

THE DREAM THAT CAME TRUE.

HERE was a hint of autumn in the woodland tints, where the colors shaded from softest gray-est gray-green through russet tones to deepest red and brown, and the breeze that swept over the uplands was suggestive of chilly October, but the golden spell of Indian summer lay on the valley, touching the ripe peaches with an added bloom and wooing the late roses to unfold their fragrant hearts before it was too late to give their sweetness to the dying summer.

In the rectory orchard, under the shadows of the fruit-laden trees, village lads and lasses hid and sought, and out in the meadow the children laughed and played and danced to the music of their own voices.

The professor stood at the outer edge of a circle of infant revelers, his spectacles pushed up on his broad forehead, his soft Hamburg hat tilted forward to shield his eyes from the sun.

Gray eyes they were, with a keenness in them that was reflected and that lent them a clearer vision for things that time had set at a distance than for present realities.

The iron-gray hair was brushed back and outlined features that were not unhandsome, though their sternness gave him a semblance of severity, until he smiled.

When the professor smiled children understood that the tall figure with its



THEY WERE SILENT FOR A MOMENT.

inclination to stoop was not likely to prove aggressive, and that the learning contained in that massive frame could be put aside with the spectacles; also that the professor might have been young once, before the weight of a laurel wreath had puckered his brows and powdered his hair with the frost that comes before winter.

He was smiling now and looking with appreciative interest at the game in progress.

"Do you hear what they are slinging?" he asked the rector's wife.

Mrs. Errington detached herself from the tea urn to answer carelessly. "Nuts and May, isn't it?"

"The delightful irrelevance of childhood," pursued the professor, "the sublime faith in the impossible. 'Here we come gathering Nuts and May—so early in the morning!' Not content with demanding their autumn and their spring at the same time, they must have it early in the morning, too; all the world at their feet, with youth to make them enjoy it. They have faith enough to remove mountains, but I am afraid the days of miracles are past."

Mrs. Errington's glance lingered on him for a moment and then traveled to where a girl in a white dress stood under the trees that bordered the rectory garden.

"There is Evadne," she said; "how fresh and cool and sweet she looks! Don't you think so, professor?"

He adjusted his spectacles to give a conscientious answer.

"Miss Evadne is always pleasant to look at," he said, as he gazed with a painstaking air in her direction; "at this distance I do not see her so plainly as I could wish."

"And she is always pleasant to talk to," added Mrs. Errington; "go and ask her if she would like some tea, professor."

He went obediently, and the white figure moved to meet him, while the echo of the words "cool and fresh and sweet" floated still in his ears.

"I am sent to ask you if you will have some tea," he said.

"Is that meant for an excuse or an apology?" asked Evadne, demurely.

"Does my errand need either?" he questioned in return, with his usual gravity.

"You seemed to consider so," said she, "in which, if you will not think me conceited, I will confess you are unusual. There are people," she continued, noting his puzzled air, "who come and talk to me without any errand at all—merely for the pleasure of the thing."

A little smile was playing round her mouth, and through her curved eyelashes the sparkle of her eyes meant mischief.

The professor pushed his spectacles up again; when people were close to him he could see better without assistance.

"There are people," he said, "who

might venture to come to you on their own merits, Miss Eva. I am not one of those fortunate few."

"No?" she queried; lifting her eyebrows, "yet your merits are by no means insignificant. They are public property, professor, and we are very proud of them down here. I have even," she looked away from him, "felt a little alarmed at the thought of them sometimes, and wondered whether we all seemed very stupid and dull to so learned a person as you."

"Stupid and dull," he echoed the words involuntarily, while he was thinking what a dainty outline the contour of her cheek and chin made—like a pink sea shell, and what a singularly sweet intonation she had!

"You agree that we are so," she said, after an instant's offended silence. "You add candor to your other merits, professor, I see. Well, the school treat is over. I think I must be going homeward. Good evening."

She stretched out a small, white hand. He took it and considered it for a moment.

"Do you go across the fields," he said, "or round by the road?"

"Across the fields—when I have some one with me."

"Should I count as some one, or am I too?"

"Too what—too candid?"

"Too old," he said, thoughtfully. She looked him up and down.

"I suppose that you are twice my age."

"More than that, I am sure."

"Has anyone ever called you anything but professor?"

"My mother calls me John."

"Anyone else?"

"No one, since I was a boy."

They were crossing the meadow now. In the distance Mrs. Errington waved a good-by to them. They had forgotten about her.

"Which would you rather be—yourself at your age and with your knowledge, or an ignorant young person like me?"

She had taken off her hat and was dangling it by a ribbon from her arm. Her hair was all ruffled, and one little tress with a glint of gold in it kissed her cheek lovingly.

