

DREAMLAND.

In the dim realm I wandered through,
The shadow land of sleep,
Came many souls of lover's true,
A tryt unknown to keep.

There came the God of Dreams to rule
His phantom kingdom o'er,
And roses white and wonderful,
And ghostly lilies bore.

And as I wandered, loneliest
The spirits free among
Unto all those whose love was blest
The fairest flowers he sung.

Then I caught his garment's floating hem,
Murmuring bitterly:
"Kiss, all the daylight is for them—
And hast thou naught for me?"

An instant as I staid him there
He looked upon my face,
Before his garment's fold of air
Melted from my embrace.

Then, swifter than a shadow flies,
He passed, and no flower fell—
But his were as my lost love's eyes,
Looking a last farewell

—Longman's Magazine.

ROSIE'S CASE.

Squire Barlow was fast asleep in his office, his head resting on his desk. He was excusable for sleeping. He was well advanced in life, the day was a hot one, and he had tired his brain in an effort to untangle the accounts of the township assessor.

"Hello, squire!" some one said.

"Hello yourself," cried the squire, flinging up his head, rubbing his eyes and adjusting his glasses.

His visitor was a sturdy, brown-faced girl of 14, with fluffy black hair, bright eyes and a resolute mouth. She was very self-contained in her manner, and while there was no resentment in her composition it was evident she was one who would stand up for her rights.

"What do you want?" asked the squire.

"Law," was the crisp reply.

"The squire struggled to repress a smile.

"I want my pony," the girl added.

"Your pony? I haven't got your pony. Why do you come to me?"

"You're the squire, are you not?"

"Yes, what then?"

"My pony was stolen last fall. The gypsies have her in their camp at Cove Creek. I saw her there this morning."

Squire Barlow suddenly became interested in the face, voice and positive way of his young visitor.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Rosie Watson, sir."

"Oh, you are the blacksmith's daughter. Yes, I remember you now. Well, why didn't your father come?"

"It is my pony," answered the girl.

"And my—my case?"

"Yes," admitted the squire. He laughed softly to himself, spread out his official docket and made a few entries. "You saw your pony this morning?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, at Cove Creek by the covered bridge just outside the gypsy camp. She was grazing on the banks of the stream.

"Ponies may look very much alike," suggested the squire.

"Ah, but I know Dollie, among a thousand ponies," declared Rosie, her brown face aglow. "She's a dark bay with white points, a star on her forehead, white fetlocks, and a faint dash of white on her breast."

The squire was busy writing. He stopped and read aloud to her the complaint and description.

"Can you add anything?" asked Rosie.

"Why, of course, little dear," replied the squire, in his fatherly way.

"Then add," said Rosie, "that the pony is ten hands high."

That was promptly interlined, and then the squire gravely asked:

"Rosie, can you swear that you know the pony to be yours, and that you believe the gypsies have her?"

"Yes, sir, I can," said Rosie determinedly, and without a moment's hesitation.

"Take this book," the squire said. "It is the holy Bible. Suppose you swore to what is not true?"

"I should be a perjurer," was Rosie's answer.

"And what would be the consequence?"

"My soul would be lost unless God forgave me the dreadful sin."

"Yes, child," the squire said, with moistened eyes. "You seem to understand what you are about."

He administered the oath, and told her to kiss the book.

She looked at him with a wondering glance, and then pressed her lips to the book in an awed manner.

"What will it cost?" she asked, in her matter of fact way.

"Don't bother your head about the costs," the squire said. "Wait a bit," he added, seeing that she was about to go. He hurriedly filled up a blank summons, folded it, handed it to her and said, "I suppose you know where Constable Finn lives?"

"Yes, sir."

"Take that to him at once," said the squire. "It is a warrant for the head gypsy's arrest. The hearing will be held here at 2 o'clock this afternoon. As you are the complainant, you must be present at that hour."

The time and circumstances of the hearing were noised about the village, and when 2 o'clock came the squire's office was crowded. The gypsy sat upon a rough bench, with an unlighted clay pipe in his mouth. He was dirty, unshaved, sullen looking. He did not wear a vest, and his corduroy breeches were fastened at his waist by a greasy leathern belt, behind which the haft of a knife was visible.

