

I dreamed
Last night, I dreamed
Some trivial word
Had roused my heart
A woe, my heart
Was smarting
I dreamed your eyes—
Looked coldly, sternly
And in the accents of your voice
Was no comforting sign
And yet, the strange I do not know
What 'twas that chafed and vexed me so.

Forgive me, love: I had forgot;
Dreams are as treacherous as our joys.
And, dreaming, I remembered not
That for three years your blessed voice
Has silent been, and daisies white
Have hid your sweet eyes from my sight
—Housekeeper's Weekly.

AH CHING FO'S WILL.

Ah Ching Fo was his name, as any one might have read on the door of his laundry—if any one happened to know Chinese. Of course he was called John. American dubs every Chinaman John, just as the stout old gentleman called every pretty girl "my dear."

You chanced to walk south on Mott street four years ago I have no doubt you saw John's laundry. It was in the basement of a big tenement house. Through the open windows one might have seen John at work, sprinkling the clothes through his teeth—a la mode Chinese—or, perhaps, polishing a refractory shirt front. At all events, there he stood for ten good hours every day, with that smile of bland idiocy that, among strangers, the Chinaman wears like a mask.

Above stairs in the tenement dwelt a sort of conditions of people. There were broken down gamblers, Irish men, Jew peddlers and a few negroes given to flaring cheap hair oil.

He smoked out into a sign, such as Chinaman laughed before or since. Then he looked up his shop and went out. In a few moments he returned with two friends, slanting as to the eyes and yellow as to the skin. The three sat and smoked opium and chatted hieroglyphics together for half the night. The first thing in the morning they set off to a lawyer's and Ah Ching Fo made his will—absolutely made his will—and the two friends witnessed it.

Now, as a matter of fact, you may believe in old superstitions or you may not. But how are you going to get over this fact? The very day that Ah Ching Fo signed his will he was taken desperately ill. He was in terrible pain. He rolled on the floor and groaned.

John grew worse and worse. One of his friends went out for a physician and came back with a pimply young man—assistant in the drug shop in Mulberry street. This wise youth looked at the squirming Chinaman very sagely, hemmed, pocketed a dollar, and went away, promising to send some medicine.

But before the medicine came John Chinaman was past mending. Ah Ching Fo was dead. Dead beyond doubt, you understand, absolutely dead. One of his countrymen went out and bought a coffin, and Ah Ching Fo was laid out forthwith. Prayers were burnt over him; three pots of evil smelling incense darkened the air; in the corner a prayer machine clicked dolorously away.

Ah Ching Fo was dead. The next day the coffin was taken away. Followed by many of Ah Ching Fo's sorrowing, almond eyed friends, it was borne to its last resting place.

Little Lischen looked down over the staircase as the coffin was borne away. She half wondered at the sudden tears that flooded her eyes. The laundry was sold out, and Mott street knew Ah Ching Fo no more forever.

Lischen went back to her dingy little room. She sat by the window brooding. Her father, drew mournful from his violin.

"At-bang!"

John Haackel opened the door; a black man, with a long black beard, came in smiling. "Ah!" said he—are all of us. "Misther Hickie, meself—I congratulate you."

"You mean?" asked the old man.

"I mean," said the black man, "that you are being so quick! I am a black man, Trin. Col., Dublin—dead, dead, and by the way, though he was a good man, he was a good man to your daughter."

"Will!" It was duly noted, giving to the property might and high ed to to

men that I c
months, and by that time
cured, and have never
since. My skin is as clear as any one's."

THE PROGRESS OF THE CENTURY

Learns away from superstition and blind idolatry of isms and is-allopathic included. It leans toward universal, all-determining law; towards facts, not fancies. It leans towards immutable principles and undenied authority, organized ignorance and dyed-in-the-wool prejudice. Blind empiricism in medicine has, with other fossilized bivalves, had its day. Yes, there are plenty of "belated crabs," but being born of darkness and fear—two sisters of intellectual infancy—they cannot much longer withstand the civilizing influence of advancing science. They are slowly but surely "dying in a Egypt, dying," before the "search light" of investigation. The advancing thinker wonders how it was possible for that monstrosity—the medical science of the past now—to have survived to this late hour. It is not only passe to attempt to reform it, it is outright dangerous. It requires a boldness akin to recklessness. Legion is the name who have tried; they have left behind them a trail of warning. An attempt at reforming theology brands you a "heretic," in politics you are charged with every infamy under the sun, and in medicine every duck intellect "quacks" at you and you are accused of having no diploma when your diploma is on file in the courthouse under the very eye of the slanderers. All this is caused by the ignorant ignorance, and since books are sent free of charge to every applicant and we pay the postage, there is no excuse for ignorance when it costs nothing to be informed. People who berate the Histogenetic system of medicine are either intellectual pariahs incapable of counting five in succession or understanding any 2x4 problem, or they are mental slugs and cannot screw themselves up to the point of information by reading up and forming a conclusion. In either case their opinions are as valuable as that of Puget Sound oysters.

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