The Great Procession.

Did you ever happen to think, when dark
Lights up the lamps outside the pane,
And you look through the glass on that wonder-
land
Where the witches are making their tea in the
rain,
Of the great procession that says its prayers
All the world over and climbs the stairs,
And goes to a wonderland of dreams,
Where nothing at all is just what it seems?

All the world over at eight o'clock,
Sad and sorrowful, glad and gay,
These with their eyes as bright as dawn,
Those almost asleep on the way:
This one capering, that one cross,
Plaited tresses, or curling floss,
Slowly the long procession streams
Up to the wonderland of dreams.

Far in the islands of the sea
The great procession takes up its way,
Where, throwing their faded flower wreaths
down,
Little savages tire of play;
Though they have no stairs to climb at all,
And go to sleep wherever they fall,
By the sea's soft song and the stars' soft gleams
They are off to the wonderland of dreams.

Then the almond lids of the Tartar boy
Droop like a leaf at ei se of day;
And her mat is pleasant as clouds of down
To the tawny child of the Himalay;
And the lad on the housetop at Ispahan
Sees night, while the rose-breaths around him
fan,
Lead up from the desert his starry teams
And mount to the wonderland of dreams.

Still westward the gentle shadow steals,
And touches the head of the Russian maid,
And the V kings' sons leave wrestle and leap,
And Gretch n loosens her yellow braid,
And Bess and Arthur follow along,
And sweet Mavourneen at even-song,
All mingling the morrow's hopes and schemes
With those of the wonderland of dreams.

The round world over, with dark and dew,
See how the great procession swells;
Hear the music to which it moves,
The children's prayers and the evening bells.
It climbs the slopes of the far Azores,
At last it reaches our western shores,
And where can it go at these extremes
But into the wonderland of dreams?

Hurrying, scampering, lingering, slow,
Ah, what a patter of little feet!
Eyelids heavy as flowers with bees,
Was ever anything half so sweet?
Out of the tender evening blue—
I do believe it has come for you
To be off to the wonderland of dreams,
Where nothing at all is just what it seems!

—*Harriet Prescott Spofford, in St. Nicholas for October.*

WAS SHE IN EARNEST?

"Hullo, stranger! might you be looking for somebody?"

The man who had been addressed—a good-looking young fellow, wearing a costly overcoat, and bearing in his hand a traveling-bag—turned as the words were spoken, and saw behind him a heavily built, elderly man of the farmer sort, who carried in his hand a long whip, and wore a broad-brimmed felt hat well pulled over his eyebrows.

"Am I looking for somebody?" he repeated. "Yes, sir. I'm looking for Mr. Mark Mellish. He was to meet me here and take me down to his place. I've been walking that station platform for a full hour, and as the sun is going down and I have no idea where I am, and I ——"

Here he paused, evidently thinking it best not to utter the remainder of his sentence.

"Mellish had good reasons for wanting to meet me," he added. "I'm beginning to think that he never got my telegram. Have you a hotel or tavern hereabout?"

"Nothing but the boarding house at the mines," said the farmer; "and when you've got there you are at Mellish's. But if you're Mr. Nelson Noble, then ——"

"I am," interposed the young man.

"Then," proceeded the farmer, "I've come to fetch you, and you haven't any need of a hotel."

"Good," cried young Noble, "this great, grand, stony country of yours, with its bald hills and nothing growing, gives a man from Connecticut a feeling of having got into the giant's country as Jack-of-the-Beanstalk did. Your depot-master trotted home a while ago, saying that there were no more trains until to-morrow, and it is going to be a deucedly gloomy night. The idea of spending it here was unpleasant—in fact I was getting nervous over it when you spoke to me."

"And yet you couldn't be among honester people," said the farmer; "'tisn't like your big cities, where there is robbers, and bunco men, and pickpockets, as I've heard tell, and traps set for you everywhere. You'd find every man a brother here."

"Very likely," replied Noble, with a laugh; "however, I'm glad you came for me, Mr. ——"

"Smith, you may call me," said the old man, "and we might as well be off; my waggon is in the holler there. The horse is acting queer and I wouldn't give him the pull up hill. Any baggage, Mr. Noble?"

