

A WOMAN'S EPITAPH.

Here lies a poor woman
Who always was tired;
Who lived in a house
Where help was not hired.
Her last words on earth were,
"Dear friends, I am going
Where washing isn't done,
Nor sweeping, nor sewing,
And everything there
Is exact to my wishes,
For where they don't eat
There's no washing up dishes.
I'll be where loud anthems
Will always be ringing;
For having no voice,
I'll be clear of the singing.
Don't mourn for me now,
Don't mourn for me never,
I'm going to do nothing
For ever and ever."

AUNT MARGARET'S DREAM.

By Jane Prentice.

From the Courier-Journal.

A very quiet, orderly household we were at the farm after that wild, frolicsome, noisy Joe had gone back to his city life. He had only dragged through a month and a half of the summer at the dear, delightful old country home when he declared the whole place a bore, but in truth it had only been bored by him, and packing up once more he went back to his work in the city, leaving everything more peaceful for his absence; all, perhaps, except two anxious, yearning hearts that were fast growing sorrowful and old—one the mother's, the other the father's. But little the high-spirited boy thought of that the morning he drove away from the old farm gate; his spirit, like the prancing horse the driver firmly held in check, was impatient to be off, to be freed from restraint. How hurriedly he told the old folks good-bye, and then as he dashed away threw a kiss from the tips of his fingers to his sister Nell, who stood and looked longingly after him. Oh, brothers, sons, too little you care for the tender, anxious hearts at home when you set sail upon an untried sea and venture out alone.

Several weeks passed away quietly and pleasantly, too, except for occasional bits of news. Bad news goes here, there and everywhere, you know, which found the way out to our country home, that Joe was not living just as he ought to do; rather too fast, too fond of drink and sometimes found at the gaming table. Poor Aunt Margaret, it seemed as if her face grew a little thinner, her hair a little whiter every day after that. I shall never forget how she looked one morning as we all sat around the breakfast table. Pushing her plate away, having scarcely tasted the food upon it, she said, looking up at uncle, who was himself in danger of falling into a brown study over his smoking muffins and steaks.

"Husband couldn't you spare a little time to run up to the city in a day or two? I fear that things are going wrong with our boy some way. That was a queer dream I had last night— and here she leaned her head upon her hand and looked down thoughtfully. "I thought that Joseph was standing on a precipice, at a fearful height, above a black, yawning sea, and that we were powerless to help him, but when I reached out my hands and shrieked for aid an ugly little dwarf came in sight, and in answer to my entreaties he said that there was only one way to save my boy, and that was money; but even that effort would cost me the life of my other child, and then as I threw up my hands in despair, a beautiful angel appeared at my side. At that instant I awoke."

"Tut, tut; there's nothing in dreams, wife. What could there be in such nonsense as that?" and uncle went on sipping his coffee, while Nellie glanced toward me with a strange, serious expression on her face, and then with a cheerful smile at her mother she said:

"Never mind, mother, you know 'tis said that dreams go by contraries, and if so Joseph is going to make us very happy about something."

Aunt Margaret shook her head sadly, but nothing more was said about the dream. I think, however, it did not quite pass out of anybody's mind, for late that afternoon, when the sound of the massive old door knocker resounded through the house, we all started nervously. A sigh of relief went round when Andrew returned to see that it was Mr. Wells to see Miss Nellie. Poor Nell, I think she had been longing for something to break the monotony of the day; she might have been glad if it had been any other visitor than Mr. Wells. Uncle Ben sat in his arm-chair reading the paper, but in no way ignorant of what was passing around him and so Nell did not refuse to go into the parlor. Mr. Wells was a neighbor farmer, you must understand. Pray do not let your imagination rush off into picturing some rustic young gallant of tender years and sentimental heart. No; such is not the beau that comes courting our Nellie to-day. There he is—a lank, grim-visaged little man, slightly stooped about the shoulders, bending beneath the weight of the sixty years he had lived through, I guess. His thin, white hair hung in a most neglected fashion about his neck and ears, and the long white beard flowing down upon his breast, added not a little toward the appearance of a patriarch. Wait a minute; worse than all this, he was a most miserably miser, and had already been twice married; and how could he dare set his heart on our fun-loving, innocent, kind-hearted Nell; she so gentle and childlike that we couldn't bear to have the house left a single day without her. Many times it had seemed strange to me why Uncle Ben would have Nellie receive Mr. Wells' attention, and why he would persist in talking about what a fine catch the rich old man would be for any girl.

