I am going to move to the land of dreams As soon as ever I may! This speaking over by night, meseems, And leaving at peep o' day, is one of our silliest human schemes-

So now I am going to stay

Why waken at all to my exile long, To faces unloved and cold. Where never my lips can fit to a song. Wherever my heart grows old, When it's just as easy—and can't be wrong— To live in that Land of Gold?

I was there last night for an hour or two-The sweetest I ever passed I sat in the garden again with you, And my breath came thick and fast,

When you whispered, blushing, that now you knew The meaning of love at last. But then the sun, like a meddlesome clown, Climbed grinning above the sky:

My castle in Dreamland came tumbling down, And tumbling down came 1-

Just as I bent for a kiss to crown

My longing, with none to spy.

And that is why I am bound to go And rent me a dream house there: For there you'll be waiting for me, I know, As blushing and fond and fair: And we'll live and love in the Dreamland glow, The width of the world from care!
--C. F. Lummis

A RUN FOR LIFE.

The term of school ended about the first of December. My uncle was at the time carrying on lumbering operations forty miles from home, on the Lake Winibigoshish, one of the lakes which form the headwaters of the Mis-sissippi river. He invited me to join him at the end of the school term. I had never been in a lumbering camp, and determined to spend a month or two in the pine woods with him. There was fine hunting - deer, foxes, muskrats,

lynxes and other animals in the region. In the settlement where I had been teaching there was a young Norwegian, Lars Bjork, two or three years older than I, who had trapped and hunted about Winibigoshish for several years.

He was a skillful woodsman, and a thoroughly good hearted young man. strong, sturdy and intelligent. He had been a chopper at the camp through the autumn, but as he thought that he could earn more money at trapping and hunting, my uncle willingly let him off, and acquiesced in my plan to accompany him for a trip of a few weeks around the foot of Winibigoshish, twenty miles above the camp. He also offered us a spare mule-Bingo by name-to haul our outfit. It was the middle of December when we started out from camp,

It was a long day's tramp. getting late when we arrived at the place settled upon for a camp. Nothing could be done that night beyond throwing up a temporary shelter of saplings and evergreen boughs, beneath which we crawled with our robes and blankets, and with our feet to a big fire of dry pine logs slept till morning. That is to ay, Lars slept, but the unusual and lonely stuation drove sleep from my

eyes for an any hours. Bingo, poor beast, was hitched in a birch thicket a little way off, where he

browsed diligently. We lost no time in selecting a site for our winter camp. At the end of two days, with Bingo's help in drawing the logs into place, we had constructed a comfortable but, its chinks tightly calked with moss to keep out the sifting snow, which, in that cold region, usually falls in fine dry crystals. Against the back side of the hut we also threw up a rough

'lean to" for Bingo's accommodation. After getting our camp in order we turned our attention to business. Lars set all the steel traps which we had brought. About the lake shore and along the river he constructed "dead falls" for mink, marten and otter. A few otter had been captured by the Norwegian the previous winter, but they were exceedingly shy and not abundant.

For three or four weeks but little snow There was just enough to make the ground excellent for tracking game, and we were successful in securing quite a pack of fur-two of the coveted otter skins among others.

We had trapped several wolves, too, which proved that there were numbers of them about us. Yet as Lars had exhibited ino fears concerning then, I felt none. Several times, on our long snow shoe tramps across the country, we had caught sight of them running with great swiftness, but we could never come near enough for a shot.

At length the snow began to come down in earnest nearly every day. The cold was intense. We had been down to my uncle's camp once for supplies and for the mail, which was brought in occasionally by one of the men.

On Candlemas day we awoke to find that a genuine blizzard had struck us. We were entirely out of meat, for game had been scarce on the line of our traps for several days, and we had decided to devote this day to supplying our larder. Now there was nothing for it but to stay in shelter till the storm was over.

For three days and nights the gale blustered and howled through the tree tops above our but, whirling the snow in such thick clouds as nearly to smother one out of doors. We dared not venture two rods from the but, for fear of never finding our way back through the blind-

The cold was almost unbearable. With all our efforts, we could scarcely keep from freezing. Fortunately, we had prepared a supply of wood only a few yards from the door, and by turns we went through the drifts, dug out an armful, and guided by the other's voice, crawled back to the hut, with hair and clothes and eyes pelted full of snow. Even with all the fire we could keep, I was obliged to wrap myself in one of the buffalo robes, and crouch in a corner

nearest the stove. Lars, a true son of the north, and ac-Lars, a true son of the north, customed to fierce blizzards, kept busy customed to fierce brizzards and "skees," or snow skates, such as are used in his snow bound native country, and whistled merrily, while the wild wind sent little eddies of snow whirling through the

chinks into his vellow hair. The fourth morning dawned bright and clear. The weather had moderated, but the snow lay four feet deep over the whole country. Our little hut was nearly buried, and so hard were the drifts packed that I, who was about forty pounds lighter in weight than Lars, could run over them anywhere, The Norwegian would now and then slump through them.

