THE STOLEN LETTERS.

"Real! of cause it's real-eighteen carats and a thorough good one—goes like one o'clock—and the albert too, takes the shine out of the French master's," and Tom Linton, schoolboy, aged fifteen, in the exuberance of his satisfaction, shook the albert vigorously in the face of his admiring friend, Bertie Chisholm.

"But who gave it to you? your governor?" queried the latter, as the owner of the watch proceeded to detach the pendant from his vest to allow his companion a closer inspection.

"No; Bob's sister." "Bob who?"

"Bob Allerdyce. You don't know him; he left before you came.' "It is a stunner, though," said Bertie, as he took the shining toy in his hand

and examined it critically. It was a small gold watch, exquisitely chased and jewelled, and had attached a slender albert chain of the same metal,

exhibiting beautiful workmanship. "You're a lucky chap, Tom," said Bertie, as he returned it. "You're always coming in for something better than the other fellows. You've got better bats and cricket rig than Smith in the Sixth, and you've better fishing tackle than any other fellow in the school. That last trout rod-my eye! it is a beauty!" and Bertie relapsed into a trance of admiration as he mentally recalled the numoerless attractions and perfections of that last trout rod.

"I'll lend it to you, Bert," said Tom, with an easy conscious superiority in the matter of worldly possessions. "Honor bright?"

"Honor bright, any time you want it. If you smash it, as you did the last one, I can get another where it came from." It may be here explained that Bertie

was an enthusiatic disciple of Isaac Walton, and was in the habit of "going fishing" in the reedy stream behind the village whenever he had a chance. These excursions were to him productive of more enjoyment than success, as he invariably-after decorating the trees and bushes on the banks with various separate casts of flies, and manfully trying to hook up boulders from the bottom of the water-returned with the stump of a rod, some yards of line, and the information that he "couldn't get a

On the present occasion the prospect of an early indulgence in his favorite amusement rendered him effusively grateful, and it was not till he had informed Tom that he was a brick, at least three times, that he returned to the subject of the watch by asking .-"But, I say, you haven't told me yet who she is that gave you that thing."

"I did. She's bob's sister." "Yes, but that makes me just as wise as before, Who's Bob? and who's his

sister? and who's-' "Shut up. What a fellow you are to ask questions! But, it's rather a queer story, the way I got that watch; so let's

sit down and I'll tell you." Accordingly, Tom and his expectantly curious crony seated themselves on the twisted roots of an old, moss-grown oak, and the former began his narration.

"You couldn't guess what I got that for?-it was a reward, you know.' "It was something you did for her,"

hazarded Bert. "Yes, but what?"

"Well, maybe you saved her from a fire, or from robbers, or she was drowning, and you plunged in at the risk of

"Stuff" interrupted Tom, derisively. "Such things don't happen only in novels.

"Yes, they do," stoutly insisted Bertie, "because I know a fellow whose big brother saved a young lady from robbers-two tramps-one day. He heard her screams, and ran into the wood, and they had knocked her down and taken her watch and purse, and were trying to get the rings off her hand; and this fellow's brother went for them on the spot, and licked them so that they couldn't move, and the police got them, and they got penal servitude, and now this fellow's brother and the young lady are going to be married, and that's not in a novel," concluded Bertie, triumphantly.

"Well," said Tom, dubiously, "that may be, but it doesn't often happen, and any way it wasn't for anything like that that I got my present."

"What was it for, then?" asked Ber-

"Thieving!" was the startling reply. "What?"

"Pocket-picking," continued Tom, in grinning enjoyment of his friend's astonishment. "Climbed up the ivy to a fellow's window when he was absent, rummaged his pockets and stole a packet of letters. My eye! wasn't he wild that afternoon, when he found that they were gone?" and iniquitous Tom chuckled with delight over the recollection of his victim's wrath.

"How was it, Tom? Tell us," persisted Bertie.

