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.

While spoozing in his office This vision came to view. For he saw an angel enter, Dressed in garments white and new,

Said the angel, "I'm from heaven: The Lord just sent me down To bring you up to glory And put on your golden crown.

You've been a friend to every one, And worked hard, night and day; You've supported many thousands And from few received your pay.

So we want you up in glory, For you have labored hard, And the good Lord is preparing Your eternal, just reward, Then the angel and the merchant

The angel murmured "Wait-I've a place I wish to show you; It's the hottest place in Hell, Where the ones who never paid you In torment forever dwell.'

Started up towards glory's gate, But when passing close to had

And behold the merchant saw there His old patrons by the score, And grabbing up a chair and fan, He wished for nothing more.

He desired to sit and watch them As they'd sizzle, singe and burn: And his eyes would rest on debtor Whichever way they'd turn.

Said the angel, "Come on merchant There are pearly gates to see.' But the merchant only muttered This is Heaven enough for me.

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. Save for a few curls of smoke, that rose weren't our was mighty against the snow to vanish again, no sign of life showed on the crackling treeclad heights. The song birds had long ago gone, and the four-footed mountain prowlers were tucked snugly away in dens and hollow trees, sheltering themselves from the icy wind. Even the mountaineers, inured to cold and made rugged by their hard lives, clung closely to their mud chinked cabins, hovering

above roaring, oak log fires. Warmly wrapped as I was, I heaved an anticipating sigh when, at the top of a ridge, my guide pointed a glove swathed finger at a prosperous looking log cabin, behind which showed a meat house and lines of bee gum hives. Some distance beyond rose a curl of smoke that betok-

the depths of winter. As we drew nearer I could see that the path from Zeke's to the cabin beyond was well trampled.

I could see that the path from Zeke's to the cabin beyond was well trampled. visit to this far-away mountain region in the cabin beyond was well trampled. Along it a half grown boy, wrapped like a bear against the cold, was just com-ing into view through the ice laden trees. Close to Zeke's my guide stopped him.

"How is she?" he asked.

The boy did not ask whom he meant.
"She's dyin'," he mumbled. "Dr. Saunders says she'll live a week maybe? but she's dyin'." He choked up and hurried

My guide looked after him. "That's Bill Floyd," he grunted. "He's been walking five miles every day from Three Ridges to ask about her." I noticed that the guide, too, assumed that there could be but one "her."

He was right. The nearer I had come to the mountains the more it had been borne in upon me that there was one woman and only one so far as the people of the region were concerned, and that one was the woman whose illness had drawn me all the way from Mew York in

drawn me all the way from Mew York in search of a "heart interest" story for the daily newspaper for which I wrote. One woman—and she was dying.

Every one in the mountains seemed to know of it. Rockfish had heard it; Devil's Knob had heard it; Nellyford had heard it; Massanutten had sent a delegate thirty miles to inquire as to its truth; Three Ridges had held a meeting and had subscribed various mites for her benefit. Throughout the length and breadth of four counties the first question asked when men and women met was as to the health of the little schoolmistress of Little Mill Trace. Four counties! Few are carried in the hearts of the men and women of four counties. So general was the interest that even the correspondent of The Gazette in the Piedmont county to

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open for thirty years were to be closed

away and that the doors which had stood open for thirty years were to be closed forever.

So much I gathered here and there as I climbed the icy trails that led to the Little Mill Trace region. But of the woman herself, of her derivation, her history, her reasons for undertaking the great, unending task she had so splendidly begun, I could learn nothing. "Ask Zeke Tolliver," people told me. "He knows." So I had come to ask Zeke Tolliver. Zeke was at home. He rose and came forward to meet me as I entered—a huge old man, bearded and unkempt, and uncouth in speech, though not from lack of education. More than once as he talked he surprised me by his unexpected knowledge of the world. "She came up hyer thirty-five years ago—thirty-five years "most to a day," he said. "I know, fur I was forty years old in the climber of two ago that 'lowed that He did, an' maybe he's right—he seemed real intimate with the Lord! But it don't seem fair to me for the Lord to do a thing like that for the sake of a passel of onery mountain folks like we'uns.

"Anyhow she started the school in her own cabin. No, it warn't no free school. Nobody would have come if it had been. We ain't acceptin' charity from nobody course, for money's mighty scarce in these parts. The boys paid mostly by doing work in her dad, sact, acting the fingers. Yes, I knew Curtis. More than once in my newspaper-experience I had interviewed him. "This dispatch has been delayed in transmission." The doctor was still speaking. "They ought to be here soon. Will you meet them, Zeke?"

