon yourself, do not blame

Mrs. Langton was a disciple of the hybrid social system that prevails among Americans on the continent of Europe. While she was more than anxious to settle her niece in life—suitably, at all events; brilliantly, if possible—her profound respect for the censorious tongues of the chance ac-quaintances with whom she exchanged calls and quaintances with whom she exchanged calls and kettledrums led her to keep the girl so well protected that only the recklessness of a defiant spirit caused her to make for herself those opportunities, unconsciously, which her aunt neglected to make for her. Mrs. Langton, like many another Europeanized American, quite ignored the fact that marriages which were supposed to spring from attraction could not be brought about in the same manner as those of convenience.

same manner as those of convenience.

Eliot Vane had fallen in love with Miss Nevill the first day he had seen her in St. Mark's, where he was making a study of the arches. She harmonized with the tawny sunlight that crept like sentient thing among the shadows as she sat there in front of the brown Byzantine Madonna, the wishing-shrine, every wish made before which comes true. He was especially struck by the purity of her profile, a certain flower-like droop of the head, and, when sherrose, the wistful look in her eyes. It was not long before he met her somewhere, and Mrs. Langton having asked him to her house, he became a frequent visitor—more frequent, indeed, than that good lady deemed discreet, inasmuch as she disliked anything pronounced or conspicuous and Mr. thing pronounced or conspicuous, and Mr. Vane was certainly a conspicuous person. Every one in Venice knew him by sight and name. He was called the handsome American. He was a may of the world, no less than an artist; he was rich, he was well connected, and he sold his pictures only when he chose; consequently, he did not feel the need of constant attendance upon teas, and the tea-drinking circles revenged themselves by circulating peports concerning him, which, when they were repeated to him, he regarded as highly amusing, and was as suave and winning toward his detractors as if they had been singing his praises. He was a bit of a philosopher, this Vane. Human nature entertained him, and his rule of life was expressed in the word "audacity."

A few hours later, a goudola paused near the bridge at the side of Mrs. Langton's apartment, and a young man sprang out and strode with the step of an athlets up to the door, to be met by a slight girl dressed quietly in gray. Certainly no one in the tea-drinking circle that had begun to regard Miss Nevill as wild and a little doubtful, owing to her apparent liking for Mr. Vane, could he was well connected, and he sold his pictures only

have been led to such an opinion by the conspicuousness of her dressing.

"You had better not go up, I think. Auntie is
very angry with me, and I am flatly disobeying
her in going out with you."

"I imagine the next time I call I shall be forbidden the house," said Mr. Vane, with a touch of
bitterness. "What an accursed social system is
this! But, still, I do not wish you to do anything
you may regret, Miss Nevill. I would rather a
thousand times never see you again than feel that
I had in any way compromised you. If you do
not wish to go, tell me."

"I have made my choice. I take all my own
risks. Life is not so bright that one can afford to
lose one's happiness for the sake of what may
come by and by. Do you know what I have
taken for my motto?" she asked, as Mr. Vane almost lifted her into the gondola. "Fortune, infortune, fortune!" It belonged to Margaret of
Navarre."

"A very reckless person, and one who brought no end of scandal upon herself," said Vane, with a smile that did not conceal his admiration of this resolute young person.

Men admire pluck in women, but they discriminate very keenly between the deliberate determination that braves danger from conviction and the flighty bravado of excitement which acts the coward's part when the moment of disgrace arrives. Vane knew that Miss Nevill would never flinch under the consequences of her actions.
"I wish life were all one long gondola trip," said Miss Nevill. "I wish one were not obliged to

go home to the prose of life. I hope you understand the cost of the pleasure I am giving myself. I shall not hear the last of it for months. Being man, and free, you cannot understand that. You could take your hat and leave.'

"Then I may accept it as proof that you think a few hours with me worth months of unpleasantness? That is very flattering."

"It is true, nevertheless," said Miss Nevill, in a low voice, which died in a whisper as a strong hand grasped hers for one short moment and was then withdrawn.

"But see what risks you are taking," pursued Eliot. "You know nothing about me. I am a strolling Bohemian. My reputation is very bad, according to the various Parcæ of the tea-fights. I might run away with you now, and every one would believe that you had gone of your own ac-

Miss Nevill looked up at him with a smile on

her pretty mouth.
"But then, you know, I trust you." It was woman's logic; but it was irresistible. A warm glow overspread the man's brow as he looked down upon the little fair face with its sensitive changes of expression.

"Take care, young woman, you are on danger-ous ground—don't tempt fate too far," he said, with a laugh. "I should like to take you away with me, though; take you away from the dow-agers and the gossips and all the disagreeables of life and discover some nook where we could be to-gether all our lives."

