

DOCTOR DAVID.

You wanted to know, Tom, why I go to the trouble each year at Christmas time to make up a wreath of laurel and holly and express it to that little town way over in Canada. Well, I've done it for years, Tom, and I expect to repeat the act with each recurring December so long as I live. I'm not sure but that I shall leave a provision in my will for its continuance after I am gatherd to my fathers. Light your pipe afresh, my boy. and I'll tell you the little story, for I am in a reminiscent mood to-night.

Poor, dear old Doctor David! Hos often in boyhood have I sat by the cheer ful kitchen fire and listened with wrapt attention and unfeigned admiration to his quavering voice as he rocked and sang to sleep my peerish baby sister, when even mother was unable to soothe her.

The doctor was not called so because he was one, but because he believed he was. Some unappreciative grown peo ple and even a few of the ruder boys spoke of him as old Dave, but to us who better knew him he was always Doctor David. He was an old mandren he seemed a very Methuselah. There was a tradition that at one time be had had a wife and children, but to any but the very oldest inhabitant of the village little credence was placed in the story. For more than a score of years he had been spoken of as old Dave or Doc-

tor David, according to the speaker. His home was a little but on the bank of the river near the grist mill. Only a favored few of us were ever honored with a glimpse of the interior. I was his especial favorite-perhaps because my mother was always kind to him-and l have sat for hours at a time in the dark little cabin, my hands clasped across my knees, and, watched him as he sat patiently making ax helves or splint brooms from sticks of ash. At such times I stealthily studied the mysteries of the black roof and sides of the cabin, not daring to ask him concerning the rifle, the shotgun, the ax, the assortment of knives, the skins, the roots and seeds and banches of dried leaves which were hung in ghostly array in the gloom. Not even was allowed within the mysterious room when he was concecting his medi-



A mighty arm flings open wide
The massive door, and then
They see a fur-clad chief, who cries,
"Your guns, ye Christian men?"

hundred painted savages!

A hundred hearts of heil!

And one who knows not pity's voice
Their cruel steps doth lead;
Of old and young, he'll still each tongue
That speaks the white man's creed.
The gods of wood to which he bows
Have bid him do this deed!

some bold trader has he heard story of the Child; ristmas gifts, of Christmas joys, so and forgiveness mild; bradie, Grown of Thorns, and Cro asvage hant reviled.

DOCTOR DAVID.

ines. His "roots and yarbs" and his methods of converting them into salves and bitters were too sacred for even me

and bitters were too sacred for even me to know anything about.

He never worked. That is, unless the occasional making of an ax handle, a barn broom or some medicine could be alled work. And yet he rarely went hungry. More than our home was always open to him, and at more than our table did the old man always find a welcome. Shiftless and lazy all the villagers pronounced him. Everybody knew he was incapable of doing any great wrong, and no one dreamed that lurking in his peaceful soul there was a drop of the herole; but let me not anticipate my story. There had been a long spell of cold

our mothers' wachful eyes and stole off in drives every spring. Running along it flies back again in place. The least to the river. Soon we were enjoying the this boom was Doctor David, with a riverse are India rubber, sir, and interviously of amounts. intoxication of smooth ice, new skates and crisp air, and not a thought of dan-ger was permitted to interfere with our sport.

One of my skates became loose and I sat down to tighten the straps, not ob-serving that I was but a few feet from the edge of the ice bordering on the open water. Suddenly there was a cracking sound, a chorus of cries, and before I could get to my feet I saw that a great section of ice had cracked off, broken into two pieces, and was floating down stream, the smaller piece bearing me with it. Instantly I realized my peril. My very blood seemed to freeze in my heart, and for a moment I could not even acream. I was drifting slowly, but I carried gently along in the center of the the current and that my velocity would increase with every moment. To my ears the roar of the fall and the awful rapida below sounded louder and more dreadful than they ever had before. I knew the course of the current perfectly, for I had stood on the bridge many times and watched the sawlogs in the spring carried gently along in the center of the river, going ever faster and faster until as they neared the dam the current coursed shoreward toward the left bank and then plunged downward, flinging the logs half their lengths in the air as they

erman's sixteen-foot pike in his hands. Between me and the boom was the other piece of ice, the companion to the one on which I was floating to destruction Striking his pike-book into the floe, the old man drew it toward him till he could



PLOATING DOWN STREAM.

leap upon it. Then, turning, he planted his pike against the boom and sent his piece of ice out into the stream with a powerful shove. Using the pike as a paddle, he soon came within reach of my flos. We were within a few rods of the dam now, where the water swirled toward the bank before going over the awful fall

two, did you say? Fifty cents. The

nutriti

For New Year's Day. Eternal source of every joy, Well may thy praise our lips employ.