"The plaintiff here, this little girl, claims that you have a pony which belongs to her," Squire Barlow said, his eyes on the gypsy, who replied coolly:

"She hasn't any claim on it. It is mine."

"Where did you get the pony?" asked the squire.

"I bought her in Michigan," said the man.

"When?"

"Three years ago."

It was such a bold lie that Rosie's face flamed with indignation.

She gave a very minute description of the pony," said the squire.

"There are plenty of dark bay ponies, ten hands high and slashed with white," was the dogged reply. "Anybody could look at her across a fence and then describe her," he added with a grin. "The girl must bring better proof before I'll surrender the pony."

Rosie looked out of the rear window of the squire's office and saw a small pasture lot close by. Her face beamed with an idea that had occurred to her.

"Squire Barlow," she said, her strong voice filling the room, "to whose satisfaction must I prove that the pony is mine?"

"To the satisfaction of the court," decided the squire with a broad smile.

"All right," Rosie exclaimed with a quick, pleased gesture. "Make out another warrant, please."

"For whom?"

"For Dollie."

"Oh, you want the pony arrested, eh?" asked the squire, whereupon everybody laughed.

"I want her brought and turned into the pasture lot," Rosie excitedly said, pointing out of the window. "I'll prove that she is my pony against all comers."

The squire caught a glimpse of her purpose.

"Constable Finn, bring the pony here," he ordered.

Rosie beckoned the constable to her and whispered:

"Mr. Finn, stop at the house and get my riding whip. We are going to have a circus."

In half an hour Constable Finn appeared with the pony and the court adjourned to the pasture lot.

"Poor Dollie, how she had been abused!" Rosie said, with a vibrating voice, her tears very near. "Mr. Finn, hand me my whip and then turn the pony loose."

The pony scampered across the lot and then returned. Rosie stood still, the whip in her hand, all eyes resting upon her.

"Here, Dollie!" she cried. "Come here, Dollie!"

The pony threw up her head, looked at Rosie, whinnied her delight, and then walked up to her and poked her in the ribs with her nose.

"Do you love me, Dollie?" she asked.

The pony nodded her head.

"How much do you love me?"

"The pony made no response.

"How much do you love me?"

Rosie sharply repeated, with a peculiar movement of her whip.

The pony kissed her by touching her cheek with her nose.

Rosie was so overcome that she laughed and cried hysterically. More than one sturdy man drew his sleeve across his eyes. The gypsy stared at the experiments, his swarthy face growing still darker.

"Kneel, Dollie," ordered Rosie, as she swayed her whip.

Down went the pony on her knees.

"Sit up!" cried Rosie.

"In a moment the pony was on her haunches.

"Shake hands, my lady."

The pony thrust out one foot.

"Now, pray."

In response to that the intelligent animal folded her fore legs, rested her head upon them and looked comically demure.

"Get up," was the next order.

When the pony was on all fours again Rosie struck her lightly on one foot.

"Why, you poor child," she said, commiseratingly; "you are dreadful lame!"

The pony limped around, bobbed her head and looked so dejected that everybody laughed except the gypsy. Constable Finn grinned at him and said sarcastically:

"You must have spent a power of time learnin' the pony all that 'ere."

The gypsy muttered something under his breath, a baleful gleam in his eyes.

"Go away!" Rosie angrily cried to the pony, with a flit of the whip.

The pony ran to the rear of the pasture lot and then came back at a fearful rate of speed, her mane streaming, her jaws apart, her teeth gleaming.

"Look out, girl!" several of the spectators cried in alarm.

Rosie felt no dismay. She stood still, her arms folded, her whip in her hand. The pony did not run her down, but stopped directly in front of her and whinnied and thrust out her head to be caressed.

"Mr. Finn," Rosie said, "please cover the pony's eyes so that she can't see."

The constable did so, while Rosie walked to the fence and dropped her handkerchief. Then she came back and stroked the pony's nose.

"Dollie," she said, in a tone of deep concern, and she passed the whip three times in front of her, "I have lost my handkerchief. The pony snuffed about her dress. 'It isn't in my pocket,' Rosie said. 'I must have dropped it somewhere. Go look for it.'

The pony went around the lot, found the handkerchief, picked it up and brought it to her young mistress.

"Is the court satisfied?" asked Rosie, a quizzical look on her face.

