GRAY DAWN.

Oray dawn peeps in and swently surflex. A light bream, swentling down the stream lafts high the feg in sur, sy piles: The sur's first throning lances glesm Along the pollided river banks, And mist peeis in made retreat Withdraw there iroken, scattered ranks The boil aur marks their said defaat And dissipates their struggling flanks.

Gray dawn gives place to raddy day: The great and swings through caure skie And skimming, where the ripples play. The screaning fishhawks fail and rise. The glasy water, roul and clear, Radicets one solitary cloud, And morning sour birds, far and near, Repeat their matins shrill and boud, "The night is done and day is here." -Exchan

"GO TO THE MILLS."

Eight years ago I was foreman in th Guilford powder works.

It was a dangerous situation, and not altogether as pleasant as it might have been. But the salary was larger than 1 could obtain in any other place just then, and this to a man with an invalid mother and a little sister to support, was no mean object. Besides I hoped at no very distant day to have a home of my own, presided over by the girl of my choics-beautiful Marion Ware. This dream of happiness in the future made ma better contented with my life, 1 was willing to work for a competence that she would share with me.

We were to be married in Novemb and as the time drew near an intense de sire seized me to escape from the mo-mentous, dangerous existence I led in the mills. A few weeks would make n my employers, 1 thought, rence to and so when I gave my notice to leave I gave it for the 14th of September in-stead of November, as I had first intended.

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. The last day of my stay passed quietly enough, and at night 1 left the dark buildings balind me with a thrill of relief.

That was a happy evening. Marion had been sponding the afternoon with my mother, and 1 had walked home my motor, and it was near midnight when i got home. Soon after i foll asleep, but my rost was troubled. I supposed I must have been dreaming, but it seemed a vivid reality to me then.

I was standing in the thick forest which surrounded the works, at the very point where the path to the village diverged and led it over the hill and through the field to the mills. It was in a wild, dreary path, for it was necessary that the mills should be removed as far from any human habitation as possible. and there was no more fitting spot than the "valley of despair" for miles around There was a struggle in my mind; I thought I could not decide which path to take-the one leading into the distant village or the old accustomed one to the mills. While I was sitting I beard a voice, clear, solemn and strong, that seemed to come from the ends of the earth, and it said:

"Go to the mills! Your work is not yet finished."

The moon was shining 1 nwoke. soldly in at the window, the great arms of the elms moved slowly to and fro in the night wind, and a lonely cricket chirped in the wainscot. I lay down again, thinking of little but my dream, anve to rejoice it was only a dream, and shortly after fell asleep.

Again was that vision repeated with singular minuteness, circumstance for circumstance, and again I awoke. thought it extremely remarkable that I should dream twice on the same matter, but explained it to myself that I had been thinking so much of my departure from the mills. It was a coincidence, ag more, I said, and turning over I nothis soon lost my consciousne

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

cold perspiration. The moon had gone down, the dawn was breaking in the east cold and gray. was breaking in the east could and gray. I am not superstitions, and I will confess that an involuntary shudder swept over me when 1 recollected what I had passed. I tried to shake off the spell but was a superscription of the spell passed. I tried to mint, but in vain; it that was on my spirit, but in vain; it is all lost to all said, and went on with my duties as

Everything went quietly on in its accustomed routine. I began to smile at the absurdity of my last n ht's vision. "I had eaten too much supper; staid ont too long whispering sof aothings to Marion," I said to myself.

Toward night a party of visitors arroward night a party of transmittived. Newark was somewhat of a summer resort for city people, and a sojourn there was not complete without a visit to the powder mills.

I went out to meet this party and to

ussist them in changing their shoes and garments that might have buttons of any metallic substance, for it was one of the cardinal regulations that no person should be allowed in the interior mills who had a particle of metal about them. or mails in their shoes, for the fear of abustion by friction.

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, langhing and jok-ing, and bantering each other in re-gard 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-per-haps she thought it ill timed mirth; I don't know

We had been all the rounds and had eturned to the reception room, next to the drying room, at one end of the main building. This spartment overhung the bounds, rous whence came our supply of water, the basin of which was formed of a large dark gorge in the hollow of the wooded hills. There was a large swinging door opening from the room directly over the pond for the convenience of asting out rubbish, and this door I hrew open for the visitors to obtain a threw view of the prospect beyond. They soon tired of this, all but the lady in blue, who still stood looking out over the dreary

scene, lighted by the departing rays of the lurid sun. 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 sec

ond'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. Down, down we went, it seemed, to an interminable depth, but that plunge loved un.