It was Miss Nevill's turn to color. Her heart

It was Miss Nevill's turn to color. Her heart throbbed wildly as a mortal's might who caught sight of Paradise before he knew the doors were

closed against him. In the distance the islands lay low along the sky-line, white and vaporous. The breeze wore a thought of earthly growth—of flowers and budding leaves. The mountains of the Tyrol rose purple in the background. The Paduan hills lifted their low heads behind the poplars of a de-

serted monastery.
"It will rain before night," said one of the gondoliers.

"Here we are at the convent, and here comes Pere Gabriel to meet us."

The gondola swung round to the landing-a row of broad steps covered with slime and crawling sea-insects. A middle-aged man, with a black beard, in a black gown and a broad black hat, came forward.
"Ah, Mr. Vane, I am glad to see you!" he said,

cordially, with the slightest trace of a foreign ac-

"Miss Nevill-Pere Gabriel. I have brought Miss Nevill over here to show her the convent,"
"Any friend of Mr. Vane is welcome," said the monk. "By the way, that book you sent for, for me, came yesterday. Many thanks." Over the door of the convent was the Turkish

hieroglyphic-the Sultan's name. Through an echoing vestibule the three emerged upon the cloister—a quadrangle surrounded by low white arches, with the pillars darkening the clouded sunlight of the walk; a garden in full flower oc-cupying the center with four dark cypresses rising at either corner; a fountain in the middle bordered by rockwork and gay shrubs, and seats placed under the cypresses for the repose of the monks.

"If you will come up to the library," said Pere Gabriel, "I will show you Byron's table and his autograph."

They followed him up to the little room hung with cases of medals and portraits, which served as the ante-chamber to the great hall filled with books and manuscripts. On the wall hung a highly-colored portrait of Byron. The monk brought out the autograph book and laid it before them, and they sat there while he occupied him-self at a desk in the library with some manu-scripts he was illuminating. I doubt if Miss Nevill saw much of the manuscripts she scanned so closely, with now and then a word of comment. She felt nothing but Eliot Vane's presence, his rough coat as is brushed her sleeve, the touch of his hand as he turned the leaves, his strong, self-reliant atmosphere that stilled for the moment all her doubts and fears. And he, in his turn, felt his heart drawn out through his lips by the soft perfume of her dress, the soft flesh of her throat. More than once he bent his head that his cheek might be brushed by her hair. They had not noticed how the black clouds had piled themselves up, how the lagoon had roughened into

selves up, how the lagoon had roughened into white-capped waves, how the wind soughed through the cypresses, bending their dark shapes. Suddenly a goudolier appeared at the door.

"We must get back to Venice now, signori, or we shall not get back to-night."

"Come, child," said Vane, starting up; "it won't do for us to be caught here over night."

At that moment a fearful peal of thunder shook the building—the lightning seemed to envelope it. There was a crash of hailstones on the roof—the air was whitened with the falling stones, so that the sky seemed black as ink. A boat out on the lagoon was stripped of its sails and hurled about like a cockle-shell.

"Too late!" said the gondolier. "I won't risk my life by going now. It may be over in half an hour."

Vane compressed his lips in anger. A pretty

He glanced at Miss Nevill. Her face was pale, her eyes hard and resolute. She understood. But she was not a girl to sink down and cry. She sat down again and mechanically turned the leaves of the autograph book.

"Come back again when you think it will be safe to start," said Vane to the gondolier.

They sat there listening to the pelting hail—Vane with a heart divided between pleasure and anger, Miss Nevill striving resolutely to repress the apprehensions that crowded upon her. Pere Gabriel looked up now and then from his work with a twinkle in his black eyes. He was not a bad-hearted fellow, and he enjoyed a bit of romance in quite an unmonk-like fashion.

"How do you happen to know all these people

"How do you happen to know all these people so well?" said Miss Nevill, at length.

"I lived here once, more than five years ago when I was more romantic than I am now-all one vacation. It was just delightful." I believe I corrupted some of the younger monks. We used to smoke together out in the cow-house, and I fancy the old prior was not sorry to see me depart; but I've always kept up an interest in the place."

"Mr. Vane, is there no way of getting back be-fore dark? I will take any risk. Think how I shall be talked about if I stay here over night." Mr. Vane went to Pere Gabriel's desk and talked

"I will pay anything they ask if they will only

"You would be drowned, and she also," said Pere Gabriel. "No one need know it. You can trust to me, I think."

"There is no help for it, little one," said Vane.
"I am infinitely sorry. I would rather anything had happened than this."

