

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

BY WILL M. CARLSON.

Good folks ever will have their way— Good folks ever it must pay.

But we, who are here and everywhere, The burden of their faults must bear.

We must shoulder other's shame— Fight their follies and take the blame;

Purge the body and humor the mind; Doctor the eyes when the soul is blind;

Build the column of health erect, On the quicksands of neglect;

Always shouldering other's shame— Bearing their faults, and taking the blame.

Deacon Rogers, he came to me— "Wife is a goin' to die," said he.

"Doctors great, an' doctors small, Haven't improved her any at all.

"Physic and blister, powder and pill— And nothing sure but the doctors' bills!

"Twenty old women with remedies new, Botter my wife, the whole day through;

"Sweet as honey, or bitter as gall— Poor old woman, she takes 'em all;

"Sour or sweet, whatever they choose, Poor old woman, she dar'n't refuse.

"So she wishes whoever may call, An' death is suited the best of all.

"Physic and blister, powder and pill— Bound to conquer and sure to kill!"

Mrs. Rogers lay in her bed, Bandaged and blistered from head to head.

Blistered and bandaged from head to head, Mrs. Rogers was very low.

Bottle and saucer, and spoon and cup, On the table stood bravely up;

Physic of high and low degree: Calomel, catnip, bonset tea;

Everything a body could bear, Excepting light, and water, and air.

I opened the blinds, the day was bright, And God gave Mrs. Rogers some light.

I opened the window, the day was fair, And God gave Mrs. Rogers some air.

Bottles and blisters, powders and pills, Catnip, bonset, sirups and squills,

Drugs and medicines, high and low, I threw them far as I could throw.

"What are you doing?" my patient cried: "Fighting death," I coolly replied.

"He is crazy!" a visitor said: "I hang a bottle at his head."

Deacon Rogers, he came to me— "Wife is a comin' round," said he.

"I really think she'll worry through; She sould me just as she used to do.

"All the people have pooped an' slurred— All the neighbors have had their word;

"'Twas better to perish, some of 'em say, Than to be cured in such an irregular way."

"Your wife," said I, "had God's good care, And his remedies, light, and water, and air.

"All the doctors, without a doubt, Couldn't have cured Mrs. Rogers without."

The deacon smiled, and bowed his head: "Then your bill is nothing," he said.

"God's be the glory, so you say! God bless you, doctor! good-day! good-day!"

If ever I doctor that woman again, I'll give her medicine made by men.

MY RUSSET APPLES.

Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A late March twilight, with a bitter frost in the air, the new moon just dipping its golden horn behind the maple swamp in the west, and the ground sounding crisply under foot.

We had just come in from foddering the cattle—"we" sounds rather singularly when you reflect that it meant Kitty and me, two girls of seventeen and nineteen; but you see there was no one else to do it. Father had been bedridden ever since that last attack of paralysis, and we could afford to hire no one to take his place about the farm.

"I don't pity them gals," neighbor Dyson said. "They might sell the horse and cow."

Neighbor Dyson had just offered us something less than half price for them, this was no doubt, that we would be thankful to jump at the chance. But Kitty and I, taking the matter into consideration, thanked him and declined politely.

"We couldn't keep house without old Mooley, could we, Addy?" said my sister. "There are so many nice dishes we can make for poor father if we have plenty of good rich cream and milk. And the butter that we should have to buy at neighbor Dyson's city prices, would go far to counterbalance the money we should get for Mooley."

"As for the horse," said I, "he eats but little; and how on earth could we get around the country, even to the post office, such weather as this, if it wasn't for old Dobbin, that we've had ever since I can remember."

So it happened that on this special March evening we had just come in from attending to the wants of our live stock.

I was in great spirits, playing with pussy, who came to meet us with her plump tail erect; but Kitty leaned sadly against the wooden mantel and looked into the fire with mournful eyes.

"Kitty," cried I, at last, "what does make you so dull?"

"To-morrow is the third of March," said she gravely.

"What of that?" I demanded.

"Don't you remember? The interest on the mortgage becomes due to-morrow."

"So it does," said I, my radiant face falling faster than the thermometer on a freezing day; "S35; and we have nothing to pay it with except the \$15 Laura Osgood paid for the old melodon!"

"Perhaps Willis Avery would suggest Kitty."

Now it so happened that Willis Avery, who held the mortgage on our homestead, was the son of a neighbor and an old play-fellow and boy-beau of my own, who had gone to the prosperous young city a few miles north of us, and commenced business on his own account, and I had a particular aversion to asking for help of him in any way. I might be poor,

but I was also proud, and Kitty was quite sympathetic enough to understand me.

"But then, what are we to do?" said Kitty.

I sat down on the hearth rug, with my chin in my hands, and stared earnestly at the big crackling back log. Pussy crept away and nestled down in the corner, as if she knew by instinct that there was a change of temperature.

"Look here, Kitty," I said, suddenly, "those russet apples!"

"Well?"

"We can sell them. There are eight barrels at the least. Eight barrels, at \$2.50 a barrel—"

"My dear Addy, no one will buy them at one-fifth the price. Apples are a drug in the market."

"Here, I grant you, but not in the city. I will take them to Mapleton and sell them."

"You will, Addy?"

"And why not? Squire Dyson would charge at least 20 per cent. commission, and make a favor of it at that. I can't afford either the price or the patronage. Don't say anything about it to father; he would only fret and raise objections. What must be done must be, and I am the girl to do it."

"But, Addy, how? All this seems so perfectly wild and visionary to me."

