

The Reverie

Some occult power drove away the reveries that gripped him. He awoke with a start and discovered that he was five stations beyond his destination. He also discovered a pair of most interesting brown eyes staring at him and a quizzical smile dimpling the features of an exceedingly pretty young woman.

He quickly crossed the car and seated himself by her side.

"I have come five stations too far," he said, as he took her hand.

"I thought you were going too far," she said, laughing quietly. "And you are late! Why, you seemed to be in a trance."

"I guess I was. I was thinking of something, and even now I am not collected enough to know whether I had dreamed away and was dreaming or whether I was—what shall I say?—dopy!"

"And the dream—or 'dope,' as you call it?"

"It's too long to relate now. It might interest you, though. If—"

"Surely. Some other time. Say tomorrow evening?"

"I shall be delighted."

"Come in time for dinner."

He left the train at the next station.

The next evening they sat in a cozy parlor in an uptown apartment house. A pause followed a half hour's conversation on commonplace matters.

"And now," she said suggestively, "how will we have the recital of your wanderings in the subway train?"

He laughed lightly.

"I was just thinking of that," he said. "I was wondering how to start my story. I guess I had better begin where I boarded the train. Will you stop me when I begin to bore?"

"You won't be tiresome—you never were."

He smiled at the pithy compliment. "I boarded the train at Brooklyn Bridge," he began. "There was a jam of people, but I managed to find a seat at the window. I remember mentally commenting on the terrible roar of the subway and its probable effect upon the hearing organs of New Yorkers. I don't know how far I had gone before there was a silence that seemed to reach out and out, over a great distance of land. And when I was out of the subway fields and hills stretched before me and the fogger I saw them the more familiar they became. A long, dusty road climbed a knobby hill and, somehow, I was driving over this road, as real and like life as I am sitting here.

"My mind was transformed. Business cares were brushed away as dust by the wind from a picture frame or mantelpiece. The thunks of candelabra in the distance lost their metallic clank and sounded sweet and musical—the yeppers of the farm land.

"As I drove up the hill I knew that in the hollow on the other side I'd find a great, rambling white house. On the summit I drew rein, searched with my eyes the long veranda and saw a girl in a white dress. She waved at me. I was to drive her to a dance about six miles across country. Does not this strike you as being most unreasonably rambling?"

The young woman, who was listening intently, started, dropped a fan with which she had been toyng recovered herself and smiled.

"Not at all," she said. "Please go on."

"I can't go on alone, for the little girl with the white dress is now with me, you know. We made good time to the house, where the dance was held. It was a beautiful ride, too, through two lines of ambitious kety-dids and other night insects. I remember we talked about the habit of some birds and insects singing only at night. The girl in the white dress set me to thinking by remarking that night time seemed to be sweetly sorrowful, and so was the best time for song. I recall that I thought about it at the time and remembered that it was true that there was more singing in the evening than any other part of the day.

"Well, it was only a minute or two until we were in the farmhouse dancing, laughing, enjoying ourselves. Somehow I don't remember of having heard laughter that meant as much as that heard at a country dance.

"And the music—you know there wasn't much to that music; just two fiddles and a bass fiddle sawing away, but somehow there was lightning in it. We danced, the little girl in white and I. Her cheeks and lips were glowing and her eyes seemed to have stolen the glow from the lamps. Once a curl on her head touched my cheek. I—why, I can't begin to tell you how real it all was.

"Then came the ride over the starlit road, with the wild crab apple blossoms scattering incense before us with the night birds singing in harmony with the song in my heart. The moon dropped lower and lower to ward the fringes of trees on the ridge and I was just wishing that I might ride on like that forever, for it seemed that the little girl in white must have felt herself tiny and frightened in the big, still night, for she unconsciously nestled close to me.

"I did not want to release her hand when I left her at the door to the big white house; I did not want to take my eyes away from her, and as I drove toward home, somehow the night was black and handsome and there were no pictures in the shadows of beauty in the yellow light of the

moon. When I unlatched my horse and turned him out to pasture I stood a long time, with the bridge in my mind and leaning against a corn crib. When at last I slowly walked to the house I knew that something had come into my life I loved the little girl in the white dress. I had known for a long time that I cared for her greatly but I never before knew how much.

"I guess I must have been passing the first station beyond my stopping place," he laughed, interrupting a story he realized was being told in a voice growing more and more fervent and passionate.

With a suddenness that seemed perfectly reasonable to me, I found myself the day after the dance talking to the old gentleman who owned the white house, of hearing him advise me not to hope to win the hand of the little girl of bearing bow-sire oil had made the old man rich. The girl would not be married to anyone in the farm land. Here was to be a grand social success. After that the dear old familiar places no longer held beauty. The country was as dreary to me as if it had been swept by war or something else.