In a flash the future came before Dotha Nevill. There would be twelve hours more of life and happiness; then, from the moment she set foot in Venice, disgrace. Her aunt's reproaches would be hard to bear. She would take her away from Venice, and tell her that no man would ever marry the heroine of such a scandal as would be concocted at Venetian tea-tables. Life would be all a dreary blank, with no outlook or future. In the meantime, for a few hours, life would be everything worth the having. Vane would be by her side for, perhaps, six hours—she counted them. She would dream of him so many more; then there would be the homeward journey in the sunrise; and when he should leave her, there would at least be a memory in her heart to brighten the dreary future before her.

At dusk the great bell of the convent rang for the evening meal. The travelers descended to the long refectory, with its dusky walls, upon which the pictures were mellow in the lamplight. The monks and the young Armenians who were being educated under their care were seated at the long tables, and one of them, perched high at a reading desk, was reading from an Armenian theological work. Dark eyes looked out from swarthy faces upon the pretty girl in her close gray dress and hat who entered the room with Mr. Vane at her side. It was not a particularly cheerful meal. Conversation was forbidden. The travelers went again to the library, and there remained, turning over old parchments, and listening to the raging of the storm, until the bell rang for retiring, when they were conducted to their cells—cheerful little places overlooking the quadrangle adorned with Greek images, and soon the convent was silent, with only the wind sweeping through the cy-presses, and the waves lashing the wall.

The storm died away before midnight, and the moon came out and looked down into the cloister quadrangle. Dotha had thrown herself down without undressing, and had fallen into a broken slumber, full of dreams and strange fancies. She was awakened by the moonlight in her room. There was a certain lightness in the sky which made her think it must be near morning. She went to the window to draw in through every breath the happiness of this last night of her youth. The bruised flowers below sent up sweet odors—the cypresses stood like bronze sentinels. Under them a man's figure was moving. He glanced upward, and saw against the background of the dim oil-flame of a Florentine lamp a girl's figure, leaning with folded hands against the window-frame among the wet tendrils of a vine. The vine ran down till it tapered to a thick trunk, curved about the pillar below. The figure ap-proached the vine, clambered noiselessly from one step to another, and while the girl was still wondering what caused the rustling among the leaves, Eliot Vane was seated on the window-sill, and had wound his arms around her and had drawn her down beside him.

"Let me go!" she cried, in a strained whisper. "How could you do this when you know I trust you? I did not believe it of you."

"I want you to trust me still, Dotha," said the young man, drawing her head against his breast with both strong arms, and turning her face to the moonlight. "I want you to tell me once more that a few hours with me are worth months of misery and disgrace. Is it still true?"

A long-drawn sigh, a sob, escaped from her lips. Her head drooped of itself close to his breast.

"It is worth months of misery," she repeated.
"Then, no matter what the world says, you will trust me, darling?"
"Yes."

It was the supreme moment of his life to that man. To be believed on his word alone by the woman who was in his power was a strange, sweet thought—a moment he would linger on just a little.

Her eyes glowed like stars as they gazed into his. Her breath came quick and short. He laid his hand lightly on her heart. It throbbed fiercely—half with fright, half with passion. She was his—his with all the divine impulse of youth and passion, his when she knew that the morrow would bring forth tours and pain his when for one would bring forth tears and pain, his when for one hour with him she was resolved to brave a life-time of disgrace. He had won his wife as he had always meant to win her.

"Once more. You are sure you will never regret the past when I am gone—when you are alone with your disgrace?"

A pause, the sweet eyes shining steadfastly into

"Then, Dotha, I want you to be my wife. It is easy to love and trust when the way is clear; but to love and trust in the dark is the test of a woman's affection. My little girl, you have to-night filled my ideal of the woman I began to search for years

air was whitened with the falling stones, so that the sky seemed black as ink. A boat out on the lagoon was stripped of its sails and hurled about like a cockle-shell.

"Too late!" said the gondolier. "I won't risk my life by going now. It may be over in half an hour."

Vane compressed his lips in anger. A pretty situation if they should be kept there all night!

HINTS TO WRITERS FOR THE PRESS

I. Write upon one side of the sheet only, Why? Because it is often necessary to cut the pages into "takes" for the compositors, and this cannot be done when both sides are written upon

II. Write clearly and distinctly, being particularly careful in the matter of proper names, and words from foreign languages. Why? Because you have no right to ask either editor or compositor to waste his time puzzling out the results of your selfishness.

III. Don't write in a microscopic hand, Why? Because the compositor has to read it across his case, at a distance of nearly two feet; also, because the editor often wants to make additions and other changes,

IV. Don't begin at the very top of the first page. Why? Because, if you have written a head for your article, the editor will probably want to change it; and if you have not, which is the better way, he must write one. Besides, he wants room in which to write his instructions to the printer as to the type to be used, where and when the proof is to be sent, etc.