Tom, thus adjured, proceeded with the following narration of his theft:-Well, it was just a year ago last Christmas. It was Bob's last term, and he was leaving for good when the school broke up for the holidays. He asked me to go with him on a visit to his folks, and as he had been twice at our place, and father and mother liked him very much, they allowed me to accept the invitation. I was to go home for a day or two, and then go by rail to Ellerton -Bob's folks' place-on Christmas Eve. I got through that programme right enough, and it was just growing dusk on Christmas Eve when the train slowed up and I got out at Ellerton Station -a toy-boy of a place stuck on the side of a hill. Ellerton village-a cluster of some fifty houses jumbled together anyhow-lay down in the hollow about a mile below the station, and on the rise of the valley I saw a large mansionhouse, which I afterwards found was Ellerton Priory—Bob's folks' place. I didn't think much of it then. The cold was beastly, the snow was two feet deep, and I was nearly frozen sitting in that ice house of a railway carriage. I liked

it better afterwards, though. Bob was waiting with a trap, and, as we drove down toward the village, I

"Who's that?" "A sneak-a cad," replied Bob, savagely. "He's a lawyer, or a moneylender, or something of that sort, in the city, and has heaps of money."
"What's his name?"

punch his head. He's got the soft side of the governor somehow, and I fancy that he wants to marry my sister, little mare so viciously that she plunged and or two. came near upsetting the trap in the deep drift that lay on the side of the road.

As we turned in at the lodge gates and spun up the avenue I saw that the Priory was a great deal bigger and grander than I had imagined—quite a swell place, in fact. I mentioned some- ed Bob. thing of that sort to Boo, when he laughed and said,-

"Oh, it's right enough; we haven't here we are; jump out. Martin, take I can't have them here eating me out of this box up to Master Linton's room; house and home. We'll have a round the one next to mine, you know.'

trunk Mrs. Allerdyce came down the asked the stranger. steps to meet us, and I tell you I liked kindly, hoped that I would enjoy my manner that made us all laugh. visit, and all that.

"Remember you're in Robert's charge, and if you do not enjoy your-self he'll be held responsible," she said. Graham, this is my chum, Tom Lin-"All right, mother," said Bob; "you ton." leave that to me. But you might send us up something to my room; we're nearly famished.

have a chat with Tom-lay plans, you Mrs. Allerdyce looked in at the door.

"When you've arranged your plans, ny.

move among them hardly. You and I with either of us. One thing I noticed, are the only two boys, though, so we'll and that was that she and Bob were awbe pretty much left to curselves. They're not a bad lot, either; there's only one of them that I don't like."

fully fond of each other. I've seen brothers and sisters loving enough, but never anything like that. It did me good to look at them.

We had just fairly commenced to the spread when another knock came to the door, and Bob shouted "Come in" with his mouthful. The visitor came in-a young fellow with a heavy mustache. "Crocket-Jasper Crocket. I never He was a regular giant, six feet high, go near him without feeling inclined to and as straight as a dart. I guessed him to be a soldier as soon as I saw

As she caught sight of him Violet's Vi; but he'll never do that—I'll knock face went scarlet, and she made herself his brains out first," and Bob cut at the very busy with the tea urn for a minute

> "Well," said Bob, "what d'ye want?" "Some slight refreshments for chariy's sake." replied the stranger, with a laughable attempt at a beggar's whine. "I'm starving.

Then why don't you go down to the kitchen and get some scraps?" demand-

"Robert!" exclaimed Violet, laughing

and blushing.
"Oh, it's all very well for you to say, had it long, though. The governor 'Robert,' Vi," said Bob; "but it's my bebought it about two years ago. But lief that you encourage these vagrants. As the flunkey marched off with my you go down to the supper room?" he

"I'm too weak-exhausted," he anher right off-she welcomed me so swered, sinking down on a chair in a

"Well," said Bob, "since you are here, I suppose you'll have to stay, so,

We shook hands, and in five minutes we were as thick as thieves. He was a thoroughly good fellow. He told stories, "If you will take your friend into the cracked jokes, and kept us all laughing; supper-room—" and then Violet looked so pretty, and al-"No, no, mother," said Bob; "there's together things went so swimmingly too much of a crowd there. I want to that I think we were all sorry when

"Come in, mother," cried Bob. "We "Very well, dear," she said, smiling. only want you to complete the compa-



"CONSENT AND I DESTROY THESE."

bring Tom down stairs and introduce him to your father."

ing myself at the fire. Some ten minutes after a maid came go. in with a glorious tuck-in in the way of tea, and we were just about to go for it when somebody knocked at the door.

"Who's that?" shouted Bob, as the selves."

"You greedy boy," said a soft voice, and the prettiest girl I ever saw came into the room.

"Little Vi!" exclaimed Bob, and as she came up to him he got hold of her here? I thought you were too busy about us."

She made a face and said,-"I don't care for the swells, and I'd rather be with you; besides I wanted to see your friend. Introduce us, Bob."