White in thy temple we appear.
Whose goodness crowns the circling The flowery spring at thy command Embalms the air, and paints the land; The summer rays with vigor shine. To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

Thy hand in autumn richly pours Through all our coasts redundant at And winters, soften'd by thy care, No more a face of horror wear.

Seasons, and months, and works and d Demand successive songs of praise; Still be the cheerful homage paid With opening light, and evening shade!

Oh! may our more harmonious tongues In worlds unknown pursue the songs, And in those brighter courts adore, Where days and years revolve no me

Some Timely Resolutions. Everybody is supposed to swear off the end of the year, that is more or le-Everybody is also supposed to swear again in due course of time. In of



went over the watery precipice. I pictured myself going over the fatal fall, and then my tongue loosed and I added my cries to those of my terrified playmates, who until now had not had the presence of mind to

run for heip.
In an incredibly short space of time the banks were lined with excited villagers, helpless to render any aid, but each shout-ing uncless directions to the others. I could see my mother running frantically along the the bank and then, sinking upon her knees in the snow, turn her white face to beaven. The terror of my situaon her knees in the snow, turn her white face to heaven. The terror of my situation had quieted my cries and I was trying to decide whether it would be less painful to plunge into the ley water and drown than to cling to the frail piece of ice and be dashed to pieces below the dam. I had seen one woman go over that dam the summer before, and the memory of her poor bruised and battered body as it was drawn to the shore half a mile telow haunted me for a month. The awful picture came before me again, and I had closed my eyes and was about to jump into the water, when I heard a shout so different from the medic; afteries along the shore that I looked to py right, toward the bank across from that on which was my mother.

From the right bank of the in the rear of Doctor Davids



Another moment and we would be pounding on the rocks below. old man never hesitated. Striking his pike into my floe, he pushed with all his might, sending the pole out hand over hand its full length, and then putting all his strength into one mighty shove he dropped the pike, and the cake on which I was went shoreward until I was able to catch a noosed clothes-line which willing hands cast toward me. I was saved, but even as I was dragged into the water by the rope I cast my eyes toward my preserver just in time to see him stand-ing on his ice fice on the very verge of the fall, his cap held in one hand and the other raised above his wrinkled old face, which he had turned heavenward. As he plunged downward I fainted and thew no more till I awoke in my own bed

with mother bending over me. Doctor David's poor crushed body was recovered next day and buried with all mors at the hands of the vilingers.

Until her death my mother never failed on each recurring Christmas to hang a wreath of laurel and holly over the unpretentious stone beneath which my here seets, and I have continued to so honor alm since, though many times I have had to send my offering from a distance of thousands of miles.—A. M. Dickinson.

A Great Invention.

"I have hern," began the energetic man, ah he bundled into the young lawyer sorice, "the greatest invention of the age."

I was cases that the lawyer wanted, not invention, and he said something

words, the good resolutions made at death of the old are supposed to broken shortly after the birth of the net In order to make the way easy for tho who propose to go into the business resolving the following have been pr pared by an editor in the East:

Resolve: That you will lead an upright and noble life. As you will promp ly break this resolution it will case an qualins of conscience you may have breaking any others. Resolve: That you will speak nothin

but good of your friends. In this way yo will be able to learn very shortly hor very few friends you have.

Resolve: That you will never drin again. Then for a couple of weeks rd can tell your friends that you has broke your good resolution merely drink with them, and they will feel very hard. very happy, Resolve: Not to marry. If married a

ready, point to this resolution at the end of the year with pride. If a fema (which is to be hoped you are not), te all the men about it.

Resolve: That you will be prudent an economical during the entire year. I you are not all will be well, for you will probably have to be economical nex year to make up for it.

Resolve: Not to tell your girl of your New Year's resolutions. She is probably a trusting young thing, and it will rene her heart to learn that, after all, you are not actually as divine as she had sup-

The Greedy Boy's Dream