They had reached the stile and he stopped to help her over it before he answered. Then he said:

"Miss Eva, do you think it is possible for anyone to gather nuts and May at the same time?"

"Yes, if they get up early enough in the morning."

"What difference does that make?"

"The difference of not leaving things till they are too late."

He was still holding her hand. She gave it to him at the stile, and apparently he had not remembered to give it back. Her eyes were like stars, and there was a rose-flush like day dawn on her cheeks.

"How is one to know whether it is too late or not?"

"I thought you knew everything, professor. And you called me stupid and dull just now, so my opinion can't be worth having."

"I called you stupid and dull? Do you know what I think you?"

"You think me a vain, frivolous girl."

"I think you the most perfect thing on God's earth."

"Professor—"

"I have another name, Evadne."

"When you have quite done with my hand—"

"I shall never have quite done with it. I want it for my own."

"Such a useless, silly little hand?"

"Such a pink and white little hand. Like a May-blossom."

He lifted it to his lips, and they were silent for a moment.

"Evadne, is a miracle possible?"

"What would be a miracle?" she said softly.

He drew her with gentle insistence into his arms, and she raised hers and clasped them round his neck.

"This is one," he answered; "it is the impossible come true."

"It was never impossible," she murmured, "only—you were asleep and dreaming, John, and now—you are awake, and it is early in the morning."

—New York Mail and Express.

Feminine Pioneers of Long Ago.

A copy of a curious newspaper has been found in the French national archives, says Literature. It is dated Jan. 4, 1808, and is called L'Atenee des Dames. The articles are evidently written by women and the object of the paper seems to have been an attempt to place women on an equal footing with men. The feminine pioneers of 1808 were evidently nearly 100 years ahead of their times. La Fronde, the Parisian newspaper written, printed and published by women, is now in its third year and appears to be successful, while only one copy of L'Atenee des Dames is to be found.

The desire to chase men runs in families.

STILL TELLS TIME.

INDIANA SUN DIAL ERECTED 78 YEARS AGO.

Daily Town Clock of the Kind in the Mississippi Valley How the Standard Time of To-day Came to Be Adopted.

New Harmony, Ind., is probably the one town in the Mississippi valley that has a sun dial town clock. It is probably the oldest and most reliable time-piece in the country. It has been turning off the minutes and hours and days since 1821 without over 50 cents' repair. It never runs down, never goes on a strike and as long as the sun does business it is reliable. To-day it is something more than a time-piece—it is a curiosity. It is historical—probably having an edge over any other time-piece in Indiana in this respect. New Harmony was a colony settlement. The building on which the dial is placed was built by the colonists and was used by them as a barracks. It was erected in 1814. There were no railroads in those days and as everything was local there was no need of anything but sun time. The whole world ran on the same schedule then. For several years the colony operated by a number of sun dials and hour glasses, but this became unsatisfactory and at last George Rapp, the leader, conceived the idea of having a town clock.

First of Its Kind. He was probably the first to endow any Indiana town with such an adjunct. He went to the forest and cut the solidest black walnut tree he could find. He finished it down to six-foot lengths and made a facing 6x4 feet. A strip was nailed across the top to throw off the rain. He then had the colony blacksmith turn out a piece of steel



THE SUN DIAL TOWER CLOCK. [The picture as shown by the marking between wires was taken at 2:30 p. m.]