"Well, it needn't; for, believe me, it's the most practical thing in the world. All we have to do is to sort the apples out into barrels, nice and sound—I can easily do it by lantern-light to-night—and to-morrow morning we'll rise early, harness old Dobbin to the lumber wagon—"

"But how are we to get the heavy barrels up into the wagon?"

"Goshie!" cried I, laughing, "can't I put the barrels up into the wagon while they're empty, and fill them at my leisure? And I'll have them sold at Mapleton before you have the pork and cabbage boiled for dinner?"

"But where will you go?" asked Kitty.

"Oh, I know lots of places. I went once to town with Obadiah Fairweather, when he sold a lot of cheeses. I've a pretty good idea of the locality of the commission stores, I can tell you."

"After all, Addy," hesitated my conservative little sister, "it isn't a woman's work."

"Why isn't it, I should like to know, so long as a woman can do it? At all events, a woman may pay her debts, so if you'll hurry up the tea I'll be off to the barn."

"And what shall we tell papa?"

"Oh, he'll think I've gone to the singing school with the Dyson girls, and I don't think that it is a Christian duty to undecieve him," answered I.

But notwithstanding the brave face I put upon my affairs, my heart quivered a little the next day as I drove off towards Mapleton, with the scartlet stain of sunrise dyeing all the east, and my own cheeks flushed with the morning air.

But it wasn't so bad after all. With pardonable egotism, I supposed that every one would be staring at me; but, on the contrary, a young woman selling apples ought to be the commonest sight in the world, so little comment or surprise did apparently excite. Mr. Holloway, of the firm of Holloway Brothers, Produce and Commission Merchants, didn't want apples, I speedily learned.

"Just bought a shiplond from Alabama," said he as carelessly as if shiploads of apples were as common a purchase as ten cents worth of tape. And I drove on, beginning to feel infinitely small.

Mr. Lovejoy could give me a dollar a barrel. "Apples wasn't worth no more at this season of the year." And I whipped old Dobbin up, determined to carry them home again than to sell them at that price.

At the next place where I stopped, a pleasant-looking, middle-aged man came out and examined my apples critically.

"Do they hold out like this all the way down?" he asked.

"I'll warrant them," I said carelessly.

"How much?" he asked.

"Two dollars and a half a barrel," I answered.

He reflected.

"I was not thinking of the money, Addy," said he almost reproachfully. "Do you think one's mind always runs on money?"

"Mine does a good deal," said I, laughing.

"But I had no idea you were reduced to this. I did not know—"

"Mr. Avery, this is scarcely business-like," I interposed.

"Addy," said he, abruptly, "I admired your spirit and courage to-day. I always liked you as a girl, but now—"

"Well?" for he hesitated.

"I would do something more, if you would let me. I would love you!" I did not answer. In truth and fact, I could not.

"Dear Addy, will you let me sign back the old place to your father on our wedding-day?" he asked, earnestly.

And somehow he got hold of my hand, and somehow, before I knew it, we were engaged!

This is all very ridiculous of us," said I, "particularly as I had resolved never to marry since we had that quarrel about my dancing with Gerald Ferguson at the Fourth of July picnic."

"I'll promise you never to be jealous again," said Willis Avery. Kitty was jubilant when she heard it all.

"Our troubles are at an end," said she, "and all because you would take, that load of russet apples, to town yourself."

"That doesn't follow," said I, soglely.

But for all my philosophy I did believe a little in fate and I've always liked russet apples since.

How TO WASH DISHES.—It seems that house-keepers are all wrong in using soap to wash dishes. The right way to do is to have your water quite hot and add a very little milk to it.—This softens the water, gives the dishes a fine gloss, and preserves the hands; it removes the grease, even that from beef, and yet no grease is found floating on the water as when soap is used. The stone vessel should be set on the stove, with a little water in them, when the victuals are taken from them; thus they are hot when one is ready to wash them and the grease is easily removed. Tinware keeps bright longer, cleansed in this way, than by using soap or by scouring. The habit so many of us have acquired of scouring tin is a wasteful policy; the present style of tinware will not bear it. The tin is scorched away, and a vessel fit for nothing is left on your hands.

Fast Time.

On Wednesday evening, while the Louisville Short-line train was poking along towards Lexington, a passenger stopped the brakeman as he was going through, and asked:

"How fast does this train go? A mile an hour?"

"It goes fast enough to suit us. If you don't like the rate of speed git out and walk," was the rejoinder.

"I would," replied the disgusted passenger, sitting back in the corner of his seat, "but my friends won't come for me until the train gets in, and I don't want to be walking around the depot for two or three hours."

The brakeman passed on.

HEARTY BREAKFAST.—In a large majority of cases, says *Hull's Journal of Health*, it will be found that the best and healthiest meal of the day should be eaten in the morning. If the closing repast of the day has not been eaten too late, or has not been excessive in quantity, the stomach will be rested in the morning after the individual has taken a cool bath. The stomach will then respond quickly with the necessary gastric juice for the solution of food, and, if a fair amount of exercise is taken during the day, a large amount of food will be assimilated and converted into blood and tissue. With a good, substantial breakfast, no great amount of food will be required during the remainder of the day.

An open fire, with a large chimney throat, is the best ventilator for any room; the one-half or two-thirds of the heat carried up through the chimney is the price paid for immunity from disease.

An almanac says: "About this time look out for colds." But it's not necessary. The man who cannot catch cold without looking out for it has not enterprise enough to sneeze if he should catch one.

A woman is composed of two hundred and forty-three bones, one hundred and sixty-nine muscles, and three hundred and sixty-nine pins.

You should never tell a man that he lies. Simply remark that he is guilty of heterophemy, and drop the subject—if he'll let you.

Seeing is not believing. There are many men you can see and yet you cannot believe.

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