

A DOCTOR'S STORY.

BY W. M. CARLETON.

I.

Deacon Rogers he came to me;
 "Wife's a-going to die," said he,
 "Doctors great, an' doctors small,
 Haven't improved her any at all.
 Physic and blister, powders and pills,
 And nothing sure but the doctors' bills!
 Twenty old women with remedies new
 Bother my wife the whole day through—
 Sweet as honey, or bitter as gall—
 Poor old woman, she takes 'em all;
 Sour or sweet, whatever they choose,
 Poor old woman, she daren't refuse.
 So she pleases who'er may call,
 An' Death is suited the best of all.
 Physic and blister, powder an' pill,
 Bound to conquer, and sure to kill."

II.

Mrs. Rogers lay in her bed,
 Bandaged and blistered from foot to head.
 Bandaged and blistered from head to toe,
 Mrs. Rogers was very low.
 Bottle and sancer, spoon and cup,
 On the table stood bravely up;
 Physic of high and low degree,
 Calomel, catnip, boneset tea;
 Everything a body could bear,
 Excepting light and water and air.

III.

I opened the blinds—the day was bright,
 And God gave Mrs. Rogers some light.
 I opened the window—the day was fair,
 And God gave Mrs. Rogers some air.
 Bottles and blisters, powders and pills,
 Catnip, boneset, syrups and squills,
 Drugs and medicines, high and low,
 I threw them as far as I could throw.
 "What are you doing?" my patient cried;
 "Frightening Death," I coolly replied.
 "You are crazy!" a visitor said:
 I flung a bottle at her head.

IV.

Deacon Rogers he came to me:
 "Wife's a-comin' round," said he.
 "I re'll think she will worry through—
 She scolds me just as she used to do.
 All the people have poohed and slurred—
 All the neighbors have had their word;
 'Twas better to perish, some of 'em say,
 Than be cured in such an irregular way."

V.

"Your wife," said I, "had God's good care,
 And His remedies—light and water and air.
 All the doctors beyond a doubt,
 Couldn't have cured Mrs. Rogers without."

VI.

The Deacon smiled, and bowed his head;
 "Then your bill is nothing," he said.
 "God's be the glory, as you say!
 God bless you, Doctor! good day! good day!"

VII.

If ever I doctor that woman again,
 I'll give her medicine made by men.

MR. W. H. BAKER'S RING.

Mr. Baker himself told us this story. He said it was true; nor is this unlikely. I have known Mr. William Henry Baker personally for a number of years, and I am inclined to think he has hitherto never in all his life told the truth. Now, it is so manifestly improbable that the most consistent man should protract a long and useful career of storytelling to such extraordinary limits without at some period telling the truth by sheer misadventure, that it is quite likely Mr. Baker may have committed himself in this instance. At least the time has arrived for human nature to assert itself, according to the doctrine of averages.

"Only once, gentlemen," said Mr. B. "have I been deceived. William Henry keeps his eyes open, in a general way; William Henry also takes the liberty of seeing out of them. He uses them, as a rule, for the purposes of observation, gentlemen. Still, I admit I was once taken in by as dead a swindle as could be. I am not ashamed to own it. I made money by it, after all; but I was swindled.

"It was about a diamond ring. I knew the fellow who had it for many years in the way of business. He was a commercial traveller, and used always to flash this ring about whenever he came round on his journeys. A jeweller friend of mine, who happened to be in my office once when Mr. Blook called, asked, I remember, to be allowed to examine it, and had pronounced the stone to be a diamond of the purest water, telling me afterwards the ring was worth about £70. Mr. Blook's initials were engraved inside the hoop of the ring, 'R. B.,' and besides that, it was a ring of peculiar and rather old-fashioned make. Indeed, having once seen the ring, no one would be likely to mistake it for another. Well, Mr. Blook got into difficulties, and went so entirely to the bad that I never saw or heard anything more of him. But about two years afterwards, whilst walking down a back street, my eye was taken by a ring exhibited in a pawnbroker's window. 'Mr. Blook's ring,' I exclaimed directly. 'I'll swear to it.' It was in a tray with a number of very seedy-looking rings, and was as discolored and dirty as they were. I went into the shop and asked to look at it. The pawnbroker, an old Jew, said, 'Yeah, I might see his ring; but he didn't know moosh about the ring; himself. They wosh unredemed pledge—thash what they wosh—and they wosh all marked at the monish advanced upon them, with a very shmall overplush for interest—thash all he knew.' 'There was no mistake about it. It was Mr. Blook's ring, and had his initials inside. But

how did the Jew get it? He would soon tell me. Referring to his book, he found it had been pawned two years ago in the name of Smith. 'Thash all he knew. Would I buy? It wosh dirt cheap—£3. 12s.—and cosht him all the monish!'