Margaret say that times were rather hard, and that Uncle didn't always have a little ready change when it was wanted. Perhaps that was why he thought it best that Nellie should be, as he sometimes said, well married.

There was John Atherleigh, a nephew of Mr. Wells, the only child of his poor dead sister, to whom the wretched old miser never even lent a helping hand. John was poor, but he was just as generous and as good as any nobleman that ever lived. Some how Uncle didn't seem to be well pleased when he came about, as he often did, to walk with Nellie in the cool of the evening, down the long shady avenue, or sit by her side and talk out on the old stone steps leading up to the porch. The very old steps where, I guess, Nellie's mother and father sat together and talked of love and the happy, undiscovered future during the days of their honeymoon long, long ago. I used to think sometimes as I watched John and Nellie walk how that if it would be a pity to spoil that match, for John was just good enough for Nellie, and Nellie—well, she was entirely too good for anybody except John. All these reflections and many more, passed through my mind while Nellie sat in the parlor and talked to her miserly old lover, and Aunt Margaret sat in a low rocking chair with her knitting lying idle on her lap, while uncle continued to read the news.

By and by another loud knock resounded through the house, and presently Andrew announced a visitor to see Mr. Brandon immediately. I looked at Aunt Margaret; she had clasped her hands nervously together. When uncle left the room she asked almost beseechingly of me:

"I wonder who it can be, Margie, can you think?"

I knew her nervous state of anxiety, and determined at once to find out about the visitor, and, if possible, to relieve her fears. I crept softly into the back parlor and up to the folding doors, which, owing to an arrangement of heavy curtains, was often left ajar, through which I hoped to get a sight of the visitor. I had no sooner stolen up to the door than I heard footsteps in the hall, and uncle ushered his visitor into the room. It was too late to retreat; what could I do? To pass through into the front would be to intrude upon Nellie and her company; to come out from behind the curtain would be to appear like a spy; so there I stood stonemill and waited. The first few minutes I was too much surprised and uneasy about my own situation to be aware of what was going on in the room, when at last I caught the sound of the stranger's voice; he was saying something like this:

"It is a very unfortunate piece of work, sir, I beg leave to sympathize with you and your family; but business is business, you know. I was sent here to settle this matter in a respectable manner, if possible, and I must proceed to do it at once. Your son, I am sorry to tell you, sir, but perhaps you know he has lived a little fast of late—rather too fond of wine and evil company—"

"Yes, yes," uncle said, as if impatient to get at the worst of it. "I am sorry to tell you, sir," the stranger continued, "but I think it happened while he was under the influence of liquor, and likely surrounded by his evil companions. You see this is the whole story. Your son has broken into the money-safe and robbed his employer of \$5,000."

"Robbed! O God, my boy a robber!"

I shall never forget the groan with which uncle sank back upon the chair, from which he had risen at that startling news.

"I own it looks bad, sir, but I have come to see if we can't arrange it somehow. His employer, as you know is your friend. He bid me say that he is not only willing but anxious to shield your family name from disgrace and your boy from the penitentiary, if it can possibly be done. But the money must be refunded—there's no other course."

"Five thousand dollars! impossible!" uncle exclaimed. "It would be to take everything—to ruin my family."

"I suppose nothing can be done then," the stranger said deliberately and arose as if to depart.

