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A REVERY.

My little girl has climbed upon my knee,
Nestling upon my breast,
Forgotten all her toys and prattling glee—
She floats away upon the waveless sea
Of childhood's happy rest.

Vanished are every little grief and joy
That in her play had birth—
O childhood slumber! sweet, without alloy,
The fairest type revealed, in Heaven's employ
Of innocence on earth.

And now she stirs, gently as zephyrs play,
A smile unconscious beams
Upon her face—I hear her softly say:
"Papa, I love you"—sailing far away
Into the land of dreams.

My thoughts drift onward like those dreams of thine,
But on a soberer quest:
When I thy tender keeping must resign,
What will thy future be, O child of mine?
So fondly now caressed.

Must this dear head in sorrow sometime bow?
Must time with silver trace
This golden hair and furrow this pure brow?
And must these limbs, so fair and supple now,
Grow weary in life's race!

And must the fruitage of thy coming days
O'ergrow these tender ties?
Must I go outward from thy life's new ways
Till, lost and by, I only meet thy gaze
Where Memory's mist-land lies?

Will fortune call thee to a high estate?
Thy days will virtue crown?
Or will it be thy lonely lot to wait,
Unknown and longing, just without the gate,
Of Honor's fair renown?

Or like some flower of June, unfolding fair,
Plucked by some passing hand,
Will this dear child our love a season share,
Then vanish from our tender care
"Into the Silent Land."

God only knows our future; it is best
Its pages are concealed;
With grief he mingles joy in every breast,
Through weariness there cometh sweeter rest,
Through gloom is hope revealed.

Heaven bless thee, child! whatever scenes betide
And keep thee pure and good,
Save thee from vanity and foolish pride—
I ask not riches, save such as abide
In noble womanhood.

And when my little lamp of earthly light
No more by men is seen,
Perchance the simple lines I now indite
May lend a cheer and aid thy steps aright
And keep thy memory green.

OLD LADY PINGREE.

It was almost dark at half-past four. Nancy Pingree stood staring out of one of her front windows. Not a person was passing on the wide country road; not one came up the old brick walk between the dry phlox bushes to the house.

It was the same picture out there which the old woman had looked at hundreds of times before in winter twilights like this. The interest had died away with the expectation of new developments in it which she had in her youth. Nature to Nancy Pingree had never been anything but a background for life.

When she had first gone to the window she had said, 'I wish I could see somebody comin' that belonged to me.'

Then she simply stood thinking. The tall, graceful, leafless trees arching over the quiet snowy road; and the glimpse of the clear yellow western sky through them, the whole landscape before her, with all the old lights of her life shining on it, became a mirror in which she saw herself reflected.

She started finally, and went across the room with a long shamble She was lame in one hip; but for all that, there was a certain poor majesty in her carriage. Her rusty black dress hung in straight, long folds, and trailed a little. She held her head erect, and wore an odd black lace turban. She had made the turban herself, with no pattern. It was a direct outcome of her own individuality; perched on the top of her long old head it really was—Nancy Pingree.

She took down a plaid shawl which was hanging in a little side entry, pinned it over her head, and opened the outer door into the clear twilight. Straight from the door on this side of the old house, an avenue of pine trees led to a hen-coop. Whatever majestic ideas had been in the head of Nancy's grandfather, Abraham Pingree, when he had set out these trees, it had come to this.

Nancy went down between the windy pines, over the crusty snow, to the hencoop. She came back with two eggs in her hand. 'They've done pretty well to-day,' said she to herself.

When she was in the house again she stood shivering for a little while over her sitting-room air-tight stove. She still held the eggs. A question had come up, the answer to which was costing her a struggle.

'Here's two eggs,' said she. 'I could have one boiled for supper; I kinder feel the need of it too; I ain't had anything hearty to-day. An' I could have the other one fried with a slice of salt pork for breakfast. Seems to me I should reely relish it. I s'pose Mis' Stevens would admire to have an egg for supper. Jenny ain't had any work this week, an' I know she ain't been out anywhere to buy anything to-day. I should think her mother would actilly go faint sometimes, without meat an'egg an sech hearty things. She's nothin' but skin an' bone anyway. I've a good mind to kerry her one of the eggs. I would ef I didn't feel as ef I reely needed it myself.'

