

A DREAMER OF DREAMS.

"Another one—the biggest on the plate," modestly observes Mr. Cabot; and his wife obediently places the largest and roundest crumpet before him.

"These are really very nice—almost as good as if my mother had made them," continues the gentleman, with a twinkle in his eye.

Mrs. Cabot rises to the bait immediately, for this is an old, familiar grievance.

"I think," she replies, "that your mother is the very worst cook I ever had the misfortune to meet."

"Your candor is only equaled by your superior judgment, my dear," says Mr. Cabot, with pretended dignity, which cannot impose upon his wife, and as they both break into laughter she seizes an orange from a dish of the golden fruit and aims it at his head. He catches it with the skill of a baseballist, tosses a kiss in return with his fingers across the table, and proceeds to remove the rind and eat the juicy pulp. It need not be remarked that the Cabots are a very young couple.

"Aren't you almost through breakfast?" asks Mrs. Cabot; "you have sat here nearly an hour, and I don't see any signs of cessation."

"I am lingering over this pleasant repast," solemnly, "because it will be long before I ornament your table with my presence again."

"What do you mean?"

"Got to go to New York to-night on biz," briskly.

"Oh, dear! for how long this time?" disconsolately.

"It may be four years and it may be forever," chanted to the air of "Kathleen Mavourneen."

"How silly you are!"

"Perhaps I shall take you, if you are a good girl."

"Oh, oh! and the baby?" delightedly.

"Oh, hang the baby!"

"John Sebastian Cabot!!!"

"I only meant," elaborately explaining, "that you could hang him carefully up on a peg in your cedar closet, so that he would be nice and warm and comfortably out of the way until you come back. Or—or—" insinuatingly, "you might get my mother to come and take care of him."

"Yes, I guess so," scornfully. "And find him full of paregoric and catnip tea when I get back. No, sir! But if your sister will stay here with him and the nurse and never let him out of her sight for one single minute, why, I—I'll think —"

"Well, if I don't get to the office earlier than this, my boss will give me the great American bounce," says Mr. Cabot, and rising, he leisurely seeks the hall. His outer coat is donned, his hat given the very latest tip, his mustache receives the correct twist, and he walks down the front steps, unfolding the morning paper as he goes. A thought strikes him, however, and he looks back to see his wife at the open door, distinctly pouting.

"What's the matter, Gladys?"

"You forgot something," the pout widening to a smile.

"Eh? Oh!" and he returns, takes her in his arms and kisses each soft cheek. Virtue is its own and only reward in this case, for Gladys ungratefully remarks, as she twists away from him: "How your old mustache scratches my face!"

"A kiss without a mustache is like an egg without salt," quotes he, and departs.

They are a handsome young couple as they promenade the deck of the New York boat. John presents to Gladys, with undisguised satisfaction, several gentlemen of his acquaintance whom he happens to meet, and the little lady rather flirts with one of them, Capt. Cochrane by name, blonde by nature, and endowed by his fairy godmother with the gift of gab.

"No, Mrs. Cabot," he says, later in the evening—John has disappeared, being last seen with an unlighted cigar in his hand, leaving Gladys to the enjoyment of the moonlight, the salt breeze, and Capt. Cochrane's society—"I could love but once, should I love at all, but ah! when I meet my ideal, I find her bound by chains which I fear cannot be broken!"

"Goodness! how did I get in as deep as this?" reflects Gladys, but aloud she only says sweetly, "It is so chilly I must go to my stateroom. Would you mind finding Mr. Cabot for me?"

The captain regrets to lose his attentive listener, but protests it is no trouble to obey her commands. When John comes strolling in, he finds Gladys not so engaged in the mysteries of the toilette but that she can rehearse the captain's tender looks and gestures for her husband's edification. Her recital is accompanied by much laughter, notwithstanding which Mr. Cabot sits gloomily tugging at his prized mustache, without a smile; and he presently falls upon the fascinating captain and metaphorically smites him hip and thigh, giving most unflattering accounts of his past and present life. Gladys only replies, "I shouldn't think you would introduce such a man to me. Even your mother would know better than that," and goes to sleep shortly, quite satisfied with herself.

But later she wakes from a troubled dream, so real that her face is wet, her

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