"Bother introductions," replied Bob. 'See here, Tom, this is my sister Violet, the jolliest little sister in the world. Vi, this is my best chum, Tom Linton. I want you to be friends.'

"I am sure we shall," she said, as she the spot.

T'm not good at descriptions, but I'll try to tell you what she was like. She wasn't big-rather small than most women-but she was so well-formed and I've said she was pretty, but if I were to but if ever a man's eyes looked murder, sit here talking for a week I couldn't tell you how pretty. Her complexion was clear pink and white, her features delicate, her hair was of a golden color ket about Violet, and that was Capt. her eyes were like her name, violet. Graham, only she didn't run away from

describe her. Well she took charge of the tea of it. asked him a lot of questions about the house, and whether they had many visitors.

Well she took charge of the tea things, and my shyness were off after a bit, and then we got as merry as grigs, and had a splendid time of it. She and had a splendid time of it. She wasn't a bit stuck up, and could chaff too. What I want to get to is the ivy there?

Well she took charge of the tea things, and my shyness were off after a bit, and then we got as merry as grigs, and had a splendid time of it. She wasn't a bit stuck up, and could chaff too. What I want to get to is the ivy tairs, and I think that Violet must stairs, and I think that Violet must stairs.

"I've come to turn you all out," she said, smilling. "Violet dear, you must "All right. Come on, Tom," and we go down; you've been missed. Capt. bundled up stairs to Bob's den, where Graham, I'll never forgive you for run-I got off my wraps, and set about thaw- ning away. Come, Tom, with me, and you follow, Robert;" and so we had to

Down in the drawing-room I was introduced to Bob's governor, a nice enough old gentleman, but rather sleepy, I thought; and then as the company did'nt take much notice of me, I door opened. "We've nothing to give pany did'nt take much notice of me, I away. We can do for this lot our was at liberty to dodge about and make observations. I wasn't long in the room before I had Crocket pointed out to me, and I took a thoroughly dislike to him

at first sight. It wasn't that he was old-he couldn't have been forty-and it wasn't that he and hugged and kissed her till my was ugly either, but somehow when I mouth watered. "What sent you up looked at him I quite understood the feeling that made Bob want to punch among the swells down stairs to bother his head. He was tall and thin, face clean shaved and yellowish white, with eyes like black beads shining out of it. He was always smiling in a half bland, half sneering fashion that was irritating to see, and had a stealthy way of creeping about just like a cat.

Well, sitting there watching him out of my corner, I would have been as blind as a mole if I hadn't seen that he was dead spoons on Violet, He kept followcame up to me, and gave me her hand. ing her about, and speaking to her in a I was sure of it, too, and said so. To quiet whispering, persistent way, that tell the truth, I fell in love with her on she couldn't very well resent, and that worried her half to death. She didn't want him much that was plain; was just civil, and seemed to shrink from him, and try to give him the slip. Once, when he sat down beside her, she rose graceful that one didn't think her so little as she really was. Her face—well, but if over a more and and walked to the other end of the room. He looked after her, smiling;

his did then. There was another one in the room who was, if anything, worse than Croc-But what's the use of talking? I can't him. I was sure that he wouldn't cut the Crocket vermin out, and I was glad

brown I did that white faced sneak. It was two days after Christmas, and I was crossing the hall when the library door opened and Violet came out. To look at her frightened me. Her face was as white as death, her eyes looked horrible with the pain and terror in them, and she had her hand squeezed against her heart. "Violet!" I cried.

She leaned her arm on my shoulder and said with a kind of sob,-

"Oh, Tom!" Before she could say any more the library door opened again and Crocket came out. She gave one look and then ran up stairs. He came up to me rubbing his hands together and grinning like a Cheshire cat.

"Oh, my young friend! Good-morn-ing," he exclaimed. I didn't give him any answer, I was

too angry, but turned and walked away. What was up I. of course, didn't know, but I was sure he had been at some mischief.

It was a very unfortunate thing for him next day, though, that I should have gone into the library and fallen asleep behind a screen-very unlucky indeed for Mr. Jasper Crocket. I had been snoozing for perhaps an

hour when I was awakened by the sound dozen up here presently. Why don't you go down to the supper room?" he screen, I saw Crocket standing by the fire, and opposite him, holding on by the back of a chair, and looking as if she was going to faint, was Violet. I was just about to bolt out when it

struck me that I might as well keep still and see what his little game was. Of course, you know, Bert, it wasn't a very honorable thing to do, but then he was such a sneak, and-and-well, I am glad now that I did listen.