"But, wait a moment; let me think," uncle said, leaning his head forward on the table by which he sat. By and by, getting up, he said: "I will see what can be done," and left the room. I was trying in vain to think what he could be about, when suddenly he re-entered the room, accompanied by Mr. Wells. Alas, I thought of that miserly old man as our only means of help. Then they all three talked together in a low tone of voice. I could only understand a word now and then of uncle's tremulous voice. Putting it all together, I know he meant this: Joe must not be sent to the penitentiary—that would kill Aunt Margaret. The farm—the old homestead—I know was so dear to him, must go before that should be done. Would Mr. Wells advance the money? Taking uncle's arm he drew him aside, so near by the curtain beneath which I stood concealed I thought they could almost hear my breathing; his voice was low, subdued to a whisper, but I could hear the name of Nellie; something should be done if Nellie would consent. Great heavens! I thought and shuddered, can it be possible he will ask for Nellie's hand in return for that? Will uncle sell one child to buy another?

"I cannot tell; it shall not be unless she is willing," Uncle said, and left the room. It seemed like an age to me that I stood there trembling with indignation and horror. If she is willing! Will they let her be the sacrifice to save themselves, and then say that she is willing; but then I thought of poor Aunt Margaret, with bowed head and broken heart; something must be done for her. Yes, after all, it would be a noble thing for Nellie to do.

Just then she entered the room with her father. I caught sight of her face as she knew it all. I had never seen her look like that before. I am sure Uncle did not realize the extent of the sacrifice his daughter was about to make. I would not wrong him by supposing that he did.

"She is here to affirm that she is willing," needless said. The stranger looked up in bewildered perplexity. Mr. Wells came forward to meet Nellie saying:

"You have been made aware of the importance of this step. I suppose there is no time for needless harangue about the matter; if Joe is saved your father must go to-morrow morning with the money. Of course I have no need of the place and do not want it; but if you will consent to an early marriage—and here the man winced a little, perhaps because he couldn't entirely forget the stranger's presence—I am willing to make you a dowry of the amount in cash, the value of the farm; understand, however, that the wedding shall take place immediately."

"I am ready," was all Nellie answered. Oh how her white, wretched face and hollow voice smote upon my heart. I thought I could scarcely wait until the stranger, who had now accomplished his mission, was ready to depart. Then Nellie, with both hands up to her face, ran out of the room. A few minutes later uncle went out, followed by Mrs. Wells, the latter saying something about returning with a minister.

My blood fairly boiled. I rushed out of the room into the yard—I wanted to breathe the fresh air; I was almost stifled with indignation and anger. Scarcely conscious of where I was going, I wandered among the trees some distance down toward the gate. When coming suddenly upon the drive I found myself directly in front of Mr. Wells, who was slowly driving out. Politely lifting his hat, he stopped his horse for me to pass, but I found it utterly impossible to move a step without first giving vent to some of my angry feelings.

"Sir," I said, marshaling my courage and endeavoring to appear undismayed, "is it indeed possible that you are so lost to every manly sentiment of regard for the esteem and respect of your fellow beings as to compel a woman to marry you, and that when you know she abhors the very ground you walk upon? You know as well as I can tell you that Nellie and John love each other dearly, and if she were married to you a thousand times, she will always love him just the same."

With that I was satisfied, and without waiting for a reply I rushed back into the house. Uncle and Nellie were bending over Aunt Margaret, who had swooned away. When at last she returned to consciousness, it seemed as if she would break her heart with weeping, first about Joe then about Nellie. But Nellie kept up so bravely and tried hard to appear as if she didn't think it would be much of a sacrifice after all, that gradually we all grew calm and began to make ready for the wedding. What a mockery it was I thought, but something must be done to make things look a little cheerful. I gathered some fresh flowers for the vases and arranged things about the house with as much neatness and care as my drooping spirits would permit of. Promptly at 8 o'clock there came a knock at the door. We were all standing around in Aunt Margaret's room looking as wretched as possible, Nellie, dressed in a plain white muslin, trying to look cheerful, but making a miserable failure—when, to our great surprise, Mr. Wells, unannounced, walked into the room, accompanied by his nephew, John Atherleigh.