"Only this," answered Noble, with a swing of the travelling-bag. "I'm only going to stay over night," and he followed Mr. Smith over the rocky road and down a steep slope until they reached the spot where a covered waggon, drawn by a bony old white horse, stood waiting.

"You sit inside out of the draught," said Smith, "seein' you've got chilled at the depot. The wind is kinder keen."

"Thank you," Noble answered, and shortly finding the old man indisposed to talk, he fell asleep under the dingy canopy, and slept until the sudden stopping of the waggon and loud shouts from the driver aroused him.

"What's the matter?" he cried, thrusting his head through a rift in the awning, and from the shadows beyond—for night had fallen while he slept—Smith's rough voice replied:

"Darn it all, the horse has done it at last. He's dead as a door nail, and you can't get to the mines to-night, stranger, nohow you can fix it."

"Let me look at the animal," said Noble. "Perhaps he's not dead."

I know more about horses that you do," said Smith, "if you'll excuse my saying it. I'll have to ask you to stay at my place to-night. I'll borrow a team to-morrow and take you up to Mellish's."

"You are very good," said Noble. "Personally, I'm not in haste, but Mr. Mellish had good reasons for wishing to see me to-night; he should have sent a better horse for me."

"Oh, that's my horse," said the farmer, laughing. "He gave me the job to fetch you. Guess he had reasons for not sending folks from his place. Well, losses are to be expected, I suppose. This way, stranger; I'll take hold of you. I know the way in the dark."

And shortly Noble found himself emerging from the darkness of the starless night into a little area of yellow light that fell from a lantern swinging before the porch of a shabby-looking house.

As Smith, with the freedom of the owner of the place, flung open the door, Noble caught sight of the figure of a girl of 17, who sat crouched upon the hearth before a blazing fire.

The girl was a handsome creature; and as she sprung lightly and alertly to her feet, Noble saw that she owed nothing to the assistance of dress. Her hair was cut short like a boy's; her dress was a faded calico, made without regard to the fashion; and her shoes were the roughest specimens of the cobbler's art.

She stood in the blaze of the firelight and looked at them with great, dark eyes that reminded Noble of those of a stag at bay.

"Brought home company, Middy," said the man, with an air of jollity. "Set supper as soon as ye can, for we're starved. Mighty plain doin's you'll find here, stranger; but you'll have to stand it."

Then he marched out of the room.

Noble sat down upon a splint-bottomed chair near the fire, and looked at the girl. She stood staring at him. Evidently the advent of a stranger had alarmed her. A curious feeling of awkwardness came over the young man. Middy, as her father had called her, was too old to be spoken to caressingly, as though she were a child, and too uninformed to greet him as a woman would. He compromised the matter by smiling; in return she frowned.

"I am afraid I intrude," said the young man, gently.

"Well," said the girl, "if truth is to be told, I don't want you here. Why don't you go on up to Mellish's? Your legs seem long enough to walk it. You'd get a decent supper there. I could tell you how to go."

The idea that the girl was half witted occurred to Noble.

"Oh, I'll go early to-morrow, Middy," he said jestingly.

"For my part," answered Middy, "I wouldn't stay at all where I wasn't wanted."

"The prettiest idiot that I ever saw," thought Noble.

He turned toward the fire and began to stir the coals with a long poker. Meantime he kept his traveling-bag between his feet. Heavy steps were heard going about overhead.

The girl began to set the table. Soon she said:

"You'll have to move. I'm going to cook."

Then he left the fireside and walked to the window, carrying his bag with him. The girl looked over her shoulder at him.

"You haven't a bit of pride," she said, "or you'd get out of a place where your very victuals are begrudged you. There's the door, and straight along the footpath is the road. Go to the left and keep on to Mellish's. Maybe they want you there."

Just then the feet of the elderly man were heard upon the rough steps that led from the garret, and he appeared, smiling.

"I've fixed you up a bunk, stranger," said he. "Guess you can put up with it for one night."

"You are very kind," said Noble. "I'm afraid I am giving you trouble."

"Not a bit of it," replied Smith. "I got you into this fix through the horse dying—I'm bound to see you out of it."

Noble laughed.

The old man sat down near the table, to which he summoned his guest when the meal was ready; and shortly a younger man came in, nodded and took his seat.

"My son, stranger," said Smith, as he did so. But all Noble's efforts to make talk were fruitless, and soon after supper he decided to go to bed.

