

THE BOY WHO DREAMED

By M. QUAD

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John Boyce was a village carpenter, and it cannot be said of him that he was a hardworking man. As a matter of fact, he was inclined to be lazy. He had a wife who was regarded as easy going, and the couple did not cut much of a figure in the estimation of the villagers.

The only child of the Boyces when they had been married more than seven years was a son named Bob, six years old. He wasn't dull, and he was not considered unusually smart—just an average boy. If any one had predicted that he was going to turn that county inside out before he reached the age of seven he would have been looked upon as light in the head. The boy started his career at the breakfast table one morning when he said:

"Father, did the lightning ever strike anything in Hilledale?"
"Not that I remember," was the reply.
"But it's going to."
"How do you know?"
"Dreamed it last night."
"What'll it strike?"

"The Methodist meeting house. It's going to strike the spire and bust it all to pieces and then burn the church down."

"Bob, the cat must have been lying on your stomach," said the mother, who was somewhat impressed by his earnestness.

"No, she wasn't."
"It ain't worth minding," said the father as he left the table to fill his pipe.

An hour later he met the pastor of the church on the street and told him what young Bob had dreamed.

"Indigestion," replied the good man. On the afternoon of the third day thereafter a thunderstorm came. While the clouds were banking up the boy came in from play and said to his mother:

"Now you watch out and you'll see the church struck!" And so it happened.

When it came to be generally known that the boy had dreamed it, it was commented on as a curious thing, but it was the start of his career as a dreamer. It was about two weeks later that he said to his father:

"Father, they are going to steal Mr. Knight's black horse."

"How do you know?"
"I dreamed it last night. The horse was in a lot, and a strange man put a saddle on him and rode him off."

During the day the carpenter saw Mr. Knight and told him of the dream and advised that the horse be locked in the barn at night. The owner laughed heartily and replied:

"Don't let Bob dream that my mother-in-law is coming to live with me."

Two nights later the horse disappeared and was never heard of again. Young Bob didn't reach the dreaming house. It was four weeks later that he said:

"Father, Mr. Jones, the constable, is going to be hurt."

"How?"
"I dreamed that a man hurt him."
"What sort of a looking man?"
"His nose was reddish, and he had bushy whiskers and was in his shirt sleeves."

The constable was told, and he smiled and replied:

"Boyce, do you believe in your boy's dreams?"
"Yes, I think so."

"Well, to show you that I don't have a five dollar bill I'll bet against a fifty cent piece that this dream of his turns out to be nonsense."

Mr. Boyce fished up the coin, and the wager was made. That was in the forenoon. In the afternoon he drove out into the country to serve some papers on a farmer, and while talking with the man's wife at the door he was hit on the head with a club by the husband, who sneaked up behind. The assailant had a reddish nose and bushy whiskers.

The constable was in bed for two months, and the farmer ran away to avoid arrest.

The next dream was that Deacon Goodhue would lose his two cows if he didn't shut them up. When told of it he replied:

"They must take me for an old fool to think I would heed anybody's dream."

"But that Boyce boy's dreams have come true."

Two days later the deacon's cows were run over by a train on the railroad.

This dreaming was uncanny. It was dangerous. It got on the nerves of a whole county.

In old Salem days they would have denounced that boy as a wizard and roasted him at the stake. As it was, they could do nothing but ask each other what should be done.

It was a lightning rod man that solved the problem that puzzled all others.

"I'm not a supernatural man," he said, as all other men say, "but I don't want that boy dreaming that I fall from the roof of a barn and broke my back. Let's buy the family to move a thousand miles away and dream for some other community."

A committee had a talk with Mr. Boyce, and he agreed for the sum of \$7,000 in cash to take his family and go west as far as the west extended. The money was raised, and the family went, but it has never been known in Hilledale just where they settled or if the boy Bob kept up the dream business.

OYSTER SHELLS.

Once Little Valued, They Are Now a

Seen in Oyster Growers.

Ten years ago any stranger could spot the shore location of an oyster fishery by means of the mammoth piles of oyster shells. These were heaped up on the shore in great stacks sometimes from thirty to forty feet in height. These shells were considered of little value. In many places they were actually given away and they were used to be crushed up and spread over road beds and they were also burned in order to get the lime from them.

Today these piles have disappeared and if you wanted a ton or so of them you would have to pay a pretty good price, simply because the owners want to dump them back into the sea.

There used to be a great deal of difficulty in preparing oyster beds for breeding purposes. Then it was discovered that the best possible breeding place for the embryo oysters was on the smooth inside surface of the adult oyster shells, and so every year the shells from the shucked oysters are taken out and scattered over the beds. The baby oysters attach themselves to these surfaces and thrive mightily.

There are experts today who know nothing of fishing for oysters or marketing them, but who devote all their time to the preparation of artificial oyster beds. This has become a recognized part of the industry. After the shells have been properly spread over the bottom of the water the spawners are liberated upon them and they are left to fight their own battles with the crabs, periwinkles, starfish and other enemies.—Boston Herald.

