

with your right arm. Hartshorn, this way; Doctors Henbane and Digitalis, be ready to assist. He may struggle some, and it is well to be prepared for any emergency."

"Good heavens, doctor! You must be mad! I'll never permit myself to be murdered in this way. Begone—leave the house instantly!" cried our invalid, wildly.

Doctor Drugem turned to his companions, and said in a low voice, but yet sufficiently loud for his patient to hear:

"We must not humor his whims in the least. Perhaps you had better roll up your coat sleeves, gentlemen. Doctor Hartshorn, how much pressure do you think we can get on that machine?"

"About as much as would be exerted by a two horse power steam-engine," was the whispered reply, which did not fail to reach the ears of Tomkins.

The parties rolled up their sleeves, and turned back their wrist-bands. All these proceedings the patient beheld with dilated eyes and cheeks pale with fear. He perceived that all their movements were grave and methodical, and felt fully persuaded that they intended to carry their plan into effect.

"I can't live without blood!" he stammered, rising from the easy chair in which he was seated.

"Nonsense! you can live without blood just as well as without air; they are both accomplices to your misery. Advance, gentlemen, and seize him firmly."

"I warn you that I will fight! I will resist this barbarity to the last!" continued the patient, retreating as his persecutors approached.

The firm of Drugem, Hartshorn & Company moved towards their victim with determined looks; but the terrors of the machine, the instrument that gleamed in the hand of Doctor Hartshorn, the bucket, etc., had struck a terror to the soul of Tomkins, which made him desperate. In defiance of his old enemy, the air, he gathered up all his physical forces, and made a clean leap through a window, carrying with him the sash and glass in one general crash.

"Out, and after him!" shouted Drugem, at the top of his voice. "Head him off—don't let him escape, for your lives!" And the parties followed the unfortunate invalid, pell-mell.

But Cotton Tomkins was not to be outdone; feeling morally certain that death was behind him, he exerted himself wonderfully, and, followed by the doctor and his associates, together with Thomas, in hot pursuit, ran with a speed which would have done credit to any one who ever contended for a prize at the Olympic games. He leaped fences, forded a stream of considerable depth, ran across two intervening fields, and was finally lost to view in a piece of woods.

After remaining in the woods till night, he cautiously crept forth, and sought shelter at a neighbor's house. The anger and excitement of the proceeding gave a salutary reaction to the system. He discovered that *air* would not kill him, and that he was able to take most violent exercise with impunity. He had made such an exhibition of activity before his neighbors, that he was ashamed to return to his former habits. It was a long time before he could forgive Doctor Drugem; and not till he had experienced fully the benefits of his singular proceedings, could be

induced to think of him with any kind of complacency. But finally reason triumphed, and he discovered that *air* was as necessary as blood, and exercise as much called for by nature as either.

Mr. Tomkins is now a healthy and rational man; but never likes to hear any reference to phlebotomy, or that strange machine which was intended to cut off his supply of oxygen.

Miscellany.

A DOGMATIC MINISTER.

A minister in one of our churches, while on his way to preach a funeral sermon in the country, called to see one of his members, an old widow lady, who lived near the road where he was traveling. The old lady had just been making sausages, and she felt very proud of them, they were so plump, round, and sweet. Of course she insisted on her minister taking some of the links home to his family. He objected on account of not having his portmanteau along with him.—The objection was soon overruled, and the old lady, after wrapping them up in a rag, carefully placed a bundle in the pocket of the preacher's capacious great-coat. Thus equipped he started for the funeral. While attending the solemn ceremonies of the grave, some hungry dogs scented the sausages, and were not long in tracking them to the pocket of the good man's over-coat. Of course this was a great annoyance, and he was several times under the necessity of kicking the whelps away. The obsequies of the grave completed the minister and congregation repassed into the church, where the funeral discourse was to be preached. After the sermon was finished, the minister halted to make some remarks to the congregation, when a brother, who wanted to have an appointment given out, ascended the steps of the pulpit, and gave the minister's coat a hitch to get his attention. The divine, thinking it a dog having designs upon his pocket, raised his foot, gave a sudden kick, and sent the good brother sprawling down the steps. "You will excuse me brethren and sisters," said the minister confusedly, and without looking at the work he had done, "for I could not avoid it. I have sausages in my pockets, and that dog has been trying to grab them ever since he came upon the premises."

Mr. Solly, the eminent writer on diseases of the brain, says in a late lecture to medical students, on that frightful and formidable malady, softening of the brain, "I would caution you, as students, from excesses in tobacco and smoking, and I would advise you to disabuse your patients' minds of the idea that it harmless. I have had a large experience of brain disease, and I am now satisfied that smoking is a most noxious habit. I know no other cause or agent that so much tends to bring on functional disease, and through this, in the end, to lead to organic disease of the brain, as the excessive use of tobacco."

Let the counsel of thine own heart stand; for there is no man more faithful unto thee than it. For a man's mind is sometimes wont to tell him more than seven watchmen that sit above in a high tower.