"And then and then I woke up," he said, laughing jerkily awkwardly. She rose went to the window looking into the street.

"And the rest?" She did not turn and she spoke softly.

He arose and stood just behind her. "I need not tell you who was the girl in white," he continued, speaking quickly and impulsively. "She has been before me ever since I left my home and came to New York. She was before me even after I heard she was engaged to marry Sam Willott. I cursed the fate that brought about a discovery of oil on my own part after it was too late. Wealth is a nothing to me without the girl in the white dress."

"But you never told the girl in the white dress?"

"No," he said bitterly. "I didn't. That was a great mistake, but I was a simple-hearted fellow in those days. I thought the decision of her father ended my hopes."

"And Sam Willott? He did not marry?"

"No," he interrupted hastily. "I don't know why, but I have often thought that she would discover that her nature would not harmonize with his as soon as she saw him continually."

"Shall we shall we go back then in a more substantial manner than in conversation you and I?" he pleaded, wistfully and tenderly.

She did not answer but slowly, tenderly she attended her hands.

"Poor father," she said. "He told me before he died. He was sorry very sorry that sudden wealth had so nearly upset his better sense. He wanted well just this," she said impulsively, her head resting lovingly on his shoulder.

MOTOR MACHINES.

India an Inviting Market — Good Reads.

Special Agent Charles M. Pepper, writing from Bombay, furnishes a report on the motor trade of India. The excellent roads of India, extending for hundreds of miles, make heavy machines unnecessary in that country, and types of cars in general use are described by Mr. Pepper. There will be an exhibition in Calcutta in January next. He says:

"India is rapidly taking a leading place in the exploitation of the motor industry in foreign lands. The value of the trade is seen from the official statement that the motor cars, motor cycles, and cycles imported during the last fiscal year amounted to approximately \$2,000,000, of which one-half was through the port of Bombay, the supply part of western India. Accessories, which are classified under different headings, add to this total while fuel and lubricating oils have had largely increased sales since the use of motor cars has become popularized.

"One cause of the popularity of the motor in India is the number and the extent of good roads, some of them hundreds of miles in length. A perfect highway runs from Bombay to Delhi, 900 miles, over which the trials were made in 1904.

"From Peshawar, farther north on the frontier of Afghanistan, a fine road extends all the way to Calcutta, a distance of 1,600 miles. These and other roads are known as the granit roads and were built and maintained as military highways before the advent of the state of repair. On highways equally good are spread throughout the country, and in many of the states ruled by native princes, the state is given to the maintenance of a road guide of his state to be published with maps, lists of rest houses, and other information." U. S. Consular Reports.

MEXICO'S INLAND WATERWAY.

Canal 104 Miles Long Between Tampico and Tuxpam.

The Mexican Government is building an inland waterway 104 miles long to connect the ports of Tampico and Tuxpam. It is now about one-half finished and will cost about \$5,000,000 Mexican money, which is equivalent to \$2,500,000 gold.

It is 75 feet wide and has a uniform depth of 10 1/2 feet. The first division of 66 miles is now practically finished and is open for traffic. It is expected that the waterway will be opened all the way through for small boats within two years.

This waterway runs within from two to five miles of the Gulf along its whole length. Its construction grew out of the fact that there are frequent days at a time when small boats engaged in coastwise trade are unable to weather the rough water of the Gulf and that there is insufficient water over the bar at the mouth of the Tuxpam River at times to enable the boats to reach the harbor at Tuxpam. Another great incentive that led to the building of the canal was that it would be the means of developing a broad agricultural region that has heretofore been badly lacking in transportation facilities for its various products.

The Tampico-Tuxpam canal follows the route of an inland waterway which has been in use for more than three-quarters of a century.

Capt. Charles Stillaber of Chicago is constructing the canal for the Mexican Government on a percentage basis.

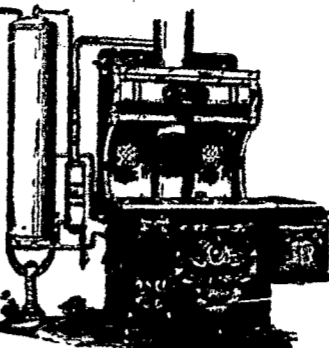
He had made a comfortable fortune, had just reached his sixtieth year and had planned to spend the remainder of his life in comfort and enjoyment. Changing to visit Mexico on a pleasure trip he conceived the possibility of improving the old waterway, brought the matter to the attention of the government and undertook to do the work.

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