

A Doctor's Last Remedy.

By JOHN TURNLEE

Did you ever notice a boy and girl love? I mean a real boy and girl, the boy, say, fourteen and the girl about thirteen.

I am a country doctor. One of my patients was Mrs. Baxter, a widow with one child, a boy. When I called to see her this little fellow, Alan, and a little neighbor, Effie Barnes, were usually playing together either in the house or outside.

The town in which we lived was really a very small village; consequently I had many opportunities to observe the children for the next few years, during which they were most of the time together. Then when Alan was seventeen he went away to college. I wished that Effie could go away to some educational institution, too, for I knew that while Alan and she would remain the same persons they would differentiate. Alan would be developed, polished, mentally and in manners, while Effie would be the same plain little country girl.

After Alan entered college I saw no more of him except in vacation, but I continued to see Effie every now and again. She was the same demure little body she had always been, except when Alan came home; then she would brighten up. But this brightening lasted but a year or two. Alan at each return showed himself different from what he was the time before. There was a constant shedding of the farmer's boy, a putting on of the educated gentleman. Yet he found Effie the same except in bodily development. Her speech was no more artificial, her manners no more studied, than when he had first left her.

There was the same innocence in her, the same depth of feeling, the same love. But how could these count against the training mentally and the more polished manners of the girls with whom Alan was being thrown every day? I judged that love had never been spoken between them. It had only existed. Alan on returning to his mother's farm always spent some time with his former sweetheart, but not as he had been used to doing. There was a certain constraint between them. I noticed it and knew the cause. Effie had fallen behind him. My heart bled for her, but I couldn't blame Alan. Indeed, I fancied that while he did not analyze the facts as I did he regretted them. I think he would have liked to see Effie lay aside a certain plainness there was about her and put on something of finer texture.

All the time Alan was in college a separation was going on between the two lovers, not visible to their friends generally, but very plain to me, who had learned the secret they did not know themselves—their child love.

Then Alan came home after being graduated and talked to me about studying the profession of medicine. He decided to do so and went away again, not to return except once, to bid farewell to his mother, who was dying.

He could get on—or at least, he thought he could—without Effie, but she could not get on without him. After he left for the medical school she seemed to me to be as one who had suffered a great grief. Then, during several years after he had graduated and was practicing his profession in a distant city, she seemed to me to be gradually wasting away. Finally her parents thought she should have treatment by a doctor. I was called in to see her—I, who could diagnose her case on what I had observed years before.

I went through the usual formula partly from habit, partly because I did not consider it wise to tell the truth. I felt her pulse, looked at her tongue; then, taking out my prescription blank, I wrote an order for a mild tonic, charging her to take it regularly three times a day. Then I left her, wondering what I might really do for her.

She gradually sank away till at last I made up my mind that if the cause of her malady could not be removed she would die. I resolved on an expedient to try to remove that cause.

I wrote Dr. Baxter that I had a patient under my care whose case was puzzling me. I was aware that as a country doctor I was in statu quo, while he, having recently been graduated from one of the best medical schools in the country, was on a higher plane in the profession than I. Would he run down to his old home long enough to give me the benefit of his diagnosis?

He came immediately. I told him that I would take him to see my patient, but preferred that he should see her alone, make up his mind concerning the cause of the trouble and the treatment and report to me. I took him to the home of his old sweetheart. He looked at me in surprise, but without a word went in to see her. I drove away, realizing that I had used my last expedient to save my patient's life.

A few hours later Dr. Baxter came to my office. I was alone and waiting for him.

"Doctor," he said feelingly, "your patient is suffering from neglect from one unworthy of her. But he has repented. I don't think it will be necessary for you to call on her again."

A month later Effie was well, and two months later she married Dr. Baxter. I don't see that he needs to be ashamed of her. She is now in his field and is a good illustration of a woman's aptness in picking up the little refinements of good society.

THE NEW CAPTAIN

By M. QUAD

In the many company and regimental changes which occurred after McClellan's peninsular campaign Company H of the Tenth volunteers got a new captain by transfer. He was a fair-haired, blue-eyed man, who lacked ruggedness and sternness. The rough and rugged men looked the new captain over and said to each other:

"Bahl! He's no fighter. They've sent us a man who hasn't the heart to kill a sheep!"

Later on, when Company H had been out on the picket lines and had a sharp skirmish with the enemy, they were strange talk among the men.

"Do you know," whispered the orderly sergeant to the first corporal, "that they gave us a cursed coward for a captain?"

"Hush, hush!" replied the corporal. "I won't hush. I was watching him in that little scrimmage, and he was as white as a sheet and trembling like a leaf."

Next day the captain sent for the orderly sergeant, and the latter had a strong suspicion, but he was greeted quietly and pleasantly, and the captain asked a few questions before saying:

"So, sergeant, you think I'm a coward and should be forced to resign?"

Bergant Clay was a bluff, blunt man. The captain had asked him a direct question, and, throwing military etiquette to the dogs, he answered:

"You didn't make no record to be proud of out there the other day!"