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

I swam to the shore with my com-panion and supported her up the bank She was not unconscious. Her dress was drenched with blood. 1 lifted my arm to seek the wound, and saw that the crimson tide flowed not from her viens, but from the mutilated stump where once belonged my own right hand. it had been blown off.

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 1 suffered untold agonies from some sharp instrument, she stood by me with words of gentle rest and poace: after that, all was blank.

was blank. There was a little snow on the hills that I could see from the window. When I awoke to conscioumess I spoke my first thought, "Where is Marion?" Mother tried to put me off with an evasive answer, but I would know the whole truth. She told it to me with great reluctance. Marion had not been to see me since the day of the accident, and then at the sight of me she uttered a shriek of horror and fied from the room.

"But has she sent no message?"

"There is a note, but you must not read it till you are better. You have eeks delirions, a nd een eight v

"Thank you: I will think of it." I explosion with you. She is a Miss Adele explosion with you. One is a drive Acete Gaylord, of Trenton, and to her you over an everlasting debt of gratitude, Ed-ward. 1 often think sho saved your life, for when you rayed in delirium and would have torn off the bandages from your head when the surgeon had treyour head when the surgeon panned your wound, she alone had the panned 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 ligal Miss Gaylord called in several times

The second state of the second state and

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 Effic went to a Sabbath school concert in the rillage. I brightened the fire on the hearth, drew up a great armchair and sat down to a quiet hour of dreaming. The music of sleigh bells aroused me. The music ceased for a moment, then passed down the road. The door opened softly and Adele Gaylord came in. Blushing and hesitating at seeing me alone, wrapped up in rich furs and crimvillage. I brightened the fire on the son hood, she paused on the threshold. I

"Come in, Miss Gaylord; I am glad to

welcome you." "Where is your mother?"

"Gone to the village with Effic. Let the take off your wraps, will you?" I drew up a chair for her and took off

her outside suments. She was hardly her case. "Indeed, 1 ought not to stay, Mr.

Greene: paps 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 lonesome."

"I called to say goodby, 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 " him

Bon voyage. May heaven prosper

1 gave her my one hand. She laid hers in it, cold and trembling, and our eves met. There were tears on her cheeks. They dropped down and fell on our clasped hands. A wild, beautiful hope sprang up in my heart, and yet hardly a proper move of a revelation. "Oh, Adele, have I found life's sweet-

ness to lose it forever? Would to heaver 1 were well and strong once more?"

'And what then?' she said softly, her face hidden from my view beneath the

folds of crimson worsted. The next moment I held her in my arms.

"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."

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

The sleigh whose bells we had heard had long ago passed by; it was not her father; and we sat down together to en-joy the most nearly perfect happiness l id 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 to-

man or sense. We went up to min to gether. Adele spoke then softly to him: "Papa, this is Mr. Greene, who saved me when the powder mill blew up. I hove him and he loves me. Will you give us your bleasing?"

"I am happy to meet you, Mr. Greens," he said, cordially. "I suppose I owe my daugh er to you, but really I had no idea to give her up to you in this unceremoni-ous 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." 2 he Guilford powder works were never rebuilt, but I purchased their site, fastic tower to mark the spot where I first met her who has made my life beautiful.-New York News.

A MIDNIGHT CONFIDENCE.

am a Jersey 'skeeter, and I revel by the sea,

A-hiting dudies and common folk in mann koll and free; Today I'm full of English blood; tomorro every vein May hold the bluest, richest gure that ever came from Spain.

Another day I'm like as not to sing "Die Wacht am Rhein,"

am Hhein," From having bit a German when perchance I carbo to dino, And there are times when, reeling on my happy

dally ways. I take a nip that's Paris bred and hum the "Marseillaise."

Oftuines I am a Russian from my wingtig

my bill; Ofttimes I hold the richest blood you'll find on Murray bill. Sometimes I take a mixture, but I find it does

not pay. Unless I wish to suffer pain for many an anxious day.

For I have found that when I've bit a Briton and a Celt I'm pretty sure to suffer in the regions of my

And when a Frenchman I have nipped, of Ger-mans I keep free— I do not w unt a sattlefield down in the midst of me.