"The court is satisfied," Squire Barlow said. "In fact the court is overwhelmed. Rosie Watson, the pony belongs to you. Take her home, she is altogether too smart."

"But ain't I to be compensated in any way?" asked the gypsy with a fierce scowl.

"You are getting off very cheaply enough as it is," was the squire's comment. "You ought to be glad that she did not charge you with stealing this pony."

"Well, I'm going to give the pony good-by, anyhow," the man said. He stepped quickly up to the pony, grasped the halter and pressed closely to her.

But Rosie had her eyes about her. She gave a loud scream, and dealt the pony a stinging blow on the nose. The animal sprang back and the gypsy fell flat on his face. When he rose to his feet it was discovered that he had an ugly knife in his hand.

"The coward was going to kill my pony!" cried Rosie in terror.

Stoutly built though the miscreant was, Constable Finn seized him by the collar and shook him until his teeth chattered. The crowd surged down upon the gypsy to do him further harm, but Squire Barlow interfered.

"Look here, you scoundrel!" he said in great anger, "if you are not out of the township in half an hour—your whole gang, bag and baggage, lock, stock and barrel—you'll find yourself in a county prison. Now, be sharp!"

The gypsy sneaked sullenly away. Constable Finn followed closely at his heels.

The bystanders congratulated Rosie and cheered her heartily as she vaulted unaided upon the bareback of the pony and rode home with her. For weeks Rosie's case before the squire was the topic of conversation.

Odd Bits of Life.

They met in a lawyer's office at the earnest solicitation of mutual friends, who fondly hoped that the estranged husband and wife might yet be reconciled, says the Detroit Tribune.

Both were very pale and very uneasy, the wife hysterical, the husband shaky. The kind-faced little lawyer sat between them and skillfully conducted negotiations. "There's a matter of an allowance," he suggested as a beginning. "I am not particular about that," ventured the woman. "She can have all the money she wants," declared the man. The lawyer made a note of it. "Now, as to the religious training of the children?" "I am satisfied to have them reared in my husband's religion." "My wife's creed is satisfactory to me, and meets my fullest approbation." The lawyer made another note. "How about each other's relatives?" "I am very fond of my husband's folks." "Every member of my wife's family is very dear to me." The lawyer wrote several long sentences. The lady drummed nervously with her foot. The gentleman tore paper into bits. Both were becoming less composed every minute. "And now for the most delicate subject of all. How about the husband remaining away from home evenings?" "I am more than willing that my husband should spend his evenings where he can enjoy them." "I never did care to be out much after dark." The man glanced furtively in the direction of his wife. He saw that her lips were trembling and her bosom heaving. "Well, well, bless my soul," the lawyer exclaimed, cordially, "this is not serious at all." With the blindest kind of a smile he turned to his desk and fell to writing furiously. "What are you doing?" The husband asked the question in a hesitating, uncertain way. "I am drawing up a stipulation of reconciliation." There was a moment of silence. Again the husband was the first to speak; "You don't know all." The lawyer paused in surprise. "Your work is vain," the man solemnly declared, "unless you can induce my wife to stipulate that she has cold feet." The woman gave a little gasp and glared fiercely. "And it's no use to talk to me," she angrily insisted, "unless my husband stipulates that he snores." "Never." "Never." The friends who fondly hoped for a reconciliation were cruelly disappointed.

Royal Flute Player.

Frederick the Great made generous presents to all musicians except flute-players. He played the flute remarkably well himself, and his proficiency sometimes led to acts that caused disappointment to his brother artists. A famous flutist once visited Potsdam, and asked permission to play to the King, hoping that Frederick would show his appreciation of his skill by some valuable gift.

Frederick received him graciously and listened attentively while he played a difficult piece.

"You play very well," he said, "and I am very glad to have heard a virtuoso of such ability. I will give you a proof of my satisfaction."

So saying he left the room. The musician waited, guessing at the probable nature of the "proof."

Presently the King returned with his own flute, and played the same piece which had just been executed for him. Then he bade his visitor good day, saying:

"I have had the pleasure of hearing you, and it was only fair that you should hear me."

Unintentionally Severe.

The other day two ladies were talking about their children and the way in which they trained them.