"Miss Nellie," he began, without waiting to be spoken to, "my feelings have undergone a great change since I saw you this afternoon partly owing to a certain little affair. You can ask your Cousin Margie here about it some time. But my feelings have been so greatly changed that I should not be even willing to marry you now. Of course I haven't been blind to the fact that you and John have loved each other all along; and now if you are willing to exchange grooms, why it will all be right. I couldn't think of having a wife who would be in love with a young scape-grace like this as long as she lives. I have made over a deed of the place equally divided between you and John. It shall be a bridal present from the old uncle. I am able to give it you now. Now are you willing to make the exchange?" And the poor old man actually smiled as if in scorn of himself.

"Are you willing, Nellie?" John asked, holding out both hands to her. How she slipped her hands into them, and cried as if her heart would break; but we all knew they were tears of joy. Very quietly I stole over to Aunt Margaret's side and whispered, Nellie is saved; the old miser has surely turned to a saint.

"It is my dream, my dream!" Aunt Margaret said; has not the little black dwarf indeed become an angel?"

"I guess we had as well have it all over and be done with it," Mr. Wells continued, rubbing his hands together as if well pleased with himself and everybody else. "I've been with John and do the license; the deed is all made out, and the preacher is already in the parlor."

You may be sure the sorrowful faces of a few minutes ago brightened up at this strange turn of affairs, and joyfully enough we all repaired to the parlor, where Nellie and John were united in marriage. You should have seen dear Aunt Margaret's face when she kissed the bride. Didn't we all kiss her, though—no, not all. Mr. Wells—I mean never to call him a miserly old wretch or say other ugly names again. However, I don't think he had anything to do with this piece of mercy. I regard it as a special intercession of Providence. But I am getting away from the subject. Did he kiss her? No. But this is the reason why. Nellie went straight up, and putting both arms around him, kissed him right heartily. I am sure, had he been the bridegroom, she would never have kissed him like that.

What a perfect picture of self-satisfaction the old man was after that, but he had the good grace to remain only a little while after the ceremony. Of course we were all doing to talk about the strange things that had happened. I could not help thinking, as we all cast kind, grateful glances after his retreating figure, how much happier he must be than if he had got the unwilling little bride, with the knowledge that she and everybody else was miserable about it.

Moncure D. Conway says the Buddhists of Ceylon believe that if a woman behaves herself she will eventually become a man.

it. How happy we would have been after that, except for poor, erring Joe. Uncle went to the city the next morning and did not return for two days. His face was dark and solemn when he came into the old house again, but no one dared to question him. It was late in the evening, and we had waited supper for his coming. Very quickly we gathered around the table and bowed our heads, while Uncle asked a blessing. Suddenly a shadow fell across the doorway, and when we raised our heads imagine what surprise we felt—there stood the truant boy Joe. Aunt Margaret sprang to her feet.

"Don't come to meet me yet, mother," he said, "until I show you that I have not forfeited all claim to your respect and love; that everything was not so bad as you have thought. I didn't steal that money, or ever meant to steal it. I am willing to acknowledge my share of the wrong; it was getting into bad company and drinking too much whisky, but I have not been guilty of stealing anything they have proven. After I had been drinking freely and made a fool of myself, as liquor always makes me do, the boys dragged me into the plan they had already fixed upon, and until I was too drunk to know anything, they hurried me away with them; but they have been found. It is all cleared up now, and father shan't lose anything by me."

"Thank the blessed Lord for that," Aunt Margaret said, and, putting both arms around him, she drew him into the room. You may be sure a great burden's weight was lifted from our hearts when we heard Joe's story through, and how thankful we were that he had been saved, and that Nellie was saved. I shudder yet to think how near they were to the precipice beneath which yawned the dark, dreadful sea in Aunt Margaret's dream. But the angel's wing has turned the darkness into light, our sorrow into joy.