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THE PUBLIC DEFENDER

By F. A. MITCHEL

In a western community into which the people were introducing courts of law John Bradshaw, a man to whom every one looked up as a very wise man, suggested that together with a public prosecutor they have a public defender. Mike Conover replied to the suggestion.

"It seems to me," he said, "that it's hard enough to get at the truth with a prosecutor to muddle the jury. If we have a defender to throw up the same amount of dust who's going to see through it all?"

But Mike had no standing with the community beside Bradshaw, who was a large man with an impressive demeanor and seldom spoke, but when he did his words seemed to weigh a ton. The public defender was appointed, and the citizens congratulated themselves that justice thereafter would be provided for accused persons as well as for the state.

The first person to come before the court was Mike Conover himself. A robbery had been committed in the town involving the loss of a watch and about \$10 in currency. It had occurred about 12 o'clock at night. Joel Harkness had been walking home when some one came up behind him, put his arms around him, and a scuffle had ensued. The street was not lighted, and Harkness did not see his assailant, who soon released his hold. When Harkness arrived at home he found that he had been relieved of a gold watch and chain and the money which he had carried in his vest pocket. He reported the matter to the police, who advised him to say nothing about the matter for the present. They were engaged in ferreting out other criminals, and it would aid them if the criminal supposed that Harkness had pocketed his loss without reporting it.

A few days after this Mary Doolan went to see Mrs. Conover, but not finding her at home, sat down in the living room. Mary had very keen ears, and hearing a ticking, wondered where it came from. Making a search, she found a gold watch and chain in a bureau drawer.

Mike being a poor laborer, Mary knew that he could not afford any such timepiece and talked about her find to her neighbors. The incident reached the ears of the police. A search was made of Mike's home and the watch found. Harkness without hesitation identified it as his property. The bills he had lost were not found, but they could not have been identified if they had been found.

Mike was arrested, and the public defender called upon him to hear what he had to say and prepare his defense. The lawyer was a young man full of the dignity of the law. He was ambitious to take a prominent part in politics and hoped to make capital for himself out of this his first case as public defender. Mike assured him that he was perfectly innocent. He had gone out to work very early one morning and came upon a gold watch and chain lying on the sidewalk. He picked them up and took them home after his day's work, showing them to his wife and asking her what to do about it. Bridget said that the owner of the watch had doubtless dropped it unawares and would advertise it in a low notice tacked to a tree or in the town paper, which would be issued in a few days. He had better be in the lookout for such notice. But nothing appeared on the trees or in the paper, and Bridget told Mike when he went to work on the day of his arrest that she would try to find the owner.

The public defender flattered to this statement with supreme contempt. In the first place he did not believe it, and in the third he proposed to show his ingenuity in getting his client off. He asked Mike how much money he had, and Mike said that Bridget was his banker and he believed she had something like \$200 in a stocking. The defender told him to bring it to him. "Mike," he said, "your story would never go down with a jury. We must prove an alibi." Mike didn't know what an alibi was, but he produced the \$200.

At the trial the prisoner was astonished to learn that on the night of the robbery he was in a town fifty miles distant and at midnight was drinking in the Alhambra saloon with several witnesses who swore to the statement. The defendant made a strong case, and the prosecutor was much troubled to disprove the alibi. He talked all day to gain time and during the night paid one of the defendant's witnesses \$10 to swear that he had been mistaken in the man. This broke down the statements of the other witnesses for the defense, and the facts were so conclusive against the prisoner that he was convicted without the jurors leaving their seats.

"Michael Conover, stand up," said the judge. "Have you anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon you?"

"I have," said a voice, and a man in clerical garb came forward and asked to be sworn. Then he said:

"Bridget Conover, the prisoner's wife, came to me recently to be confessed. She told me that her husband had found a watch and chain and asked me what he should do to find the owner."

Here was evidence that even the public prosecutor did not think of rebutting. Mike received a new trial and was acquitted by the jury that had convicted him and went forth a free man.

IDOLS OF THE ANCIENTS.

These That Gave Their Names to the Days of the Week.

In the museum at Berlin there are representations of the idols from which the names of the days of the week are derived.

From the idol of the sun comes Sunday. This idol is represented with his face like the sun, holding a burning wheel with both hands on his breast, signifying his course round the world.

The idol of the moon, from which comes Monday, is habited in a short coat, like a man, holding the moon in his hands.

Tuesday, from which comes Tuesday, was one of the most ancient and popular gods of the Germans and is represented in his garments of skins, according to their peculiar manner of clothing. The third day of the week was dedicated to his worship.

Woden, from which comes Wednesday, was a valiant prince among the Saxons. His image was prayed to for victory.

Thor, whence comes Thursday, is seated in a bed, with twelve stars over his head, holding a scepter in his hand.

Frija, whence we have Friday, is represented with a drawn sword in his right hand and a bow in his left.

Sater, from which comes Saturday, has the appearance of perfect wretchedness; he is thin visaged, long haired, with a long beard. He carries a water pail in his right hand, wherein are fruits and flowers.

READY FOR A WRECK.