From which, 1 think, 'tis evident, while seem-ing free from care, I have to keep a watchful eye upon my hill of

And that is why I stick by you, my friend, the livelong night-Pm disting, and if I may Pil have another bite. -Harper's Weekly.

sinful Impertinence. 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 wors frock coats. When he got back to the farm, he looked very thoughtful, and the following dialogue ensued between him and Aunt Eliza:

Eliza: "Well, Eben, what luck did yew hev?" "Lizer," 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."

thew live." "Why, what's the matter with 'um?" anxway, want's the matter with 'um?" ans-ionaly inquired the good woman, who had been building roay dreams of paying off the mortgage with the proceeds of boarding the "town folks."

Wall, Lizer, mabbe I'm wrong tew feel "Wall, Lizer, mable I'm wrong tew feel the way I dew, but them city chaps hain't got no respec' fer nuthin. Down to ther tarvern they was tew young chippity-chip fellers a wearin ministers' cloes an talkin about the thesyter, an 1 don't want them kind er chaps in my house, munny er no munny. So I didn't make no 'magements." "An you did perickly right, Eben," said the oid lady as she returned to the kitchen. --Detroit 'Tribune.

Rural Etiquette.

self with his usual skill and brilliancy un-til he resigned to take charge of the New York bureau of the Philadelphia Press, During his labors associtor and correspond-ent Mr. Edwards has found time to write a number of romances of the Revolution-ary period which were received with high favor by the critics, and to do considerable syndicate writing. Mr. Edwards answere the confidence It was at a country Sunday school picele, where great quantities of the regulation entables—chiefly apple pies—had been brought for the children to cat. Little Mary Jene, from away back in the hills, was there with her mother, who kept an eye on the child constantly to see that her behavior was perfect. syndicate writing. Mr. Edwards possesses the confidence and friendship of ex-Postmaster General James, ex-Mayor Graos, Channesy M. De-pew and others – Il known in the business and nocial world. He is thoroughly in-formed on public affairs, and his discas-sions of current topics are always interest-ing and instructive.

chavior was perfect. Presently Mary Jane was observed dig-Presently stary June was observed alig-ging into an arple pie with her knife, whereupon her mother spake up: "Mary Jane Berlad" "What, ma'am?" "What be you a-doin?" "Eatin pie, ma'am." "What be you a-eatin it with?" "Knife"

"Knife!

'So you be! Now, what have I told you about estin pie with your knife, Jame! Take thut pie in your hand an it as you ought to."-Texas Siftings. nd and e

Quite Humble.

The tramp had essayed the kitchen do of a house on Beaubien street and was r ceived politely.

"I guess they ain't been livin here long,"

"guess alory and to see a from here bong, he said to himself as the cook disappeared for the refreshments." "Here," she said, returning, "here is some bread and meat, and Pen sorry I can't give you a piece of pie." "Don't worry about that, lady," he re-piled with a bow. "Hered and meat's good

same time he was a notorious thief, and after many disgraceful adventures he en-listed in the army. In 1706 he returned to Paris with some money, which, how-ever, he soon squandered. Next he was sentenced at Lulle to eight years' hard labor for forgery, but repeatedly escaped, and in 1808 he became connected with the Paris police as a detective. His newions correct enabled him to the Paris police as a detective. His previous career enabled him to render important services, and he was aupointed chief of the safety brigade, chiefly composed of reprieved convicts, which purged Paris of the many danger-ous classes. In 1818 he received a full pardon, and his connection with this partice lasted until 4000 when he plied, 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."— Detroit Free Press.



A BRILLIANT CORRESPONDENT.

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

Editor and Writer. A Philadelphis newspaper is fortunate in the possession of a New York correspond-ent who often "scoops" the astate editors of the metropolis, and students of contempo-raneous journalism are occasionally enter-tained by the spectacle of New York news-papers quoting from the Quaker City jour-nal exclusive news of the alert correspond-ent. This anomalous condition of affairs is not so much the fault of the New York editors as their misfortune, for very few pervespaper men have access to such musual editors as their misfortune, for very few newspaper men have access to such tumusual sources of exclusive and important infor-mation as are open to "Holland." "Hol-iand" has long been a familiar and favor-ite signature with newspaper readers, but very few of them are aware that is conceals the identity of E. J. Edwards, one of the most brilliant and best known of New Verb ioneralities

York journalists. When Mr. Edwards graduated from Yale in 1870, it was with the intention of follow-ing the law, bot his attention was diverted