The poor soul stood there looking at the eggs. Finally she put the smaller one in a cupboard beside the chimney, and went out of the sitting-room into the front hall with the larger one. She climbed stiffly up the stairs, which were fine old winding ones. She she knocked at a door on the landing.

A thin pretty-faced young woman opened it. Nancy proffered the egg. She had a stately manner of extending her lean arm.

'Here's a new-laid egg I thought your mother might relish for her supper, Jenny,' she said.

The young woman's sharp, pretty face grew red. 'Oh, thank you, Miss Pingree; but—I don't think mother needs it. I am afraid—you will rob yourself.'

Nancy held her wide mouth stiff, only opening it a cruck when she spoke. 'I've got plenty for myself, plenty. I shouldn't use this one before it spiled, mebbe, ef I kep' it. I thought p'raps it would go good for your mother's supper; but you can do just as you like about takin' it.'

The young woman accepted the egg with reserved thanks, then, and Nancy went stiffly back downstairs.

'I guess ef Jenny Stevens hadn,t took that egg it would have been the last thing I'd ever offered her,' said she, when she was in her sitting-room. 'I don't see how she ever got the idea that I'm so awful poor.'

She made herself a cup of tea, and ate a slice of bread and butter for her supper; she had resolved to save her own egg until morning. Then she sat down for the evening with her knitting. She knitted a good many stockings for a friend's family. That friend came in at the side door presently. Nancy heard her fumbling about in the entry, but she did not rise until the sitting-room door opened.

Then, 'Why, how do you do, Mis' Holmes,' said she, rising, in apparent surprise.

'I'm pretty well, thank you, Nancy. How do you do?'

'Bout as usual. Do take off your things an' set down'

The visitor had a prosperous look; she was richly dressed to country eyes, and had a large, masterly, middle-aged face.

'I just heard some sad news,' said she, laying aside her shawl.

'You don't say so!'

'Old Mrs. Powers was found dead in her bed this morning.'

Nancy's face took on an anxious look; she asked many questions about the sudden death of Mrs. Powers. She kept recurring to the same topic all the evening. 'Strange how sudden folks go nowadays,' she often repeated.

At length, just before Mrs. Holmes went, she stood up with an air of resolution. 'Mis' Holmes,' said she, with a solemn tremor in her voice, 'I wish you'd just step in here a minute.'

Mrs. Holmes followed her into her bed-room, which opened out of the sitting room. Nancy pulled out the bottom drawer in a tall mahogany bureau.

'Look here, Mis' Holmes. I've been thinkin' of it over for some time, an' wantin' to speak about it; an' hearin' old Mis' Powers was took so sudden, makes me think that mebbe I'd better not have put it off any longer. In case anything happened to me, you'd probably be one to come in an' see to things, an' you'd want to know where everything was, so you could put your hand on it. Well, all the clothes you'd need are right there, folded up in that drawer. An' Mis' Holmes, you'll never speak of this to anybody?'

'No I won't.'

'In this corner, under the clothes, you'll find the money to pay for my buryin.' I've been savin' of it up, a few cents at a time, this twenty year. I calculate there's enough for everything. I want to be put in that vacant place at the end of Pingree lot, an' have a flat stone, like the others, you know. If I leave it with you, you'll see that it's all done right, won't you, Mis' Holmes? I feel pretty particular about it. I'm the last of the hull family, you know, and they were pretty smart folks. It's all run out now. I ain't nothin,' but I'd kinder like to have my buryin' done like the others. I don't want it done by the town' an' I don't want nobody to give it to me. I want to pay for it with my own money. You'll see to it won't you?'

'Of course I will. Everything shall be done just as you say. If I have anything to do about it.

