

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 dozed 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 loom 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 breeze 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.

Ret's Aboard Ship.

The executive officer and his colleagues were talking of the old saying that rats desert a sinking ship.

"Rats play an important part in a seaman's life," said one of the officers. "No submarine would put to sea without a cage of white mice."

"You see, they detect in a minute if the air is not pure. Noxious gases mean their death and when they begin to show signs of exhaustion or spasms the men know that the oxygen is being used up or that carbon dioxide is in the air."

"You see if a leakage of any kind in the mechanism or gasoline tanks in a submarine is noticeable to the mice and if an atom is stopped but if they waited till the men noticed it the crew would be suffocated before they could get the boat up to the air."

A Magical Mirror.

An ordinary mirror of any size or shape, a piece of French chalk, pointed so that it can be used to write, and a silk handkerchief are the requisites. Draw upon the mirror with the chalk any design or words you choose. With the handkerchief wipe the glass lightly, until the glass is perfectly clear, and no writing or design is apparent. Having all this prepared beforehand, show to some one and request that he breathe gently on the face of the glass, when he will see—say a picture of his future wife—for the design drawn will show very distinctly. This can again be wiped off, and if breathed upon the design will be again visible.

Definitions.

Economy—A human eccentricity which will cause a woman to spend a half day and ten cents street-car fare in order to get a five-cent spool of thread for four.

Love—A tender passion which, however, does not preclude a man's scolding his wife if the coffee is too cold.

Pride—A persistent and potent peculiarity which will cause a man to put a silk tile on an empty head, and to button a hundred-and-fifty-dollar frock coat around an empty stomach.

Prejudice—A taste or distaste for something about which you know nothing.—Ellis O. Jones.

His Question.

The rich bachelor sighed and looked at the beautiful girl fixedly. "Things are at sixes and sevens with me. I feel the great need of a woman in my home, one who could straighten out my tangled affairs and make life worth living again." Her glance spoke an interest which approximated expectation. "Yes?" she queried softly. He blurted out: "Do you know of any good, able-bodied woman whom I could get to clean house?"

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, particular care is given to the road. One enterprising prince, the Maharajah of Oudh, has caused a motorist road guide of his state to be published, with maps, lists of rest-houses, and other information." U. S. Consular Reports.

Sour Grapes.

This is the way in which a fashionable gossip talked about one of the most charming girls in the city when her engagement was announced.

"I like her very much. Always did. Nice, sweet girl and lots of go in her. Lots that from her mother. I never go behind anybody's back to tell the truth. I never did like her mother, and I never will, but she is as smart as a tack. They say that she has the brains of the family, and I'm not in a position to dispute it, though I think that the daughter if she wanted to, will make a good wife."

"But blood tells, you know, and the father of hers never was really alive. I mean mentally. He was born with intellectual paralysis. That makes a little afraid for the girl. Her mind may slip its moorings, you know, even though she retain her physical activity and good looks. I should say that it was a great risk, a very great risk."

Then a sharp-faced woman with twinkling eyes took up the running.

"Come into the world with mental paralysis, did he? What a reflection on yourself, Edith. You were engaged to him once. I have a package of your letters now filed with praise of him. He was perfect" in those days, and possessed of the rarest intellectual attainments.

"Well," snapped the gossip, "I couldn't make headway enough with him to become engaged."

"Possibly not, so that no one would question my veracity when I say that he never fitted me. He has a gentle and a good daughter and he is a good man."

Then it took all the diplomacy of the assembled company to keep the peace long enough to establish another subject of conversation.

Mr. Schwab's Little Joke.

A few weeks ago, when Charles M. Schwab, the steel magnate, attended a meeting of the American Boiler Manufacturers' Association, in Atlantic City, he, as the guest of honor, made a very apt remark in a speech at a banquet in his honor.

"While you are honoring me now," said he, "twenty years ago I did not feel that I was anybody. Now I feel that I am somebody. In the olden days I have worked with my hands with just such people as those of whom I am the guest today."

"An episode which happened a short time ago seems to me to be appropriate to this occasion. I had hired a carriage at the railway station to drive me home. There was a colored man driving. I overheard a woman at the roadside say to her little son: 'There goes Mr. Schwab in that carriage.' And the little fellow asked: 'Which one, mom?'"

A Timber Mine.

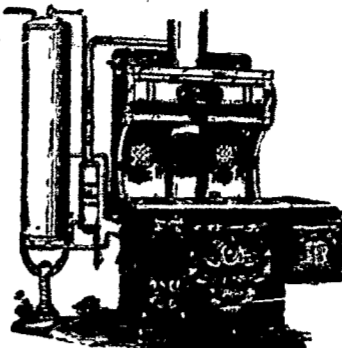
A mine, the product of which is timber, is noteworthy. A mine of this sort is to be seen in Tongkin, China, where, in a formation of sand, at a depth of from fourteen to twenty feet a deposit of the stems of trees, which thousands of years ago must have existed as an extensive forest, but eventually became buried by an earthquake or other similar phenomenon has been opened, and is now being mined through gangways. The timber in no way forms any kind of coal, but is in good condition, a fact to be attributed to the large proportion of resin which it contains, and to the sandy nature of the ground in which it lies. The Chinese work the mine methodically, and use the timber for sculptural purposes, coffins, trunks, etc. The stems have a diameter of three feet, are forty-five feet long, and appear to be a kind of

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