

friendship's sake, gave Hozia a solemn and binding promise, along with the pills and liquids and instructions, not to reveal the secret and not to take the credit to himself if Betsy got well.

The doctor said: "I do hate to give up the ground to that scientific upstart, but for your sake I will. But it will be pesky hard if he goes to knowin' of it."

Day after day the Christian science doctor came, satisfied that the panoply of drugs had been removed, and day after day Hozia's doses in tea and broth and fruits went down Mrs. Tibbits' throat. She did get well, and, after a prolonged and severe attack, arose

from her first real experience of sickness, a "sadder and a wiser" woman. Afterwards, no one ever heard Betsy Cornelia Tibbits ever again boasting of her numerous ailments and hunting up the doctors. And, when any slight indisposition came upon her, she was wont to say: "Only my chemicalization, Hozia dear, only my chemicalization."

And Hozia, he came out of the affair happy in a well wife; his pockets considerably lightened of spare cash, however. And he would say to himself at times: "Them Christian fellers was mighty scientific about gittin' of their cash, warn't they?"

GENIE CLARK POMEROY.

A GRAVE.

Whose narrow home is this neglected grave,
 With myrtle rank and flowering weeds o'ergrown,
 Unmarked save by a lichened, nameless stone?
 What race? What faith? A master or a slave?
 What is the heritage to man he gave?
 Somewhere is fruit from seed his hands have sown;
 What good, what evil is to us unknown,
 And vainly secrets of the tomb we crave.

Small matter now what was the rank or creed
 Of him who sleeps in this forgotten place.
 The dust lies underneath the bloom we heed
 Of form that once had consciousness divine;
 One lived and died; our eyes behold the sign;
 Yet what he wrought God's hand alone can trace.

LEWIS DAYTON BURDICK.