Mrs. Holmes was rarely shocked or painfully touched; but the sight of that poor little hoard of white clothes and burial money called up all the practical kindness of her nature. Every one of Nancy's wishes would be faithfully carried out under her supervision.

'If they put the railroad they're talking about through here, It'll make us rich. The Deacon says it will go through the south part of this land. We'd have enough money for burying and living too,' said Mrs. Holmes, as Nancy shut and locked the drawer.

'I ain't no stock in the railroad; all the money would belong to the Deacon if it was put through this land. I've got all over carin' for riches. All I want is to be buried independent, like the rest of my folks.'

'How's the woman upstairs?' asked Mrs. Holmes when she took leave finally. She had three pair of Nancy's finished stockings in a bundle.

'She's pretty poorly, I think. She keeps me awake' most all the time.

Nancy did not go further than the sitting room door with her departing visitor. When she had heard the outer door close after her she went swiftly out into the entry She held the lamp in her hand, and peered sharply into the corners.

'Yes, she did,' said she and took up a good-sized basket from behind the door eagerly.

She carried it into the sitting room and opened it; it was packed with eatables. Done up in a little parcel at the bottom was the pay for the three pairs of stockings.

This was the code of etiquette which had to be strictly adhered to in the matter of Nancy's receiving presents or remuneration. Gifts or presents openly proffered her were scornfully rejected, and ignominiously carried back by the donor. Nancy Pingree was a proud old woman. People called her 'Old Lady Pingree.' She had not a dollar of her own in the world, except the little hoard of burial money. This immense old mansion which had been the outcome of the ancient prosperity of the Pingrees, was owned entirely by Mrs. Holmes's husband through foreclosed mortgages.

'You'd better foreclose, Deacon,' Mrs. Holmes had said, 'and make sure you've got the place safe in your hands; an' then you'd better let the poor old lady stay there just the same as long as she lives. She needn't know any difference.'

Nancy did know a difference. Down in the depths of her proud old heart rankled the knowledge that an outsider owned the home of her fathers, and that she was living in it on toleration. She let some rooms upstairs, and received the money for them herself. Mrs. Holmes's benevolence was wide, although it was carefully and coolly calculated. All Nancy had to live on was the rent of these rooms, besides the small proceeds from her three hens and her knitting and neighborly donations. Some days she had not much for sustenance except her pride. She was over eighty.

The people upstairs were a widow and daughter. The mother, after an absence of many years and much trouble, had turned back, of her nature, to the town in which she had been born and brought up. All her friends were gone now, but they had used to be there. So they came and hired rooms of Miss Pingree, and Jenny did sewing to support herself and mother. She was a good daughter. They had a hard struggle to live. Jenny did not find work very plentiful; a good many of the women here did their own sewing. She could scarcely pay the rent of fifty cents per week and buy enough to eat. Her mother was sick now—in consumption, it was thought. Jenny did not realize it. She was not confined to her bed.

Jenny came down and knocked at Nancy's door the next morning. She had fifty cents in her hand with which to pay the rent. She always paid it punctually on Saturday morning.

Nancy cast a glance at the money. 'How's your mother?' said she. 'I heered her coughin' a good deal last night.'

'She had a pretty bad night. I'm going for the doctor. This is the money for the rent.'

'Let it go.'

'Why, I owe it. I can pay it just as well now as any time.

'I don't want it any time. I don't want any pay for this week. I don't need it. I've got enough.'

Jenny's face was crimson. 'Thank you, but I'd rather pay what I owe, Miss Pingree.'

'I sha'nt take it.'

The two poor, proud souls stood confronting each other. Then Jenny laid the fifty cents on the window-seat. 'You can do just what you've a mind to do with it,' said she. 'I certainly sha'nt take it back.' Then she went out of the room quickly.

'Strange how she got the idea I was so awful poor?' said Nancy, staring at the money resentfully. 'I won't fetch it anyway. She'll see it layin' there next time she comes in.'

The next time poor Jenny came in it was indeed still lying there on the window-seat, a scanty pile of wealth in five and ten cent pieces and coppers.