"All right. Early to bed is said to be good for folks," remarked the elder man.

He lighted a candle, and preceded his guest upstairs. A hammock swung between two beams; a couple of blankets and a pillow were arranged in it. The broken window let in the damp night air. Bunches of herbs and ropes of onions dangled from the hooks in the beams.

"Sleep well," said the old man, and descended the stairs again.

Noble placed his portmanteau under the pillow of the hammock and sat down on an old box. He was vexed by not having reached the mines that night, for his mission was to bring a sum of money, which Mellish had borrowed at easy interest, to tide over a season of trouble.

It was in small bills, and the men were to have been paid from it at sunset. Its delay might cause something like a riot.

It was not his fault, but it was annoying, all the same.

"The best thing I can do is to sleep and forget it," he said, and had pulled off his cravat and collar, when a whisper fell upon his ear:

"Come here," said a voice—"come to the window!" and he saw, appearing mysteriously at the broken pane, the girl's brown face and great deer-like eyes. "Come softly," she said—"come quick!"

He went to her. She had climbed upon a shed beneath the window and stood with her chin on a level with the sill.

"Well, Middy," he said, fancying this only another outcome of a lack of good sense, "there you are, eh?"

"Yes, I'm here, said the girl in a whisper. "Lift the sash and put your head out."

He obeyed.

"I want you to come down and go with me—I'll show you where the Mellishes live. Come—I want you to."

"I'll go in the morning Middy," said Noble.

"Morning," said the girl, "will be too late. I'm not foolish; I'm talking sense. Your name is Noble, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the young man.

"You've got a lot of money in that bag," said the girl.

"What makes you think so?" asked Noble.

"I've heard them talking about you," said the girl—"uncle and Sam."

"Oh, they're mistaken, Middy," said Noble, carelessly.

"Mr. Noble," said the girl, "I'm risking my life to tell you this. Uncle and Sam are all I've got, and many a dishonest thing I've heard, that makes me sick to think of, I've held my tongue about. But this is the first murder they've planned to do."

"Murder!" gasped Noble.

"They know all about you," said Middy. "Last week they robbed the mail; they've done that before; but this time they got a letter from you, and know just what you've got there"—and she named the sum correctly. "Then uncle got your telegram, offering to take it to the Mellishes. So he knew when you were coming—Mr. Mellish didn't. There was no accident; the horse isn't dead; that was all a trick; Sam took him home. It was just to get you here. After awhile uncle will come up to give you some hot drink—it's full of laudanum—don't take it—pretend to. When you are sound asleep Sam and uncle mean to kill you, and bury you, and keep the money. There! I swear it."

"Great heaven! is it possible?" gasped Noble.

"Oh, my God, it is!" sighed Middy. "Pretend to drink the stuff; then, when he is gone, climb out of the window; I'll wait for you below. Will you?"

"Yes," said Noble.

He stared at her, half believing her, half fancying her mad, and, with a motion of her hand, she disappeared from the window.

A moment more and Smith came up the stairs, with a steaming glass in his hand.

"A night-cap, stranger," he said.

"Thank you," said Noble. "Just what I was wishing for. Can you give me something to make my pillow higher? I can't sleep with my head low."

Smith grunted and went to the farther corner, where some old garments hung. As he turned his back Noble emptied the glass out of the window.

"The right kind of stuff," he said. "Thank you."

Then Smith went down the stairs, and on the instant Noble, with his portmanteau slung over his shoulder, was out upon the shed. As he dropped to the ground a girl's hand caught his wrist, and he was hurried away toward a road which lay like a gray ribbon amid the darkness of rock and stunted bush.

Not a word was spoken, not a moment was lost. At last the roaring of a rapid stream was heard, and they crossed a bridge.

After that the stunted pines grew thicker. the road ascended, a few houses appeared; a large one of some pretentions, in the windows of which lights were glowing, was visible upon an elevation.

"That's Mellish's," said the girl. "Go and ring the bell, and get in as quick as you can"

She uttered this between quick gasps, for the pace had been too rapid for a woman, and she was spent.

"And you—you must come with me—you can't go back to those wretches!" Noble said.

