THE MODEST WORSHIPER.

[illegible]

—[illegible] in New York Truth.

A SHADOW BEFORE.

Several years ago I was traveling in the state of Wisconsin, in the interest of a southern tobacco factory. At that time the lumbering industry of central Wisconsin was in its infancy, and the now prosperous towns and cities, with their immense lumber mills, were mere villages of lumbermen and loggers.

Traveling men were correspondingly scarce. We grew lonesome, and suffered many hardships of which the travelers of today know but little. Consequently I was glad to meet so pleasant a companion as John Sturtevant. Like myself, he represented a tobacco firm, but our "brands" were of an entirely different kind, hence we were not competitors and visited the trade from town to town together.

Sturtevant was my senior by probably ten years—a handsome man, prematurely gray, clean shaven, save for a mustache of brownish color, which contrasted queerly with his rapidly silvering hair. His clothing was costly, "but not expressed in fancy." He disliked a fop, and was utterly businesslike in all his transactions; kept a close guard on his tongue but spoke intelligently and to the point when he spoke at all. He was well informed and, in short, a gentleman with whom almost any one would readily have made friends at the first opportunity he afforded them. He seemed to take quite an interest in me, and I was proud of it and could have assured him, had I chosen, that the interest was reciprocated.

One pleasant summer night, a few weeks after our first meeting, I invited him into my room (just across the hall from his in the little frame hotel). He accepted my invitation. We brought forth our pipes, filled them with our respective "brands," and then and jokingly expatiated on the qualities and merits possessed by each. Thus we chatted pleasantly of our sales and failures to sell; our plans for the coming week, etc., until at last our conversation turned upon some remark which I cannot recall, but in the same manner that thousands of conversations have turned before; into the supernatural—dreams especially.

He then related to me the following story, which I give in his own language, as accurately as my memory serves me and I am positive that I have forgotten no incident connected with it. I might further add that I have no reason whatever to doubt in the least its absolute truthfulness.

Laying his pipe on a table near by, he began thus:

"I cannot say, even after the experience I am about to relate, that I place much credence in dreams, this one being the only one I have ever been able to trace to anything like tangibility. I am sure that I am no more superstitious than the average of men, and I have always chosen to attribute the fulfillment of any dream to chance or coincidence rather than to any other cause.

"Fourteen years ago last winter I was in identically the same position which I now fill, excepting the fact that I am now directing the movements of a few men. You will know of course that at that time I was a young man—to be accurate, twenty-three years of age. At the time of which I speak I was on my maiden trip and, as though to inure me to the trials and hardships of a traveler's life, the house had kept me out almost a year without so much as a twenty-four hours' visit to the city in which my parents resided, and which, for the lack of any other, my parents being dead, I still claim as my home."

Here he hesitated and passed his hand through his hair. He seemed to be lost in meditation, or in trying to think where he should begin again. Presently he said:

"I will not worry you with the details of a love story, but suffice it to say that this same city was the abode of my sweetheart, Mary, whom I had known in infancy, whom I had loved from childhood and to whom I had been betrothed for two years. I held close and regular correspondence with her, and her entreaties for me to come home were at times pitiful. However, wishing on this trip, above all others, to convince the firm that they need have no fear of my becoming homesick, I had never asked for leave of absence.

"At last, about the 1st of December, a letter reached me from the house while I was in Alabama, stating that 'after the 10th inst. all traveling agents will be at liberty until Jan. 1,' and wishing us a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. Of course I was extremely well pleased and mentally calculated that after the day's labor was completed on the 10th I would board the 5 p.m. train for Nashville and reach home by the morning of the 12th.

"Retiring early on the night of Dec. 6, suffering from no undue mental or physical excitement, I fell into what appeared to me to be a peaceful sleep, in which I dreamed that I stood at the rear entrance of a strange brick house, one which I had never seen in my waking moments, but every exterior detail of which I seemed to note carefully and still remember. Why or how I was supposed to be there, or why I was at the rear door, I do not know, but I was perfectly sure that it was proper to be there, and also equally sure that this home was Mary's home. I knocked upon the door and was admitted by Mary's sister, who, though it seemed not in the least strange to me, expressed but very little concern at seeing me, merely saying, 'Mary is in the front parlor,' and, as persons do in dreams, disappeared. I was alone.

"Taking a hasty survey of the room I noticed that it seemed in disorder, such a disorder as results from moving before articles are placed in their proper positions. I scanned things closely. A pair of lady's shoes sat in the middle of the room close to the leg of a center table. A lounge sat in the farther end against one of the curtains, which hung over a folding door, the other curtain being drawn, disclosing a small room in which the only article of furniture visible through the curtains was a bureau, such as were so much used at that time.

