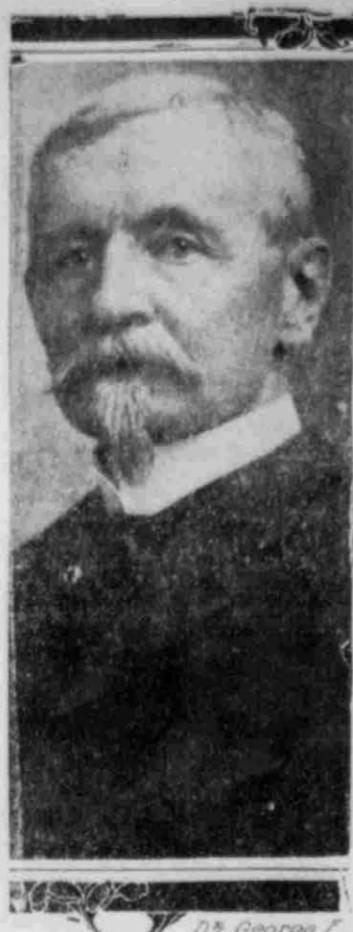


# LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF A CITY AS SEEN BY A SALT LAKE WOMAN



MANY MILLIONS INVOLVED IN LAW SUIT.

A short time ago one of our young girls, on the eve of her marriage, dreamed a dream—a dream so vivid and so distinct that it was clear that it had haunted her for days, and it seemed in a shadowy way to sound a note of warning to a century unborn, and caused her to reflect seriously upon the duties soon to devolve upon her. This simple, quiet girl had never read "French Finance," nor "Race Suicide," nor was she acquainted with the latest news from the Orient, but she had been conversed on subjects so grave as to have suggested to her subconscious self the train of thought carried out in the dream. Without embellishment, her story is as follows:

"A dream is but a shadow," but we know that a shadow sometimes portends a coming event.

"Where did you come from?" asked the young mother, in some surprise.

"I dis comel," lisped the child. And while the room was getting very dark, yet could the shining face and curly white dress of the strange little visitor be plainly seen.

"Tell me what you come for."

"To tell you something; to tell you to be good to your baby."

"To tell me to be good to my baby."

The child nodded.

"But am I not good to my baby?"

The child nodded again, then raised herself on her tip-toes and peeped long and earnestly into the sleeping babe's face.

"What do you mean?" growing uneasy.

"Be careful; watch him; something may happen. If you don't."

"Oh! what could happen my baby?" asked this new mother in real alarm, for here was a strange little "presence" that was not to be put by."

"Shadow, because baby."

"A shadow? What kind of a shadow?"

"Tell me quickly."

"Baby came in October," said the child with startling clearness.

"Yes."

"Born for sorrow," still more clearly.

"Sorrow! My baby?"

"Baby's papa came in October, too."

"The, the, the, that?"

"Shadow over him first—then over baby. Sorry for you-watch both of them." The child began to move toward the door.

"But wait, tell me! What is the nature of the shadow? Tell me, that I may know how to work against it."

"Wine! wine! wine!" said this shadow, which was gone.

A little later, when the young father came home, he found only the light from the stove, shedding weird rays across the soft rug carpet of his snug kitchen, and his wife, with the child in rigid clasp, silently weeping.

It was so strange, this home-coming after the usual brightness, smiles and cheer, that the man stood for a moment at one dazed.

"What has happened, Mary?" he finally asked.

"I don't know, Tom," said the sobbing little woman, "unless I guess it was a dream, but it seemed so real. I was awfully frightened. I must have slept, for your step on the porch made me conscious of the fact that I was sleeping."

After Tom had banished the gloom of the room, by means of a lamp, which he lost no time in finding, he sat down by Mary while she dried her tears and repeated the strange words of the dream-child.

"What if it should all come true?"

"None of us that had you been reading?" Tom supposed to pick up a book that had evidently slipped from Mary's limp hand to the floor as she dropped off to sleep.

"Just a little story about October's unlucky children."

"Ah! the whole is explained, Mary."

"This is only an idle dream, after all. Come along, let's get up; let's have supper. I am about starved."

