

SUPPLEMENT.

THE PEOPLE'S PILOT.

ONLY A DREAM.

Peculiar Things Seen by an Editor While in the Land of Nod.

Northwestern Review.

It was one of those dreamy, sultry summer days so characteristic of June. The editor sat listlessly among his exchanges, now dipping his pen in the mucilage and mechanically wiping it in his hair, now gazing at the blue-bottled fly which buzzed monotonously on the window, now seizing his scissors with determination, and letting them slip from his fingers into the waste basket, now turning again to the fly as it flitted away through a broken pane and was lost to sight. Slowly his head dropped forward until it rested on the bundle of papers before him and becoming oblivious to things about him, he seemed to be borne away on the wings of a giant bottle-fly far, far beyond the fleecy clouds that floated in the zenith, on and on until he reached the gates of a beautiful white city, where throngs representing all nations of the earth were moving in the ecstasy of joy. Calmly he approached the keeper of the gate and presenting his card, demanded admittance to "the Fair." "Mortal," responded a voice sweet as music, yet full of power, "this is not a wicked city of the earth; thou art at the gates of heaven." Slightly abashed, yet cheerily, the editor responded, "You do not deny the usual courtesy to the press?" St. Peter, for he it was who guarded the gate extended his hand and said, "Welcome, child of the earth, thy trials have been many but thy reward is great. Long hast thou labored for humanity and many blessings brought them, though they knew it not. Enter, thou, the joys of heaven, but, lest lack of occupation make thee lonely, sit on the right of the portal for a time and take note of the disposition made by those who approach." The editor had

scarcely seated himself within the walls, when one whom he recognized as having been a subscriber on earth approached. He had taken the paper three years, and without paying what he owed, marked it, "Refused." He no sooner saw the editor than he hung his head with shame, while St. Peter, who knew him from afar off, branded in scarlet upon his forehead the word "Refused," and sent him to the hottest place known to men or angels. Next there came a man who owed for subscription, and changed his address to evade payment. He could not look St. Peter in the face, and when he asked that he might enter, the gates closed and on them was written "Not here." Then there came a careless delinquent who had taken the paper for years and kept the editor from his due. St. Peter looked him in the face and passed judgment. "Mortal thy sin is great, yet thine inclination good. Thou mayst enter within the walls, but will for the first thousand years set type in the office of the Celestial Post until thou hast learned that on earth thy paper cost the editor labor and money, that thereby thou mayst be brought to know how grievous was thy sin." The great guardian of the gate then turned to editor, who sat bewildered at this display of justice, and said, "Mortal, thy work is not yet done. Return to earth and write what thou hast seen as a warning to mankind." The editor awoke, rubbed his eyes and wrote his dream.

List of Patents.

Granted to Indiana inventors this week. Reported by C. A. Snow & Co., solicitors of American and foreign patents, opposite U. S. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

T. H. Anderson, Spencer, combine pipe wrench and cutter; C. W. Claybourne, Indianapolis, cleaning device for hydrocarbon burners; C. H. Cool, Ridgville, tire-upsetter; A. C. Davis, Kokomo, plant protector; F. W. Flanner, Indianapolis, fluid-fuel bur-

ner; C. J. Greenstreet, Indianapolis, nitrogeneous fertilizer and making same; W. B. Harris & C. W. Claybourne, Indianapolis, gas or oil burner; J. C. Hassey, Indianapolis, adjustable bicycle-support; W. O. Higgins, Kingwood, rock-drill; J. Hughes, Waynetown, gate; J. C. Hunsinger & W. Ensmiger, Laurel, car brake; J. E. Mustard, Glen Hall, West Point, safety-switch; J. F. Pribnow, Indianapolis, saw-swage; E. B. Stone, Narrow, car-coupling.

How's This?

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