

THE DOCTOR'S DREAM

[By request] Last evening I was talking with a doctor aged and gray. Who told me of a dream he had. I think 'twas Christmas day, While snoring in his office For he saw an angel enter, Dressed in garments white and new.

THE UNRETURNING

The bride's right shoe pinched intolerably, and her head ached, and her muscles pined for relaxation. The country-made gray traveling dress, pulled down too tightly in the back, forbade her comfortable middle-aged semi-stoop, and compelled an unnatural erectness. To sit up straight all day in new clothes, to smile perpetually, to wear one's self out sight-seeing, to eat unwholesome holiday things at strange and irregular hours—this, she sold herself, was enough to make anybody feel cross and wretched. But in her heart she knew that her trouble lay deeper.

With a start he turned, obviously trying to summon his accustomed smile. "I came back an hour ago—may be two hours," he said. He looked at his watch. "Nearer three," he amended. "I ought to have known by the sun. But I wasn't noticing."

"I hope you've been resting—like I've been," she said. "Sight-seeing is mighty nice, but too much of it at a time don't suit settled people like us."

"No, it don't," he agreed. "I didn't think I'd do any more of it today, except what you could do riding up and down on the street cars. After all, New York is a bigger sight than anything in it."

"I don't see that you can't say everything you want to say," she rejoined. "And what a person don't want to say isn't worth saying. Don't think I wasn't satisfied," she went on. "Didn't I say Yes, when if anybody had told me, when Jim died—"

what I do now about what she was to you—"

"I was just that way with my wife," he said. "I was just that way with my wife, she wanted to be waiting on me, and she couldn't go on for a while."

Many people have no doubt noticed, when traveling by sea, that the motion of the ship could be seen very distinctly, even when there were no hanging lamps, draperies, or fixed points, such as the horizon or clouds, within range of sight.

Some may think that seeing the motion in this way is due to the magnifying effect of the internal organs, and especially the stomach, for I am here supposing the body to be held perfectly rigid.

Slavery and Tobacco in Old Virginia.

A distinguished writer has averred that "a true history of tobacco would be the history of English and American liberty."

It is a fact, however, that an Englishman who was once governor of Virginia was a party to the sale of these "negars."

John Camm, of William and Mary, was one of the contending clergymen—and thereby hangs a tale which I must digress somewhat to relate. Among those who had listened to his preaching was Miss Betsy Hansford. A young friend who had wooed her without success persuaded Camm to aid him with his eloquence.

—Dr. Wiley, the chief chemist of the Department of Agriculture, is endeavoring to learn the wholesomeness of so-called "soft drinks."

Forestry Applied to the Farm.

Through a revival of interest in forestry among farmers, by inducing them to devote a part of their land to tree planting, the State Board of Forestry of Indiana in state reports to find a solution of the rapidly-disappearing-timber problem.

The idea is frequently advanced that when all timber is gone there will be substitutes that will answer the different purposes. Also many say there will be plenty of timber as long as they live and after that they do not care. It will be found impossible to substitute in the majority of cases.

While reading of the descendants of General William McAlvey of Revolutionary fame in the Herald Dr. W. H. Fennell, of Tyrone, thought that the following scraps of history as he learned it from the McAlveys in an early day might be interesting at this time.

—The postmaster on Pike's Peak has the highest office in the United States.

In New Japan.

Father-love is pretty much the same East or West, and fortunately for the race we find beautiful outcroppings of parental self-sacrifice in all lands.

"I see by the county paper," said the visitor, "that Jonas Jones, the prosperous druggist of your town, is sojourning."

—A married couple who had eighteen children called the last one "Anonymous."

—A carriage cleaner has to sponge for a living.