V. Never roll your manuscript. Why? Because it maddens and exasperates every one who

touches it—editor, compositor and proof-reader.
VI. Be brief. Why? Because people don't read long stories. The number of readers which any two articles have is inversely proportioned to the square of their respective lengths. That is, a half a column article is read by four times as many

people as one of double that length.

VII. Have the fear of the waste basket constantly and steadily before your eyes. Why?

Because it will save you a vast amount of useless

labor, to say nothing of paper and postage.

VIII. Always write your full name and address plainly at the end of your letter. Why?

Because it often happens that the editor will want to communicate with you, and because he needs to know the writer's name as a guarantee of good faith. If you use a pseudonym or initials, writer your name and address below it; it will never be divulged.

IX. "These precepts in thy memory keep," and, for fear you might forget them, cut them out and put them where you can readily run through them when tempted to spill innocent ink. Our word for it, those who heed these rules will be beloved and favored in every editorial sanctum.

## RECIPES.

INK STAINS.-To remove ink stains from printed books, procure a pennyworth of oxalic acid, which dissolve in a small quantity of warm water; then slightly wet the stain with it, when it will disappear, leaving the leaf uninjured.

FIG PUDDING.—Half a pound of the best figs, half a pound of beef suct, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, half a pound of bread crumbs grated, three eggs, one nutmeg grated. These should be all well mixed together and boiled for four hours, Serve with sauce.

CHOCOLATE CARAMEIS.-Take of grated chocolate, milk, molasses, and sugar, each one cupful, and a piece of butter the size of an egg; boil till it will harden when dropped into cold water; add vanilla; put in a buttered pan, and before it cools mark off in square blocks.

PENCIL MARKS .- To fix pencil marks so that they will not rub out, take well-skimmed milk and dilute with equal bulk of water. " Wash the pencil marks (whether writing or drawing) with this liquid, using a soft flat camel-hair brush, and avoiding all rubbing. Place upon a flat board to

PEA SOUP WITH CELERY.—Boil split peas till they are in a thorough mash; melt a finely chopped suct well in a pan, and frizzle in it a finely chopped onion; mix this with the peas, add more warm water to make soup, and pepper, salt and powdered sage ; let it simmer well for twenty.

WHIP SAUCE FOR PUDDINGS.—Break four egg# and put the yolks into a deep stew-pan; add two ounces of sifted sugar, a little lemon juice and grated peal, and a grain of salt; whisk the sauce over a moderate heat, taking care to set the stewpan which contains the whip sauce in another of somewhat larger size already containing a little hot water—sey an inch—and as soon as it presents the appearance of a well-set, creamy froth, pour it over the pudding, or serve separately in a sauce-boat.

ORANGE PIE OR PUDDING.—One pound of butter, one pound of sugar beaten to a cream, one glass of brandy, wine or rose-water, ten eggs beaten to a high froth; have two oranges and boil the rind until it is tender; change the water two or three times while it is boiling, then beat it in a mortar and squeeze the juice in, together with the rind of one lemon grated and the juice of the same; mix all well together with the other ingredients, and bake in a puff paste without an upper crust. Half this quantity is sufficient for two ordinary sized pies.

Col. A. W. Drayson writes the London Daily News from Halifax, Nova Scotia, to announce that he has made an astronomical discovery, the result of ten years' investigation. It is: "That the earth rotates annually once cound a second axis, which second axis is not coincident with the axis of daily rotation. This movement is due to the fact that, owing to the preponderance of land above the water in the northern hemisphere, and owing to the mass of land in Asia, Europe and Africa on one side of the earth, the centre of gravity of the earth is not coincident with the centre of the earth, and, consequently, is not located in the plane of the equator. The results of the discovery are most important, as the changing positions of stars from month to month can, by the aid of this discovery, be calculated, so that the endless observations of scores of computers at various observatories become no longer necessary,"

Madames Frieber and Wassilieff of St. Petersburg had once been fast friends, but early last Summer they quarreled and vowed mutual emnity, thenceforth and forever. Madame Frieber, on the Russian 1st of January, forwarded to Madame Wassilieff a full-sized coffin, covered with a black value with a black value. ame Wassilieff a full-sized coffin, covered with a black velvet pull, and containing a winding sheet, as a New Year's gift, symbolically significant of her opinion that the lady in question had cumbered this earth long enough, and would do well to quit it for some other sphere. Madame Wassilieff, annoyed by so plain a hint, returned the coffin to its sender, and sued her in the District Court, where the offender was sentenced to jail for three months.