

LIKE CURES LIKE

By ELIZABETH WEED

Dr. Vermatille, the renowned Paris stomach specialist, being overworked, broke down and was obliged to give up the practice of his profession, at least temporarily. Before starting for the Riviera, where he proposed to recuperate, he turned over his patients to Dr. Hartwell, a young American who had studied medicine in Paris and after graduation had accepted a position with Dr. Vermatille preparatory to setting up for a specialist in America.

The two were sitting together in Dr. Vermatille's office, going over an alphabetical list of patients and a brief statement of the symptoms of each. Under the letter "L" came the name of Lasant, Louise.

"Mlle. Lasant," said Dr. Vermatille, "you will find a difficult case to diagnose. At least I have not yet made up my mind as to the nature of her disease. She is languid, takes no interest in anything, has no appetite and is inclined to melancholy. I have recommended a diet of the most digestible food and given her charcoal and other stomach remedies. She has responded to none of them. Possibly you may stumble on the weak spot that is causing the trouble, and if you do, as you well know, the battle is half won."

"Lasant?" said Dr. Hartwell, striving to recall the person to whom the name belonged. "Is not she a young lady about twenty years old, very beautiful, with chestnut hair and soft brown eyes? I think I visited such a patient one day—up it was her mother—when you were out of town."

"Perhaps so," replied Dr. Vermatille and proceeded to give a statement of the case of the next patient on the list. A few days after Dr. Vermatille's departure Dr. Hartwell while making his round of visits called upon Mlle Lasant. He found her, dressed in a negligee costume lying on a lounge in her boudoir reading a novel. On seeing the doctor a slight flush came into her cheeks.

"A little fever this morning, eh?" said the doctor cheerily, at the same time gently pushing a gold bracelet up on her arm that he might feel her pulse. The moment he touched her wrist he felt a quickened throbbing. "Feverish, not fever," he continued. "There is a difference, I assure you."

Then the doctor asked her if she felt loss of breath in going upstairs, whether she suffered distress after eating, if she slept well. To all of these questions she gave satisfactory replies. Hartwell, being no wiser as to her case than before, resorted to the usual device of physicians, took out his prescription blanks, and, filling one out with some hieroglyphics which any properly educated druggist would know meant pure water with an agreeable flavoring, he took his leave, promising to call again in a few days.

"At what hour?" asked the young lady. "About the same as today," replied the young man. On his next visit he found his patient in a ravishing morning costume, some cut flowers in a vase standing on a table and a silk blanket of colors becoming to the young lady's complexion thrown over her.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "I see that you are much better!" "Better? I assure you I am much worse. I thought you said you were coming again in a few days?" "This is Friday. I was here on Monday." "But I expected you on Wednesday." "Pardon my neglect. Since Dr. Vermatille's departure I have been very busy."

When this morning the doctor took the round visit between his thumb and the tips of his fingers he felt only a quick throbbing in his patient, but a tingling of his own, which coming through his arm, thrilled him. "I think," he said, "that your trouble is in the heart."

The patient lowered her eyes. "You need fresh air. There is nothing like pure oxygen to build up the system. Instead of giving you drugs I will take you out to the Bois de Boulogne. The birds are singing and the birds are singing. My carriage stops at the door. What do you say?"

Throwing off her silken blanket, she sprang from her couch and ran into another room to change her costume and presently returned charmingly dressed for a drive.

Paris in the spring has always been a delightful city, and the spring season is admirably adapted for making love. The young doctor, having discovered the kind of medicine his patient required, gave it in sugar coated doses. He drove her out every day that he could possible snatch from his duties, and when not able to see her in the daytime he made up for the loss by a long visit in the evening. Indeed, most of his time during his chief's absence was given to one patient, the only one of the lot who did not need his professional attention.

When Dr. Vermatille returned he sat down with his assistant to listen to a report of the condition of his patients. "Lasant, Louise," he said, reading from the list.

"Recovered. I found that from the date of my visit to Mlle. Lasant some time before your departure, her daughter suffered from cardiac trouble."

"What treatment did you apply?" "I acted on the homeopathic principle of 'like cures like.'"

"Hm! The next is Lavigne, Henri."

