

THE DREAM-SHIP.

When the world is fast asleep,
Along the midnight skies—
As though it were a wondering cloud—
The ghostly Dream-Ship flies.

An angel stands at the Dream-Ship's
helm.

An angel stands at the prow.

And an angel stands at the Dream-Ship's
side.

With a rue wreath on her brow.

The other angels, silver-crowned,
Pilot and helmsman are,
And the angel with the wreath of rue
Tosseth the dreams afar.

The dreams they fall on rich and poor,
They fall on young and old;

And some are dreams of poverty,

And some are dreams of gold.

And some are dreams that thrill with joy,
And some that melt to tears;

Some are dreams of the dawn of love,

And some of the old dead years.

On rich and poor alike they fall,
Alike on young and old,
Bringing to slumbering earth their joys
And sorrows manifold.

The friendless youth in them shall do
The deeds of mighty men,
And drooping age shall feel the grace
Of buoyant youth again.

The king shall be the beggarman—
The pauper be a king—
In that revenge or recompense
The Dream-Ship dreams do bring.

So ever downward float the dreams
That are for all and me,
And there is never mortal man
Can solve that mystery.

But ever onward in its course
Along the haunted skies—
As though it were a cloud astray—
The ghostly Dream-Ship flies.

Two angels with their silver crowns
Pilot and helmsman are,
And an angel with a wreath of rue
Tosseth the dreams afar.

—Eugene Field.

FIN DE SIECLE WOONING

The first beams of a June sun were
shining upon a world of dew and blossoms. Birds were singing everywhere, and which made the divinest music, the robins in the orchard or the bobolinks in the meadow, it was hard to choose.

So thought Jimmie Thompson, as, hastily rising from his little bed under the eaves of Farmer Thompson's big farm house, he prepared himself for the duties of the day.

It was a busy season on the farm, for hay was to be cut, and the ring of the scythes as the women were grinding them to an edge on the old grindstone already rose upon the air.

"I wonder what mamma will say to find me late again?" murmured the youngster, as he hurriedly donned his simple garments and tripped lightly down the stairs.

Breakfast was already laid in the big stone-paved kitchen, and the delicious



SOMWHAT TIMIDLY, JIMMY STOLE INTO THE ROOM.

fragrance of coffee, mingled with that of frying ham, combined to forecast a tempting feast.

Somewhat timidly, Jimmie stole into the room and took his place at the table. He was an only son, and although loved by his stern mother and his yielding and more gentle-spirited father with a love that shrank at no sacrifice in his behalf, there was that in the strict discipline ever maintained by his mother, combined with a naturally sensitive and docile nature, which had repressed our poor Jimmie and given him an air of quiet, hardly consistent with his bright eyes and hair of willful shining gold.

"Late again, my son, and for the third morning," remarked his mother as the young man took his seat and carefully tucked the napkin of snowy linen under his chin. "See that this offense is not repeated, or you may go breakfastless."

A mutinous look darkened for a moment the eyes of the youth, and he was about to speak when a firm, quick step was heard entering the outer porch, and a sharp knock smote the panels of the woodshed door.

A wave of rosy color swept over Jimmie Thompson's sweet face as hurriedly rising he left the kitchen to answer the summons.

"Good morning, my darling! My rosebud boy in the garden of boys!" said a low voice, as a hasty kiss was pressed upon the lips of the youth, and he felt himself strained to a womanly breath.

For only an instant could the lovers (for such they were) remain in the outer shed before the stern voice of Mrs. Thompson bade the visitor enter.

It was a grand young woman who stepped with uncovered head into the midst of the Thompson household and gave it courteous greeting. One had but to look on the high brow, the steadfast mouth and the firm pose of the statuesque chin to know that he stood in the presence of one of nature's noble women.

Her garments, although scrupulously neat, bespoke the working woman and there was that in the clear, sunburnt tint of her face which told of outdoor toil.

There was a brief silence as Jimmie,

with a pleading look in the direction of his mother, resumed his seat.

"Good morning, Nell," said Mrs. Thompson at last, somewhat grimly, laying aside her fork and reaching for a toothpick. "What brings you out so early?"

"Oh, I've been stirring since long before dawn," responded the young woman. "I have cut the swamp half-acre and am going over on the beach meadow now. I dropped in on my way to see if I could get the loan of your horse ride this afternoon."

"I shall be using it myself," said Mrs. Thompson in tones of studied insolence, "and if I were not, I don't know that I should care to lend it."

"Oh, mother!" cried Jimmie and his father in reproachful unison, "how can you!"

The young woman who had thus unexpectedly been subjected to Mrs. Thompson's rude speech shifted her

position lightly, and while a deep flush stole into her brown cheek remarked with an apparent effort at self-control:

"I do not understand you, madam; we have been in the habit of exchanging horse rakes and other courtesies. I fall to catch the drift of your meaning."

"Well, I'll explain myself so that you will catch my meaning, young woman, and I reckon it won't be my fault if we do not come to a complete understanding before I have finished," replied Mrs. Thompson, rising from her seat and confronting the undaunted girl with a countenance inflamed with excitement.

The silence had become intense and was only broken by a long-drawn sigh, and poor Jimmie pillow'd his head on the breast of his frightened father and waited for his mother to finish what she had to say.

"I think you were around here last evening, also two or three evenings last week, when you had no excuse to borrow a horse rake, were you not?" questioned the angry matron, confronting with a smile of fine yet withering scorn the unabashed girl so calmly facing her.

"I was," replied the young woman quietly, "and I did not come to borrow farming implements of any description."

"What did you come for, then?" shouted Mrs. Thompson; "shall I tell you? No, seek not to silence me, Jimmie," she exclaimed, as the pale young man fell at her feet and, bursting into tears, implored her to speak no further. "You came, miss, to woo this young and innocent man. You came to whisper horrid words into his ear and gather unto yourself the fresh and guileless devotion of his unsophisticated heart. You, a farm laborer, a moneyless girl without expectations! You would pluck this sweet bud of manhood and bear it away from the parent stem, where it has clung for 20 odd years, when you well know that you have not even so much as a delf pot or a pewter vase to put it into. You think the old woman's eyes have been blind, but I have watched you both, and the game is up! Jimmie shall go to his Aunt Susan's to-day, and be closely guarded until this wild fancy is forgotten. As for you, take yourself from my presence and never darken my doors again. Horse rakes, indeed! Borrow them of the d—!"

"Hold, mamma! by the love I know you bear me, speak not that profane word!" cried the fainting Jimmie, as he drew himself to his mother's feet and clasped her knees. "Your commands, dear mamma, are too late. I cannot obey you and make my home with Aunt Susan, for my lot is already cast and none but heaven can recast it."

"What mean you, boy?" cried the aughty mother, as she bent and raised the sweet face of her son, looking long and piercingly into the streaming eyes.

"I mean," faltered Jimmie, suddenly rising and hiding his blushing face upon the bosom of his weeping father, "I mean—"

"He means," interrupted the young woman, who until now had preserved her calm and courteous quiet, "that the laws of the State last night gave him into my keeping forever! Your son and

his mother are to be married this evening."

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