"Wretches?" repeated the girl!" "Why they're not wretches. Uncle's an honest man, Sam's another. I've been stuffing you with lies, stranger, to get rid of you. I didn't want you bothering round. I've made a fool of you—I just like to fool city fellows. Nobody was going to hurt you. Good night, you goosy-gander!"

She was off, laughing as she ran, and Noble walked up to the house in a state of utter bewilderment.

Was the girl speaking the truth now, or had she spoken it beneath his window?

The surprise of the Mellish's at his arrival, and the fact that they had not received either letter or telegram made him lean to the latter conclusion, but that night he held his peace. Time enough, he thought, to tell his tale in the morning.

That night he dreamed of Middy. Her deer-like gaze was upon him, her hands uplifted in supplication; and he awakened to think of her. The tinkle of the breakfast bell took him downstairs with his mind still full of her, and through the day which he spent in the mines she still haunted him.

It was 3 o'clock when a horseman rode up to the Mellish door with horror in his face.

"Terrible work over yonder!" he said, pointing toward the valley. "That girl at the Smiths'—Middy, his niece—was murdered last night. They found her on the kitchen floor, a horrible sight—killed with an axe, they say—and old Smith and Sam are nowhere to be found."

"They have murdered her!" cried Noble.

For now he knew that her warning had been an honest one, and that she had paid for saving his life with her own; and now he told his tale.

Judge Lynch ruled in that land in those days, and the vengeance of those who sought and found the murderers was speedy.

Alas! it could not restore pretty Middy to life, and still, though many years have flown, her great dark eyes haunt Nelson Noble's soul, and he breathes a sigh to her memory.—*Family Story Paper.*

A Woodstock Armless Man.

The following statement made by Barnum's "Armless Man" to an interviewer, may be of interest: "I was born armless and although I am devoid of those useful adjuncts to the human frame, the arms, I am not helpless, for by diligent practice I have become able to perform all the necessary offices of life as easily and readily as those who are blessed with arms. Having been born armless I have not lost them, therefore, I suffer no loss whatever, and so am quite as independent as any one. Why, I can wash, dress, shave myself, prepare my own food, and while seated at an ordinary table upon a common chair can feed myself as easily and readily as a person can with hands. I have been travelling for the past eighteen years and have never employed any assistance whatever, but have performed all the necessary offices of life for myself. I was born in Woodstock, County of Oxford, Province of Ontario, Canada, on the 6th of July, 1855, so therefore am now 34 years old."

Cannibalism in Africa.

According to recent information cannibalism is very prevalent in some places in western Africa near to the British settlement if not actually in the protectorate itself, and so serious and frequent has become the kidnapping of individuals who have gone out alone that in some parts persons dare not venture beyond their own town for fear of capture. Several cases are reported to have taken place on the broad road from Bendoomah to Dodo and Kibbim. Six persons are reported to have been killed and eaten.

—"I called to see you just as a matter of curiosity," said the dime museum manager to the armless phenomenon.

SUNKEN SHIPS.

How They Are Raised—Pumping Out Water and Pumping in Air.

The recent raising of the Sultan may have aroused curiosity as to how this kind of work is done. The whole art and process seems to depend on the two facts, that things seem lighter in the water than out of it, and that air is lighter bulk for bulk than water. The following process is one used only in peculiar circumstances, as in a river or on a sloping shore. The first operation is for divers to go down and inspect the damage through which the ship has sunk. They make as minute an examination as possible, learning which side is damaged, and how the ship lies, and if sand has accumulated around her, as that makes the work more difficult. When the divers have reported, they take the first step towards raising. Two or more go down with long iron rods. These they endeavor to place underneath the ship, forcing them through, and then working them backwards and forwards so as to enlarge the holes made. Next thicker rods are set down and worked in like manner, till a hole is made large enough to allow a large chain to be passed under. This process goes on in about half a dozen different places, so that the same number of chains are passed under the vessel's bottom. Each end of the chains is carried to the surface and fastened on board a keel or hopper. Then at low tide the hoppers are pinned down—that is, the chains are pulled as tight as possible without overturning them. Now, when the tide rises the hoppers rise with the water, and as they rise, they lift the chains with them, and so raise the ship. Tug-boats are attached to the hoppers, and they are moved into shallower water until the ship grounds. The same process goes on at the next tide, and so on, until the vessel is left nearly dry at low water. The ship is then heeled over so as to expose the damaged side. From the divers' reports the amount of damage is known, and plates have been prepared. These are riveted on and the ship made water-tight. The water remaining in her is pumped out, and at the next tide she floats by her own buoyancy. She is then towed into dry dock and overhauled. In another process, divers, as before, go down and examine the damage. Sheep-skins are rendered waterproof and well tarred. These are taken down and placed over the holes in the sides. The decks are battened down and every orifice plugged up, so as to make the vessel water-tight. Then tubes are fitted into the vessel and attached to pumps worked on board a steamboat. The vessel is pumped dry; but, besides pumping the water out, other pumps are at work pumping the air in. This is necessary, or the first set of pumps would not work. The work goes on, the vessel being gradually filled with air, and, in consequence, gradually rising. When once raised to the surface, tug boats are attached, the vessel is moved to dock and repairers begin work upon her.