Great Inventions Are Rare.

Invention to some extent requires mining. Thousands of miners pelted wearily through the mountains and valleys searching for precious metals or outcroppings of ore. One among thousands strikes the big bonanza. About 800 patents are issued every week by the United States patent office. Only one in many years is for something startlingly new and amounting millions of dollars to the inventor or the people who may gain control of it. Only about one inventor in every hundred secures a monetary return which will equal the cost of the invention and patent. Of the 40,000 or 50,000 patents issued every year there are few which are of such importance as to attract widespread attention, and only at long intervals is there an invention which revolutionizes conditions, such as the telegraph, telephone, the phonograph, typesetting machines, wireless telegraphy, aerial navigation and moving pictures.—Arthur Wallace Dunn in Leslie's.

Grateful Scots and the Bagpipes.

What Scot ever called the pipes a musical instrument? asks Harper's Weekly. In the old wicked days bands of predatory English marched over the border. They were as bold and sturdy as the Scots and far greater in number. Cluny MacWhupper, the laird of Glengarramore, in desperate need of a sure defense invented the pipes in secret and never let a skirt out of them till he faced the invading Sassenach on the bloody field. Then Cluny blew a melody so fierce, so eddritch, so grinding and blistering to the soul, that every clansman ripped and slashed his way through the English hordes, intent on only one thing—to escape the fendish screeching of the pipes. And that is why every grateful Scot to this day cherishes the bagpipe, the preserver of Scottish independence. He has beaten his sword into a plowshare, but he will always uphold the pipes to beat the band.

Jeremy Bentham's Skeleton.

The late Archbishop Colley in leaving his body to the Birmingham university to be anatomized was not so original, says the London Sphere. As Jeremy Bentham, who left his body to University college, London, for the same purpose, but arranged that it should not be buried afterward, but kept there. You may see the skeleton there to this day wearing its clothes as in life, the face all dried up. Bentham even went so far as to advocate the embalming and preservation of illustrious human beings in this way as being more truthful than statues.

Brides and Whites.

In olden days a bride of the poorer classes went to her wedding in white, as a warning to the public that since she brought nothing to the marriage her husband was not responsible for her debts. At the beginning of the eighteenth century brides began to introduce touches of color into their costumes. Blue was for constancy and green for youth. Yellow was never worn, as it stood for jealousy.

Longfellow's Joke.

Longfellow, the poet, was introduced to one Longworth, and some one commented on the fact that the first syllables of their names were the same. "Yes," said the poet, "but in this case I fear Pope's lines will apply. 'Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow.'"

Encouraged.

"I am afraid," said Mr. Heuspek, "that I made a fool of myself today." "Don't worry about it," his wife replied. "It isn't likely that anybody noticed anything unusual about the way you spoke or acted."—Chicago Record-Herald.

No Genius.

Blobbs—Would you consider him a genius? Stobbs—No. Blobbs—Why, he's always trying to borrow money. Stobbs—Yes, but he doesn't get it.—Philadelphia Record.

Disguised His Vocation.

"What is your occupation?" asked the good woman as she handed out the fourth roast beef sandwich. "I am an ex-ponnder, madam. My delivery has become impaired and I find it very difficult to get a bout," answered the weary traveler.

Thereupon the one time pugilist took his leave and the good woman murmured, "Poor fellow!"—Judge.

Might Have Got More.

"I always have hard luck." "What's the matter now?" "I borrowed a dollar from my wife yesterday, and she had to break a five dollar bill to let me have it."—Detroit Free Press.

English Golfers Are Coming.

Edward Ray, the present British open golf champion, and Harry Vardon, who has held that honor five times, have signified their intention of entering the United States open golf championship at the Country club, Brookline, the coming season. To assure their presence the U. S. G. A., with the consent of the Country club, changed the date of the open from June 4 and 5 to Sept. 17 and 18.

Italian Walker Now a New Yorker.

Fernando Altimani, the champion heel and toe walker of Italy, who finished third in the Olympic games race at Stockholm, is now a resident of New York city. The Olympic race was won by George Goulding of Canada, and E. J. Webb of England was second. Webb is now living in Toronto; so is Goulding.

