

GRAY DAWN.

Gray dawn peeps in and sweetly smiles: A light breeze, sweeping down the stream, Lifts high the fog in sun-ey piles.

Gray dawn gives place to ruddy day: The great sun swings through azure skies, And skimming, where the ripples play.

"GO TO THE MILLS."

Eight years ago I was foreman in the Guilford powder works. It was a dangerous situation, and not altogether as pleasant as it might have been.

We were to be married in November, and as the time drew near an intense desire seized me to escape from the momentous, dangerous existence I led in the mills.

My employers were very sorry to part with me, and they offered to raise my salary, but I had decided and was not to be turned from my decision.

That was a happy evening. Marion had been spending the afternoon with my mother, and I had walked home with her, and it was near midnight when I got home.

I was standing in the thick forest which surrounded the works, at the very point where the path to the village diverged and led to the hill and through the field to the mills.

When we came up everything was still. A deathly silence had fallen on all nature—the place reeked with a suffocating smoke, rolling up from the ruins, dumb as the vapor of death.

Again was that vision repeated with singular minuteness, circumstance for circumstance, and again I awoke. I thought it extremely remarkable that I should dream twice on the same matter.

The moon had gone down, the dawn was breaking in the east cold and gray. I am not superstitious, and I will confess that an involuntary shudder swept over me when I recollected what I had passed.

For the third time that haunted dream visited me, and this repetition was almost frightfully vivid. Everything about it bore so strongly the semblance of reality that I started up covered with cold perspiration.

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I rose, and dressing myself went down to work in the garden. I was restless and uneasy, laboring under a consciousness of some duty unfulfilled.

At last I put down my hoe and went into the house. I put on my mill clothes and sought my mother. She looked up in surprise as I said:

"Mother, I am going to the mills." "Indeed! I had hoped you were done going there, Edward. Yesterday was the 14th, was it not?"

"Yes, but I feel obliged to go today. My work is not yet done; it will be finished soon, I think."

I kissed her and went out. At the door of the grinding mill I met Mr. Morton, the senior proprietor. He grasped my hand eagerly.

"Ah, Green, glad to see you! What's this I hear about your leaving us? Lincoln was speaking about it last night. Why, we couldn't part with you at all."

"I did give notice to leave last night, and intended yesterday for my last day in the mill; but circumstances have decided me to remain some time longer—a month, perhaps."

"Right; by you must set up time."

"Thank you; I will think of it," I said, and went on with my duties as usual. Everything went quietly on in its accustomed routine. I began to smile at the absurdity of my last night's vision.

Toward night a party of visitors arrived. Such things were frequent, Newark was somewhat of a summer resort for city people, and a sojourn there was not complete without a visit to the powder mills.

Our visitors were two gentlemen and three ladies. The two elder ladies I did not notice particularly, but the younger one attracted me in spite of myself. Why, I didn't know. She was not really beautiful—my marion was much more brilliant—but there was something about her better than beauty.

The gay company, laughing and joking, and bantering each other in regard to their fear, followed me in. The lady in blue walked quietly by my side, saying very little, barely replying to the lively sallies of her companions—perhaps she thought it ill timed mirth; I don't know.

Suddenly I heard a low, ominous hiss from the adjoining apartment, a sound which once heard is always remembered; my blood turned to ice in my veins. I recognized my fate—in another second's time we should be in eternity.

I snatched the woman by my side and plunged through the gaping doorway. Simultaneously a deafening roar burst upon my head—a crash, as if the globe was rent—ten thousand cannons were discharged in my ears—the blood flowed from my eyes and nose—the air was black with missiles, which reached the water only a little later than we did.

When we came up everything was still. A deathly silence had fallen on all nature—the place reeked with a suffocating smoke, rolling up from the ruins, dumb as the vapor of death.

I went home as one in a walking dream. I remember very little of it except that the lady in blue was with me, that she talked soothingly to me in a sweet voice, and that afterward, when I suffered untold agonies from some sharp instrument, she stood by me with words of gentle rest and peace: after that, all was blank.

There was a little snow on the hills that I could see from the window. When I awoke to consciousness I spoke my first thought, "Where is Marion?" Mother tried to pat me off with an evasive answer, but I would know the whole truth. She told it to me with great reluctance.