The dream faded and the years went by. Prosperity entered that tiny pioneer home, and one day a carriage stopped at the gate. A man was carried into the house, and—yes, it was Tom. Ah! would that he had only been ill! Mary, the wife, wept bitterly, as she held her little boy of 7 away to his grandfather, to spend the day, that he might not see and know. But the child did see and know, more than his mother suspected.

"Papa's awful sick," he told his grandmother.

"What seems to be the matter, Tommy?" asked grandpa; "did mother tell you?"

"No; mamma doesn't know; but I do. I heard the men say he had a sprain. Is that a very bad disease, grandpa?"

"Yes, very bad, my boy," and the old man turned away from those in-

A MOTHER sat in the gloaming rocking her babe. A tender young mother with her first child, and there is nothing lovelier in the whole wide world. It was a tiny home of the early days with acres of sagebrush around it. The kettle was singing on the little kitchen stove, in tuneful accompaniment to that young mother's soft lullaby, and the table was set for supper. Strands of red and yellow hair floated like western sky arc, rising wind was beginning to moan down the chimney. The humming and rocking ceased and the babe slept.

By and by a strange thing happened. A little child entered the room, and stood by the young mother's knee, and very gently pulled at the folds of her skirt, before she could make her presence known.

"Where did you come from?" asked the young mother, in some surprise. "I dis comel," lisped the child. And while the room was getting very dark, yet could the shining face and curly white dress of the strange little visitor be plainly seen.

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"Yes, very bad, my boy," and the old man turned away from those in-

nocent questioning eyes.

"Well, don't tell mamma; she'd be afraid."

"Poor had long ago entered Mary's heart on account of Tom, but never until this day, had the "shadow" hung so black and near. The words of the dream-child—"wine! wine! wine!" burned in her brain, and brought back that memorable night when Tom had brought in her dream and put her fears to flight. Poor Tom! He died that night."

"And the child?" He is a man today, with children of his own, and the "shadow" has passed him by.

"It may have been but a dream. Be that as it may, it left its weight upon that mother's waking thoughts, and through it, the boy's moral training has brought him out spotless.

"Many millions involved in the peace city."

"A short time ago one of our young girls, on the eve of her marriage, dreamed a dream—a dream so vivid and so distinct that it was clear that it had haunted her for days, and it seemed in a shadowy way to sound a note of warning to a century unborn, and caused her to reflect seriously upon the duties soon to devolve upon her. This simple, quiet girl had never read "French Finance," nor "Race Suicide," nor was she acquainted with the latest news from the Orient, but she had been conversed on subjects so grave as to have suggested to her subconscious self the train of thought carried out in the dream. Without embellishment, her story is as follows:

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## IMPRESSIONS OF THE PEACE CITY.

I think The Hague must be a very municipal town. There is an order and regularity about it that smell of the county council. Electric trams run down nearly all the streets, even the narrowest. They run right through the center of the Binnenhof itself. And it is peculiar that the people all through the middle of the streets and the crowds of cyclists thread their way among the rest just the same as if they were on foot. No one is ever hurt, no one is alarmed. The Dutch have a caution so interminable that it almost has the same effect as courage. Even the dogs bears and drag their little market carts unwillingly and continue to pull till they reach the city wall and can start at full trot for home again, their master on his bench guiding them only by his voice. The country highroads are particularly easy going for dogs and motors, being paved right away to the next town with thin bricks set on edge. No mud or dust is possible, and perhaps our motor roads may some day be built, where now canals are unused. But for cyclists the bicycles are horrible, and torture to a tender-footed horse.

The brick roads run far out from the city, through villages and then into the kind of scenes that remind one of country in Holland. You pass through market gardens so scrupulously cultivated that produce, like cleanliness, has taken the place of life. Sometimes a long avenue of tidy trees leads to a white country house among unrefined lawns. On meadows, flat and green, lie partitioned into squares by ditches and canals, and among their soft grass and buttercups the young horses and black and white cows and bulls are grazing. They are huge visibly in the great church towers, and nearly 40 of them are