

AFTER THE WAR.

It was a clear, cold afternoon, such as we are wont to have in New York in mid-winter. In the old English saw keeps its teeth in our New England...

Amid this throng of men and women buying the final forgotten Christmas gifts, and hurrying home for the Christmas rejoicing and rest, walked Alfred Rollinson, so deeply absorbed in his own thoughts that he did not see the people as they passed him.

It was the breaking out of the war which first parted them. He was only 14 years old, but he went to the front with the first company from the cape, and as a drummer-boy he saw four years' hard fighting with the Army of the Potomac.

ilicious self-torture of a young man in love, all the abounding joy of an unexpected proposal frankly accepted. Of course, marriage was not to be thought of till he was able to support a wife.

At first he found it difficult to settle down. Four years of army life, good as its discipline had been in many ways, were not altogether the best training for making money.

She had a deferred hope that her father might be persuaded to move to Boston, and then the marriage might take place. But the man clung to his native town. His little property shrank into nothing, and his health faded until he took to his bed at last.

with a strange persistency. She had the simple and natural good manners of her ancestors, but these did not always accord with the higher, artificial code Rollinson had learnt to obey.

Then, as he thought of the past—of his boyhood, of his mother's death, of the happy courting, of her patience and tenderness—a pang of poignant self-reproach seized him, and he wondered whether he had allowed any of his dissatisfaction to leak into his letter to her.

Again he looked up at the windows of one apartment in the hotel, and in the room next to the one where the shades had been lowered he saw the bright glitter of a splendid Christmas tree.

A DISEASE OF CIVILIZATION.

Types of Paralytic Dementia—Development of Symptoms—Peculiarities. Paralytic dementia differs from ordinary forms of insanity in that it is constantly associated with organic diseases of the brain or spinal cord, or both.

The development of the symptoms is very insidious, and usually covers a period of from one to four years. Cases have been reported, however, where an ordinary lifetime was not sufficient to get the patient beyond the preliminary stage.

While memory, will, moral and emotional balance are still tottering, physical and alcoholic excesses are indulged in to an extent which quickly precipitates more serious phases of the disease. Dementia leads to outbreak, the intervention of the police to violent physical conflict, and the patient lands in an asylum.

IN THE DOLL FACTORY.

There is much that may be seen by a visit to a doll factory, that would have for many people all the force of a revelation. Few probably realize what a number of processes are necessary to produce even the tiniest of dolls ready for the nursery.

Then the eyes, which are like beautiful shells, although they can be bought by the gross, of any color and size, have been fitted in, which is done by plastering them at the back with a little soft wax. The method of fastening the hair so as to give it a natural appearance, is one of the best tests of the care with which a doll has been made.

The Russian popular airs are noticeable—as are those of Norway, Finland, and Hungary—for being mostly in minor keys; other European nations having favored the major mode—the Germans so much so, indeed, that there are only a few minor keys among their folk-songs.

DENTISTRY AND ITS SECRETS.

One afternoon, not long ago, I met a friend, a dentist, who, being in a confidential mood, consented to talk of the profession of which he is a shining ornament. He said: "Dentistry is not what it is cracked up to be, and, although it pays big profits many bills for work done are not collectable."

"What are mechanical dentists paid for their services?" I asked. "Eight dollars per set, which includes upper and lower. The dentist so contracting for the work is obliged to furnish the teeth, which usually cost from \$1 to \$2 per double set. Plain teeth are worth 10 cents and gum teeth 15 cents each."

As for the cities—for they are really the subject of our observations, the people being merely accessories, as in Claude Lorraine's landscape—Bremen was the first as well as one of the most interesting that we have seen. It is a pretty little town, chiefly noted for three things, its present freedom, the former influence of the celebrated Hanseatic league, and the bleikeller. With regard to the second of these peculiarities it is only necessary to say that the leaders of the league used to meet in the rath-haus (town hall), here, particularly affecting the large and well-filled cellars appertaining thereto.

LOVE WAKES MEN.

An idle poet, here and there, looks round him; but, for all the rest, the world transforms itself to him. Is duller than a village feast. Love wakes men, once a fretful snail. They lift their heavy lids and look. And lo! what the sweet page can teach. They read with joy, then shut the book. And soon give thanks, and some blasphemous. And most forget; but, either way. That and the child's unbedded dream is all the light of all their day.

Some of the richer Russians, those who count their acres by the thousand, sometimes indulge in the luxury of a drink of whisky. Their method of tipping is to get five solid brethren together and march into a saloon. Each produces 3 cents, and the bartender sets out one glass. This the leader of the gang pours just as full as the bartender will allow him and then drinks one-fifth of the whole. While he is smacking his lips, the next man takes his fifth; and so on. They never cheat each other in the drink. They are very just and honorable people, and take pride in their integrity. The saloonkeeper up in Astoria, who procured a graduated glass divided into fifths as a special inducement to the Russian trade made a great mistake. The disciples of Menno regarded the graduated glass as an insult, and forever afterwards shunned the bar of the unfortunate saloonkeeper.—Nebraska Cor. Chicago Herald.

The clerk of the Fifth Avenue hotel was leaning meditatively against the desk the other night, with his eyes on the corridor. He has been at his post many years, and is a shrewd observer. There are all countries, as the saying goes, "hermaburgers, holding his head toward the throng, and they are a wonderful illustration of the advance the whole country has made during the past ten or fifteen years in manners and attire. They are from every corner of the big continents. This is the time of year, you know, when the backwoodsman, farmer, herdsman, and village merchant come to New York for their annual blowout. Look at them, and you see a body of men who are dressed as quiet every-day New Yorkers dress, and who do not differ in the least from so many respectable and well-to-do citizens. Their clothes are of the conventional cut and pattern, their boots well and neatly made, their hats of the proper block, and their faces composed. Three years ago you'd have seen a dozen big slouch hats in that crowd; five years ago a quarter of the faces would have been decorated with various and frightful ornaments; and ten years ago there would have been a dozen men among them without neckties; and fifteen years ago you would have seen the end of awkward, uncouth, and shambling back-country gentry who didn't know how to talk or what to do with their hands or feet."