They came an hour later, the million-in the first the Lord ton't seem fair to me for the Lord ton't seem fair to me for the Lord ton't seem fair ton't seem fa

"She came up hyer thirty-five years ago—thirty-five years of a day," he said. "I know, fur I was forty years old the day I first see her and I'm seventy-five now. She's lived hyer ever since.
"I reckon you think we'er mighty poor and shif'less and onery up hyer. An, I reckon you're right! I reckon you're right! But we ain't nearerbout to poor and shif'less an' onery as we was when the little school-mistress come. In them days we lived mighty nigh hand to mouth. We hadn't nothing—no fields, no roads, no doctor, no preacher, no learning—nothing but old burnt-out muskets and a little powder and ball an' tobacco.

"I know, fur I was forty years old the others went over and built her a schoolhouse and cut over and built her a sch little powder and ball an' tobacco.

"Then the little schoolmistress come. She warn't the little shoolmistress then. She was jest a girl with white cheeks and with fear in her eyes. She come out of the night and fainted at the door of Dad's cabin. Mam looked at her and took her in an' turned us all out. An' before mornin' there was two of them. She never explained nothing; never said whar she come from; never told nary word about the baby's pa, though she had a ring on her finger all right; never said nothing except that we could call her Mary. Nobody asked her no questions, and she didn't offer no answers. She had a little money, and when she was well enough she bought two or three acres of land from Dad and hired some of us to build her a cabin and set her out a garden patch. And when it was done

she went to house keepin' as quiet as "Folks didn't like her at first. She weren't our kind, and we knowed it. She was mighty pretty to look at, and the boys used to gawk at her a heap; but boys used to gawk at her a heap; but most of 'em didn't do any more. There was the baby you see, an' the ring on her finger, and the fact that she didn't wear black. Buck Fanshaw tried to make up to her, but he stopped mighty quick. He never told what she said to him, and Buck wasn't a sort of man you'd care to question; but he was always mighty nice

to her afterwards. The women-folks was kinder shy of her, the Lord knows why. They just let her alone, and she wouldn't let the boys fool around her place. She'd have been pretty lonely sometimes if it hadn't been for that baby of her'n. "He was the beatenist boy I ever see.

beyond rose a curl of smoke that betokened another cabin.

"That's Zeke Tolliver's," he explained.
"Yonder's the little schoolmistress' cabin."

Interestedly I studied the cabin, wondering whether Zeke or anybody else would tell me enough to repay me for my visit to this far-away mountain region in called him Harold; but of course nobody'd stand for a fool name like that—was always doctoring them up instead. Before he was three years old he had a regular nursery of hurt things that he was a-curing. The boys used to bring him everything they come across that was ailin'. He was mighty popular. It was goin' to see him that made people get to know his mother.

Zeke nodded. "Some of 'em would I recken if they knowed," he agreed. "But who's to find 'em? We don't set much store by letter writing up here, an' there's mighty few of 'em been kept up with. Dr. Saunders has written to some of 'em would I recken if they knowed," he agreed. "But who's to find 'em? We don't set much store by letter writing up here, an' there's mighty few of 'em been kept up with. Dr. Saunders has written to some of 'em would I recken if they knowed," he agreed. "But who's to find 'em? We don't set much store by letter writing up here, an' there's mighty few of 'em been kept up with. Dr. Saunders has written to some of 'em would I recken if they knowed," he agreed. "But who's to find 'em? We don't set much store by letter writing up here, an' there's mighty few of 'em been kept up with. Dr. Saunders has written to some of 'em. We don't set much store by letter writing up here, an' there's mighty few of 'em been kept up with. Dr. Saunders has written to some of 'em would I recken if they knowed," he agreed. "But who's to find 'em? We don't set much store by letter writing up here, an' there's mighty few of 'em been kept up with. Dr. Saunders has written to some of 'em. We don't set much store by letter writing up here, an' there's mighty few of 'em been kept up with. Dr. Saunders has written to some of 'em. But who's to find 'em? We don't set much store by letter writing up here, an' there's mighty few of 'em been kept up with. Dr. Saunders has written to some of 'em. But who's to find 'em? We don't set much store by letter writing up here, an' there's mighty few of 'em been kept up with. Dr. Saunders has written to some of 'em. But who's

The little school-teacher left him in the house one day while she went to the spring for a bucket of water. When she come back he was gone. He must have wandered away and got lost in the bush, though I ain't never been able to figure out how he could have got lost anywhere about Bald Knob. But lost he was! An' dark was comin' on, an' the mountains dark was comin' on, an' the mountains of the big men might save her. There's an operation that Curtis performs that might do it. I've written, but—"

though I ain't never been able to figure out how he could have got lost anywhere about Bald Knob. But lost he was! An' of ark was comin' on, an' the mountains was full of guillies and deaf falls an' catmounts. And him only five years old.