"But has she sent no message?" "There is a note, but you must not read it till you are better. You have been eight weeks delirious, and the excitement may be fatal."

"Give me the letter," I said, with all my stern self will in my voice. "If not, I will get up and seek it myself."

She brought it to me, the delicate, rose perfumed thing, no more heartless than she who dictated it. It was elegantly got up altogether.

Miss Ware sympathized with me deeply—hoped and trusted I would be restored to health, etc., and ended in releasing me from my engagement. She prayed I might be granted resignation, and closed in saying she was my most sincere and attached friend.

I crushed this scroll in my hand. I would have ground it to powder—annihilated its very dust from the face of the earth if I could. I didn't mean to curse Marion Ware, but I am not sure that I did. It would not be strange.

Every day there was a fresh bouquet of hot-house flowers on the table by the bedside. After awhile I began to feel curious about them. I asked my mother where they came from.

explosion with you. She is a Miss Adele Gaylord, of Trenton, and to her you owe an everlasting debt of gratitude, Edward. I often think she saved your life, for when you raved in delirium and would have torn off the bandages from your head when the surgeon had trepanned your wound, she alone had the power to quiet you. Why, when you were at the worst she stood over you three days and nights without sleeping, never complaining, never getting out of patience with your moods. She is an angel!"

Miss Gaylord called in several times during the next three weeks. How beautiful she was to me now. By the 1st of December I was able to sit up most of the time and go out some. One clear starlight night my mother left me alone for the first time during my illness; she and my little sister Effie went to a Sabbath school concert in the village. I brightened the fire on the hearth, drew up a great armchair and sat down to a quiet hour of dreaming.

"Come in, Miss Gaylord; I am glad to welcome you." "Where is your mother?" "Gone to the village with Effie. Let me take off your wraps, will you?"

"Indeed, I ought not to stay, Mr. Greene; papa was going to the Ride, and will be back at 8, and will take me home then."

"You are not afraid of me, Miss Gaylord. I am not an ogre, if I have but one hand. I think you will stay. I should have been very homesome."

"I called to say good-by, Mr. Greene," said she in a subdued voice: "I am going away tomorrow."

"Yes; you go to Trenton, do you not?" "For a few weeks only. We sail for Europe the first of February. Papa has business there which will detain him some years and he wishes me to go with him."

"Bon voyage. May heaven prosper you." I gave her my one hand. She laid hers in it, cold and trembling, and our eyes met. There were tears on her cheeks. They dropped down and fell on our clasped hands.

"Oh, Adele, have I found life's sweetness to lose it forever? Would to heaven I were well and strong once more!" "And what then?" she said softly, her face hidden from my view beneath the folds of crimson worsted.

"Adele, can it be? Shall it be? Remember, I am but the mutilated wreck of a man, but my heart is strong and true and tender."

"I remember everything," she said, "and I should be unworthy of a love like yours did I care the less for you because of this sad misfortune. For your sake, I wish it had never happened to you. For my own, I have not a single regret."

The sleigh whose bells we had heard had long ago passed by; it was not her father; and we sat down together to enjoy the most nearly perfect happiness I had ever known.

Col. Gaylord came at last, to find his daughter encircled by my arm, her blushes and my presumption making the condition of things pretty evident to a man of sense. We went up to him together. Adele spoke then softly to him: "Papa, this is Mr. Greene, who saved me when the powder mill blew up. I love him and he loves me. Will you give us your blessing?"

"I am happy to meet you, Mr. Greene," he said, cordially. "I suppose I owe my daughter to you, but really I had no idea to give her up to you in this unceremonious fashion. However, if you love her and she loves you, and you are the honest man that people say you are, take her and may God deal with you as you deal with her."

The Guilford powder works were never rebuilt, but I purchased their site, and on their ruins I have erected a fantastic tower to mark the spot where I first met her who has made my life beautiful.—New York News.

By all means let the letter writers come to Uncle Sam's assistance by improving their chirography and relieving the dead letter office of superscriptions that can't be deciphered. The notion that illegible penmanship is a sign of genius deserves to be dissipated.—Boston Herald.

Never keep vinegar or yeast in stone crocks or jars; their acids attack the glass, which is said to be poisonous. Glass for either is better.—Exchange.