But Jenny never noticed it; she had something else to think of then. It was very early the next morning, but Miss Pingree was up, kindling the fire in her sitting-room stove. Jenny ran right in without knocking; she had a shawl over her head. 'Oh, Miss Pingree!' she cried, 'can't you go upstairs to mother while I run for the doctor?'

Nancy dropped the tongs and stood up.

'Is she—' she began. But Jenny was gone. When the doctor came there was no need for him. Jenny's mother was dead. All that was required now was the aid of some of the friendly, capable women neighbors. Nancy went for them and they came promptly, Mrs. Holmes and two others.

When they had done all that was necessary they went home. Shortly afterwards Jenny came into Nancy's room; she had on her shawl and hood. She had been very calm through it all, but her pretty face had a fierce, strained look.

'Miss Pingree,' she said abruptly, 'who are the select-men?'

'Why, Deacon Holmes is one. What do you want to know for?'

'I've got to go to them. The town will have to bury mother.'

'Oh!' cried Nancy, with two sharp notes, one of pity, one of horror.

Suddenly at that Jenny's forced composure gave way; she sank helplessly into a chair and began to half sob, half shriek. 'O mother, mother! mother! poor mother! To think it has come to this! To think you must be buried by the town! What would you have said It's the worst of all. Poor mother! poor mother! O poor mother!'

'Haven't you got any money?'

'No. Oh, mother!'

'And there ain't any of your folks who could help you?'

'We didn't have any folks,'

Then she kept on with her cries and moans. Nancy stood motionless. There is no knowing what a clash of spiritual armies with trumpets and banners there was in her brave old heart; but not a line of her face moved; she hardly breathed.

'Wait a minute, Jenny.'

Nancy went into her bedroom and unlocked the lowest drawer in the bureau. She took out all of her little hoard of money except a few cents. She limped majestically across the room to Jenny.

'Here, child; there ain't any need of your goin' to the town. I've got some money here that I can let you have jest as well as not,'

'Miss Pingree!'

'Here.'

'Oh, what do you mean? How can I take it? What will you do? I shall do well enough. That ain't all; I've got some more.'

When all of Jenny's proud scruples which this terrible emergency had left her had been subdued, and she had gone. Nancy took up the fifty cents on the window-seat. 'Guess she's took this now, an' more too,' said she, with an odd tone of satisfaction. Even now, in her splendid self-sacrifice, there was a little leaven of pride. There was no mistaking the fact that it gave her some comfort in this harsh charity, which was almost like giving a piece of her own heart. She inspected the neat appointment of poor Mrs. Stevens' funeral with feelings not wholly of grief at her own deprivation of similar honors, nor yet of honest benevolence. There was a grand though half-smothered consciousness of her own giving in her heart. She felt for herself the respect which she would have felt for an old Pingree in his polmiest days.

As time went on she lost this, however; then the humiliating consciousness of her own condition came uppermost. She dreaded to tell Mrs. Holmes of the change in her resources, and now no vanity over her own benevolence rendered the task easier. She simply felt intense humiliation at having to confess her loss of independence.

However, she never regretted what she had done. She grew very fond of Jenny; indeed, the two had much in common. They generally ate there simple meals together. Jenny had plenty of work to do now; Mrs. Holmes gave her a great deal of sewing. She often told Nancy how she was saving up money to pay her debt; she never suspected the real state of the case. She had taken to thinking that Miss Pingree must have wider resources than she had known.

Nancy would have died rather than let her know of the meagre sum in that consecrated corner of the bureau drawer. It seemed to her sometimes that she would rather die than have Mrs. Holmes know, but that was necessary. Suppose she should be taken away suddenly, what surprise, and perhaps even distrust, would be occasioned by the scantiness of the burial hoard! However, she had not told her when spring came. At length she set after tea one night. She had resolved to put it off no longer. The cemetery was on the way. She lingered and looked in. Finally she entered. 'I'll jest look around a minute,' said she. 'I dare say Mis' Holmes ain't through supper.'