"For my part," one of them said, "I have about concluded that it makes no difference what you say or do to children. It is a question of heredity, and they will turn out as they were born to turn out."

"This is a comforting doctrine," the other said; "it completely relieves one of all responsibility."

"But, on the other hand," the first speaker responded, "it isn't very cheerful to feel that all your faults are to be repeated in your children. I should feel dreadful to believe that my children wouldn't be any better than I am."

"Oh! I quite agree with you," was the earnest but unintentionally severe reply.

The man who never attempts to sing at any other time will break out in a picnic wagon.

THE MODERN BICYCLE.

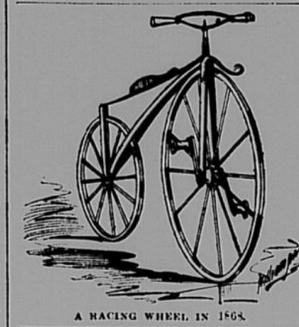
HOW IT HAS IMPROVED OF LATE YEARS.

A Wheel for Riding Down Hill—Not Until 1885 Did Cranks and Pedals Come Into Use—Proper and Improper Methods of Riding.

All Who Walk May Ride.

The modern bicycle had its origin in Europe. Michaux, a carriage repairer of Paris, conceived the idea in 1815, and after sundry experiments he fitted ruda cranks and pedals to the front wheel of a hobby horse, improvised the velocipede and put his invention before the public. Shortly after Michaux's experiments Pierre Lallement, of Paris, conceived the idea of a better equipment of pedals and cranks. This inventor, after numerous trials, was successful in attaching more practical cranks and pedals to the velocipede, and to him is given the credit of the invention of the bicycle.

Calvin Witly, of Brooklyn, virtually introduced the wheel in this country. His attention was drawn to the bicycle through a machine brought over in 1863 by the well-known amateur, the Hanlon brothers. Through the negotiations he secured patents on the Hanlon model and began the manufacture of the bicycle. Patents had been secured by some others prior to this, but Witly purchased them all. He was the first American citizen to ride a wheel in this country. Upon putting the first consignment of wheels on the market the idea struck popular favor, and he readily found purchasers. At the outset of his venture he was unable to supply the demand for wheels, and cleared in prof-



A RACING WHEEL IN 1868.

its \$1,000 a day. The first appearance of the bicycle created a furor. The subsequent roller skating craze was nothing compared to it. The wheels were manufactured in all parts of the country and Witly received a royalty. These machines retailed for \$100 to \$125, and were very cumbersome affairs, weighing 100 pounds and over. Only a few of them are now in existence.

The improved racing wheel of 1868, of Witly's, was the first ratchet motion velocipede ever constructed. One revolution of the treadle made three revolutions of the wheel. The wheel was well constructed of strong wood with steel tires, and the front wheel was slightly larger than the rear one. The first attempt to lighten the weight of the machine was successful by about ten pounds. The first bicycle race ever run in America was won on one of these machines March 20, 1869. When Witly got possession of his first model it was minus treadles. The only way to use it was to use the feet as a means of locomotion. Upon an incline a person who could maintain his equilibrium was all right, but upon a level stretch there was no possible way of keeping the machine in motion except by walking.

Racing was very popular in the days when the Witly wheels came into use, but the weight of the machines soon discouraged the sport. Comparison of the 1862 safety with the original bicycles shows great improvement. From the velocipedes the ordinary or high wheel came into use, then the tricycle, after which the safety and tandem safety came out. These two latter wheels have been gradually supplanting both the ordinary and the tricycle, so that to-day the latter are used but very little. The latest addition to the line of bicycles now in general use

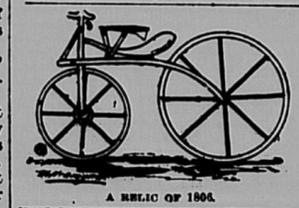


THE LATEST THING IN BICYCLES.

is the Rudge triplet. There is only one of these wheels now in existence. It is owned by W. F. Murphy, of the New York Athletic Club, and he expects to have three of the fastest riders in the country try for records on the machine this year. The best time so far made on it is 2:40.

Learning to Ride.