"The little schoolmistress—she warn't the schoolmistress come running to our house schoolmistress come running to our house apanting like a wounded deer. An' of course we all turned out an' hunted. There was fifteen of us here in them days, an' when we didn't find him quick we sent for the Fields an' the Jeffersons and the Floyds. Before dark 'most a hundred men was combing Bald Knob and shouting for Harry. We hunted all night and all the next day and night till we was plumb worn out. Many a time we'd have given up if we hadn't been ashamed to stop as long as the little schoolmistress kept on. I can hear her now, saying again and again that he'd we'd have given up if we hadn't been ashamed to stop as long as the little schoolmistress kept on. I can hear her now, saying again and again that he'd we'd have given up if we hadn't been ashamed to stop as long as the little schoolmistress kept on. I can hear her now, saying again and again that he'd turn to water, an' so low and husky he couldn't have heard it if he'd been twenty feet away.

"We never did find him! Never! Not ty feet away.

"We never did find him! Never! Not ty feet away, and away clear out of the mountain woman. The doctor was right. It needed only a single glance at that leo-touldn't have heard it if he'd been twenty feet away, and away clear out of the mountain woman. The doctor was right. It needed only a single glance at that leo-touldn't have heard it if he'd been twenty feet away, and away clear out of the mountain woman. The doctor was right. It needed only a single glance at that leo-touldn't have heard it if he'd been twenty feet away, and away clear out of the mountain woman. The doctor was right. It needed only a single glance at that leo-touldn't have heard the heart of the feet away.

"We have feet aw

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." It seemed impossible that she was going away and that the doors which had stood open for thirty years were to be closed forevers.

The old man's shaking finger, knotted and lean, pointed through the window. Following its direction with my eyes I saw, against the snow, the same faint wisp of gray that the guide had pointed out to me an hour before. "For thirty winters I've seen the smoke

curling up from that chimney," Zeke fiwe'll miss it. His acceptance—the acceptance of all

Dr. Rufe Saunders it seemed was one of the little schoolmistress' pupils. He hours that we waited in that little com-had gone out into the world, had learned munity will live forever in the memory of his trade and had come back to practice a man hardened by his profession as I am. it among his kindred and neighbors. Many times I have waited for a story in it among his kindred and neighbors. Many times I have waited for a story in Either because he was a born doctor or because his heart was in his work, he had bies of famous hotels, in the drawingaccomplished things that seemed wonder- rooms of millionaire homes, in floating ful to the mountaineers. None of them questioned his dictum. I, however, being

not send for one of them?"

Zeke threw up his hands. "Because

wear, and we've got houses to shelter us. self. But we ain't got any money. An' furring doctors want money. Dr. Saunders says none of the big men would come up here

get to know his mother.

"Then come the time that he was lost.

The little school-teacher left him in the li

face and long, beautiful, strong, capable fingers. Yes, I knew Curtis. More than

face at the thought of a "beat" on the away with the cream.

other boys—for the life story of a million— When the skin is wiped dry, take a

newer forms until through much feeling I seemed to have lost the power to feel? Perhaps it was the sight of the millionaire's suffering that set my frequence staled heart-strings to throbbing. We nally went on. "It don't seem possible it's going to stop now. It's been a beacon set on a hill to all the region hereabout. Nobody but us can tell how much learned differently that day. Then and there I made up my mind never again to question that all men are really brothers. His acceptance—the acceptance of an the people whom I had met—of the sentence of death as irrevokable made me wonder. I asked as to the malady of the schoolmistress and suggested that she might get well again.

Dr. Curtis came at last to tell us that the operation was over and that it had been successful. I understood what that meant, knowing the shibboleth of the profession. But Zeke had to be told that the profession. But Zeke had to be told that the profession are the profession.

might get well again.

Zeke shook his head. "I don't know just what she's got," he said. "But Dr. Rufe Saunders says she can't get well,

Rufe Saunders says she can't get well,

Two days do not seem very long as Two days do not seem very long as you set them down, but those forty-eight hours that we waited in that little compalaces; but none of them left an impression to be compared to this little log cab-

a stranger ventured to demur.