When I first looked out he was standing on the rug with that beastly grin on his phiz, and she was looking at him with a deadly white face and wild eyes.
"No, Miss Allerdyce, you must see that it will be better for all concerned if comes like a habit; it has, one may say, you consent."

"In that case, I will certainly make use of the papers I have so fortunately discovered; and you can imagine the consequences to your brother," he an-

"And if I do not?"

"I do not believe it. Charles has been foolish, wicked even, but he would never stoop to that," she burst out.

"My dear Miss Allerdyce-Violet, I may call you, it is unfortunately no subject for belief; it is a matter of fact. Here," and he took a packet of letters from his pocket, "here are proofs amply sufficient to convict Charles Allerdice before a judge and jury of—shall I say

She gave a low cry and sat down on the chair, shaking like a leaf. He came close to her and said in a threatening when exposed to great cold, as short and

"Consent, and I destroy these; refuse, and I will place him in the dock. I will give you till to-morrow to decide. Do you hear?"

"Yes, leave me-leave me," she He went out smiling harder than ever. Violet lay down on a couch sob-

"Oh, Harry! Oh, my love, my love!" While she was lying there crying I had time to think a bit. I knew she had a brother named Charles—a good-for-nothing loot he was too, Bob had told me but I was at a loss to know who Harry was. At last I remembered that Capt. Graham's name was Harry, and then I understood it.

She stayed there on the couch for nearly an hour, and then she got up and went out, looking like a ghost.

I came from behind the screen, and reached the hall just in time to see Crocket go down the front steps. I followed him to the door and noticed that he had changed his coat. Instantly the thought struck me to have a try for those letters. I watched him go down the avenue and then rushed up to his room. The door was locked.

Then I thought of the window and the ivy, and went out to have a look. It was an ugly climb, and the risk was great, both as to falling and the danger of being caught, but I determined to try it. I'd have run any risk to get the whip hand of that ead. His room was in the left wing, and the window fronted the wood, so that I was not so likely to be seen as if it had faced the front.

Well, I threw off my jacket and went at it. I was a good bit excited, and as I scuffled up among the leaves I couldn't help thinking what a jolly go it would be if I was had up for burglary.

Near the top I had almost come a eropper through the trails giving way. but I held on like glue, and at last reached the window. The hasp was not shot, and in two twos I was inside.

The first thing I saw was the coat lying on a chair. I dived into the pocket, and found the letters right enough. The stupid ass had never thought of locking them up.

"You'd better believe I didn't stay long after I got my claws on them. I came down that ivy like a cat, and danced a jig in the snow at the bottom.

Then I went to look for Violet. I went up to her room and knocked at the door. It was opened by a maid, who asked what I wanted. "I want to see Violet."

"She is unwell, and can't see any "But I must see her-only for a min-

"You can't see her," and she was going to shut the door. "I must. I'll kick the panels in if you shut it," I said in desperation.
"What is it, Mary?" I heard Violet

I pushed past the girl, and went right Violet was lying back in a chair by the fire, and looked miserable. I want to see you-by yourself-just

for a minute," I got out. She looked surprised and then told the girl to go away. "I was in the library to-day, and heard

what that sneak-what Crocket said to She started, and her face got whiter. "Those letters, I've got them," and

I told her the whole story. She sat staring at me, half dazed, till I put the letters in her lap. Then she, jumped up, and got me round the neck,

business, and to tell you how beautifully have told the captain, for when Bob and I came in from skating he got me by the arm and marched me into the library. Violet was there looking as bright and happy as a bird, and they went on at such a rate, that I was glad to get out.

The Crocket beast came home some hours after, and behaved like a madman when he found that the letters were gone. He blustered and raved at every-body, but he didn't tell what the letters were about: I suppose he was afraid

to, without proof. At last he saw the game was up, and took his hook for London, and I've never seen him since. I got the watch from Violet, and the rods and things from the captain, and I'm to go to the wedding, and get first kiss from the bride, and that's all, and now we'd better be shinning, or we'll get toko for being late. Come on Bert.