But the cold weather had given us tremendous appetites, and our diet had been very tame. We knew that animals could not have moved about much in the deep snow during the long storm, and that they must have become famished. Accordingly, we thought that now game of

all sorts would be astir.

After an early breakfast, we started out on our skees, which were made of

ash, five or six feet long, very narrow thin, and smooth as glass. They were bound to the foot by straps, and with them one accustomed to their use can skim over the snow with great swiftness. Although I was thoroughly at home on ice skates, it was some time, with Lars teaching, before I could keep pace with him.

After getting a little way back from the lake the country was open, with the exception of strips of timber bordering the streams. Upon the banks of two of these we decided to set some of the traps, which had been taking nothing about the lake for several days,

in the afternoon 1 started a doe, in a broad strip of timber, near a creek. As it bounded off over the snow I fired, but missed. Scarcely had the report been heard when my companion's rifle cracked, and at the same moment I heard him cry out sharply, as if in dis-

Much alarmed I hastened in the direction of the sounds and found that a most distressing accident had happened. The doe had run toward Lars, who, while skimming along to get a nearer and more effective shot, had broken through the snow which had drifted over some small shrubs. His rifle was discharged as he fell forward, and the bullet had entered his left ankle, making a terrible wound.

Lars Bjork was a man of much courage and as stoical as an Indian, but the pain was so great that he swooned dead away. I, on my part, was so overcome that for a moment I lost my head entirely and could no nothing. But Lars soon recovered consciousness and instructed me how to bandage the limb and stop the flow of blood.

How to get him to camp was the next question. In this matter, too, Lars' brain was more fertile than mine. Some sort of hand sled, he declared, must be improvised, and I must go to camp, which was about three miles distant, after the ax, augur and ropes.

I disliked to leave him alone, in his distress, but there was no other way; so, after providing him with a bed of boughs, I started off, and as I had now become expert in the use of those wonderful skees, in less than an hour I had made the trip and was back again.

Obeying Lars' direction, I now cut two birch saplings, having natural crooks, for runners, and smoothed them off with the ax. Then I bored holes and put in cross bars. Upon these I laid boughs and one of the robes which I had brought from camp. The sled was now ready, and my wounded companion managed to crawl upon it.

The load was not very heavy after getting under way over the smooth, hard snow. We went on at a good pace and had accomplished half a mile from the place where the accident occurred, when chancing to look back, I saw four or five animals about the spot, scram-bling and apparently fighting with each other. I mentioned it to Lars. With an effort he turned to look back,
"They're wolves," he said, "Get to
camp as fast as you can!"

The brutes had sneaked from some covert in the timber as soon as we had started, and were licking the blood off the snow. They might even have been in pursuit of the doe, the cause of our

misfortune. As we had frequently seen them, while out trapping. I did not at first feel much alarmed. But soon a series of prolonged howls from behind warned us that, maddened by extreme hunger and the taste of blood, they were in pursuit, and that others were joining in the chase, coming out from the timber as we hurried along, I glanced at Lars. His face was very white, but he grasped his rifle firmly.

I now fully realized our peril, and put forth my utmost effort. The country was half-open here. I had

heard that it is the habit of wolves, when large numbers, to try to surround their prey. I was certain that was what they meant to do if they could come up with as. Moreover I soon found that they were gaining in spite of my exertions.

We had covered hardly more than a mile and a haif of the distance, when in going over some concealed shrub, where the snow was shallow, the sled broke through and threw me down.

I thought it was all over with us then, but I was not entangled, nor was any thing broken, and scrambling to my feet, I jerked the sled out of the snow and was off again in a twinkling. But the howls of the pack had come fearfully

"Fly to camp, mine friend! Fly to camp! Don't mind me!" the brave Norwegian now exclaimed, as we dashed "They'll have us both. But drop me and you can get to the camp."

Fire back into them!" I panted, for I felt ready to drop. Lars managed to turn around and discharged his rifle, and at this unexpected salute the oncoming pack halted for a moment. This gave us a little time and I made the most of it, yet we had not gone fifty yards farther before the troop were again in full cry, and although he continued to fire as fast as he could reload, the ravenous brutes now paid no attention to the reports.