A Choice Between Two Roads

By F. A. MITCHEL

Having occasion to journey through a portion of Tennessee, the region of the Cumberland plateau, I was obliged on one occasion to travel by wagon. A countryman with some supplies was going over the route I proposed to take, and when I offered him good pay to take me with him he accepted the proposition.

We hadn't got far on our route when we came to a house standing beside the road, and a girl carrying a carpet-bag—it was an old timer, really more of carpet-came out of the house, evidently to meet the wagon. She was "dressed up"—that is, she had on her best clothes instead of the calico dress and sunbonnet of the typical southern country girl.

"Josh," she said, "I reckon I'll go with you."

"All right, Sairy. Climb up yere." There was room for three on the seat, but since my driver—Saunders was his name—and the girl seemed inclined to be spoony I removed myself to a soft bale of some kind of goods in the wagon behind them, saying—that I would have a smoke.

Josh and Sairy, as they called each other, were evidently enjoying the trip together. Neither gave me any information as to their relationship or how the girl knew that he would pass the house where she joined us at that day and hour.

Having nothing to do, I amused myself trying to work out the relationship between them. While they said nothing directly to indicate it, they said a great deal indirectly. At one time the girl would chat about a certain farm, mentioning all sorts of devices for making the house on it attractive. She would put up some curtains she had that would fit very nearly and paper several of the rooms herself—she had done papering before—tidy the porch with flowers, and make a lot of improvements besides. Josh assented to all this every time she stopped long enough to give him an opportunity, saying: "Just so. That would look mighty fine—beautiful." But it seemed to me that he was listening to a story rather than facts, if she were picturing a future home in which he was to participate he gave me the idea that he considered the girl to be a rainbow chaser.

Striking a crossroad, we found a man sitting on a fence whitening a shirt. He took no notice of us till we came opposite; then he said: "Howdy, Josh? Howdy, Sairy?" "Howdy, Mart?" said Josh, pulling up.

"What yo' goin' to?" asked Mart. "We're goin' to Jasper." "What yo' goin' to do that—get married?"

Josh looked at the girl, but since she did not seem inclined to make a reply he did so himself. "We allowed we might get married if we can find a palson to marry us."

"I reckoned so. That's the reason I jist thought I'd wait fo' yo' yere." I changed my position so that I could see the girl's face. All the light beams of her eyes had gone out of her. I inferred that the man sitting on the fence was a claimant for her, himself, but he was a red headed, freckled, loose jointed, disagreeable looking fellow, and I didn't see how he could have any chance with Josh, who was quite a looking and otherwise attractive fellow. Josh and Sairy made way comment on Mart's last statement. I presently drew aside:

"See here, Sairy, this has been goin' on long enough. Yo' see the sign; both's points the way! The road yo' are goin' leads to Jasper, tother one to Chattanooga. Air yo' goin' to Jasper with Josh or air yo' goin' to Chattanooga with me?"

There being no immediate reply to this, there was a dead silence. It was evident that the two men were waiting for the girl to decide between them. Presently Mart added:

"This ends the foolin'. Yo' go to Jasper or to Chattanooga, and which ever way yo' go yo' stay. There's no go back."

Half a minute elapsed before the decision came and then not in words, Josh must have seen it in the girl's face, for I saw him reach down under the seat, take out Sairy's carpet-bag and hand it to her. At the same time Mart approached and handed her down on to the road. Then Josh drove on. Looking back, I saw Mart and Sairy trudging along on the road to Chattanooga.

Taking the seat I had vacated in favor of the girl, I handed Josh a cigar. "Smoke?"

"Reckon I will." "What does all this mean?" I asked when he had lighted up.

"Waal, there's some women has a powerful influence over some men and some men over some women. That gal has been wantin' to marry me fo' a long spell, but that feller wouldn't let her. Did yo' hear her talkin' about the house we was to live in arter we was married? I'd heard all that afore. I knowed it didn't mean nothin'. I knowed Mart was a watchin' her and had his spies out on her and he wouldn't get far afore he'd stop her."

"Does she fear him?" "No. If he'd 'a' tried to force her I'd put a bullet inter him."