Zinc expands up to the melting point. A bar of hammered zinc six inches long will expand 1-100 of an inch in raising the temperature 100 degs. F.—New York Journal.

There are people who never give away any milk until after they skim it, and then they want credit for cream.

A MIDNIGHT CONFIDENCE.

I am a Jersey "sheeter, and I revel by the sea, A-billing chimes and common folk in mannet bold and free;

Another day I'm like as not to sing "Die Wacht am Rhein," From having bit a German when perchance I came to dine.

Of times I am a Russian from my wingtip to my bill; Of times I hold the richest blood you'll find on Murray hill.

From which, I think, 'tis evident, while seeming free from care, I have to keep a watchful eye upon my bill of fare.

Uncle Ebenezer had driven into town to see if he couldn't secure a few summer boarders from the city. At the hotel, he saw two young tourists who wore frock coats.

"Well, Eben, what luck did you hev?" "Lizzer," said her liege lord solemnly, "I've decided that we don't want nun o' them kind o' people tew cum tew our house tew live."

"Why, what's the matter with 'um?" anxiously inquired the good woman, who had been building rosy dreams of paying off the mortgage with the proceeds of boarding the "town folks."

It was at a country Sunday school picnic, where great quantities of the regulation eatables—chiefly apple pies—had been brought for the children to eat.

Presently Mary Jane was observed digging into an apple pie with her knife, whereupon her mother spoke up: "Mary Jane Bertha!"

"What, ma'am?" "What be you a-doin'?" "Eatin' pie, ma'am." "What be you a-eatin' it with?" "Knife!"

The tramp had essayed the kitchen door of a house on Beaubien street and was received politely. "I guess they ain't been livin here long," he said to himself as the cook disappeared for the refreshments.

"Don't worry about that, lady," he replied, with a bow. "Bread and meat's good enough for me. I hain't et nothin since yesterday, and I ain't no dood today."

"Help! help!" cried the bather. "I'm drowning! Toss me line." "I haven't got a line," shouted the man on shore, "but if you'll keep up five minutes I'll run up to the hotel and get my swimmer's manual. It'll tell you what to do in a case of this kind."

For two hours the fashionable lady kept the draper exhibiting his goods, and at the end of that period she sweetly asked: "Are you quite sure you have shown me everything you have?"

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A BRILLIANT CORRESPONDENT.

E. J. Edwards Has Achieved Fame as an Editor and Writer.

A Philadelphia newspaper is fortunate in the possession of a New York correspondent who often "scoops" the able editors of the metropolis, and students of contemporary journalism are occasionally entertained by the spectacle of New York newspapers quoting from the Quaker City journal exclusive news of the alert correspondent.

When Mr. Edwards graduated from Yale in 1870, it was with the intention of following the law, but his attention was diverted to journalism, and he soon found that the latter profession offered a broader and more congenial scope for his endeavors.



After several years in Washington Mr. Edwards was recalled to New York to become managing editor of the Evening Sun, in which position he acquitted himself with his usual skill and brilliancy until he resigned to take charge of the New York bureau of the Philadelphia Press.

Mr. Edwards possesses the confidence and friendship of ex-Postmaster General James, ex-Mayor Grace, Channing M. Depey and others. He is thoroughly informed on public affairs, and his discussions of current topics are always interesting and instructive.

Prince of Detectives.

Vidocq, the great French detective, was born in Arras in 1775. He began life as a baker and early became the terror of his companions by his athletic frame and violent disposition.

His previous career enabled him to render important services, and he was appointed chief of the safety brigade, chiefly composed of reformed convicts, which purged Paris of the many dangerous classes. In 1818 he received a full pardon, and his connection with this service lasted until about 1828, when he settled at St. Mandé as a paper manufacturer.

Cinderella and Her Slipper.

Yes, I know you are saying to yourself, "That headline would have looked and sounded better had it been 'Cinderella and the Glass Slipper,'" but the writer has been making a critical study of this most interesting nursery story and finds that the famous "glass" slipper properly has no place in it.

Husband—Why did your maid leave? Wife—She did not want to go with us to Saratoga. She preferred Long Branch. I refused to change our plans, so she resigned at once.—Texas Siftings.

Unquestionably. "That man seems to have done an excellent job of cleaning this alley." "Yes. He's a new man."—Chicago Tribune.



Man Overboard.

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