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DAILY EVENING STAR.

COME TO ME IN DREAMS.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

Come in beautiful dreams, love, Oh! come to me oft, When the light wing of sleep On my bosom lies soft;

THE DOOR IN THE HEART.

BY MISS V. F. TOWNSEND.

"She was a stern, hard woman! But far away up a great many pairs of winding stairs in her heart was a door easily passed by, and on that door was written—Woman."—Box.

HE WAS AN OLD MAN.

Not so old either, for the wrinkles that marred his cadaverous visage were not the autograph that Time's fingers had laid there—and the hand that placed upon the low table the well drained glass, did not tremble so with the weakness that old age induces—yet very old and wretched looked the sole occupant of that narrow room, with its red curtains and floor stained with tobacco juice, and an atmosphere abundantly seasoned by the bar room into which it opened.

OLD BILL MOVED UNEASILY IN HIS CHAIR,

and the muscles around his mouth twitched occasionally: but unmindful of this, in the same low melting tones, the lady continued:

"I WAS ALWAYS AT HOME,"

as Willie's father would say, and used to have my bowl of bread and milk, too, and when these had disappeared, Willie would draw his stool to his mother's feet and she would tell some pleasant story—it might be of Joseph or David, or some good child, who afterwards became a great man; and then she would part Willie's brown curls from his forehead, and in a voice I cannot forget, say, 'Promise me, Willie, when you go out from your home in the world and its temptations, and your mother has lain down her gray hairs to sleep in the churchyard yonder—promise my child that the memory of her prayers and counsel shall keep you from evil ways.' And he would proudly answer, 'I promise you I will make a first rate man, mother.' And after he had said his evening prayer, we would go as happy as birds to rest—and then, just as we were sinking to sleep, we would hear a well known footstep on the stairs, and a loving face would bend over us to see if we were

lady a chair, and pointed to the occupant of the other, saying:

"That Billy Strong, ma'am," and with a lingering glance of curiosity, left the gentle woman alone with the astonished and now thoroughly sobered man.

The soft eyes of the lady wandered with a sad pitying expression over Bill's features, and then in a low, sweet voice, she mildly asked:

"Am I rightly informed? Do I address Mr. William Strong?"

Ah, with these words the lady had gone further up the winding stairs, nearer to that hidden door, than all who had gone before her.

"Yes, that is my name, ma'am," said old Bill, as he glanced down at his shabby attire, and actually tried to hide the elbow which was peeping out the farthest, for it was a long time since he had been addressed so pleasantly, and somehow it sounded very strange to him.

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Strong," said the lady. "I have heard my father tell of you so often, and of the days when you and he were boys together, that I almost feel as if we were old acquaintances. You surely cannot have forgotten Charles Morrison?"

"No! no! Charlie and I used to be old cronies," said old Bill, with sudden animation and a light in his eye, such as had not been there for many a day, except when rum lent it a fitful brilliancy.

The lady went on:

"I almost feel as if I could see the old spot upon which your homestead stood Mr. Strong—I have heard him describe it so often. The hill with its grown old oaks, at the back of your house, and the field of golden harvest grain that waved in front. Then there was the green grass plot that waved before the front door, and the huge old apple tree, that threw its shadows across it; and the great old fashioned portico, and the grape vine that crept around the pillars; and the rose bush that looked into the bed room window, and the spring that went shining through the bed of mint at the side of the house."

Old Bill moved uneasily in his chair, and the muscles around his mouth twitched occasionally: but unmindful of this, in the same low melting tones, the lady continued:

"Many were 'the hours'—so my father would say—'Willie and I used to be under the shadow of that old apple tree, playing at hide-and-seek, or lolling on the grass telling each other wonders we would achieve when we became men—and when then the sun set laid its crown of gold on the top of the mighty old oaks on the hill, I can see Willie's mother standing in the front door, with her white cap and pleasant smile that always lay around her lips, and her cheerful voice calling, 'come boys to supper.'"

One after another the big warm tears came rolling down the old man's cheeks. Ah, the lady had found the door then.

"I was always at home," as Willie's father would say, and used to have my bowl of bread and milk, too, and when these had disappeared, Willie would draw his stool to his mother's feet and she would tell some pleasant story—it might be of Joseph or David, or some good child, who afterwards became a great man; and then she would part Willie's brown curls from his forehead, and in a voice I cannot forget, say, 'Promise me, Willie, when you go out from your home in the world and its temptations, and your mother has lain down her gray hairs to sleep in the churchyard yonder—promise my child that the memory of her prayers and counsel shall keep you from evil ways.' And he would proudly answer, 'I promise you I will make a first rate man, mother.' And after he had said his evening prayer, we would go as happy as birds to rest—and then, just as we were sinking to sleep, we would hear a well known footstep on the stairs, and a loving face would bend over us to see if we were