The Pingree lot was almost in sight from the street. Nancy went straight there. The cemetery itself was a spring garden, blue and white with Houstonies and violets. The old graves were green, and many little bushes were flowering around them. The gold-green leafbuds on the weeping-willows were unfolding.

The Pingree lot, however, partook of none of the general lightness and loveliness. No blessing of spring had fallen on that long rank of dead Pingrees. There they lay, in the order of their deaths, men and women and children, each covered with a flat white stone above the grave mould.

Tall, thickly-set evergreen trees fenced in closely the line of graves. In the midst of the cemetery, where gloom was now rendered tender by the infinite promise of the spring, the whole was a ghastly parallelogram of hopeless death.

Nancy Pingree, looking through the narrow entrance gap in the evergreens on the dark, tomb-like enclosure, had, however, no such impression. She regarded this as the most attractive lot in the cemetery. Its singularity had been in subtle accordance with the Pingree character, and she was a Pingree. At one end of the long row of prostrate stones there was a vacant place: enough for another.

Nancy began with this topic when she was seated, a little later, in Mrs. Holmes' Brussels carpeted, velvet-upholstered parlor. 'I looked in the graveyard a minute on my may here,' said she, 'an' went over to the Pingree lot. I'd allers calculated to have a stone like the others when I was laid at the end there; but now I don't know. You remember that money I showed you, Mis' Holmes? Well, it ain't there now: I've had to use it. I thought I'd better tell you, in case you wouldn't know what to make of it, if anything happened.'

Mrs. Holmes stared at her, with a look first of amazement, then of intelligence. 'Nancy Pingree, you gave the money to bury that woman upstairs.'

'Hush! don't you say anything about it, Mis' Holmes. Jenny don't know the whole of it. She took on so, I couldn't help it. It come over me that I hadn't got anybody to feel bad ef I was buried by the town, an' it wouldn't make so much difference.'

'How much money was there?'

'Eighty dollars,' said Nancy, with the tone in which she would have said a million.

Mrs. Holmes was a woman who was seldom governed by hasty impulse; but she was now. She disregarded the strict regulations attached to giving in Nancy's case, and boldly offered to replace the money out of her own pocket. She could well afford to do it.

Nancy looked majestic with resentment. 'No' said she. 'If it's got to be done by anybody, I'd enough sight rather 'twould be done by the town. The Pingrees have paid taxes enough in times gone by to make it nothin' more fair, after all. Thank you, Mis' Holmes, but I ain't quite come to takin' money out an' out from folks yet.'

'Well I didn't mean to hurt your feelings.'

'I know you didn't, Mis' Holmes. You meant it kind enough. We won't say no more about it.'

'Don't you believe Jenny will be able to pay you back some time?'

'I don't know. She says she's goin' to, and I know she means to; she's awful proud. But she can't save up much poor child, an' I shouldn't wonder ef I died first. Well, never mind. How's the Deacon?'

'He's well, thank you. He's gone to the railroad meeting. Somebody was telling me the other day that Benny Field was waiting on Jenny.'

'Well, I believe he's come home with her from meetin' some lately; but I don't know.'

When Nancy reached home that night she wondered if Benny Field were not really 'waiting on Jenny.' She found him sitting with her on the front door-step.

Before long she knew that he was. Jenny came to her one afternoon and told her she was going to marry Benny Field. Nancy had previously received another piece of intelligence on the same day.

Early that morning Mrs. Holmes had come over with an important look on her face and announced to Nancy that the new railroad was indeed going to be laid through the Pingree land.

'They are going to build the depot down on the corner too,' said she; 'and—the Deacon thinks, seeing the property has come up so much in value, that it isn't any more'n fair that—he should make you a little present.

'I don't want any present.'

'Well, I didn't mean to put it in that way. It isn't a present. It's no more than your just due. I don't think the Deacon would ever feel just right in his conscience if he didn't pay you a little something. You know the property wasn't considered worth so much when he foreclosed.'