The Careful Man Who Believed in Taking Every Precaution.

Two friends boarded a great transatlantic liner and set sail for Cherbourg. One was a good fellow. The other was a niggardly man. The first night out they went to their stateroom.

"Say, Bob," said the niggardly man, "I wish you'd step out on deck while I undress."

"That's a remarkable request," objected the good fellow. "Why have you developed this streak of bashfulness at this late date? I never saw any signs of it before."

"Never mind about that," said the niggardly man. "You got out!"

After a long and acrimonious argument the good fellow went out on deck and stayed half an hour. When he returned to the stateroom the niggardly man was stretched out in the upper berth. Moreover, he was dressed up like a Christmas tree in a bearded nightgown and a woman's bodice cap.

"Say," exclaimed the good fellow, "what in thunder is the matter? Why have you got that makeup on?"

"Look at me and be wise," said the niggardly man. "Remember the rule 'In case of a wreck women and children first.'"—Popular Magazine.

Peru the Source of Cocaine.

There is a shrub in high Peru which does not bring the blessing of the potato—I mean the cocoa tree, whence comes cocaine. The leaf is chewed by young and old. Some doctors say it is very bad for the people of Peru. The infantile death rate is high, and they say few old persons are to be found. Other doctors aver that the cocoa leaf is very good for the peasants. I am inclined to take a view between the two opinions. I met a man in Cusco who was running a grocery store, and Professor Giesecke told me they had very good profits in that town that he was a hundred and fifty years old. He would me chocolate and also cocoa leaves. I chewed the leaves to try to cure an ulcer in my stomach, and they helped me more than all the medicines of civilization that I had tried.—Peter MacQueen in National Magazine.

The Dream Lion.

A Vienna professor is credited with saying that dreams are usually wish fulfillments. Maybe so. What about that childish dream in which the ferocious lion comes bounding along behind you, and you run as boy never ran before, and the lion closes the gap little by little, and then, all of a sudden, your legs grow limp and your muscles turn to water and your feet fray out and the lion leaps and you awake with a yell if your voice isn't paralyzed, and everybody in the house wakes with you?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The "Antique" Craze.

Those of us who can afford it steal and borrow and beg the arms, the dresses, the emotions of Greece and Rome. Too often we hang their rotting trophies upon our walls, ignorant of their origin, unacquainted with their meaning and not even sympathetic with the emotions that produced them, bent only upon the paltry respectability that their presence argues.—World's Work.

Noah Identified.

"Why do you sign your name Norah?" asked a teacher of one of the Chinese boys in his class. "Don't you know that Norah is a girl's name?"

"Oh, no," was the reply. "Norah is the name of the famous American who built the ark."—Youth's Companion.

A Safe Proposition.

I lay it down as a safe proposition that the fellow who very little while has to break into the baby's bank for car fare isn't going to evolve into a Baron Rothschild.—Philip D. Armour.

Historical Sayings.

Teacher—What were Webster's last words? Pupil—I don't remember, ma'am, but they all began with E.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Result of Interference With A Natural Law

By JOHN Y. LARNED

Having received word that my grandfather, the late Professor Doan-shauner, had died in Germany and had made me his heir, I went to his home in Heidelberg, where he had always lived, to settle his estate. In overhauling his effects I came upon the following curious manuscript, written and signed by the deceased:

I see this morning by advice from America that an eminent scientific investigator claims to have discovered a serum for destroying the destructive element that produces decay, or, in other words, old age. I have concluded to place my grandson, to whom I bequeath my effects, in possession of facts to show that the discovery which this American now claims an original was made by me some years ago. I shall not give the process by which I preserved youth. The reason for my not doing so will appear from the experience I am about to narrate. I shall simply give the only case which I accomplished.

After having succeeded with the lower animals I naturally sought an opportunity to apply my process to mankind. I happened about that time to fall in with a lady who was desirous of marrying a man much younger than herself. She was Fraulein Blahoff, forty years old, and the man was Adolf Beutner, aged twenty. They were cousins and heirs to adjoining estates, which would be much enhanced in value if they could be united. Besides this fact, Fraulein Blahoff seemed to love the young man.

I told her that I had discovered a serum by which I could keep her young while Beutner was growing old. It would be a long process for him to arrive at the same age as herself. Beutner, realizing that a match with his elderly cousin would be to his interest, would have gladly married her if she had been of a suitable age for him. The fraulein asked me to propose my plan to him, which I did, and he agreed to marry her, trusting to me to keep her young till he had caught up with her.

The marriage was delayed at my suggestion till I felt assured that my serum was producing on the lady the effect I expected, but as soon as I had effected of this the wedding took place. The groom immediately after the ceremony set out to spend a good deal of time in travel, being desirous of getting rid of the interval which separated him from his wife without seeing her. He was gone five years, but when he returned was still too young to make a companion of a woman so much older than himself. He went away again for another five years, when he returned with the same result.

Meanwhile the lady, in the matter of age, stood stock still. I had no fear that I might not keep her from growing older, but there was one trouble in the way that I had not thought of in the beginning. A man of forty is