

Betsy refused to don extra clothing or wraps, and when remonstrated with by her husband, explained it by saying that we only had beliefs in cold and heat, and she meant to rise above them. Here was a dilemma, but Hozia decided to say nothing, for a while at least. But in the meantime Betsy caught a severe cold of a rheumatic nature and came down to her bed.

"Now," said Hozia, "ye've got a belief as is a-goin' fer to kill ye ef ye don't look out. An' I'm a-goin' to have a sure-enough doctor this trip."

But his wife begged so hard for a renewal of the Christian science treatments, that Hozia reluctantly consented, and Doctor Elliott Perrywinkle was called forthwith. Hozia took him aside before he had seen Mrs. Tibbets, and said—

"Look a-here, ye're a good un; where's yer curin' now? Here's my wife down with the rheumatiz bad, an' all on account of yer dinged scientific trash. What yer goin' to do about it, anyway?"

This was a clincher, but the doctor answered glibly enough: "She is having her chemicalization now, that always occurs before the cure is complete, sir. It is the casting out of the seventh devil, sir; faith wrestling with unfaith; spiritual health forcing out material belief in disease, sir. We will cure her yet. Only her chemicalization."

"Chemicals!" shouted Hozia. "There, I knowed it! W'y, chemicals is poison, man! An' ye don't go fer to say Betsy Cornelia hev a-swollered of 'em."

"Oh, no, Mr. Tibbits, you mistake; really, sir, you mistake," hastily answered Dr. Perrywinkle. "We use the word only in a technical sense, I assure you, sir. We mean regeneration of organism, organism as it appears to you carnal believers, sir, nothing more."

"Why don't ye say what ye mean, then, an' not go a-circumventin' of the truth, an' a-harrowin' of a feller's feelin's up? I hev seen chemics as would blow up a hull town ef they was left settin' by other chemics. They air the sarvents of perdition's own pit, with their blue and red lights an' their tarnation rockets."

"Mr. Tibbits, are you aware that you are taking up very valuable time? I will bid you good-morning, sir," and the doctor stalked majestically off.

"That's all right, my fine feller, that's all right, but I'll get even with ye yet," and Hozia shook his fist threateningly at the disappearing Prince Albert coat-tails of the doctor as he vanished into his wife's sick room.

How or where he would get even with him, the deacon did not explain, but the next time the Christian doctor came he found a row of bottles, pill boxes and spoons arranged defiantly on a small stand at the patient's bedside. All this was contrary to the doc-

tor's faith, and he accordingly, disputed their right to be there. Said he—

"Madam, I will not consent to treat you further, if you still persist in using these material methods. These are the devil's own means, madam."

"Oh, they air, air they?" came in an angry whisper from Hozia, who had stationed himself behind the door leading to his wife's room, in order that he might hear "how the feller took it," for Hozia had, of course, procured these remedial agents from an allopathic doctor, an old and valued friend. "An' that, too," he muttered further, "is mighty complimentary to my humble endeavorin's."

Strange that the honest Hozia saw nothing in this eavesdropping, but he considered all fair in love and war, probably; and this was war, war to the death. However, he restrained his impetuosity to hop out and confront the doctor, and to "tell 'im a thing or two." And the doctor forever remained ignorant of the deacon's backslide from principle.

Then the sick woman's voice was heard questioning: "Hadn't I oughter use them medicines?"

The doctor's voice was heard in reply: "Certainly not, madam, unless you wish to undo all our former work. If you still persist in using material instead of spiritual means, our prayers can not avail you. One or the other of us doctors must leave the field."

Hozia, after the physician was gone, strode up and down the back porch, oblivious to the biting winds that swept around the corner of the house. His caution and his anger were contending, and fearful, indeed was the conflict. He soliloquized—

"Ef that old nincompoop shows his yeller phiz in this here house agin, one or tother of us 'll hev to vamoose. Betsy's gettin' worse, an' she nor him won't listen to no kind o' reason. I hain't never expected no overpowerin' sense from Betsy—Betsy's a woman—but that strappin' scientific donkey hain't no more'n a settin' hen. But, don't ye see, ef I goes to convincin' Betsy back again that there is sech things as sickness, there won't be no more peace on this here earth for Hozia Tibbits. She hev rested a good bit now, an' she'd make up 'er lost time. What ever shall I do?" and he scratched his head meditatively. Suddenly he burst out: "Hozia Tibbits, gin us yer hand; ye're a genus, Hozia, an' that's what I've allus told ye. She hev got to take them medicines unbeknownst to 'er. I hain't paid 'im two hunderd dollars fer nothin', I hain't, not by a long shot. How kin I enveigle 'er inter takin' what's the proper thing fer 'er? An' she hev got to think the Christian done it all. He kin gin her the credit of it, but I'll come out the furest ahead, jest the same."

Once more he consulted the family physician, an allopathic doctor and an old friend, who, for that