'How much did he think of payin?'

'I believe he said—about two hundred dollars.'

'Two hundred dollars!'

Nancy had been full of the bliss of it all day, but she had said nothing about it to Jenny.

When the girl told her she was going to be married, Nancy looked at her half in awe.

'Well, I'm glad, I'm sure,' said she, finally. 'I hope you'll be happy ef you reely think it's a wise thing to do to get married.' Her tone was almost shamefaced. This old woman, who had never had a lover, regarded this young woman with awe, half as if she had stepped on to another level, where it would be indecorous for her to follow even in thought.

'I suppose I am happy,' said Jenny. 'I never thought anything of this kind would happen to me. There's one thing, Miss Pingree; I wouldn't think of getting married, I'd never consent to getting married, if I didn't think I could pay up what I owe you, if anything, quicker. Benny says (I've told him about it; I said at first I wouldn't get married, anyway till you were paid) that I shall have a sewing machine, and I can have some help and set up a little dressmaking shop. I ain't going to buy a single new thing to wear when I get married. I told him I wasn't. I've got a little money for you now, Miss Pingree.'

'Oh,' said Nancy, looking at her with the ecstatic consciousness of her new wealth in her heart, 'I don't want it child, ever. I'm glad I could do it for your poor mother. I've got plenty of money. I wish you'd keep this an' buy yourself some weddin' things with it.'

Even Jenny's pride was softened by her happiness. She looked up at Miss Pingree gratefully; she would have put her arms around her and kissed her had Miss Pingree been a woman to caress and she herself given to caresses. 'You are real good to me,' said she, 'and you were good to mother. I do thank you; but—but I should never take a bit of comfort in a new dress until I had paid you every dollar of that money.

There was a beautiful clear sunset that night. Nancy Pingree sat looking at it from her sitting window. All her heart was full of a sweet, almost rapturous peace. She had had a bare, hard life; and now the only earthly ambition, pitiful and melancholy as it seemed, which had kept its living fire was gratified.

And perhaps that independent burial in the vacant corner of the ghatly Pingree lot meant more than itself to this old woman, whose great unselfishness had exalted her over her almost cowardly pride.

Perhaps she caught through it more strongly at the only real prospect of delight which all existence could hold for one like her. Perhaps she saw through it, by her own homely light, the innocent City and the Angel-people, and the Sweet Green Pastures and Gentle Flocks and Still Waters, and herself changed somehow into something beautiful. Perhaps the grosser ambition held the finer one with its wings.

As she sat there, Benny Field came to the door for Jenny. They were going to walk.

Nancy watched them as they went down the path. 'I wonder,' said she, 'if they are any happier thinkin' about gettin' married than I am thinkin' about gettin' buried?.

MEXICO'S FORBIDDEN CITY.

City of Mexico, December 11, 1891.—Mr. Juan Alvarez, who has just returned from an exploring expedition in the south western part of the republic, reports that he has found a city which has never been entered by white men and which has evidently been in existence for hundreds of years, going back before the time of the conquest of the country by the Spaniards. It is an old Aztec city and the approaches to it are so closely guarded by nature that it is an impossibility to reach it if the inhabitants do not want the traveller to get in.

The city lies in the almost inaccessible mountains in the region lying in the extreme southwestern part of the country, and is so far away from civilization that few white men have ever been in the neighborhood. It was by the purest accident that Alvarez became aware that a city was anywhere in the vicinity, and after he found it all of his endeavors to reach it were unavailing on account of the persistent opposition of the natives.

He had been travelling over the mountains in search of an outlet to the Pacific Ocean, when he came to the top of an elevated plateau and crossed to the further edge. He had a magnificent view, and while looking over the country saw what he took to be houses in a far distant valley. A close inspection with a glass soon convinced him that what he saw was really a collection of houses, and he at once set about reaching the place to see who lived in that part of the country.