"Doubtless," said I, "Dr. Saunders is both wise and skilful; but in the city there are others still more skilful. Why capped hills, to hear the fate of the little Zeke threw up his hands. "Because we ain't got the money," he declared roughly. "We're poor up here, Mister, dead poor. We've got enough to eat and see in a city where each man is for him-

> Somehow we got through those two days. We were all present, all of us, on the third day, ranged against the side of the room in a row like schoolboys, charged not to speak or move. The doctor sat by the bed. The nurse stood ready.
>
> The little schoolmistress was talking again. Her words were rough the same as those I had heard on the day I came;

but her tones were different-cool, unfevered.

"He is dead, Mother. Through all those long years he did the best he could for me, but he never would answer my questions about you. Only at the very last, when suffering had softened his heart, did love for you bring repentance. Then he tried to tell me where to find you, but he had waited too long. He could not finish. But I have found the way back

anyway, darling Mother."

Feebly the little schoolmistress raised her arms and twisted them around the great, strong neck that bent so will-

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN DAILY THOUGHT.

"To receive honestly is the best thanks for

If you are out in office, street or shop every day, or only some days, do not neg-lect to clean away all traces of dust and grime before retiring. Leaving such deposits to clog up the pores of the skin during the hours of slumber spells ruin to any complexion, regardless of how clear and dazzling it may have been in

the first flush of early youth.

The first aid in the fight against a rough and muddy skin is a pure cleans ing cream. Tie a towel or linen cloth tightly around the head, being careful to confine the edges of the hair and so prevent the cream from giving a damp, stringy appearance just where the coiffure should be soft and fluffy.

Make sure that the hands are clean,

then dip the ends of the fingers into the cleansing cream, applying it generously to the face, brow, chin and neck. Rub it lightly over the skin, taking care that very crevice is covered.

Have a soft, dry cloth ready, and im-

mediately after the application wipe the cream away with a firm stroke. You will be amazed at the grime which comes

sponge and go over the skin with a good astringent guaranteed to contain an in-gredient which will counteract the cream,

the skin to draw, or if tiny wrinkles are making their appearance, a massage or nourishing cream must follow to lotion. This cream should be free from oils except they be of a nature not to increase the growth of superfluous hair. Apply have been sadly neglected. the growth of superfluous hair. Apply this cream sparingly, and massage it well into the face, remembering to iron out wrinkles with a gentle rotary movement and to stroke the cheeks with an upward movement, never downward.

If you are to remain at home all even-

ing, or intend to retire after the treatment, do not use powder. Leave the pores free to breathe during the night.

Do not starch any linen. If you wish to have it look its best, iron it damp, says Harpers Bazar. Starch ruins linen. Hang all sheets, table cloths, and towels on the drying line with the ends down so that the weight, when wet, will come on the lengthwise threads, which are the stronger. Otherwise the linen will show an inclination to split along the folds. Linen yellowed by long lying may be whitened by adding kerosene to the water when boiling. About a tablespoonful to a gallon of water is the correct proportion. After table cloths are folded proportion. After table cloths are folded engthwise they may be kept smooth by rolling on pasteboard mailing tubes. A ribbon may be run through the tube and tied first across the cloth, and then around the tube in two places, to keep the ends in place. This is a good way to keep linen centerpieces smooth. however, the rolling is done when the linen is still damp, the center-pieces will continue to roll as they lie on the table.

A college girl who wore cotton crepe waists to save her laundry bills had difficulty in rendering them wearable at first, as they were too limp if not starched at all and, if starched, wringing them made the starch uneven says the Modern Priscilla She experimented until she found that by washing them in thin starch and hanging them up to drain on a coathanger, without wringing, they were exactly

around in the room on cold or rainy nights. Dampness will ruin any patent leather and one should always guard against it.

"Always avoid wearing these leathers for the first time on cold days, as cracking is inevitable."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Everyone knows that punctuality at meal times is a help to good housekeeping. This was difficult to accomplish with six children, especially at breakfast. The following plan helped greatly, according to a a writer in Good Housekeeping: If a child was late to breakfast, he had to go to bed that night as many minutes earlier as he was late in the morning. I claimed that his being late showed that he needed more sleep. If punctual he had extra time to stay up Feebly the little schoolmistress raised her arms and twisted them around the great, strong neck that bent so willingly to the embrace.

"My Harold!" she murmured. "My little son."

The editor objected to my heart interest story. He said it hurt my style to let my sympathies become engaged. But I didn't care, for I knew that the little schoolmistress was happy and that no mixed metaphors or boggled connotations of mine could rob her of her joy.—By Crittenden Marriott, in the Pictorial Review.