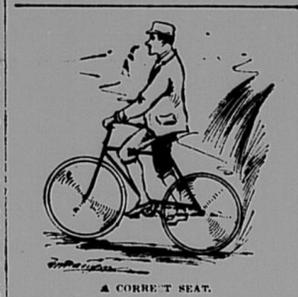
"As to learning to ride," said an experienced New York riding teacher the other day, "I claim that any boy or man who is able-bodied can be taught to ride a safety within five lessons. A lady can be taught in ten lessons, provided she is willing to learn and is not too timid to profit by the instruction she receives. As a rule middle-aged men require more time than boys and young men. The quickest pupils are boys of



A RELIC OF 1864.

from ten to fourteen years. They take to riding naturally. If any one has ever learned to ride an old bone shaker he can easily pick up the bicycle. Riding is like swimming. It can never be forgotten after once it is learned. Most learners have several faults in common. They hold the handle bar too

tightly. They watch their feet. They stoop over, hump their backs up and do not look ahead. These things are all wrong. The bar should be held lightly, just tightly enough to guide the wheel. The rider should sit straight up and look straight ahead in the direction he is going. That is the easiest and quickest way to learn, although at first it might appear to be difficult. The right way to mount by the pedal (you can



A CORRECT SEAT.

also mount by the step, but the pedal mount is the prettier way) is to put the left foot on the left pedal when it is high up. As it goes down take a few steps until it reaches the lowest point in its revolution and begins to go up again. At this instant lift yourself from the ground and into the saddle. The proper time of dismounting by the pedal is to wait until the left pedal is about to rest. Then bear your full weight on it. This acts as a break and stops the wheel. Step off as you dismount from a horse. Always mount and dismount from the left side. This advice is applicable only to boys and men. Ladies' wheels are so built that they can be mounted and dismounted in a simpler way than the one just described.

"The two positions in riding—the good and the bad—can easily be understood by any one who has followed what I have just said. In the one the rider is erect, alert, ready for any emergency, and he can ride for hours without tiring himself. In the other the rider is ungraceful and not in position to do fast or easy riding. When a rider is about to fall let him remember to turn the wheel in the direction he is falling. If to the left let him turn the front wheel sharply in that direction. This steadies him and often prevents an accident.

"If I were going to advise a young man who had no instructor," said the teacher, "I would tell him not to ride over an hour the first trial. Not to hold on to the bar so hard that he will blister his hands. When he hears something coming in the road back of him let him hurry up and get out of the road and dismount. He should never at first look back for that makes it dangerous for him. If it is a team that is coming back of him the driver does not know which side of the road to take to avoid an accident. When he comes to a hill lean forward a little, so that more weight can be put on the pedals, and as the



INCORRECT POSITION.

pedals are forced down let him lift up on the handle bar. This gives great force. Look straight ahead, keep on the right side of the road and sit erect. I have taught several one-armed men to ride and one lady who uses crutches when she walks. Any one in good health can learn to ride."

Hunting a Casting.

A steel casting weighing 17,500 pounds was lost on Dec. 12, under peculiar circumstances, and found a few days ago, and finally sent to its proper destination. Robert Wetherell & Co., of Chester, Pa., turned out and shipped to the Edgar Thomson Works, at Braddock, a plunger for an hydraulic cylinder 18 feet long and weighing 17,500 pounds. The casting was loaded on a gondola car and left Chester in good shape. The next morning, when the train stopped at Braddock to deliver it, the conductor noticed that the car was empty. The entire crew were surprised, and were unable to explain how the casting escaped, for the car was in no manner injured nor as much as scratched. A tracer was sent along the road, but the casting could not be found, and Carnegie, Phipps & Co. ordered another one to be made. Several days later some of the railroad employes, while walking near Columbia, Lancaster County, discovered a black speck in the Susquehanna River. Upon investigation it was found to be the lost plunger. How a casting of that size could have unloaded itself without wrecking the train or even injuring the car is remarkable.

Two Sisters.

Here is a bit of dialogue from the New York Press. The moral of it is not expressed, but perhaps the reader will be able to find it.

"What is Mamie doing?"

"She is a saleslady."

"Does she earn much?"

"Hardly enough to keep soul and body together, but her sister helps her a little."

"What does her sister do?"

"She's a servant-girl."

Amphibious Boat.