The Style of Courtship in Greenland.

When the Danish missionaries had secured the confidence of the Greenlanders, marriage was made a religious ceremony. Formerly the man married the woman by force. One of the missionaries, writing to his journal, describes the present style of courtship as follows: The suitor, coming to missionary, says:

"I should like to have a wife."

"Whom?" asks the missionary. The man names the woman. "Hast thou spoken to her?"

Sometimes the man will answer: "Yes, she is not unwilling; but thou knowest womankind!"

More frequently the answer is, "No."

"Why not?"

"It is difficult. Girls are prudish. Thou must speak to her." The missionary summons the girl, and after a little conversation, says:

"I think it is time I have thee married."

"I won't marry."

"What a pity! I have a suitor for thee."

"Whom?" The missionary names the man who has sought his aid.

"He is good for nothing! I won't have him!"

"But," replies the missionary, "he is a good provider. He throws his harpoon with skill, and he loves thee."

Though listening to his praise with evident pleasure, the girl answers: "I won't have him."

"Well, I won't force thee. I shall soon find a wife for such a clever fellow."

The missionary remains silent, as though he understood that "No" to have ended the matter. At last, with a sigh, she whispers:

"Just as thou wilt have it."

"No," answers the clergyman, "as thou wilt; I'll not persuade thee."

Then, with a deep groan, comes "Yes," spoken somewhat quickly, and the matter is settled.

One of Cleveland's "Little Stories."

Washington Dispatch to Boston Herald.

President Cleveland is developing as a story teller. He has diminished the value of petitions for office a good deal by a story which he told an office-seeking senator. He said that when he was mayor of Buffalo there was a sharp contest for the position of chief of police. One candidate in particular was endorsed by such a very large number of citizens that when he saw the petition the mayor felt that probably he was the man who ought to be appointed. He stated this conclusion to two of his friends who called to see him, but they informed him that in their opinion the appointment would not be a good one, and should not be made. He, thereupon, showed them the papers signed by such a large number of leading citizens, and said he did not see how he could ignore it. They thereupon asked him to delay action for two days in order that they might present a paper to him, and went away. At the end of the time they returned, bringing another petition signed by a long list of Buffalo people, some of them prominent in the city, and a number of them his friends. It was not a petition for the place of chief of police, but was addressed to the Governor of New York, and stated that Grover Cleveland, mayor of Buffalo, had been guilty of embezzlement of the public funds, was unfit to hold the office, and ought to be removed. It simply showed how easily reputable people could be got to sign a petition without reading it. Since that time Mr. Cleveland says he has not had a high opinion of signatures to petitions relative to the offices.

The committee appointed to receive funds for a suitable monument to Peter Cooper in New York, have received in popular subscriptions \$7,727.44, and a good deal more has been promised. The monument is to cost \$25,000.

English Snobbery.

Mr. Charles G. Leland thus writes from London to the New Orleans Times Democrat: "There is, however, in England, as in every other country, a disposition to greatly exaggerate the advantage which the United States enjoys in possessing so much cheap land. I was told, only recently, that but for this we might be as backward as any country. To which I replied: 'Do you really attribute our prosperity to land alone?' 'Yes,' was the answer. 'How, then, is it that Russia, with so much productive soil, is the land of miserably poor peasants?' 'Ah! the Russians are a very different people from the Americans.' 'There,' I said, 'at the very first question you change your argument from the land to the character of the inhabitants.' Adam Smith has shown that in fact the worst land in any country is generally the first settled. It is not understood here or elsewhere in Europe that the truest elements of prosperity in a country are freedom, equality, justice and education. Add to this free exchanges without much extravagance, few paupers and very few immoderate fortunes, and we should have the chief elements of material prosperity. If we take let us say, 1,000 men, and settle them anywhere there may be found for every one his work. If they can produce more than they can consume of any fabric or material let them sell it to another community. But if we introduce to this commerce a millionaire, a lord or any person who will keep a large train of half idle servants and establish extravagant standards of living and wants beyond the majority, we at once bring in that which results in indolence, poverty and vice. An aristocracy did great good and little harm during the Middle Ages; now the conditions are exactly reversed. The point was long since passed in America when this became generally understood. Here in England we are just getting to it. Half the world is still more than half convinced of the truth of the couplet—