E. J. EDWARDS

E. J. EDWARDS. to journalism, and he scon found that the latter profession offered a broader and more congenial scope for his endeavors. After serving a brief apprenticeship on the New Haven Palladium and Hartford Cournat he went to New York and took a position on The Sun. He was made the paper & Al-bany correspondent and was soon trans-terred to the wider field at Washington. There he distinguished himself in assisting to unearth the star route frands, and ac-cording to Mr. Dana wrote the best report of the assassination and sickness of Presi-dent Garfield. After several years in Washington Mr. dent Gardield. After several years in Washington Mr. Edwards was recalled to New York to be-come managing editor of The Evening Sun, in which position he acquitted him-self with his usual skill and brillinney un-ter the second second second second second second to New York Statement Second Se

Prince of Detectives

Videoq, the great French detective, was born in Arras in 1775. He began life as a baker and early became the ter-

ror of his companions by his athletic frame and violent disposition. At the same time he was a notorious thief, and

service lasted until about 1828, when he

settled at St. Mande as a paper manu-facturer. Soon after the revolution of

1850 he became a political detective, but with little success. In 1848 he was again

employed under the republican govern-ment, but he died penniless in 1857.---Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Cinderella and Her Slipper.

humanity forever.

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 I put down my hoe and went At la into the house. I put on my mill clothes and sought my mother. She looked up and sought my m 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 fin ished soon, I think."

I kissed her and went out. At the door of the grinding mill 1 met Mr. Mor-ton, the senior proprietor. He grasped hand engorly my

Ah, Green, glud to see you! What this I hear about your leaving us? Lin-coln was speaking about it last might. Why, we couldn't part with you at all." "I did give notice to leave last might, and intended yesterday for my last day

in the mill; but circumstances have de cided me to remain some time longer a month, pe aps." "Right: Iy you must set to time."

citement 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,

se perfumed thing, no more heartless an she who dictated it. It was elethan

gantly got up altogether. Miss Ware sympathized with ma deeply-hoped and trusted I would be red to health, etc., and ended in restored to health, etc., and ended in releasing me from my engagement. She prayed I might be granted resigna-tion, and closed in saying she was my most sincere and attached friend.

I crushed this scroll in my hand. 1 I crushed this scroll in my hand. I would have ground it to powder-anni-hilated its very dust from the face of the earth if louid. I didn't mean to curse Marion Ware, but I are not sure

curse Marion Ware, but I am not sure that I did. It would not be strange. Every day there was a fresh bouquet of hothouse flowers on the lists by the bedside. After awhite I tegan to feel curious about them. I asked my mother where they came from. "Miss Gaylord sent them." "Miss Gaylord sent them."

"The young lady you saved from the

Not a Sign of Gentus

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.—Bos-ton Herald.

Glass to Hold Vinegar.

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

Expansion of Zine

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

There are people who nover give a any milk until after they skim it. a then they want credit for cream.

Saved.

Saved. "Help! help!" cried the bather. "I'm. drowniog! Toss me line." "I haven't got a line." should the man un shore, "but if you'll keep up five min-uites 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." But it was not necessary. A kindly wave came along and washed the bather ashore in aafety.-Harper's Bazar.

Didn't Want to See It.

For two hours the fashionable lady k the draper exhibiting his goods, and at t end of that period she sweetly asked:

"Are you quite sure you have shown me everything you have?" "No, madam," said the draper, with an insinuting smills, "I have yet an old ac-count in my ledger which I aball very glad-ly show you."-Tit-Bits.

His Plan.

Gladys-How did he let you know he was rell off?

Yes, I know you are saying to your-self, "That headline would have looked and sounded better ha it been "Cinder-alle and the Glass Slipper," but the ella 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" slip per properly has no place in it, The "glass" slipper is really the "fur," "cloth" or "felt" slipper, the word "glass" hav ing been substituted through a strange mistranslation of the story. In the orig-inal it was written pantoufle en vair, which, being translated, would be "the fur elipper." The translator, however, wrote it as if it had been paitoutle en wrote it as if it had been partons of verre, making the "little cinder girls" fur foot covering one of glass, which, it must be admitted, would be one quite must be admitted, would be not quite the second appropriate to a fairy,-St. Louis rublic.

The Modern Domestic

Husband—Wby did your maid leaver Wife—She did not want to go with us to Saratoga. Sile preferred Long Branch, I refused to change our plana, so she resigned at once.—Texas Siftinga

well off? at once.-Texas Siftinga. Elemor-He wrote me. Gladys-And toid you so? What wrntch-elly had formi Elemor Oh, no. He only signed his Ent job of cleaning & this alley." Truth. Truth. The me. une.