"It is needless for me to mention every object which I seemed to examine in that one brief moment, though I recall everything vividly, even to the carpet, the wall paper, the [illegible] pictures and their frames; suffice it to say that Mary stood in front of the bureau in the little room, with her long, black hair hanging loosely over her shoulders, while she searched for something in the topmost drawer in utter ignorance of my presence. I gazed upon her a moment and called her name.

"She turned toward me with a look of wildest surprise, which quickly changed to one of joy as she rushed toward me with outstretched arms, crying aloud my name. I advanced toward her. As she threw the curtain back in her wild haste, her foot caught under a rug which lay in the doorway, and she began to fall. I leaped forward and caught her in my arms before she had fallen completely to the floor, raised her gently and placed her upon the lounge, not a yard away.

"Her sister had heard the noise we had made and came running in. Mary did not speak. I did not seem to be excited, and can even remember in the dream having attributed her quiet, as she lay upon the couch, to faintness. Her sister bade me enter an adjoining room to the right, which I did, seeming to know that it was the sister's desire to be alone with her while she prepared her for bed and the treatment necessary to resuscitate her.

"In this other room I began to feel alarmed, and endeavored to allay my fears, as well as to divert my thoughts, by examining things closely. A door with a broken glass opened out upon a driveway, which seemed to have been newly paved, and which led to the street a few steps away. A civic procession of some kind was passing, at which I gazed intently, at first through the broken door, then stepping out upon the drive. I seemed to have forgotten Mary. I advanced but a few steps when I slipped upon the icy pavement and fell to the ground. The imaginary fall awoke me with a start. I was much excited, but my nerves soon became quieted and my sleep was normal during the remainder of the night.

"So much for the dream, and now the sequel.

"I arrived home safely and at once inquired about the girls, Mary and her sister, for the [illegible] had made a wonderful impression upon my mind, which grew rather than diminished as time went by. They were well, but had moved to another portion of the city only a few days before. 'Strange,' thought I; 'I will go at once and find them.'

"I found the house with ease, having been directed by my father. A domestic upon a step ladder, with a scrubbrush in hand, was engaged in washing the woodwork and panes of glass in the transom, and at the same time completely obstructing the front passage. I was told to go to the rear door. I did so and knocked. This was the very house I had seen in my dream, even to the minutest detail. My knock was answered by the sister, who did not greet me with a surplus of cordiality. She informed me that Mary was in the front parlor, and withdrew from the room without so much as addressing me a dozen words. Even her information concerning Mary was erroneous, as will be seen.

"The room was identically the same one which I have already described as having seen in my dream, even to its disorder, the pair of lady's shoes, the lounge, the curtains, the missing picture sitting on the floor—everything. I was stricken, bewildered. The dream flashed through my mind like lightning.

"There stood Mary before the old bureau mirror, her hair hanging loosely over her shoulders. I trembled violently from fright. By a mighty exertion I called her name, which was the first intimation she had of my presence, as she seemed to have entered the little room while I was silently examining my surroundings in the other. She turned, halted a moment and rushed toward me, calling out, 'Oh, John, John! My dream! My dream!'

"Those were her only words. She was falling. Her face was white as that of a corpse. Impelled by instinct I ran toward her and caught her in my arms and laid her tenderly upon the couch. The same couch. Her sister entered. My God! I shall never forget the absolute terror which seized me at that moment. I was wild. My awful dream was being enacted in stern reality, and I was one of the helpless, powerless actors. Mary seemed to be unconscious; at least she uttered not a word. The sister motioned me into the other room to the right. I went. I acted like a machine. I seemed to be impelled by some unknown power or influence.

"My senses seemed to have left me. I wondered if I were not dreaming the dream again and would awake with the fall which I seemed to know would inevitably occur. No; it was real. I even examined the room as I had done in my dream. It was the same. The glass was broken from the door. I looked out. A procession was coming down the street. It was too much. I felt myself growing faint—dizzy. I wanted air. Bareheaded, I rushed out upon the drive and—fell.

"That was all.

"Two weeks afterward, on Christmas day, I regained consciousness. As I grew stronger they told me that my Mary was in heaven. She had expired from paralysis of the heart within an hour from the time she had fallen into my arms. They had buried her, and I never saw her face even in death.

"In falling upon the pavement my head had struck upon a projecting stone, causing a fracture of the skull and concussion of the brain, from the effects of which my parents and the physicians had but little hope of my recovery.

"There is not much more to say. I am not versed in the science of dreams, but am informed that it is very, very rare that they 'come true' in every particular as mine did. When I became well, I ascertained the cause of the sister's coldness toward me, which was a rumor concerning me of a purely personal nature, and which I quickly put down. I have always been positive that Mary had experienced a dream similar, in every essential particular, to mine."