I asked Josh if Mart noticed the girl, explained to him what hypochondria meant, but all he had to say to this was:

"I guess."

The Bishop's Tar Water.

The endorsement of a nostrum by a clergyman, above all by a bishop, has for hundreds of years been all that was necessary to obtain recognition for such a remedy from a believing public. Bishop Berkeley set an example in drinking tar water. Supposedly having received benefit from the use of tar water when ill of the cold, he published a work on "The Virtues of Tar Water," on which he said he had bestowed more pains than on any of his previous treatises, and a few months before his death he published his last work, "Further Thoughts on Tar Water." That was in 1758. That tar water had not passed out of favor in rural England in the time of Charles Dickens is made evident in a laughable incident in "Great Expectations," where Pip, by a substitution of tar water in a bottle of wine, gives Uncle Pumblechook, corn-chandler and headman, opportunity to take a long swig of Bishop Berkeley's cure-all, much to that amiable gentleman's astonishment and disgust.—Fall Mill Gazette.

Where the Earth's Crust is Thinnest.

Italy is visited by an excessive number of earthquakes and volcanic disturbances because it is the newest part of the earth's surface," declared M. Peperot of Paris, a French geologist of authority. "People especially those living in the western hemisphere, look upon Europe and all of the eastern hemisphere, in fact as the 'old world,' which, taken one way is right. But in the matter of the formation of the earth's crust, which geologists now agree is the result of the cooling of the great molten mass that makes our earth, it so happened that the section round about Italy was the last to cool and consequently has not yet cooled so great a depth as other portions of the world. This, then, makes Italy the newest part of the world's surface. If our geologists are correct in their estimation regarding the tardiness in the cooling of that particular section."—New York American.

England's "Basket Justices."

Centuries ago justice in England was not administered nearly so impartially as it is now. There were the "basket justices," who received their nickname from the presents openly handed up to them in court by others. And in more recent times there were the "trading justices," satirized by Fielding in "Amelia." Townsend, the celebrated Bow street runner, in his evidence before a parliamentary committee in 1816 described how these justices used to issue batches of warrants every day "to take up all the poor devils on the streets so as to charge them 2s. 6d. each at bail. Only the penniless offenders were sent to goal, and a morning's work would sometimes produce £10 or £20," after which the worthy magistrate and his clerk would adjourn to a neighboring hostelry for refreshment.—London Graphic.

His Masterpiece.

The greatest comic artist in the world drew a caricature of a woman's face. The picture was so funny that he almost had to laugh at it himself, but when he showed it to his wife she never cracked a smile.

"Don't you like it?" inquired the artist. "Like it?" she replied. "Of course I like it. It's the funniest, most grotesque, most horrible thing I ever saw in my life. Why do you want your wife to see it? You're a comic artist, aren't you? You ought to be able to draw a woman's face that will make her laugh." "I'll try to do it," he said.

A Feat in Shorthand.

Although Henri Blowitz was French correspondent of the London Times for thirty years, he never learned to write English. This gap in his acquirements led to the performance of a remarkable shorthand feat on the part of J. G. Alger, one of his colleagues. Every day Blowitz used to dictate his article in French, and Mr. Alger would take it down in shorthand in English. How many are there, even among those perfectly equipped in both languages, capable of such a performance?—London Spectator.

So Generous of Him.

"So poor old Johnson has fallen? 'Too bad! He promised me something yesterday, but now his trouble I won't hold him to it."

"That's very generous of you. What was it?"

"His daughter's hand in marriage."—Boston Transcript.

All He Said.

Officer—How is this, Murphy? Sergeant complains that you called him names. Privates Murphy—Please, sir; I never called him any names at all. All I said was, "Sergeant," says I, "some of us ought to be in a menagerie!"—London Tit-Bits.

His Favorite Paper.

"What is your favorite illustrated paper?" asked the cheerful idiot. "The ten dollar bill," replied the boob.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Where They Go.

"Ma, where do the Irish put their green dresses when winter comes?" "In their trunks, my dear."—Baltimore American.

From the Heart He Speaks.

The inventor—That machine can do the work of ten men. Visitor—(To what?) My wife ought to have married me!

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