

Mrs. Ormsby comes in every day and talks and reads to me. She has such a low, sweet voice. I often fall asleep while she is reading and dream, and when I wake she is gone. At first I felt ashamed, but she does not mind it at all. She says she likes to put me to sleep. I suppose because I sleep so much during the day is why I can't sleep at night. If I could only keep from thinking as I lie awake. It is horrible to be in the dark, and think, and think, till it seems as if—oh dear, I'm off again. It's so hard to get out of bad habits. It is nothing but a habit, and I'll get rid of it soon,—as I get stronger. Good by, dearest. I think I had better stop; writing does make one so tired. I will make my next letter longer. Good by.

Your loving
Alice."

Dearest Husband:—I intended writing you yesterday, but fell asleep just as I was about to do so, and when I awoke I didn't seem to have any energy left. Sleeping makes people so lazy. I sat almost all day in my chair before the window, watching the checkered shadows of the leaves of a big maple dance on the roof of the porch. Shadows always make me think, and there are so many shadows. And when I think now, I see things,—such strange things. Last night I saw mother—I'm sure it was she. She was kneeling by a bed, crying. I did not see who was on the bed, but some one was there, and I'm sure I felt tears on my face. I cry so easily now. I can't help thinking of it. It's so strange. Mother has been dead ten years, you know.

Mrs. Ormsby was up yesterday afternoon again, and read me to sleep; but when I awoke she had not gone, this time, and I caught such a strange look on her face as she sat watching me. She left soon, but kissed me before going. She had never done that before. I sup-

pose she thought I wanted a little petting. I know I like it.

Dearest, aren't you coming home soon? I want you so much. Sometimes when I am thinking, thinking all the long, still night, I'm afraid I shall never see you. There, I shouldn't have said that. I am not feeling quite as well to-day and it creeps into my letter. Next time I'll write a bright cheery one. I must stop now. My back aches a little, and I'd better lie down. Good by.

I'll see you soon, won't I? Good by.
Your Alice."

"My Darling:—O why don't you come, why don't you come! I've been waiting—waiting so long. I could not write,—can hardly write now.—Never mind these tears; they will come.—Can you make out the words? I can't see what I'm writing. Things are so shadowy—everything's a shadow—I miss my window and chair so, and the leaves and the bright sunshine. For a month I've been in bed. They say I've been very sick. I don't know;—perhaps. O if you were only here! I want you to kiss me—to hold me close—keep me from the darkness—the shadows creeping around me. My darling, my darling, I'm afraid—afraid—you'll come—too late. Good by—good by. I cannot write—my fingers are so cold—and stiff. Kiss—the letter—as I have done. O my dear—my dear
Alice."

NORMAN SHRIEVE.

A Morning Study.

He was old, decrepit and feeble, walking along heavily on his cane; his coat hanging loosely, his trousers much too short, his stiff grey whiskers, long and unkempt, stained here and there with spots of tobacco juice. His eyes overhung by heavy, bushy eyebrows, glancing uneasily to the left and right of him. Truly I thought, "a Rip Van Winkle come to town."