Everyone knows that punctuality at meal times is a help to good housekeeping. This was difficult to accomplish with six children, especially at breakfast. The following plan helped greatly, according to a a writer in Good Housekeeping: If a child was late to breakfast, he had to go to bed that night as many minutes earlier as he was late in the morning. I claimed that his being late showed that he needed more sleep. If punctual he had extra time to stay up on' Saturday night. I think this plan helped me to keep the same kitchen help eleven years.

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.

-The old proverb in agriculture that lime makes the father rich, but the sons poor. That might be paraphrased to say the lack of lime makes the father poor and his sons poorer. The intelligent use of lime does not make anyone poor; it is the abuse of lime that might make the sons poor.

-Frogs' legs, at which people turned up their noses in disgust only a few years ago, have now become so popular an article of diet that no fewer than 6,000,000 frogs a year are killed in Minnesota alone to supply the demand. The northwestern frogs are the most delicate, but the higgest are the southern hullfores. the biggest are the southern bullfrogs. The latter are not so sweet or tende the former.

—Hens' eggs average from 15 to 24 ounces in weight. A dozen of good-sized eggs should weigh about 22 ounces. Altother the size and weight of eggs is to a large extent a matter of breed or strain, the care and feed, too, has a bearing on it. Well-fed hens lay heavier eggs than hens forced to subsist on a small ration. Again, closely-confined hens, having only nominal exercise, lay larger eggs than

—The Dairy Shorthorns are very popular in England. At recent sales it is said that Shorthorns with records for heavy milk production have brought as high at Zeke and I and the millionaire, wanting in the outer room, took it very hard. I wondered at myself. Why on earth should I be so interested—I, who for years had studied the human heart, shapting its little histories into newer and included in the second of the second o

-Good, butter nearly always com-mands a fair price. The market is always crowded with poor butter, but but-ter with flavor, color and texture gen-erally finds a buyer at a fair price. This shows the importance of making butter that there is a demand for. Good butter cost little, if any, more than the poor stuff on the market; the principal difference is that those who sell good but-

-The hog is a valuable aid to fertilizing land and pays a good return on the crops he consumes. He will devour large quantities of inferior fruit or waste grain and vegetables, which are not otherwise marketable. He will thus yield a profit on what might otherwise be wasted. The yearly increase in young pigs keeps the supply rapidly increasing from a small beginning. He is a lucrative investment. The secret of success in farming, as in other industries, lies in finding a use for everything. There is no reason why such products as are waste of the orchard should be thrown away. There is a use for everything on the farm if the farmer will but seek until he find it, and the hog is a great help in putting all sorts of feed to a profitable use.

Care of Manure.— The handling of manure in winter is a great saving of time, especially in a northern latitude, where every day counts after the spring work is begun. We spread the manure every day, when it is practicable, and find that it is the only satisfactory way of saving both liquids and solids and getting them on the land at a minimum cost. Some argue against this practice because it precludes the use of a manure spreader every day, but I believe it is rather than in the barnyard, even though the spreader be out of commission when but her tones were different—cool, unfevered.

"Don't go away from the cabin, Harold," she repeated again and again. Don't go away from the cabin, little son. Mother'll be back from the spring soon!"

Startled, I heard the doctor speak. He was bending over her. The sweat was gray on his temples; his eyes were wide; his jaw was set like steel. But his voice was as any woman's.

"Stay close, little son. If a bad man comes to take you away, call for Mother and she'll come. You're mine, Harold; you're mine. He has no right to you. Call to Mother if he comes."

Lower bent the doctor. "I did call, Mother," he said dreamily. "I called, once, twice; then he carried me away. I couldn't help it, Mother dear. He carried me away, and I couldn't find the way back—till today—not till today."

The little schoolmistress' eyes opened. "Where is he now, little son?" she asked composedly.

"He is dead, Mother. Through all those long years he did the best he could for me, but he never would answer my questions about you. Only at the very last, when suffering had softened his heart." bar with a suffering had softened his heart. Suppressible tagent and one should always guard the spreader be out of commission when the sono in the snow is acet. There is no question but what the manure spreade by mixing together two-thirds cup of molasses, one-third cup of water, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter and one should by hand is better than when placed in heaps in the barving of tem when good help is as scarce as at the present time amounts to many doltant the barving of tem when good help is as scarce as at the present time amounts to many doltant the barving of team work is another important item, for few of us care to keep many idle had little leaf lard or vaseline, put on a soft to always of team work is another important item, for few of us care to keep many idle horses on our farms.—W. Milton Kelly, Erie Co., N. Y.

—The "advance agent" is a two prover on our farms.—W. Milton Kelly, and the barving of the sone would not be remai the snow is deep. There is no question