With these last words Sturtevant arose abruptly, bade me "good night," and sought his room. I never mentioned the remarkable story to him again, nor did he ever mention it to me. I have lost track of him completely during the past few years. The last time I heard from him he was still a bachelor, and, if indications are a criterion in such matters, he will probably remain one.

I had his story recalled to me last summer. While in Wisconsin I happened to be in the same town, now grown into a city, in which, years ago, John Sturtevant related to me his strange dream.—Julian Stewart in Indianapolis News.

Cause of Yawning.

Yawning is commonly caused by a temporary deficiency of the air supply in the lungs. When the body is weary with hard and continuous work or mental study, lassitude from the effects of close, heavy air or intense heat, or perhaps from the peculiar state of the health, the respiratory process is sometimes involuntarily staid for a few moments. To compensate for this stoppage of breathing nature steps in to the rescue and sets up a spasmodic action in the muscles of the mouth, throat and chest, which produces a deep inspiration which takes the form of a yawn.—London Tit-Bits.

The Principle of Textiles.

Each year there are new surfaces in silks in variety, but all of them resolve themselves into the original elementary combinations possible to the hand loom. Methods and motive power grow with the ages. The principle of textiles remains unchanged since the day of that forgotten patriarch who first passed crossway threads between two sheets of long ones, combed it in place, and after shifting sides put in another.—Chicago Tribune.

A Pound of Money.

"I want a pound of money," said a wealthy western wag to a New York bank clerk. "Can I get it?"

"Certainly, sir," responded the clerk so innocently that the wag snorted.

"Well, how much do you sell a pound for now?" and he laughed again.

"About $1.84," answered the clerk, and the wag tumbled.—Detroit Free Press.

The great bell of Moscow, molded in [illegible] is a new ornament for the [illegible] —[illegible].

"German Syrup"

Croup. We have selected two or three lines from letters freshly received from parents who have given German Syrup to their children in the emergencies of Croup. You will credit these, because they come from good, substantial people, happy in finding what so many families lack—a medicine containing no evil drug, which mother can administer with confidence to the little ones in their most critical hours, safe and sure that it will carry them through.

[illegible]

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Lot 2.—30 pieces of 22 in. and 24 in. Colored Pongees at 50c., worth 75c.	Lot 6.—876 yds. of 22 in. 24 in. and 27 in. Printed China and India Silks, in dark grounds, at 75c., worth $1.00 and $1.25.
Lot 3.—930 yds. of 27 in. Col. Genuine China Crepe, at 90c., worth $1.75, in Street and Evening Shades.	Lot 7.—11 pieces of Gloria Silk, 44 in. wide, at $1.35, worth $1.75.
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20 pieces of Silk Striped and Crinkled Crepons, double width, at $1.00, the very latest novelty for midsummer wear, worth $1.75.	Novelty Suits at a Sacrifice. No lady can afford to buy a suit without examining our new and well assorted stock.
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The Balance of our new Spring Capes, Blazers and Jackets, at 40 and 50 cents on the dollar.	$3.50 Jacket for $1.75.
We enumerate a few items.	$5.00 Appliqued Cape for $3.50.
Secure unheard of Bargains this week.	$6.00 Appliqued Cape for $5.00.
$3.00 Jacket for $1.50.	$12.00 " " " $7.50.
	$4.50 Blazer for $3.00.

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Fancy Sateen Waists for $1.00, worth $1.50.	Ladies' Wrappers in Seersuckers and Batiste, $1.35, worth $1.75.
Bedford Cord Waists for $1.00, worth $1.50.	Special values in Children's Wash Dresses. We bought them 33⅓ per cent. off regular price, and we are offering them accordingly. They consist of the choicest styles of the season.
Silk Striped Challie Waists for $1.75, worth $3.00.	
Surah Silk Waists for $4.50, worth $6.50.	
Ladies' Wrappers for 50c., worth $1.00.	

SHOE DEPARTMENT.

Our stock of Ladies', Misses' and Child's Shoes cannot be equalled in latest styles and lowest prices.	2 lots of Misses' Fine Kid Oxford Ties at $1.25, $1.50, reduced from $2.00 $2.50.
Pay our Shoe Department a visit, if you value quality and appreciate low prices.	2 lots of Child's Fine Kid Oxford Ties at 75c., $1.25, reduced from $1.25 $2.00.
3 lots of Ladies' Fine Kid Oxford Ties at $1.25, $1.75, $2.50, worth $2.00, $2.50, $3.50.	1 lot of Ladies' French Kid Button Shoes, in B C E width, at $3.00. There are shoes in this lot valued at $5.00.

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To beat the record, come early, they won't last long.	Boys' Outing Flannel Waists, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c.
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" $3.50 " for $1.75.	Men's Outing Flannel Shirts at 25c., 40c., 50c., 60c.
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