"I was very nervous," slowly admitted the captain after a long pause. "It was my first time under fire. I wasn't afraid of being killed, that I can remember, but the excitement upset me. Suppose you and the boys wait a bit before you send me a request to resign. I don't know myself yet, and you can't fairly call me a failure until we have another turn at it. If my nerves fail me in the next crisis you won't have to demand my resignation. Are you willing to wait?"

"Captain," the sergeant whispered as a feeling of awe came to him, "it ain't for me to say this of that of us. It's for me to say that there'll be no more talk among the boys and that in our next fight you'll make a record to be proud of."

It had been man to man instead of captain to sergeant, and it was still so when their hands were extended and clasped.

"Well," queried half a dozen sergeants and corporals at the orderly returned to his quarters.

"Well, you hear me now?" replied the man as he looked from one to the other. "We've done a lot of talking with our mouths. From this time on till we've seen our captain prance about in another scrimmage we are going to shut right up. The chap at loose any blowing won't be no friend of mine."

A week later began the campaign which ended in the battle of Antietam. "Fighting Joe" Hooker was leading the division to which the Third brigade and the Tenth volunteers belonged, and as Company H pressed forward the second sergeant muttered to the orderly:

"How's how's things goin' to be at the head of the company?"

"Now, don't you worry the shirt off your back before it's time, Joe Hooker. I'm going to wait and see, and the rest of you have got to do the same. Durn a man who won't give another man a fair show!"

As the Tenth regiment got the word the captain of Company H passed swiftly by Effie's line. In the ghostly light he seemed taller by a foot. The men who peered at him saw that his jaws were firm and set and his eyes blazing.

"He means fight!" whispered the first corporal.

"Say, he'll lead us into hades and back!" muttered the second sergeant.

Forward, guide led, moved the Tenth, and the front line had scarcely brushed the wet of the cornstalks when they met with a volley. "It was so close and deadly that there was confusion. The center broke back, the flanks halted, and order and discipline were lost.

"Attention, Company H! By the right flank—march! On the left into line! Forward—double quick—charge bayonets!"

It was the voice of the new captain, and, like clockwork, the men who were tumbling over each other fell into line and plowed their way out of the hurly-burly. As they cleared the mob their muskets came down to the charge, and with shouts and cheers, they drove through a line of battle and sent a thousand men scurrying away through the mist. As they stood panting, with dead and wounded under their feet, the other companies came marching up to join them and to hold the position. Then the sun blazed up over the hills and devoured the mist at a gulp, and every living man in Company H turned to look at his captain. His face was as white as a dead man's, but there was a grim smile of triumph over it, and the exultation of battle was making his blue eyes shine like stars.

"Well, I'll be cussed!" whispered the second sergeant.

"Blas't my eyes, if he ain't a fighter!" gasped the first corporal.

The orderly sergeant caught the captain's eye and nodded and brought up his hand in salute. He received a nod and a salute in reply.

"We jest didn't understand how he was made!" muttered the orderly as he removed his cap to inspect a bullet hole. "Eie's done us all proud today!"

A Cure For Indecision

By JOHN Y. LARSON

"Eve," said Jack Beverance, "I must return to the city tomorrow. I wish you to tell me before I go whether you will marry me or not."

"Suppose I say 'no'?"

"Then I will not ask you again," Eve winced.

"I believe," continued Jack, "in a woman taking plenty of time in making up her mind on such an important matter as marriage; but what's fair for one is fair for the other. It would be as unreasonable for the man to put off the wedding day indefinitely as for a girl to take an indefinite time to accept or decline him."

"If I accept you and we find what so many are finding nowadays, that marriage is in our case a failure, you will be the sufferer as well as I."

"Correct. And if we grow every day more devoted to each other you will be the gainer as well as I."

"In other words, it's a game of chance."

"If you think so, why not come to your decision by a game of chance? I will play you an odd number of games of chance; if I win the most of them you marry me; if you win the most of them you don't."

"There would be no sense in that."

"Why not?"

"If I wanted you I would play badly; if I don't I would play my best. But it wouldn't be fair anyway, because you are a much better player than I."

"You might spin a coin. No one can tell on which side a coin will fall. Fairness would decide the case."

"But suppose the coin should decide wrong?"

"If you know which alternative is wrong why resort to cards or coin spinning? Why not decide in the right yourself?"

"But I don't know which way is wrong."

There was silence for a few moments. She looked very unhappy. There is no greater source of mental discomfort than vacillation.

"I'm going to give you," he said, "10 o'clock tonight to decide. If you don't stand in my favor before the clock strikes 9 I shall wait no longer."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I shall withdraw the offer."

"You mean you'll never ask me again?"

"If you prefer that method of deciding it."

"You're very independent, aren't you?"

"I have reached a decisive point."

Jack had her hand and left her. He knew that he possessed her heart and that she would marry him; but the world never makes up her mind to do so. He must make up her mind for her.

