

CONVERSION.

I wandered down the river side
When little birds were singing
Their voices, when over the waves
Came your voice sweetly ringing.

A COUNTRY DOCTOR.

One star differs from another in glory.
There is high authority for this assertion,
but its evident truth is of no special
significance to a sick man.

"A city doctor knows nothing of the
difficulties we encounter," remarked my
friend as we drove toward the well tilled
fields lying beyond the village.

"You see," he continued, "it is not so
bad in summer, but when the snow
comes I lead a terrible life. I freeze my
nose and ears, I am overthrown by drifts,

"He whistled a merry tune, touched his
mare with the whip, and in a few minutes
drew up at a farmhouse, whose white
walls and green blinds were painfully
inartistic.

"When the doctor had replaced his
drug store under the seat and had
gathered up the lines I asked:
'What kind of a case did you strike
there?'

"Nothing serious," he answered. "A
young woman of seventy is suffering
from facial neuralgia. She has youth
and energy in her favor, however, and
will be all right in a day or two."

"I looked at him in surprise. Had his
lonely life affected his brain?
'One trouble I have,' he went on,
'lies in the fact that I cannot obtain any
assistance in critical cases. When one
of your New York physicians desires
advice from a colleague all he has to do
is to send a message down the block
somewhere. There are times when I
would give half my income for another
doctor's aid, but I can't get it. I have
to follow the bird that flocks by itself
and do my own consulting. I must stop
here a moment. I'll be out again in five
minutes.'

"I don't believe a rural physician has
any idea of time. It may be that he has
the ability to count a pulse, but his in-
terpretation of what is comprised in the
expression, 'five minutes,' is peculiar.
I held that mare for fully half an hour.
The flies bothered her and she grew rest-
less. There was no relief for me but to
gaze at the undulating landscape and
indulge in day dreams. 'A pleasing
land of drowsiness it was, of dreams
that wave before the half shut eye, and
of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
forever flushing round a summer sky.'

"On a verdure crowned hill some miles
to the northward arose a gigantic tree
that seemed to rejoice in its enormous
size. Perhaps beneath its branches the
treacherous redskin had closed his heavy
eyes. Perhaps it will look down upon
the valley when Chicago has grown
modest and Patagonia has been admitted
to the Union.

"Such feverish fancies filled my mind
until the doctor's return.
'What's the matter inside?' I asked.
'Oh, nothing to worry about. The
sick man is about ninety-eight years
old, and overworked himself yesterday
in the hayfield. He'll come out all
right. I've prescribed a day's rest and a
calomel pill. Why, do you know, that
man, in spite of his age, can do more on
a farm in a week than you or I could do
in a month. This is a healthy country,
my friend.'

"I began to think he was right. Dur-
ing the morning he made ten calls. Not
one of his patients was under seventy
years of age. At dinner, however, his
telephone rang—for they have a few
modern appliances up there, including
a tank drum—and he was urged to
hasten to the bedside of a sick baby. I
went with him and held the mare.
'There's naught so much the spirit
soothes as rum and true religion,' re-
marked Byron, a poet once in vogue. It
is evident that he had never waited for
a country doctor as he tended a crying
child. Such an experience is not only
soothing to the spirit; it is a narcotic to
the senses. When the doctor returned
I was fast asleep, while the mare was in
a state of semicollapse.

"What did you do for the baby?" I
asked.

"Told them to kill the cow," he an-
swered crossly, and I did not pursue the
subject.

Later in the afternoon he was called
to a patient living eight miles away.
Our road led through a dense forest, and
the air was stifling. Before we had
emerged from the woods a storm came
on, and the lightning flashed around us
in a realistic way worthy of a well
staged rendition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

"We were wet to the skin, and my com-
panion seemed to realize that the expe-
rience was not pleasant to me, for he of-
fered me a cigar. Amid the war of the
elements I grew desperate and lighted
his gift. After the first puff I really
hoped that I should be stricken by light-
ning.

The shower had cleared away as we
drew up before a low roofed, red painted
cottage surrounded by trees. A very
pretty girl opened the door to the doc-
tor, while I continued my occupation of
holding a mare that would not have run
away under the impulsion of a dynamite
bomb. My friend returned after the ex-
piration of an exceedingly short time.
'Nobody sick in there,' he remarked.
'an old woman nervous, that's all.'

"How old?" I asked anxiously.
'One hundred and six. She's be-
ginning to grow somewhat supersensi-
tive.'

On our return to the office we found
several patients waiting for the dispen-
sary of potions, pills and powders. My
doctor spent an hour or more relieving
the aches and pains that had sought
him out. Then we had supper. Before
the meal was over the telephone rang
again. The man of science serenely
abandoned his cold ham and iced tea,
and I could hear him say:

"Yes; give the baby two drops at 11."
'Hello! No, don't wake her up during
the night. If she's restless at sunrise
rub her with oil. That's all. Goodbye.'

Before he could resume his supper a
patient rang the office bell. My doctor
was engaged for a hour. When he re-
joined me on the piazza the mare was at
the door.

"More calls?" I asked.
'Yes, of course; I always spend the
evening on the road.'

We are gone until 11 o'clock. The
roads we traversed, the darkness of the
woods, the dreary barking of watch dogs
are to me like an unpleasant dream.
We returned to the office tired and worn.
The doctor looked pale, and I supposed
of course that he would go at once to
bed. What was my astonishment to see
him place upon his desk a number of
account books.

