

pillow is wet and the tears still streaming. The wind and the waves outside tumultuously call to each other and the boat is rocking. Her baby, the round, soft creature that always sleeps next her heart, where is he and how fares he? Has she not just seen him, a piteous, woful sight, with blackened garments and bleeding flesh? Did she not hear his piercing cry, "Mamma!" prolonged and repeated again and again? She rises and walks the narrow floor and sobs unrestrainedly as her vivid dream returns to her, with her face pressed into her hands.

"I say—what's up?" comes in a startled voice from John, who, suddenly awakened, rises on his elbow and anxiously gazes at her distressed demeanor.

"I dreamed the baby was dreadfully burned and was crying for me," is all that Gladys can answer, with gasps and sobs interrupting.

Having imparted her grief causes it to lose some of its keenness. John quietly soothes her and endeavors to induce her to rest and sleep again; but no more sleep for Gladys. Her dream has quite unnerved her.

"I am a faithless, unworthy mother!" sobs she. "O, why did you ask me to come with you and leave him?"

"Because I am a miserable sinner, the chiefest among ten thousand," acknowledged John promptly. "Now, have a little common sense, Gladys. You flirted last evening—your conscience reproached you"—(Gladys tosses her head)—"you missed the baby and tried to make yourself think you had neglected him—went to bed very tired—and your nightmare was the inevitable consequence. See?"

"No, I don't see," stubbornly says Gladys. "It was not a dream, it was a vision. I saw him—saw my baby, John! And I am going straight back to him as fast as my feet can carry me!"

"I think you had not better try to walk it," says John. "If you will wait till the boat gets in I will pay your fare back on the fast train. But perhaps you will change your mind by morning."

Deluded man! He can no more keep his Gladys from flying to her baby than he can drain off Long Island sound; and with many protests he seats her in the parlor car, gives her a new book and a basket of fruit, tips the porter—who thereafter hovers about Gladys, becoming quite a nuisance with his beneficent attentions—and finally leaves her, for business is business, and John cannot return with his pretty little wife, much as he would like to.

How slowly pass the hours! How the train drags and delays! Gladys hears one gentleman say complacently to another: "There is but one faster train than this in the world!" and feels like answering him wildly: "That is a falsehood—there are

none slower!" When her patience is quite exhausted and she feels that an hysterical burst of tears is imminent the cars roll slowly into the depot, and she bounds from her seat, dropping her novel and tossing back her soft curls, which have escaped from their fastenings even as she now escapes from her prison car.

She foots it ever fair and young;
Her locks are tied in haste,
And one is o'er her shoulder flung
And hangs below her waist.

Little cares she for discarded literature or disheveled tresses. She takes the first carriage she sees, and tells the driver impatiently to hurry. But he is evidently in league with the railroad, for time lags and eternity has commenced—it seems to Gladys—before she reaches home.

She opens the door with her latch key, and stands breathlessly. No coo and gurgle of baby talk, no laughter, no sound of a lullaby, not even what would be welcome now, a child's scream of anguish. Anything, anything but this dreadful, intense stillness.

She dares not advance. Still standing as if paralyzed, she does hear a sound. It is a step, and John's sister comes tripping toward her.

"Why, Gladys!" she says in utter astonishment. "How came you back so soon, and where is John, and why didn't you stay longer, and?"

"Tell me," murmurs Gladys, "how is the baby?"

"O, he's well. He's asleep now."

"Did he not get burned?" she falters.

"Why, yes," after a surprised pause.

"He pulled my cup of tea over, and scalded his arm slightly. He cried for you a few minutes, but mother came right over and bandaged it with hamamelis, and now it is only reddened a trifle."

They have been moving toward the nursery while speaking, and now stand by the side of the flowerlike child.

"But how did you know about the accident?" asks the young lady.

Gladys bows herself over the dainty crib; lighter than a snowflake falls, she takes the sleeping child into her tender arms; his even breath stirs her hair; her kisses like dew fall softly, softly upon his silken head as she answers briefly: "I dreamed it."

"Well," contemptuously remarks John's sister, "I don't think such a dream as that is worth having."—Eleanor W. F. Bates in *The American Magazine*.

A barber shop sign in New York reads: "Hair trimmed to harmonize with the features."

The mental state produced by massage is now called neurization.