After days of hard work climbing over cliffs and mountains he reached a place from which he obtained a good view of the city and saw that it was regularly laid out in streets and was peopled with a race who knew something about civilization. The houses were of stone and were surrounded by yards, in which were growing flowers and shrubs. On all sides were evidences of taste shown by the inhabitants, and it was evident that he had found a city which was not known to the outside world.

A careful examination of the country showed him that the city was within a natural amphitheatre and was accessible from one side only. He saw that the only means of access was through a long and narrow defile which led into the mountains from the Pacific coast side, and he started to reach the place where he could find this entrance. He made an outline drawing of the city as it appeared to him from the distant mountain top, and this is all he has to show that there is a city within the heart of the mountains, for he was never allowed to reach the spot.

From this drawing it is plain that the city has not less than four thousand inhabitants. The houses are all of stone and are supplied with doors and windows. In the centre was a large building, which was undoubtedly the temple of worship, for on its walls could be seen sculptured designs representing the Diety. It was in the shape of the ancient teocalli, which are to be found in many parts of this country, and the people could be seen passing in and out of it during all hours of the day.

After ten days' arduous work Alvarez found himself at the foot of the mountains on the western slope, and set about searching for the canyon leading to the city. He had so well marked the lay of the land he had no difficulty in finding the entrance, but he was met by a band of Indians who refused to let him proceed. They offered him no violence, but insisted that he should return. He told them that he had come over the mountains and that he did not know how to get back.

After a consultation he was told that he would have to remain a while as a prisoner, and two runners were sent into the mountains, who returned in a day with orders from some one in authority, and Alvarez was blindfolded and placed on the back of a mule. He travelled in this condition for three days, only having the bandage removed from his eyes at night.

On the fourth day he was told to remove the bandage, and when he did so he found himself on the borders of the Pacific ocean. The Indians had gone, leaving him with nothing to guide him back to the place where he had seen the city.

UNDER A CURSE.

Bonner Springs, Kan.—There is a young woman in this town who believes that she is under the influence of a curse. She is a most estimable young woman, but some time ago, while suffering from a nervous attack, she was accosted by a tramp who came to her door and begged for something to eat. As the family had been so much bothered with tramps she answered him very shortly and told him to get away from the place or she would set the dogs on him. The man insisted that he was almost starving, but the girl slammed the door in his face. About an hour later a knock came to the door and she went there only to find that the man had returned.

This time he did not ask for food, but as soon as the door was opened he began calling down maledictions on the head of the girl. At first she was inclined to get angry and started to call for someone to have the man arrested. But as his bitter words continued she became terribly frightened and at last fainted, in which condition she was found by her mother, who had heard the noise.

The man had disappeared. During the curse the tramp had called down a spirit of unrest on her and told her that he wished her to always feel hungry and like wandering, so that she would know what it was to be a poor tramp.

The girl was ill for several weeks after the adventure, but is now in apparent good health. She says that she feels that she is under a curse. She is restless and spends her time walking up and down about the place and complains of never getting enough to eat. She eats very little, for her stomach will not bear it, but she says she never feels as if she had eaten anything.

Physicians who have been called in to see her pronounce it a case of hysterical mania and think that it will wear off in the course of time if efforts are made to get the girl's mind from the tramp. The parents are making arrangements to send her east to visit relatives, but the girl insists that she is perfectly well except that she knows the tramp's curse will follow her to her grave.—N. Y. Herald

DREAM INTERPRETATIONS.

'It's right here, ladies and gentlemen; step up and have your dreams interpreted. Here you are now; don't loose the opportunity. The true meaning of your dreams and their significance explained to you whether they presage good or bad fortune, whether you are to be healthy, wealthy and wise, or whether you are to be poor, forlorn and despised. And also you shall know how to use them to your financial advantage.'

Maybe you dreamed last night some of the dreams mentioned here. If you did, take heed.

Did you go to the theatre and dream of an actress afterward? If you did, beware, for 'Aunt Sally' says that to see one play means misfortune. But if you dreamed that you talked with her you will have success in what you undertook, and if you make love to her your life will be joyful.