"Is not your day's work done?" I
asked.

He smiled hopelessly. "Just begun,
my boy. If I didn't work now the re-
sult of the last twenty-four hours would
amount to nothing in dollars and cents."

Then he spent half an hour in making
notes for his day's labor. I watched him
with an emotion that was almost rever-
ential. Here, if anywhere, was a man.
Subduing all inclinations toward frivo-
lity or even healthy recreation, he goes
on his way day after day, applying an
skillfully as he can the scientific knowl-
edge in his grasp.

For him there is no night, no Sunday,
no vacation; always fighting death he
gives up his life to the conflict. And
what does he find? Tasty patients, ig-
norant people who neglect his commands,
ungrateful fools who seem to think that
he is a slave to their demands, men and
women who look for miracles and do not
know that even a doctor cannot always
stay the hand of Terror's King.

"And now for bed!" I exclaimed, as he
laid aside his books.

"Not yet. I must have my case re-
filed."

Out into the night again. Near at
hand a light gleams in the window of a
drug store. A sleepy clerk answered our
knock, and in a few minutes my
doctor was busy with the bottles on the
shelf. He was at work fully half an
hour. In his case he carried fifty pills.
Many of the drugs had been exhausted
in the day's routine, and the act of re-
plenishing took time. I yawned and
fretted, but the doctor seemed to feel no
fatigue. "He is made of iron," I said to
myself as he strode homeward with a
firm and even tread.

I had almost fallen to sleep later on
when I heard some one descending the
stairs. It was 12 o'clock.

"Where are you going?" I asked, as I
recognized the doctor's portly form.

"Into the office for an hour," he re-
marked. "This is the only time in which
I have a chance to do my scientific read-
ing."

I went back to bed, but I could not
sleep. I was wondering how much my
friend made a year. At breakfast the
next morning I said:

"Doctor, I don't want to be importun-
tant, but will you kindly tell me how
much your practice pays you?"

He smiled quizzically as he answered:
'I earn \$3,000 a year. I collect about
\$900.'—Hartford Times.

Sorry for God.

A little girl on being asked by her
mother whether she was not glad to hear
that an old friend of whom she was very
fond had recovered from a dangerous ill-
ness, replied, "Yes, of course I'm glad,
but still I'm sorry for God not to have
his own way sometimes."—London
Truth.

A Pretty Tight Squeeze.
Angelina—Oh, mamma, Algornon
squeezed my hand so tonight that I al-
most cried.

Mamma—What, my child, from pain?
Angelina—No, mamma, from joy.

THE OLD INN.

Red-winding from the sleepy town,
One takes the long forgotten lane
Straight through the hills. A brush bird
brown
Babbles in their flowers sweet with rain:
Light silvers sink the gleaming grain:
The cautious drip of higher leaves
The lower drip that drip again.
Above the tangled tops it heaves
Its gables and its haunted eaves.

One creeper, glistled to hislessness,
Overforest all its eastern wall:
The slight coils ricks and press
Dark boughs about the pines they sprawl:
While, where the sun beats, breaks a
dray)
Of living wasps: one busy bee,
Gold dust, hurls along the hall
To hum into a crack. To me
The shadows seem too scared to flee.

Of rugged chimneys martins make
Huge pipes of music twittering here
Build, brood and roost. My footfalls wake
Strange stealing echoes, till I fear
I'll meet my pale self coming near;
My phantom face, as in a glass;
Or one man murdered, buried—where?
Dim in gray stealthy glimmer pass
With lips that seem to moan, "Alas!"
—Madison Cawein.

The Fate of a Fox.

Alsalon had long hair and it proved
his ruin. A Connecticut fox perished
recently for the same reason. Because he
was proud of his bushy tail he swished it
from side to side instead of trailing it
along the ground. A pack of hounds
chased him, and to elude them he tried to
bolt through a wire fence, but somehow
that tail curled itself about a barb and the
fox was caught and slain.

Willing to Take His Turn.

Miss De Butane—No, Mr. Ardent, I
cannot consent. I am already engaged.
Mr. Ardent—For the whole season?—
New York Truth.

A certain Scotch editor recently departed
so far from the customs of his contem-
poraries as to substitute the headings "Hatch,"
"Match" and "Dispatch" over those de-
partments in his paper which his contem-
poraries asserted under the heads of
"Births," "Marriages" and "Deaths."

Many a young man has a great future
ahead of him. The great difficulty is that
it persists in keeping there.

PUBLIC SPEAKING.

This is one of the heaviest strains that
comes upon any man or woman. A little
cold, a little hoarseness, and the work is
done. The best of ability is rendered
absolutely useless.

Mark Gay Pearce, the eminent English
preacher, writes as follows:
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POWDER PLASTER in my family and among
those to whom I have recommended them.
I find them a very breatheable against colds
and coughs.
MARK GAY PEARCE."
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tion.

"It's a fact that I'm more or less crooked,"
mused the corkscrew, "but I've always got my
pull."

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and "used-up" feeling is
the first warning that
your liver isn't doing
his work. And, with a
torpid liver and the
impure blood that fol-
lows it, you're an easy
prey to all sorts of ail-
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That is the time to
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the needed flesh and strength, there's nothing
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