

**A Tirade For Dress Reform.**  
(From the *Jonnes Miller Illustrated Monthly*).  
"Twere better by far  
To be as you are,  
Than to pull yourself in at the waist.  
To look as tho' faced,  
Your organs misplaced,  
Is a libel on the civilized taste.  
Just look at the "Japs,"  
With their necks wrapped  
For that all their garments consist in—  
What freedom and grace  
In each motion you trace!  
And yet a waist stays you persist in.  
Behold the result!  
(Not very occult)  
When you put on your shoes in the morn-  
ing,  
You must sit on the floor  
To push in a day's wear  
Your knees you must use, spite of warning.  
In time comes old age:  
With important sag:  
Your shoulders all bent you're beholding;  
Your knees filled with water,  
In plaster supporter  
But there! of what use is my scolding!"

**Auld Lang Syne From the French.**  
(Scottish American.)  
The French have always been enthusias-  
tic admirers of Scotch poetry, but their  
efforts to translate it into their own lan-  
guage are not always successful, as the  
rendering of Auld Lang Syne will show.  
Rendered somewhat literally the translation  
is:  
Must one neglect one's friend,  
Should we forget the tender feelings  
Of those whom we formerly loved,  
In the days of our youth  
In the days of our youth!  
Let a sweet glass again be filled  
To the days of our youth.  
We ran upon the grass,  
Picking flowers uncensuringly;  
But oh! what tedious journeys we've had  
Since the days of our youth.  
We played in the water  
When the summer sun oppressed us;  
The sea, now separating us, has been roaring  
Since the days of our youth.  
Let us embrace then, dear friend!  
Let my hand be yours,  
Let us drink a glass quite full  
To the days of our youth.

**ROMANCE OF A DREAM.**

(By L. C. Lillie.)  
BELIEVE my old friend Dr. Von  
Jarn would never have told me the  
story but for the fact that travelling  
together one winter's night our train  
had a slight accident, causing a long  
delay, and the doctor and I, ascertaining  
we would be kept until daylight,  
ploughed our way through the snow  
to a farmhouse, where a light was burning.  
We paid the woman of the house and for  
the use of her sitting-room and fire-side and for  
some simple food. The doctor produced  
his flask of old rye, we had our pipes, and  
settled ourselves down for a chat by the fire.  
"It's not more than two miles from here,"  
said the doctor, suddenly.  
"What?" I queried.  
"A place where I had the queerest expe-  
rience—or rather the sequel to one."  
"Can't you tell the story?"  
"I believe I will," he exclaimed, flinging  
his arm over the back of the chair. "It's  
not a story I want to tell most people, but  
it's come back vividly as ever to-night.  
Now, wait a bit, major. I want you to  
understand one thing—I'm no believer in  
spiritualism, or any so-called supernatural  
humbly. As for this experience, I can  
merely give facts; I pretend to no solution.  
Perhaps some clever hypnotist could make  
it clear, I can't; it's my first, last and only  
record of the kind."  
I certainly knew Dr. Von Jarn to be the  
least visionary of men. He was regarded in  
the profession as a peculiarly hard-  
headed, practical man, deceived by no  
fancied ailments—rather too severe upon  
"nerves"—preferring some very delicate  
surgical operation requiring his skilled and  
steady hand to anything which merely in-  
volved the treatment of "symptoms," no  
matter how interesting.  
"It was the 14th day of June, 188—," he  
went on in a deliberate voice. "I made a  
note at once of the date. I had not been  
very well—curiously enough for me I felt  
my nerves were rather out of kilter, and  
when I went to bed I determined I would  
run down to a friend's place for over the  
Sunday and brace up. I fell into a fitful  
sleep, noticing the last thing that the clock  
pointed to 1 a. m. Of course, I don't know  
when the dream began, but, major, never  
with my eyes wide open was anything  
clearer than the incidents of that dream."  
I saw myself in a large handsomely fur-  
nished room. The wall paper, very hand-  
some of its kind, was light buff and gold,  
and the hangings and chair coverings crimson  
plush. A chandelier held half a dozen  
globed burners, two of which were lighted  
and made the room brilliant. Seated at a  
table in the centre of the room, and busily  
engaged in writing, was a handsome man  
perhaps five and thirty, dark in coloring,  
with regular features, a sweeping mustache  
and no defect save a peculiar scar just  
under one eye. I seemed present in the  
room, yet invisible. Very soon—time in  
the most vivid dreams, cannot be calculated,  
you know—a knock sounded on the door.  
The gentleman turned his head, said "Come  
in," and there entered a tall, thin foreigner  
—a man one would at once distrust, yet per-  
haps have reason to fear. He seated him-  
self at the table, and, twisting his long  
hands together, began talking in a language  
I could not understand. The other re-  
sponded with angry shakes of the head;  
the foreigner sneered, shrugged his shoul-  
ders, finally rose, as did the man who was  
writing. Angry words seemed to rain  
thick and fast. There was a brief  
confusion, then the foreigner, forced  
by his companion back toward the bed,  
finally upon it. I saw the gleam  
of a knife—a great spurt of blood  
flew out, some on the wall paper near the  
bed, and all was still. The foreigner bent  
his ear to listen, waited a moment, and then  
scaled a fire escape I could see to the street  
below. The door opened again—this time  
an exquisitely lovely woman in night attire,  
with rich braids of golden hair falling below  
her waist, hurried in. She looked at the  
motionless figure on the bed. She wrung  
her hands—she called upon him to speak—  
and my strange dream ended seeing her  
sink to the floor in a swoon. I awoke with  
great beads of cold sweat on my brow, and  
trembling from head to foot. Had I  
actually, in the waking world witnessed  
a murder, it would have seemed no more  
real to me than the murder in my dream.  
Fully awake I cried out, "Villain—