What Editing a Paper Is.

Editing a paper is pleasant business—if you like it.

If the type is large it doesn't contain much reading matter.

If we omit jokes folks say we are nothing but fossils.

If we publish original matter they blame us for not giving selections.

If we give selections people say we are lazy for not writing more and giving them what they have not read in some other paper.

If we give a complimentary notice we are censured for being partial.

If we don't every one says we are unjust.

If we remain in our office attending to our business folks say we are too proud to mingle with other fellows.

If we go out they say we don't attend to our business.—*Insurance Observer, London.*

The Veiled Widow.

Visitors to the ruins of Dunfermline Abbey, so long the burial place of Scottish royalty from the days of St. Margaret and Malcolm Canmore, will not fail to remember an exquisite piece of statuary by Foley in the modern church adjoining, which represents a veiled widow weeping over the corpse of Gen. Robert Bruce, brother to a former English Minister at Washington, and himself celebrated as the governor of the Prince of Wales. It is one of the loveliest productions of modern sculpture and is recalled now by the incident of the sudden death in a railway station of Mrs. Bruce, the widow depicted on the tomb. She was a great favorite of the Queen and held a position in the royal household to the last. Curiously enough she will be buried in London instead of at Dunfermline, where her effigy is the most striking thing in even that historic town.

A Hint For Your Lover's Christmas.

The new canes which are occasionally seen in the hands of men uptown combine a good many valuable points under the usual and neat looking exterior, says the New York *Sun*. The cane generally has a silver handle of the ordinary right angle shape, with a small watch set in one corner; the lower end of the handle is arranged so that it will hold a dollar in five-cent pieces, a spring pushing the coins up so that one may drawn out at the top by a gloved thumb or finger. The other end of the handle has a spring top, and is fitted to carry matches. Thus equipped, a good many of the unnecessaries of life are avoided, particularly in the winter when unbuttoning two or three coats to get at a watch, a match, or a pocket book involves everything, including chills and profanity.

A New Cold-Air Supply.

A company is said to have been organized in New York City to supply cold air just as steam heat and gas are supplied, through pipes laid in the streets. It is proposed in a short time to supply this cold air to the butchers of Washington Market, and, if the project proves a success, to extend the supply to restaurants and saloons, and possibly summer resorts. The supply may be regulated by a cock. The air is made frigid by the ammonia system.

Fenderson (arguing in defence of his favorite theory that personal beauty is not woman's chief attraction)—I contend that beauty has nothing to do with a young woman's chief chance of getting a husband. I'll leave it to any married woman in the room if it is not so.

A SUICIDE'S LAST LETTER.

He Explains How He Has Taken Elaborate Preparations to Kill Himself.

Mr. Carttar, coroner, held an inquest last week, at Dover Castle, Greenwich, on the body of a man supposed to be Francis Sumnar Rose, aged from 45 to 50, who committed suicide at his lodgings, 49 Devonshire road, Greenwich.

Mrs. Woodings, the landlady, said the deceased had been with her for three weeks. On Thursday he did not come down, and in the afternoon she went into the room and found him dead on the floor.