"Three pounds twelve!" I repeated, thinking he had made a mistake, for the ring was worth twenty times that amount.

"Well, if it wosh too dear, he had some sheaper ones, beautiful rings, he dareshay; but he knew sho little about rings, you shee, except that he always advanced too moosh monish on them. One couldn't undershtand everything in his bishnish, you shee, from flat ironsh to diamondsh."

"I bought the ring, after beating the Jew down half-a-crown, partly to prevent his suspecting its value, and partly, well knowing the disposition of the peculiar people, to oblige him.

"I wore my new purchase about, with no little inward satisfaction at having bettered a Jew at a bargain. In my own mind, I accounted for its coming into his possession somewhat in this way: Mr. Blook must have sold the ring, when in difficulties, to some one else. It was quite certain Mr. Blook had not pawned it at the Jew's, or the Jew would have known its value. The ring must, then, have either been lost by, or stolen from, a subsequent possessor; and the finder, or thief (whichever it happened to be), being ignorant of its value, had taken it to the Jew, who knew no better.

"There is a commercial club in our town, which I occasionally visit. The members are of an easy and somewhat lively disposition; generally given to indulge in that playful style of banter popularly known as 'chaff.' My diamond ring came in for a good share of it. I can stand chaff as well as most men; but I put it to you, if, when you know very well your brilliants are real, isn't a little annoying for the chaff of a whole body of people to assume the character of persistent disbelief in the value of your jewellery? For instance, the waiter answers the bell.

"Did any gentleman ring?"

"O yes, one of the members would retort; 'it was the gentleman with the paste diamonds.'"

"Again, there are kinds of sham brilliants known as Irish Diamonds and Isle of Wight Diamonds. The club (not one or two members, but the whole body) refused to recognize such distinctions, and insisted on designating the whole class of shams as 'Baker's Diamonds.' 'Baker's Paste,' my gems were also denominated. They actually sent me by post a circular of somebody's Baking Powder, adding to it at the end, where it says the public is respectfully cautioned against spurious imitations, 'but more particularly against a spurious preparation to deceive the unwary, known as Baker's Paste!' Now, after two or three weeks, this became tiresome. Still, I took no notice, and affected not to think the remarks intended for me.

"I hardly know what made me go and call on my friend the jeweller. It was not that I had any doubt of the genuineness of the diamonds, especially as he was the very man who had before valued Mr. Blook's ring at seventy pounds. But it had been so dinned into my head they were false, that I wanted just a formal confirmation of the estimate he had previously formed of their worth.

"O yes," said my friend the jeweller; I recognize the ring again directly. Want to know what it's worth? (He put it in the scales.) 'Well—h'm—about seven-and-twenty shillings for old gold.'

"Eh?" said I, as pale as a turnip. 'Why, didn't you tell me it was worth seventy pounds?'

"Yes," he answered; 'when it had diamonds in it—not when it has paste.'

"Talking the matter over, the jeweller suggested, that on Mr. Blook getting in o difficulties, the first thing he did was to sell the diamonds out of his ring, and get their places supplied with paste; whilst, finally, he had pawned it himself with the Jew, as a paste ring."

"Well, William Henry," said I to myself, 'the Jew has jewed you, and the club has chaffed you, and you may consider yourself trod upon, after the manner of speaking.'

"But the worm will turn."

"Did the jeweller let out diamonds for hire?" I asked.

"He did."

"Would he have a certain alteration, which I suggested, made in my ring in a fortnight's time?"

"And keep it secret?"

"Certainly. Business was business."