where can I find you?" Well, major, you  
know my reputation as a cynic and a scoffer,  
and I didn't like to tell anyone of the  
dream or how it had affected me. The  
boys would have had too good a thing out  
of it, so I just kept still, but I never forgot  
one detail of it. I would know that room  
—the tones of the man's voice—the sounds  
of their unfamiliar language—just as I  
would know their faces or gestures. Above  
all did I never forget the beautiful, angu-  
ish-stricken face of the woman. Two years  
obliterated no part of my memory of that  
—well, I called it, I admit, experience in  
second sight. It was too unlike all other  
dreams to consider it as such.  
"Engrossed as I was in my profession,  
yet from time to time my strange 'murder'  
dream, as I called it to myself, would come  
to mind forcibly, vividly as ever. My duty  
called me one sultry July to a town near  
here, I arrived late, saw my patient, and  
died, hastened to the hotel. The clerk  
assigned me room 49. I followed the por-  
ter, feeling in the hall and sleeping, into a large  
room where he speedily lighted two or three  
burners in the chandelier, and then  
departed. Tired as I was, the familiar  
aspect of the room suddenly aroused my  
senses. Where had I seen that room be-  
fore? I had never visited X— in my  
life; of that I was certain; and here I  
found myself in a room where every detail,  
plush furniture and hangings, gold and buff  
paper, centre table, mirror and chand-  
elier were familiar as though I  
had known them all my life.  
Suddenly in a flash I remembered—it was  
the room of my dream. Involuntarily I  
turned to the wall by the bed, seeking some  
sign of the blood stain. All I found was a  
space where evidently some chemical had  
been used to wash out something, thus de-  
stroying the pattern of the paper.  
"I slept lightly, and as early as possible  
sought the clerk at the desk.  
"I have a reason for asking," I re-  
marked, "whether the room in which I  
slept, number 49, was not the scene of a  
murder two years ago last June 14th."  
"The clerk looked a trifle vexed. 'Why,  
not a murder, doctor,' he answered; 'it  
was only a suicide case. A Mr. Harmon  
from Stockbridge came on here, and in the  
night out his throat.'  
"Was he alone?"  
"Quite."  
"His wife or—daughter?"  
"Oh, he had no daughter; he was a  
young man. His wife arrived the next  
morning and was nearly crazy."  
"Can you tell me where she is now?" I  
inquired, fairly breathless with interest to  
follow up every clue in this most singular  
experience.  
"Why, as it happens," said the clerk,  
'she is in X—to-day, visiting her sister;  
but she never comes near the hotel since  
her husband's death.'  
"He readily gave me the address where  
I could find Mr. Harmon, and in the most  
strained and peculiar frame of mind you  
can imagine I went out about 11 o'clock to  
Orchard street, where Mrs. Field, the sister  
of Harmon's widow, lived.  
Ushered into a long, cool, shaded drawing  
room, I felt like one living out a dream.  
How much more so when the portiere  
moved and a tall, slender, black-robed  
young figure appeared. I had seen her only  
in night attire, with long golden braids  