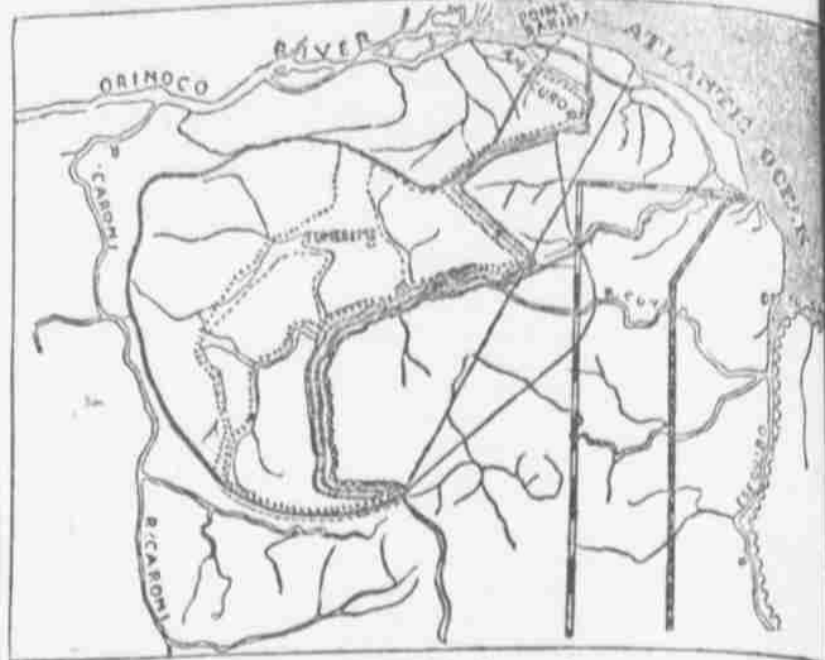
wire. The date of the construction—1821—was printed across the top in letters of fire—in other words, burned in, as were also the hours. At the top and in the center is the figure of the sun—a thing of glory, with a man's smiling face and rays jutting from all sides. From the nose of the sun the steel wire was run, coming to a point and then fastening directly below the sun. The sun was then put to work and the hour markings were defined. Of course, the 12 noon hour was where the wire ended at the bottom of the board. On the east side—from the top—the hours ran down in the following order: 6, 7, 8, 9, 10. Eleven was on the bottom of the board, between 10 in the corner and 12 in the center. On the west side of the dial, running down the side, were placed 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, and 1 was on the lower edge, occupying a position on the west which 11 did on the east. It will be seen that there were two sixes. It was the beginning and ending of the day. Other markings until the sun went down could be reckoned on the wall very readily.

Though the storms of seventy-eight years have beat against the dial, it has not begun to show the wear. The figures are as distinct as though they were placed there yesterday. The colony passed, another one took its place and passed and New Harmony became an ordinary town. Generations have passed and babies have grown old and died, but still the old clock knocks off the hours just as reliably as it did in 1821, when it was put into place. The old building is now occupied by a merchant who has shown good business judgment by utilizing the surrounding space on the walls by signs setting forth his line of wares.

Sundials are curiosities now. Probably less than one person under 35 years out of every 1,000 population ever saw one. Still it has been but a short time since the sun dial regulated affairs, and though watches were used they took their time from the dial. Up to 1860 there was no uniform time. In that year Professor Charles F. Dowd first took active measures for establishing a standard time. He sought the railroad managers as the persons best adapted to bring such a plan into general service. In that year in this country alone there were about seventy-five different standards—all of them on the sun basis.

Adoption of Standard Time. From his work and energies evolved

THE VENEZUELAN BOUNDARY DISPUTE AT A GLANCE.



KEY TO MAP
 Lord Rosberry Line, 1866.
 Extrane Enclava, 1881
 Schomburgk's First, 1876
 Concha's, 1877.
 Dr. Rojas, 1881.
 Rosebery, 1893.
 Sanderson, 1890.
 Schomburgk's Revised.
 Salisbury, 1890.
 Lord Granville, 1881.
 Dr. Fortique's, 1877.
 Lord Aberdeen, 1877.

The controversy over the boundary between Venezuela and British Guiana has been waged for years. It brought the United States and Great Britain to the verge of war in 1855, when President Cleveland sent his famous message to Congress declaring that this country would not permit Great Britain to determine the boundary line by using violence against Venezuela.

Venezuela never recognized the different boundary lines proposed by Great Britain, even as demarcations of disputed territory.

A brief description of the most important of the boundary lines follows. The map shows all the several boundaries and is an invaluable guide to the proceedings of the tribunal.

1814—The British acquired 20,000 square miles in Guiana from the Dutch.

1836—The British resident minister in Caracas notified the Venezuelan Government of the urgency of erecting light-houses and placing buoys in Barima Point and Boca Grande of the Orinoco, showing these places were acknowledged to be

what is now known as standard time—

and which also has the sun dial as its basis. Four meridians, each one hour apart—sun time—were chosen as standard meridians. They are the seventy-fifth, which passes near Philadelphia; the ninety-sixth, passing near New Orleans and St. Louis; the one hundred and fifth, passing near Denver and the one hundred and twentieth, near Virginia City. By the division thus adopted the space between them readily became divided into minutes and they into seconds, so that after all the world is thus transformed into one great sun dial of imaginary lines not only tracing the minutes, but even the smaller divisions. Theoretically it was intended that each meridian should govern the belt seven and a half degrees on each side of it; but there has been a slight variation from this. The local time of those places at the edge of the belt will differ from the standard time by half an hour. The details of the system were worked

in Venezuelan territory. In 1860 Barima Point was claimed by the British.

1840—A man accused of murder was taken to trial in Demerara. The lawyer in charge of the defense proved that the crime had been committed in Guayana, and the accused was acquitted by the court under the plea that the murder had been perpetrated in Venezuelan territory. In 1890 Great Britain claimed Guayana.