Let laws and learning or religion die;
But, oh, preserve our old nobility!

while the other half is beginning to believe that for every grain of independence and culture in the aristocrat there necessarily results ounces, if not pounds, of flunkieism and degradation in his dependents and admirers. I have spoken of the rapidly growing prosperity of England and the manifest improvement in the education and appearance of the lower class. Just in proportion to this is the growing impatience at the prestige of mere rank and inherited wealth, and the anger that such beings as flunkies and servile followers and decadents should be regularly trained and made, so to speak, to disgrace the name of Englishman. Thackeray was the first to effectively show what a mean snob and slave an Englishman could become by being a servant and parasite, and how the higher the lord was, the lower the lackey became. I believe that to his works more is due than to any other cause that the educated and more intelligent people of Great Britain have of late separated themselves so much from the titled classes and begun to speak so much less kindly of them. Twenty years ago people laughed at James' yellow plush and scorned the snob; now they are beginning to ask why they exist and what caused them? Once they would kill the snakes to punish him for being one; now they would do it to prevent future snakes from coming."

A Big Meteor in California.

The Chico (Cal.) Chronicle contains the following account of a great meteor that recently fell in that vicinity. It was many times larger and heavier than the meteor that fell in northern Iowa some years ago, which was considered a remarkable thing of the kind. The Chronicle says:

The fiery meteor that fell just east of our city, lighting up the country for miles around, came with the noise of many thunders, and our citizens were startled with the dread thought that it was the crack of doom. A party of our citizens went out to search for the heavenly visitor, accompanied by the geologist of the Chronicle staff. In the party were C. R. Woods, O. Harshbarger, Steve Magee, E. B. Johnston, George Newell, Jack Terrill, Herman Greenland, E. E. Canfield, Joe Sprout, H. C. Mansfield, Bert Mason. They struck a bee line for the foothills, nearly due east of town, and came to a halt at a farm-house six miles from here. The party scattered and instituted a search. They walked over rocks, through canons, and examined the bed of a creek for some signs of stone from the clouds. Woods and Mansfield were absent from the searchers nearly an hour, when they were finally seen running towards the wagon waving their hands and yelling. They came up almost breathless, but managed to tell that the object of their tramp had been found. A rush was made by the explorers to the spot that had been designated, nearly a mile away and a little higher on the foothills. Arriving there they were certainly well rewarded for their pains. The "aerolite" was lying alongside a pile of rocks, and in appearance somewhat resembled a pyramid. In length it was a few inches over thirty feet and in diameter over two feet. Its weight is placed at several tons. In color it has the appearance of slate while standing a few feet from it, but upon closer examination it looks like copper. The monster was struck several heavy blows with a sledge hammer, but no impression could be made upon it. A cold chisel was then used upon it, but not a scratch could be made. In falling, the burning stone had struck upon a lava formation, otherwise it would have gone far into the bosom of old mother earth. As it struck the rock it glanced off into the ground and burned a gutter nearly two feet in depth for a distance of 200 feet.

Passing Shadows.