hanging to her waist, yet there was no diffi-  
culty in recognizing the woman of my  
dream. The beautiful pale face, deep blue  
eyes, the profuse blond hair, coiled now in  
rich braids about her shapely head—all  
had been photographed on my mind too  
clearly to mistake them in life.  
"She advanced, holding out her hand;  
then with a faint smile said: 'I have your  
card; pray be seated. Is there anything I  
can do for you, doctor?'  
"I paused a moment. We sat in easy  
chairs facing each other. The delicate  
beauty of her face was set off by the dark  
crimson cushions at her back. Then I said,  
slowly and impressively:  
"Yes, my dear madam; will you first  
tell me where you were on the night of June  
14th, 188—?"  
"She started. Her face crimsoned and  
paled.  
"I? June 14th, 188—? In Stock-  
bridge, I was at my home."  
"Is it possible," I exclaimed, "that  
you were not here in X—the night your  
husband was murdered?"  
"She passed her hand softly over her  
brow and gazed at me intently.  
"No," she said, almost in a whisper,  
"only in my dream; but he was murdered  
—I know it. It was no case of suicide."  
"Her eyes, feverish and brilliant, were  
fastened on my face as though seeking what  
knowledge I had of a hidden crime, and  
her slender little hands were clasped tightly  
together.  
"Tell me," I said, in the soothing voice  
we medical men must use at times, "what  
did you dream that night? We can help  
each other to solve the mystery of your hus-  
band's death."  
"Her gaze shifted now. She looked be-  
yond me out into the fragrant garden.  
Presently, in a low voice, and still with  
averted eyes, she said:  
"Philip left me early that morning to  
come here and collect a large amount of  
money due him. He had put it in a lawyer's  
hands, but the man was either a knave or a  
fool, as we could make nothing out of him.  
Philip and I were to go the next afternoon  
for a few weeks to Bar Harbor, and we  
were like a pair of happy children planning  
our holiday. There was no reason for his  
taking his life. He was in vigorous health,  
well off, and we had been married a year  
without a really angry word between us.  
It was a lover's holiday all the time. That  
night about 8 I began to feel strangely  
nervous. There was a man for whom  
Philip had done many kindnesses and  
whom I entirely distrusted. He was a  
Polish Jew—clever, capable of earning a  
good living, but by instinct preferring  
devious methods whereby to procure a liv-  
elihood. He had been employed by my hus-  
band as secretary at one time, but dismissed  
for his lack of punctuality. Yet even after  
that Philip helped him constantly. That  
fatal night he called at our home and asked  
to see my husband. I told him Mr. Har-  
mon was in X— on business, to be back  
the next day. He left. I went to bed at 10  
o'clock. Then came the dream. I saw the  
room in the hotel at X— as plainly as I  
see this. I saw myself in the door for a  
moment only, but in that moment Zobo-  
rinaki's figure was before me and escaping  
from a window. I seemed to be alone bend-  
ing over my husband, who lay upon the  
bed—the assassin's knife in his poor dead

