

THE MERCHANT'S DREAM.

Last evening I was talking With a merchant aged and gray, When he told me of a dream he had I think 'twas Christmas Day.

ON THE LITTLE MILL TRACE.

It was cold in the mountains. The ivory laden summits towered white against the brilliant blue of the west, steep after steep. Far above the sun poured down a flood of light, but it was light without warmth.

And now she was dying. The Ridge could not believe it. She had been a torch for so many, lighting the way to better things. She stood for hope in the eyes of so many who had planned to attend her little schoolhouse "next year."

like she hadn't had time to notice how ignorant and shiftless we all were as long as she had her boy. But when he was gone, she looked around and saw. Maybe it's a hard thing to say—but maybe the Lord sent Harold to do a thing like that for the sake of a parcel of onery mountain folks like we uns.

wrote him the other day—without much hope I'll admit. But he's coming and bringing Curtis. You know Curtis, of course?

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN DAILY THOUGHT. "To receive honestly is the best thanks for a good thing."—George MacDonald.

FARM NOTES. "Never give drugs to a horse, any more than you would to a baby, unless he is downright sick. Shutting off his feed will cure many minor ills."