Sleep and Death. The relationship between sleep, "the cousin of death," and death itself, is probably real as well as apparent. The distance which separates them is great, but there are intermediate connections. grades of dissolution as of development. Among these the similar states of trance and hibernation are worthy of special notice. For a sleep and for trance, one cause, the exhaustion chiefly of the nervous matter, but more or less of every organ and tissue, is assignable. The hysterical stupor is the sleep of nerve centers worn out with the assault and conflict of stormy reflex action. Healthy sleep is the rest of physical elements wearied with the same strain applied

more gradually. Cases have been recorded in which somnolence, continuing for days without cessation, has resembled trance in its duration, while preserving all the ordinary features of natural sleep. Various facts support us in associating hibernation with the train of organic or functional changes as the other unconscious states which we have been considering, It annual return; its apparent cause is the oppression of external cold, and the annimals it affects are mostly those which, from their bodily structure or habits, are subject to great periodic varitions of temperature. Vital tissue is exhausted and function is in part suspended probably because the numbness of cold has taken hold upon the radicles of the outward circulation, and of that of the bram surface which is connected with it by numerous anastomoses. In such a case arnaenia would seem to be the cause of the winter sleep, as there is evidence to temporary starvation of brain which lulls without arresting its action in the natural repose of each night.

We may even regard the lethargy ended by death, into which a man falls mortal hibernation. The same influence | parent. acts upon him as upon the bear or fish but the power of its shock is greater on his finer and less accustomed organization. So, likewise, in other than the comparatively coarse forms of life, in the weariness, paralyses, atrophy and gangrene of limbs, in the leafless hibernation of trees, and in their decay beginning at the terminal twigs, the same teaching is evident-that vascular nutrition, in its periodic variations, is the parent of activity and of life, as its absence is of death. It is not, therefore, altogether surprising to meet with occasional instances in which death is stimulated by some great degree of stupor.

The case of George Childet, a laborer, living at Bridgewater, which was lately recorded in the daily papers, appears to have been one of this kind. The trance-like state developed quite suddenly and was mistaken by the relatives for death. Some slight degree of warmth in the apparent corpse induced the clergyman in attendance to refuse burial, in spite of the decided wish of the relatives that it should take place. After eight days the signs of animation were re-established, and the subject of this singular experience slowly recovered. In all such cases there is an element of mystery, and one cannot always decide how much of this is due to the physiological or pathological conditions or to some external agency.

We are not informed of the antecedents in the present instance, and cannot say how much hard work, underfeeding, anxiety or other causes may have to do with the result. The state described, if really one of trance, affords a striking example of the difficulty which sometimes, though very rarely, arises in proving the final point in diagnosis, and a warning that the most trivial sign of vitality should not be overlooked in determining the fact of death.-British Medical Journal.

A Great Newspaper Enterprise.

Journalistic enterprise of the old times, though not of much account beside the wonderful achievements of the present day, was well worth boasting about anyway. For instance read the following from The Louisville (Ky. Courier, of Friday, Dec. 10, 1847, under the head of "The President's Message:" "This lengthy document, which we have the pleasure of laying before our readers in the form of an extra, was delivered at Washington at noon on Tuesday last. It was carried to Philadelphia by special railroad express, and from that point it was dispatched to Louisville by the magnetic telegraph expressly for The Courier, Journal, and Democrat. This is the greatest newspaper enterprise ever attempted in any quarter of the world, and is one of the most wonderful feats ever accomplished by the aid of man's genius. The enormous outlay necessary to procure this document may be judged from the fact that the regular charge for telegraphing from Philadelphia to Louisville is 8 cents for every

He Wanted a Rest. "Don't you want to go to a better world, Tommy?" asked a Sunday-school

teacher of the new scholar. "No, mum," promptly replied the frank little fellow. "And why not, Tommy?"

"Oh, when I die I want to go where a feller can rest." "Well, my boy, you can rest there." "Well, in the song we sung it said we'd

all shine there." "Certainly; don't you want to to shine

How a Post-Mortem is Made. Few persons upon reading an account of a post-mortem examination stop to consider the importance of the matter. or the time taken up to do the work of an autopsy, says The Baltimore Sun. The post-mortem surgeons are important officers, who make all the medicolegal examinations for the city, and are the medical witnesses for the state in cases where post-mortem examinations are required. There are two postmortem physicians in Baltimore, Dr. S. V. Hoopman, for the ten lower wards, and Dr. L. W. Councilman, for the ten upper wards.