1840—On account of the boundary dispute planted by Mr. Schomburgk and which bore the British flag, the Venezuelan Government sent instructions to Mr. Fortique, its plenipotentiary minister in Europe, to demand from the British Government the recognition of the integrity of the territory of Venezuela.

1881—Lord Granville proposed a line to Dr. Rojas, minister of Venezuela at London.

1884—Mr. Fortique proposed to Lord Aberdeen a line to be accepted by his government as a final settlement of the dispute. Other lines were proposed subsequently by the Venezuelan Government through Dr. Julian Vio and Dr. Jose Maria Rojas.

1890—Lord Rosebery proposed a new boundary to the Venezuelan minister, Guzman Blanco.

1890—Lord Salisbury proposed a boundary which has been called a "capricious line for arbitration."

1895—The Royal Geographical Society of London issued a map in which the position of Schomburgk's line was changed from its position on the maps of 1849 and later dates.

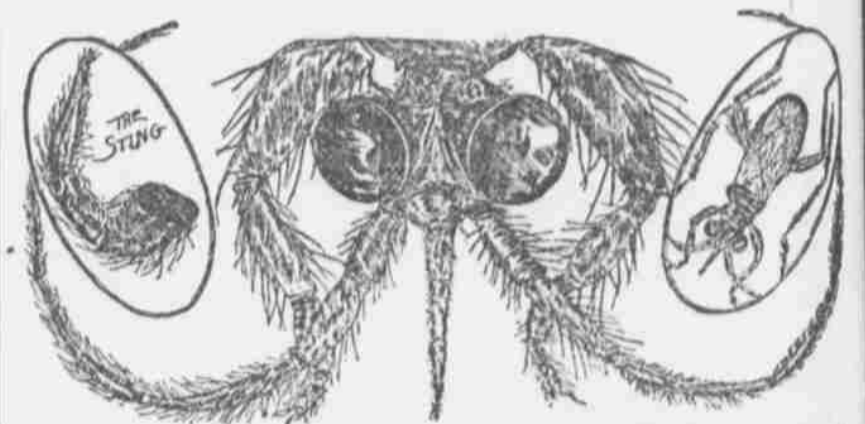
The extreme of the claim of the British is defined in a memorandum sent by Lord Salisbury in 1890 to Minister Urban of the New York Journal.

up by W. F. Allen, secretary of the railway time convention. It was not until 1883 that the railways took hold in earnest. In that year 90 per cent of them adopted standard time, and now the United States and the commercial world operates on that plan. The time of the seventy-fifth meridian is called eastern time, that of the ninety-sixth called central and that of the one hundred and twentieth Pacific. The adoption of standard time made New York's time four minutes slower than previously. At the conference of the International Geodetic Association held in Rome in 1883 the question of cosmopolitan time was first discussed.

A woman always likes the hat that some other woman wears better than she likes her own, and blames the milliner for it.

A woman's dress never turns out as she thought it would.

THE "KISSING BUG" UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.



If you meet a dark-eyed stranger whose features resemble a pair of bicycle lamps on an ice pick, feeling his solitary way by means of a fishpole covered with dog's hair, you will be safe in assuming that he is melanolestes picipes, alias kissing bug. In order to recognize him after this fashion, however, it will be necessary to use a microscope. The illustration was obtained by this means at the Smithsonian Institution.

This hideous insect is called melanolestes picipes by the scientific men and is a predatory insect. Until recently it was never known to feed on man. Its favorite pasture has been the cubicular bug that inhabits bedding, and its most acceptable feeding time just after that bug has had a meal of blood from a human being. In this way melano, etc., gets a taste of human blood. It has now gone into the business for itself, and taps its food supply without the aid of a vicarious distributor.

The kissing bug is black, has a fat body, and does all its hunting by night like the wolves in "The Jungle Book." It is about an inch long, has a narrow, pointed head, and a beak as sharp as that of a mosquito. When it sucks its victim, who is always asleep, feels no pain, but the stung parts swell to ten times normal size in from two to four days. Colloidin is used in the treatment. The probable cause of the prevalence of the melanolestes this year is the great abundance of insect life to be found everywhere. Nature has provided this species to prey upon caterpillars and other insect pests, and with the disappearance of these the melanolestes will disappear also. Again, nature has provided millions of parasites which in turn feed upon this insect and destroy its eggs.

As a rule the melanolestes picipes makes his home under the bark of rotten trees. The insect runs with great swiftness and is hard to catch on that account. It flies mostly at night. In the larvae state these creatures resemble somewhat the common bedbug. In fact, in the States of California and Texas and in all the Southwestern country where considerable annoyance and suffering are caused by its depredations, it is commonly known as the "Great Big Bedbug."