But at last, as it chanced, with his final cartridge he hit one of the foremost of the pack. The creature fell, and immediately the others set upon him after the manner of wolves. This again gave us a little start. Yet they quickly tore their wounded fellow to pieces and were after us again, more greedy than ever, before we had got out of their sight among the scattered timber. Then I thought of a fox which we had trapped, and I had tossed under the robe beside Lars, at starting.
"That fox!" I gasped. "Pitch that

Overboard went the precious gray fox. Then on-on-on, for life again. But we were within twenty rods of camp now, and with a fresh spurt I dashed for the door, and reaching it, ran inside, sled and all, at one final leap.

The door was slammed to and barred; and mad at our escape, the hungry creatures dashed themselves against it, like a foaming sea wave.

But we were safe. I dropped upon the camp floor exhausted.

Till nearly midnight the famished animals raged about the hut. Then a little

on the sled, and again set off down the river toward my uncle's camp, which we reached about noon. The Norwegian was taken home, and ultimately recov-

The next day I went back to our camp with two of the men, and brought out our furs and traps. But I had no further desire to hunt that winter. - D. H. Plaley in Youth's Companion.

TALKING MACHINES.

THE GRAPHOPHONE IN ACTUAL USE AND DOING GOOD WORK.

The Opinion of a Gentleman Who Employs One at His Work-It Is Superior to the Stenographer in Some Cases-How It Is Run-Six Minutes' Solid Talk.

Any one who doubts the usefulness of the phonograph or graphophone, both devices now being under the same management and both presenting the best features of the separate devices of Bell and Edison, needs but to wander through a few Wall street law offices in order to be convinced that the talking machine, by whatever name it is called, has come It is in daily use at the office of Brayton Iyes, Sweet & Co., Haines Bros., and in many other less prominent houses. The real business in talking machines, however, has not yet begun. Such instruments as are to be found in use are owned by persons interested in the company. None are to be sold. They will be rented at \$40 a year upon the same system as that adopted by the telephone people. NO MORE PUNCH AND JUDY.

"There you see it," said this gentleman, lifting a cover about half the size of a sewing machine cover from a corner of his desk. "It takes up no room and is always ready to take dictation." The graphophone is about the size of a sewing machine, which it slightly resembles. A cylinder of hardened wax is revolved by a small electric motor connected with a battery if there is no electric current at hand. In the Mills building the motor is run by a wire from the electric lamp, with which the offices are supplied. The principle of the apparatus is still that of the old Edison phonograph of 1875. The sound of the voice causes a minute diaphragm bearing a fine needle point on its under side to vibrate. As a wax cylinder ten inches long and two inches in diameter revolves, the needle point indents the wax according to the vibrations of the diaphragm, making a long spiral line around the cylinder, which, as it revolves, travels from right to left. In order to get a reproduction of sound a species of sounding board is adjusted, and the needle is made to pass again over the indentations it has made. As it scrapes along the "sounding" diaphragm gives forth a reproduction, more or less perfect, of the original words talked into the instrument. In the first Edison phonograph of twelve years ago the instrument gave out a caricature of what was said to it; if one knew what had been said or sung into it it was easy enough to make sense out of the phonograph's Punch and Judy talk, but not otherwise. The changes have been in the direction of improving the quality of the sound and its distinctness, rather than volume. As it may be heard today the phonograph's message or reproduction is more distinct than one from a out causing any loss of blood. Cancers telephone in first class order and under favorable conditions, And when the

I am ready to dictate a brief or a contract, I touch this little spring, which sets the machinery in motion; but so others advised dangerous cutting operanoiseless is it that unless you put your tions. But also in the less dangerous car close to the motor you cannot hear it at all. I take this phone or mouthpiece and talk into it just as I would do with a telephone, using my natural voice, and talking just as fast as I please, which you cannot do with a telephone. If the heal, Thus dangerous cutting operations machine is allowed to run, the cylinder will be used up at the end of six minutes, but whenever I come to the end of a paragraph I want to think a moment, or whenever I am interrupted a touch stops it. In this way a cylinder represents six minutes of 'solid' talk, or about 1,000 words. The work of putting on another cylinder takes about a second,

and then I can go on. When my work is done my typewriter takes my cylinders, puts them on his phonograph and writes out from the dictation, making the instrument go as fast or as slow