Police Constable Hayward, coroner's officer, produced two boxes which had been tied up by the deceased and addressed to the coroner and jury. In one of the boxes was found the following, written on foolscap paper:

"East Greenwich, November 6th, 1889 [the figure '6' had evidently been written subsequent to the other portion of the letter.] This is to certify that I, Francis Sumnar Rose, have commited suicide by swallowing an overdose of strong Turkey opium, and that no persons in this house, or any other, have had either hand or act or part, directly or indirectly, in my destruction. The whole business is my own. My reason for committing suicide is because I have ruined myself in the cursed horse-racing. I have made a fair little fortune at the game for years and years; but 'easily got, easily spent,' until at last I have lost all. I cannot brace up my mind to go back to Australia to my friends and a comfortable home, although I have got the offer several times from a few friends in London to procure a passage and outfit for me on loan of six months' sight. But when I come to think the matter over and over—no, I would sooner face death; yes, even twice over again. I have tried to accept the offer, but my mind would not listen to it on any account. So I must now throw up the sponge. Considering the most decent style of destroying my life, I applied strong opium as the best means, as I always detest those beastly methods of suicide, such as shooting, throat-cutting, drowning and all the rest; but, of course, I am well aware that all forms of suicide are bad enough. But I now think that this style of destroying life is the best, as it is the most decent, cleanest and quickest style that I know of. Now, having a fair knowledge of this mighty drug and its effects, I have swallowed the contents of this box, containing 370 of those opium pellets, minus 35, which I am well aware is more than ten times the amount required to kill an adult person. But to be doubly sure of my end, I have taken this extraordinary amount of opium. My motive for taking this amount is to lull all pain, so, as you can understand, I will actually die with apoplexy, leaving the world in a sleep of peace, without pain, ache or sigh. Now, to assist the coroner and his jury to give their verdict, I have taken these means, namely: I have put a sample of the opium that I have already taken—I have put that into two tin boxes, enclosed in two wooden boxes. I have posted them at two different offices in London for my lodgings at 49 Devonshire road, East Greenwich. I have taken this precaution in order that the jury may see that no other party had any handling of this drug but myself. Now, the coroner's jury will have very little doubt in this matter—that is, I think so, that Francis Sumnar Rose did kill himself by swallowing an overdose of strong Turkey opium with his own hand and free will, knowing the same to be far more than doubly sufficient to cause death.—Signed this 6th day of November, 1889.

FRANCIS SUMNAR ROSE."

Dr Adams said death was due to apoplexy following opium poisoning. Such opium as that produced (crude) could not be bought in England.

A verdict of suicide while insane was returned by the jury.

Christmas Commodities.

A crystal vinaigrette, in the most delicate of wine colors, is new, the cover incasing it being of filigree gold, over which rough sapphires are strewn effectively.

Pendent from a golden pipe is seen a bunch of pearls, the link invisible, forming an odd scarf-pin device.

In Paris one of the latest features of evening dress, catered to by dealers in novelties, is the crescent of unburnished gold.

As taste runs toward the fanciful, a green tree-frog forms an expensive brooch, the effects being obtained by the appropriate use of emeralds, the eyes being of rubies.

A glistening lizard has the natural colors effected by means of emeralds blending off to the diamond and ruby, while a realistic-looking sea-turtle is a flashing mass of emeralds, the bordering of the shell being of diamonds, the eyes of rubies.

A small brush, with handle of chased gold and bristles of fine silver wire, is a late Queen chain pendant.

A new brooch simulates a large Gainsborough hat, one side being turned up, forming the ground for a number of flashing diamonds.

An opal, in the shape of a heart, framed with a square of rubies and sapphires, is a novel brooch.

Among the new Queen chain pendants, so fashionable, a domino, with the spots of different jewels, is unique.

In silver bookmarks, a pretty oddity is a flag-staff, from which flies a pennant; at the bottom is a small clip to insert between the leaves of the book.—*Art Stationer.*

Extortionists.

"Why do you call that colored man a blackmailer?"

"Because he is employed at the post-office. And that ain't the worst of it."

"No?"

"No, sir; his wife takes hush money."

"You don't say so!"

"I do. She's a child nurse."

What He Wants.

"Give me free ore," said the speaker, "and I'll sell pig iron in Liverpool and send steel rails to London. What American industries most want is free opportunity, and not legislative protection nor restriction."—*Interview with the President of the Pennsylvania Steel Company.*

—Will get it in the neck—The Christmas turkey.

—One reason why girls cannot be logical is that they are too fond of begging the question.