A "locomotive steamboat" is being built in Sweden for the navigation of a chain of small lakes separated by falls. The boat is to be fitted with wheels, and power can be applied either to the propeller or to the locomotive driving wheels.

It is true of all men, everywhere, that they must have confidence in the disinterestedness of those who address them, or their labors will be in vain.

LATEST THING IN REVOLVERS.

A Weapon Which Can Be Discharged Seven Times in a Second.

A new kind of revolver recently found its way into this country from France. The cylinder is concealed in a circular steel disk about two and one-half inches in diameter. The barrel, which is rifle, projects about two inches from the disk, and the trigger flanks the other side. On the side of the disk next the barrel are two small projections for the middle and fore fingers to press against when the weapon is to be fired. The trigger is long and circles the disk for one-third its circumference, and is made to fit snugly into the palm of the hand. In firing the pistol, the operator grasps the instrument in his hand, as shown in the illustration, and pulls with the finger grasping the small projections near the tube. The weapon is self-acting, and the New York Recorder says it can be emptied of the seven shots it carries in less than one second. The inside presents a peculiar appearance. A large cylinder, flat in shape, contains seven orifices for the insertion of as many 32-caliber cartridges. The cylinder sits snugly on a hollow, circular projection in the center, inside of which is the hammer. When you remove one side of the disk, which you must do to load the revolver and take out the cylinder, you see three large steel springs, one for moving the cylinder, another to hold it firmly in



A USEFUL POSSESSION.

place, and the other to spring the hammer. The hammer itself is a strong tough small spring, which throws itself against the cartridge when released with a cold-blooded snap.

What would the fair woman do without that useful little implement, the hairpin? If she buttons her shoes she uses her hairpin, and who ever saw a woman button her gloves with anything else? Suppose a coin drops between the bars of a wooden foot grating of an omnibus! Does she soil her fingers as a man would, and then not get it! Certainly not! Out comes the hairpin, and the coin is lifted out without trouble. If her shawl-pin is lost, where so good a substitute as the hairpin? If she eats a nut does she take a pair of nut-crackers? Most assuredly not. The hairpin again.

It is with the hairpin that she rips open the uncut leaves of a book or magazine; it is a hairpin with which she marks her progress in her favorite book; if a box or drawer key is missing, a hairpin opens the refractory lock as neatly as a burglar's skeleton key would; and the feats of hair dressing that she will make a simple, bow-legged hairpin accomplish nearly surpass the belief of man. Altogether, it deserves to be classed among the great inventions of the world.

He Wanted to Read.

An exchange records a rude but witty saying of a railway passenger. He was trying to read, and he was really interested in his book, but just in front of him sat a little girl who seemed determined to have his attention.

She was a pretty and sprightly little creature, with blue eyes, golden hair, and an inquisitor's tongue. She pried the stranger with questions and toyed with his watch-chain, and her mother, evidently a widow, looked round now and then with a beaming smile. He began to feel out of sorts. At last he said to the mother:

"Madam, what do you call this sweet little darling?"

The widow smiled enchantingly—so the reporter says—and answered with a sigh, "Ethel."

"Please call her, then," said the stranger, as he buried himself in his book.

Frances Got It.

"I want some more chicken," said 4-year-old Frances at the dinner-table.

"I think you have had as much as is good for you, dear," replied Frances' mamma.

"I want more." And Frances pouted.

"You can't have more now; but here is a wish-bone that you and mamma can pull. That will be fun. You pull one side and I'll pull the other, and whoever gets the longer end can have her wish come true. Why, baby, you've got it! What was your wish, Frances?"

"I wished for some more chicken," said Frances, promptly. She got it this time.—Boston Beacon.

The Earth vs. Cannon Ball.

The highest velocity ever attained by a cannon ball has been estimated at 1,626 feet per second, which is equal to a mile in 3.2 seconds. The velocity of the earth at the equator, due to its rotation on its axis, is 1,000 miles per hour, or a mile every 3.6 seconds. Therefore, it has been calculated that if a cannon ball were fired due west and could maintain its initial velocity for twenty-four hours it would beat the sun in its apparent journey around the earth.—St. Louis Republic.

Cost of Keeping Paris Clean.

It costs Paris annually over \$1,100,000 to keep up her well-deserved reputation of being the cleanest of all the great cities.