A reporter, wishing to witness the post-mortem work, called on Dr. Hoop-

man a short time ago just as he was starting to perform such a duty. The case was a very important one, being one of the late murders committed in the eastern section of the city. Arriving at the house, about twenty medical students were found who accompanied Dr. Hoopman to the room where the dead body lay. A table was prepared by covering it with an oil cloth. The clothing was removed from the body and it was placed on the table. The doctor carefully inspected the corpse and noted all wounds, which in this case were found to be three, two bullet wounds and one knife gash. The head was first examined. An incision was made from ear to ear over the top of the head, followed by a gush of blood, which made some of the spectators remember that they were needed outside for a moment. The scalp was deflected backward and forward and the skull exposed. The skull was then sawed around on a line with the eyebrow. When the top of the skull was removed the doctor took out the brain. That beautiful organ, with its fissures and convolutions, was a mass of blood, the fatal bullet having plowed its way diagonally through it. An inspection of the neck showed that another bullet had entered at the back, passed through toward the front, severing the carotid artery and jugular vein. The next move was to make a long incision from the chin down to the navel. The breast bone was dissected and the heart and lungs taken out for inspection, After carefully examining the neart, the doctor remarked that the "columnæ car næ, chordæ tendineæ, and auriculoventricular and semi-lunar valves are all healthy." The lungs were found realthy. A piece thrown in water would not sink, which the doctor said was a test for healthy lungs. The stomach, liver, spleen, pancreas and intesshow that it is also the cause of that tines were all in turn carefully removed and inspected. All this completed, the organs were replaced and the incisions carefully sewed up. So completely is this done that when the body is dressed the fact of a post-mortem examination having been made is not ap-

"How many post-mortems have you made during the year?" asked the re-

"About forty, and about one hundred since I have been making post-mor-

"Glancing at the watch, it was found that four hours had been occupied in performing the interesting examination. Post-mortem physicians are appointed yearly, their selection being made by the mayor. In each case they file a report of the autopsy at the health department.

A Philosophical Physician. "Well, Henderson," said the secretay of state, addressing old Henderson

Morgan, "what are you doing now, still preaching?" "Oh nor, sah, quit dat long er go. Dar wuz plenty o' love an' 'fection an halleluyahs in de 'fession, but Mars 'Lias, dar want er nuff inerpen'ent money in it ter suit me."

"What do you mean by independent

"W'y, de money er pusson ken spen' widout a great hue an' cry bein' raised erbout it. De church folks is so cuis 'bout church erfairs dat da's losin' all dar best timber! Da is, Mars 'Lias-is fur a fack. I preached er mighty laung time, an' ez ebery body'll tell yer, de sinners bit at my hook 'bout as fas' ez I eoul' throw it in, an' ebery now an' den when I'd drag a troll, I'd snatch out one o' de bigges' sinners in de debbil's market, sah; but arter all dis, dar ariz some dissatisfacshun in de church. Da forgot dat I turned in all de money dat waz due, an' den I summoned a committee ter meet me, an' arter de committee went back a 'po'ted, w'y I turned myse'f outen de congregation an' de sinnygog o' de shackly faith. I ken stan er heap, but I doan like ter be

spected when I'se pretty well 'vinced in my own mine dat I'se innercent." "What are you doing now?" the secretary of state asked. "W'y sah, I'se practicin' medicine,

now. "What?"

"Yes, dat's what I's doin'." "Look here, Henderson, you don't know anything about medicine."

" 'Cose I doan. Who does? Er haw. haw. Doan know nothin' 'bout medicine, ter he, he."

"Are you very successful?" "Oh, yes, sah. Ain' los' er case yit,

an' some o' 'em wuz powerful ailin'. "What sort of medicine do you use?" "Wall, fur de chills, I uses dogwood bark, fur de feber I uses sasfrus bark, fur ordinary biliousness I uses blackberry root an' fur eberything else, I uses all dese heah mixed. When I doan know whut's de matter wid a man I gives him er mixture o' de whole lot, an' dat fetches him roun' nine times outen ten,"

"Henderson, those barks cannot help a sick man."

"Dat may be, Mrs. 'Lias, but da ain' gwineter do him no harm. In de prac-tice it ain' so much de medicine dat will do good ez it is de medicine dat won't do no harm. De harmless is de bes'.' "Don't you know that you are violat-

ing a state law, practicing without license." "You don't mean to say that you have license?"

"Yes, I does." "Where did you get it?" "Frum de 'thorities-er jestice o' de

peace down in de country. Wall, I'se got er lot o' fever on han' an' mus' be stirrin'. I ain' got much time ter fool erway. When yer gits sick, Mars 'Lias, jes' sen' fur me an' I'll docter yer fur half price, an' take my pay in state, papers."-Arkansaw Traveler.