hands—his throat cut. I wrung my hands  
—I tried to speak—I could not. I awoke  
about 3 o'clock and took the first train to  
X—, where I was met with the news that  
my husband had committed suicide, the  
proof being the knife clinched in his hand.  
What could I do? No one had seen Zobo-  
rinaki—no one has since, but day and night  
I pray to God that dreadful charge may be  
taken from him."  
"She paused, pale, but feverishly intent  
upon what I had to say. In an calm man-  
ner as possible I related the peculiar inci-  
dent of my dream on June 14th, and my  
seeing her in night attire bending over her  
husband."  
"What—what sort of a gown was it?"  
she asked.  
"I only remember deep lace on the neck  
and sleeves."  
"She left me and in a few moments re-  
turned with a night dress in her hands."  
"Like this?" she whispered.  
"Yes," I answered. It was precisely  
what I had seen in the dream.  
"What can we do?" the girl said, look-  
ing at me piteously. "No one can find  
Zoborinaki, and two years ago the coroner's  
inquest ascribed his death to suicide."  
"Let us wait," I said, rising, for I felt  
as much nervous strain as she could bear  
had been put upon her.  
"I returned to the hotel, and passed two  
hours revolving this strange case in my  
mind. I felt no doubt that the Pole had  
murdered his benefactor for the money or  
papers he had about him. I questioned  
the clerk at the desk again as to who  
had seen Mr. Harmon the night of the  
supposed suicide. No one, was the  
answer. I then gave as good a de-  
scription as I could of the Pole, and the  
clerk at once remembered that such a man  
had come about 10.30 p. m., had looked  
over the gutter, going away soon after.  
This proved to my mind clearly that the  
Pole, having ascertained the number of Mr.  
Harmon's room, quietly walked up to it,  
and had left by the fire-escape after locking  
the door on the inside. It was certainly a  
cleverly planned and executed murder."  
"I presented myself at Mrs. Harmon's in  
the afternoon with what new points I had  
in the case. She was, of course, intensely  
interested. 'I will find him if the earth  
holds him,' she said, with an intensesness  
none could doubt.  
"What do you propose to do?" I in-  
quired.  
"I shall go first to Vienna, where I last  
heard of him; after that I cannot say; but  
time, money, strength shall be as nothing  
spent in this case."  
"I cannot tell you, major, how her feel-  
ings influenced mine. Had I been able to  
do so I would have started with her at once  
on this strange quest. That being out of  
the question, all I could do was to help her  
in so far as I could, and two weeks later I  
saw her off in a German steamer whereby  
she could reach Vienna within 18 hours  
after landing.  
"A year passed, during which time I  
heard in no way from my fair friend. I  
forgot nothing connected with the strange  
experience, but all such memories were in a  
hidden part of my brain or mind. I might  
be conscious from time to time of their ex-  
istence, but they were not present to me  
unless summoned forth. On the 14th of  
the next June I received an unsigned letter,  
written in the third person, requesting me  
to call at a certain hour at a house in  
East— street; a former patient  
of mine, it said, was ill there. The  
hour was 9 p. m. The house was one of a  
dingy row of brick dwellings in a cast off  
sort of street. On entering I could only ask  
for the sick person who had sent for the  
doctor. The woman who had admitted me  
led the way at once to a room on the ground  
floor.  
"There, lying on a forlorn looking bed,  
was the wreck of the beautiful woman I  
had last seen in X—. One glance told me  
that her disease might be fatal.  
"She held out her hand with a wan  
smile.  
"I have accomplished my purpose, doc-  
tor," she said; "I have spent it all—time,  
money and strength; but I found him and  
I wrung from him an acknowledgment of  
his crimes."  
"She spoke slowly and with some diffi-  
culty, but I knew it was not wise to restrain  
her.  
"I found him in an Austrian prison,"  
she continued, "where he had been placed  
for a new crime. I told him there had been  
a witness to the murder he committed, and  
at last, owing to the money I could give him  
for his own use in the prison, he confessed  
it all. He had tracked my husband, watched  
him draw the money from the bank and also  
convert some bonds into cash, and then see-  
ing him in the hotel had found the number  
of his room on the register and—we know  
the rest. What I want you to do for me is  
to make the facts known that Philip Har-  
mon was not a suicide, but a murdered man."  
"She handed me a paper signed by Zo-  
borinaki, and giving details, which proved  
every fluttering of life in the frail body. At  
the end of two weeks I was able to move  
her to my mother's house, where I lived  
and had my office. There she rallied."  
The doctor paused. Daylight was com-  
ing in grandly through the shutters of the  
windows, and sounds of farm yard life were  
audible.  
"Our relief train should be here soon,"  
the doctor said suddenly, stopping in his  
pacing up and down of the room.  
"Did Mrs. Harmon die?" I enquired.  
"No," he answered shortly; "we never  
talk of that experience now, she and I. You  
have met her often, major. Don't you  
know that she is my wife?"