But how should he do this? He would have done it long ago if he could. He had thought of frightening her into it by some drastic measure, but in that case there was a possibility of his breaking with her altogether. He had finally concluded to set a limit of time for her answer, but he knew that the clock might strike 9 with the crack of doom and it would have no effect upon her.

But he was determined to get his answer and get it before leaving her again. They lived a thousand miles apart, and he could not be making journeys to go back after each with nothing decided. He had a simple plan in his head, and if he could get her to adopt it she would decide in his favor. The result would be accomplished by stratagem, but he considered that the end justified the means.

When he went back to her in the evening he had a new silver half dollar and a new quarter in his pocket. He called at half past 8. He asked her for a quarter of an hour, when he drew forth a half dollar and said:

"Are you willing to leave this matter between us to fate for decision?"

"Yes, I am. I'm tired of trying to decide it myself."

"Very well. I will spin the coin, or you can spin it yourself if you like. You may choose heads or tails. If you win, I losing, you refuse me; if I win you accept me. The best in five spins decides."

"You may spin the coin and choose heads or tails."

"Very well." He spun the coin, called "heads" and won. He spun it again, calling "heads," and won again.

"I believe it's loaded," she said.

"If you think so I will try another coin for the balance of the trial." And he brought out the quarter. He spun it, crying "tails" as he did so. She watched it with bated breath till it fell "tails" up. He took her unresisting in his arms.

She looked up at him with a great relief. He had broken or fate had broken through her indecision, and now that the barrier had been passed she was very happy. She cared not how she had been dragged over it so long as it was behind her.

After they were married she found in her husband's box, where he kept scarfpins, watch chains and such odds and ends, a half dollar and a quarter. She asked him if they were mementoes. He said they certainly were mementoes, since they had made him happy in giving him her. He spun them, the half dollar invariably falling heads up, the quarter tails up. Then with a microscope he showed her that the milling of the larger coin had been filed on the tail's side and the quarter on the head's side.

THE NEW CAPTAIN

By M. QUAD

Break Again Break.

A careful mother whose baby had fallen asleep in his carriage in the park found it awkward to make him comfortable that the sun was shining from one direction and a cold wind blowing from another. After careful consideration and numerous turnings she decided to sink his tightly closed eyes to a little sunshine rather than to expose him to the chilly breeze.

As she seated herself a stern voice spoke.

"I don't know who your mistress is," it said, "but I shall make it my business to find out and report you to her. The idea of your risking this baby's eyes in that manner—I am a doctor's wife."

Several times did the careful mother attempt vainly to interrupt and explain. Then "I am grateful for your interest, madam," she said, "and I happen to be this child's mother. Also I, too, am a doctor's wife and a nurse as well."

As the stern voice moved on she turned to another careful mother on the bench.

"I knew this coat was old," she said, "but do I look as bad as that?"—New York Post.

A Cure For Indecision

By JOHN Y. LARSON

The Arms of Glasgow.

The explanation of the coat of arms of Glasgow is curious. On it are an oak tree with a bell hanging on one of its branches, a bird at the top of the tree and a salmon, with a ring in its mouth, at the base.

St. Kentigern, in the seventh century, took up his abode on the site of the present city of Glasgow. Upon an oak in the clearing he hung a bell to summon the savages to worship, hence the oak and bell.

A queen, having formed an attachment to a soldier, gave him a precious ring, which the king had given her. The king, aware of the fact, stole upon the soldier in sleep, abstracted the ring, threw it into the Clyde and then asked the queen for it. The queen, in alarm, applied to St. Kentigern, who went to the Clyde, caught a salmon with the ring in its mouth, handed it to the queen and was thus the means of restoring peace to the royal couple.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Cure For Indecision

By JOHN Y. LARSON

Man's Possibilities.

Man is the crowning work of God on earth; but, though so nobly endowed, we must not forget that we are the softy children of a race whose lowest forms he prostrate within the water, having no higher aspiration than the desire for food. And we cannot understand the possible degradation and abject wretchedness of man without knowing that his physical nature is rooted in all the material characteristics that belong to his type and link him even with the fish. The moral and intellectual gifts that distinguish him from them are his to use or abuse. He may, if he will, abjure his better nature and be voraciously more than man. He may sink as low as the lowest of his type, or he may rise to a spiritual height that will make that which distinguishes him from the rest far more the controlling element of his being than that which unites him with them.—Agassiz.

A Cure For Indecision

By JOHN Y. LARSON

Man's Possibilities.

Man is the crowning work of God on earth; but, though so nobly endowed, we must not forget that we are the softy children of a race whose lowest forms he prostrate within the water, having no higher aspiration than the desire for food. And we cannot understand the possible degradation and abject wretchedness of man without knowing that his physical nature is rooted in all the material characteristics that belong to his type and link him even with the fish. The moral and intellectual gifts that distinguish him from them are his to use or abuse. He may, if he will, abjure his better nature and be voraciously more than man. He may sink as low as the lowest of his type, or he may rise to a spiritual height that will make that which distinguishes him from the rest far more the controlling element of his being than that which unites him with them.—Agassiz.