Several years ago I was returning to my Western home after a summer spent in the East doing the watering places; a friend was accompanying me, and as we were lounging in a sleeper we both dropped off into reverie. The train was slowing up at a small country resort; I raised my window and looked out. On the platform at the station I saw three young girls accompanied by an escort; they were laughing mirthfully over an attempt of one of the girls to climb upon a barrel standing on end under the cornice of the station. The sun was shining gloriously, but a little shower had driven the party beneath the cornice for protection. At last this young girl gained her footing and stood victoriously on the barrel; then glancing into the cars she evidently saw the amusement she had provoked, for a slight shade of crimson flushed her cheeks. This young lass with her peach-bloom visage somehow drew my eager attention, and although I looked on her for only a minute at most, I thought her an angel. She was clad in some white creamy substance which fell about her graceful form. I grew enthusiastic and tried to find her eyes; they were flashing here and there in their wild mirth, seeming to outdo in brightness the glistening shower which fell between us. But at last in their rapid course they met mine, and I fell desperately in love with their owner. But the train was off again and the vision gone.

After we had passed out of view I fell back into my seat and thought again. My Duke aroused me by saying: "Not a bad-looking girl—that one on the barrel."

I suppose I said no to this exclamation, but if I did it was mechanical, for I was not in his world then.

We reached my home. Duke remained my guest for a few days and then returned to his post in the East, for he was an officer in the navy. I took up my routine duties of commercial life once more and in a short time all remembrance of the maiden on the barrel had passed away to memory's graveyard.

Three years elapsed and again I was going to try the East for a month in the winter to get a change which I needed after very close attention to business, so I wrote to my friend Duke at Washington that I was coming on to eat his salt for awhile.

During our various rounds in the gay capital we were one evening at a Mr. S—'s house at a reception. I moved through the assembled throng of men and women. They were of all nationalities, brought together in that cosmopolitan place.

After awhile I sought the conservatory, where I whiled away the time eating an ice and chatting with a little French lady. I had not been there long before Duke came sauntering in with a gentleman on his arm, whom he presented to Mademoiselle; he remained a moment and gave me a look which meant "Come with me!" and with an apology to Mademoiselle I took his arm and walked off.

"What do you mean, Duke," I said, "by rushing a fellow away in this manner from a bewitching creature like Mademoiselle? Have you something so very important on hand?"

"Yes, my boy," he replied. "Come with me and I guarantee that what I give you in exchange will prove equally as captivating to your susceptible heart. 'I've got a settler for you!'"

He led me through several rooms and finally stopped within a very dimly-lighted apartment. The object of his search was at the further end of this room in a bay window that was raised, letting the moonbeams fall across the rich carpet, and I half within the shadow I saw a woman sitting; a man was leaning in the partial darkness at the back of her chair.

I was presented, a delicate hand was extended into the light and a soft voice, which seemed a part of the moonlight, bade me be seated. I sat down on a divan near her. Before I was aware of it Duke had quitted us and the gentleman at her back had excused himself and gone away.

When my companion spoke it was with a voice like the tinkle of silver. She seemed some old and loved friend speaking in that sweet, gentle voice. She was not a stranger to me. Oh, no! She was one of those beings we dream of and learn to know and love long before we meet them in the flesh.

She sat there as she talked, toying with some roses on her corsage, when one of the delicate buds fell from the bunch resting there and rolled to my feet. As I picked it up she leaned that perfect head into the light, and bending over, asked for the truant rose.

I did not give it to her, but sat there gazing into that beautiful face, through those eyes into her very soul, and in that glance I knew before me sat the woman whom I had learned to love the other time our eyes had met! Finally, I became more composed and stammered out something about memories in which she had taken part.

She answered that somehow before, in a dream or somewhere else, she had seen my face, had known it well!

Then I told her the story of the maiden on the barrel and the man on the train. Her face lighted up; she sighed, and I thought it was a sigh of love for that long time ago—that moment in the past.

All sorts of fancies were running through my brain, when from out the darkness at her back stepped a man who said:

"Ah, my dear, do you not think it is time we were going to X—?"

She arose and presented me, in that beautiful voice that seemed a part of the moonlight, to her husband, and I then, with an air of revolt, was gone. I found the rose in my hand and kissed it. It was sacred in my eyes, for it was all that was left of my romantic but vain dream of love.

A Miss Aldrich, of Walla Walla, W. T., swallowed a dental tooth in a dentist's office last week.