**A Good Plan.**  
Old Doctor—No, sir. I never have a  
patient die on my hands—never.  
Young Doctor—How do you manage it?  
Old Doctor—When I find a man is going  
to die I get him to call a specialist.

**In a Quandary.**  
Rowley (soliloquizing before the door at 2  
a. m.)—If I don't go in (hic) the oop will  
run me in, an' (hic) if I do go in my wife  
(hic) will turn me out. What ish (hic) a  
fellow to do

A dinner was recently given on the stump  
of a tree to 23 persons near Tacoma, Wash.  
Mr. Simon—Who are you writing to,  
Willie.  
Willie—To grandfather.  
Mr. Simon—But he, poor man, is dead.  
Willie—  
I know it, but I am writing in Greek.  
That's a dead language, ain't it?

**UNDER AN AWFUL HEAT.**

Summer misery in the sweltering heat of  
New York.  
Dreamer of the liberty, equality and frater-  
nity of a republic, go down to the  
"Bend" of Mulberry street any of these  
hot days and see Little Italy. Taken from  
dole for ments of the Mediterranean and  
the slopes of the little Alps, how do the  
olive-skinned immigrants stand the swelter-  
ing reflection from the granite blocks of  
the paving? Under the low archways and  
in the pinched alleys the mothers gather,  
holding moist Pippo or Anita in their  
bare arms. Overhead a streak of blue  
sky peeps between the ugly tenements,  
and below splashes of white sunlight and  
dark shadow, and women in loose dresses of  
gaudy color. But there is no rest for the  
eyes on cool, white marble architecture;  
no splash of sparkling fountain, no perfume  
of the myrtle and the orange bloom, no in-  
dolent content and breadwinners. Past these  
women and children hurry hungry, thirsty,  
perspiring hundreds, many of whom seek  
the stale-bread dives for forgetfulness, or the  
vendors of cheap notions and cheaper food.  
At the corner stands, twirling his club, the  
representative of what seems to them a  
profundity of tyranny than the monarchies of  
Europe—the blue-coated policeman.  
When the sun is at its highest during the  
hot days of last week, a narrow slice of  
shade on one side of the street is all that  
remains as a refuge. The men creep closer  
and closer to the grimy walls, the women  
cling tighter and tighter to the babies, and  
shift their resting places so as to gain the  
cooler spot, the children nestling in the  
narrow spaces.  
The other day a horse stood in front of a  
low, heavy-eaved house on Madison street.  
A mourning coach stood a few doors dis-  
tant, and in the shadow of both sat children  
at play. Under the very wheels of the  
waggon of death, and almost under the  
horses themselves were the little ones, seek-  
ing to avoid sunshine as a mole would avoid  
the light of day.  
Sleazy, blue-eyed, dirty, they lay in all  
positions possible, braced against the bar-  
rels, bales and boxes, as idle-looking as the  
waves slapping the beams below. The  
horses lifting the freight into the holds  
moved with slow steps, the whistles of the  
skippers had a far-away misty sound as if  
the worker's lungs were longing for a sum-  
mer vacation.—N. Y. Advertiser.

**Watermelons in Washington.**

It is very hot in Washington. The horses  
flounder and stick in the pavements like  
flies on fly paper. The solid asphalt rolls  
along in the gutters, and even Congressmen  
earn their living by the sweat of their pro-  
fessional brows. Every man you meet has  
an infallible recipe for keeping cool, and in  
imminent danger of sunstroke stops to tell  
you of it.  
Sometimes he bears himself up  
with cold water plunges. Sometimes he  
drinks quarts of ice water. Sometimes he  
wears impossible clothes, but in all times he  
is daintily, redly, awfully hot. The wis-  
dom, who in this matter is almost invariably  
a woman—for where a clever woman can't  
keep cool, humanity may prepare to fry—  
doesn't pretend to be cool. He isn't and he  
knows he can't be. He simply  
doesn't mind the heat. He wears  
low-cut collars and thin clothes.  
He carries a sun umbrella. He bathes  
in warm water. He drinks cold, but  
not iced, lemonade. He brushes his hair  
off his forehead. I use the pronoun gen-  
erally. He goes out without gloves. He  
knows he is hot, and he makes up his mind  
to be hot and not say anything about it. A  
calm mind is the coolest thing in town, but  
there are two other things that help to  
make life endurable. One is the cool breeze  
that always blows through the porch of the  
capitol, and the other is the watermelon  
which has just come to town. If you want  
to enjoy life, buy a watermelon, put it  
often in warm water. The dead of night,  
attired in blue serge, he brushes his hair  
off his forehead. I use the pronoun gen-  
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