as he wishes. "Now as to the advantages of the machine over a stenographer. In the first place no stenographer can go as fast as I like to talk; I have to wait at every sentence for the stenographer to catch up. Sometimes the stenographers are busy. The phonograph is always ready, and does not mind any rate of speed—the faster the better. In the next place even a good stenographer, especially if hurried, makes blunders, substitutes one word for another which looks like it, or skips words. The phonograph repeats every syllable just as you gave it. The typewritten transcripts of my phono-graph dictation are more perfect than when my typewriter had to use his own notes. Of course, there are some disadvantages. When you wish to change a word or a sentence you have to give the necessary direction at the end of the message; it will not be long, however, before some method of erasing will be devised. As compared to dictating directly to the typewriter operator. you can speak three times as fast and not so loud, for you do not have to be heard above the rattle of the typewriter. One little point will show you how valuable the graphophone will become. I have a machine at my home in the coun-

try. In the evenings I do a great deal of work in my library, and very often I have to make long quotations from books which I have at home, but of which have no duplicates at the office. Conse quently, before the graphophone came, I had to indicate in my brief where I wanted the quotation to begin and end, and then I had to carry these books down to the office for my operator to copy from. With the graphophone it is so easy to rattie off a page or two of print that I do so and avoid taking my books out of my library. In five min-utes I can dictate to the graphophone what it would take me a good hour to write out is long hand."—New York Star.

The Count of Bloodhounds.

Come people doubt the possibility of dogs tracking a criminal through the circus and lance and busy thoroughfares later we heard a sudden and most appalling outcry. But it was as quickly hushed. The wolves had broken into the "lean to."

Poor Bingo! There was nothing left of him to tell of his fate.

The was quiet. I took to the right place, and if he is the result for the right place, and if he is the right for the right place, and if he is the right for the ri right sort of dog, he will stick to that and no other. Besides, it has been done over and over again. Whether to the bloodhound nose every human being would really seem so, else how can the animal follow his man so directly, and categories out among even a crowd of others at a public house bar or in the hosels of his unhappy family?—Chambers' Journa.

IT IS PROVERBIAL

That Doctors Never Agree—How Can They?—They Have No System to tio By—11 Is Go as You Flease.

SEATTLE, Wash., Dec. 11, 1890,
Dr. J. Eugene Jordan, Seattle, Wash —
DEAR SIR. One year sgo last October my
little girl was vaccinated a ainst my
wishes. Her arm was inflame, for seven
weeks. After that her head as the weeks. After that her head broke out in terrible sores, discharging pus and never healing until spring. She had such terrible pain in her head that it drove her almost insare. In August she received a fall which made her much worse, and she was taken with spinal meningitis in its worst form. She grew constantly worse, and the doctors could do nothing for her. She was just about dying, perfectly speechless, al blind and suffering intense ag ny. We had given up all hope, and would have been glad to see her die to end her terrible suffering, when, learning through Mrs. McDougal of Dr. Jordan, we sent for you. When you came, about # o'clock in the evening, you said she was as low as a child aid possibly be and be alive, but that the Histogenetic Medicines, if used according to directions, would cure her. We began giving her the nedicines at 10 o'clock the same evening, and she never had a parox ysm after that. Previous to this the sparm would come on about this time in the evening and continue without intermission until 4 in the morning during which time until 4 in the morning during which time we had to hold her in bed to keep her from injuring herseif. When the struggle was over she would lie more like a corpse than a living child. As you said would be the case, the cure was slow but sure, and she is now perfectly well. I cannot sufficiently express my gratitude to you for what the Histogenetic Medicines have done for our child. I remain very sincerely.

Mrs. Owen Duffy, Taylor's Mill. Lake Washington.

Dr. La Grange wishes to make known his New Treatment for the cure of all diseases of the Eye Contact, Defective Vision. Instantation, etc., without Operation or Pain. The remedy can be applied by the patient, and is simple, safe and sure in its effects, strengthening the muscles and nerves of the eye, removing pain aimost instantaneously. It is a marvelous discovery and a blessing to the sufferer.

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For many years past the knife has had an almost undisputed sway in these diseases, especially those of a more serious nature, removal of the organs being often the only thing that would cure the sufferer, but at the cost of the loss of her sex. Of late years, however, in Germany and France the progress of electricity has changed all this. In these countries uterine polypi are removed by means of the galvano-caustic battery without the oss of a single drop of blood. Uterine fibroid tumors, which formerly necessitated one of the most dangerous and bloody cutting operations, are operated upon by means of the electrolytic battery, a treatment which instantly stops the bleeding from them, and will dissolve and bring to absorption tumors weighing twenty pounds and more withof the womb are removed in either way.

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How many people

stant state of siege. It seems as if the elements sat down

outside the walls of health and now and again, led by the

north wind and his attendant blasts, broke over the

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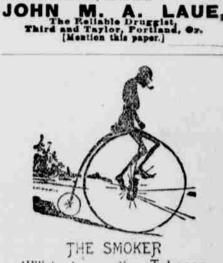
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