To dream that the air is clear, according to 'Aunt Sally,' signifies that you will come into a great fortune; but if you see a fog in your dream you will have sorrows.

It is a very good plan to dream that you have new clothes. It denotes prosperity and happiness. But avoid, if you can, dreaming that your new clothes are white. That is a very bad dream, for all persons but for clergymen. To mechanics it signifies loss of business to the sick, death. If, however, the clothes are black, the sick will recover, and if they are scarlet, it is a good dream for rich men and servants, but death to the sick and loss to the poor. To dream of women's apparel is good for the unmarried, but to the married man it signifies the loss of wife and children.

If you dream that you take apples from a tree you will be persecuted. If they are ripe and ruddy and you eat them you will have much happiness. If they are sour you will shortly quarrel with some one.

Avoid dreaming that your right arm is cut off; it indicates the death of a female relative. If both arms are cut off, look out for captivity and sickness. If an arm is broken or withered, sorrow, losses and widowhood will ensue. But if an arm is swollen, sudden fortune will come to a dear friend. To dream that your teeth are strong means health and happiness.

Dreaming that you see your own back has its advantage. It denotes a fortune, but it also denotes premature old age. If you dream that your back is broken your enemies will persecute you and turn you into ridicule.

To dream that you are at a ball indicates that money will be left to you.

Should you dream that you bathe in clear water you will enjoy good health; if the water be muddy you will hear of the death of relatives or friends. To see a bath means anger; to take a warm bath, happiness; if the bath is too hot or too cold, look out for domestic troubles. If you disrobe without going into the water you may expect trouble, but it will soon pass away. A sea bath is a sign of honor and increase of fortune.

If you dream that you have a long beard you will live long.

To merely dream of bees signifies wealth and success in business, but if they sting you, a friend will betray you, and if the dreamer kills a bee he will have great losses. Seeing bees leave their honey is a sign of honor and fortune, but if they fly into their hives you will have losses through enemies.

Seeing in your dream one or more houses burning means, for the poor that they will become rich, and for the rich man, that his riches will be augmented.

Dreaming about gas signifies treachery by friends and disappointment in love affairs. If the cat is lying down or sleeping you will but partially succeed in what you undertake; if the cat is fighting or appears to be in a rage, you will be robbed.

To dream of dogs shows that your friends are faithful.

To dream of being intoxicated portends riches and health, but if you dream that you are drunk without having tasted liquor is a bad sign, and if you are not very careful you will shortly do something that you will regret. To become drunk with good wine in your dreams means that you will soon make the acquaintance of a person of high station. To be drunk and feel sad indicates treachery of relations. If you dream of being intoxicated by drinking water you will boast untruly of having rich and grand connections. If you see a drunken man you will be guilty of some foolish action.

Eggs means happiness, but to see many broken eggs is a sign of quarrelling and law suits. Good news comes after visions of fresh eggs.

Misery follows a nightmare about being buried alive. But if you attend a funeral it is a sign that you will be present at some grand entertainment of marriage.

You will meet much trouble and fail in what you undertake if you dream of seeing guns fired, and if you happen to be in love your sweetheart will forsake you.

It is a very favorable omen to dream of ice; it augurs that your sweetheart will be of amiable temper. To the trader it denotes success and riches, and to the farmer plentiful harvests. But to dream of sliding or skating on the ice is not so good. This indicates non-success in business, and if you are in love your sweetheart will prove fickle. To military men it foretells much trouble.

Contrary to a widespread belief, to see horses in your dreams is indicative of good.

To dream of seeing a lion insures admittance to the society of distinguished persons.

Losses are presaged in a dream of riding in a stage coach. If you run after it you will be out of employment for a long season. To see one pass will rid you of troublesome friends. If you are in a stage coach and it turns over without injuring you, you will be lucky in your speculations but if you dream that you are killed by the fall you must expect misfortunes.

Many more dreams there are and many more interpretations. If Aunt Sally really did dream all of the dreams and then interpret them she must have been a very busy woman.—New York Herald.

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