"For the whole of that fortnight I never went near the club. That was probably the reason why my appearance at the club dinner was greeted with such lively sallies about Baker's paste. One would-be wag recommended me, whilst helping a tart, 'to keep my fingers out of the pastry.' Believing him to intend some obscure allusion to the gems on my little finger, I thought it time to open fire."

"Gentlemen," said I, 'for some weeks I have listened to casual observations in which the name of Baker has been unworthily associated with paste and pastry, but have refrained from making any remarks, having been firmly persuaded they could only apply to industrious tradesmen employed in the manufacture of home-made bread.' (Oh, oh!) 'It now occurs to me that such remarks were intended in allusion to the ring I wear; a ring, I take this opportunity of informing you, which, unlike the wits who have amused themselves at its expense, is indebted for its brilliancy to nature.

"They hooted me; they heaped opprobrious epithets on the name of Baker; they laughed and talked me down."

"I'll bet five pounds it's paste," said one.

"So will I," said another. 'And I.' 'And I.'

"So said eleven of them."

"Really, gentlemen," said I, 'I am sorry you should take the matter so much in earnest. All I can tell you is I believe my ring to be a diamond ring, and this, notwithstanding, I will freely admit, I only paid a very small sum for it.'

"They laughed and hooted me still more at this admission. They said that settled the question, and that it was paste."

"I told them I didn't think it was."

"Well, would I bet?"

"I would rather not."

"More hooting."

"At length, very reluctantly, I overcame my scruples. The name of Baker is a name too closely allied to the gentle bred to allow it to be wantonly sullied. I bet."

"We adjourned to the jeweller's."

"Without question, they were diamonds," the jeweller decided, "and some of the finest he had ever seen." He ought to know, as they were his property—hired by me for the occasion.

"Eleven fives are fifty-five, gentlemen."

"Having established the value of my ring, and freed the name of Baker from suspicion, I paid for the hire of the real gems, and had the paste stones reset in their places, believing, after all, the reputation for diamonds to be as good as the possession of them, and free from anxiety."

"It was talked about and noised abroad; it even reached the little back street where the pawnbroker lived. You should have seen him."

"Real shstones! Oh, my heart! Sheventy-five poundsh—dead robbery—clean gone. Oh, my bootshe and bones! I not to know that folk-he do shometimes come and pawn real diamondsh for pashhe, sho as to have less interest to pay for tshking care of their ringsh. Oh, my blessed heart, only think of it!"

"He came to me. He grovelled, and wriggled, and twisted himself before me. He prayed me to sell him his ring again. 'Oh, my tere Mishter Baker, you must shell it to me, or I shall be a ruined old manshe. The time wosh not out, and Mishter Smit has come to redeem it, and he shays that it wosh a legacy, and if he doesh not get it by Shaturday next he will ruin me—sh-help me, he will. Oh, Mishter B-ker, think of it; twenty poundsh—all in gold—sholid money. Now, my tere, what do you shay?—theresh a good mansh!'

"What did I say? Could I turn a deaf ear to the distress of the old man? There are people who might do it, gentlemen, but not people of the name of Baker—not W. H. Baker. I certainly did ask him for more money. We compromised it at last at twenty-two ten, which he paid, part in sixpences and coppers, and owes me fourpence-halfpenny to this day."

"Twenty-two, nine and sevenpence-halfpenny, and fifty-five pounds, is seventy-seven pounds, nine, seven and a half. It just paid for the real diamonds; for I bought the ones I had previously hired of the jeweller, and had them set in a ring the fac-simile of Mr. Blook's, except that the initials are W. H. B."

"That was the only time I was ever swindled, gentlemen," Mr. Baker concluded.

MEN OF GENIUS DEFICIENT IN CON-
VERSATION.

The student who may, perhaps, shine as a luminary of learning and genius, in the pages of his volume, is found, not rarely, to lie obscured beneath a heavy cloud in colloquial discourse. If you love the man of letters, seek him in the privacy of his study. It is in the hour of confidence and tranquility that his genius shall elicit a ray of intelligence, more fervid than the labors of polished composition. The great Peter Corneille, whose genius resembled that of our Shakespeare, and who has so forcibly expressed the sublime sentiments of the hero, had nothing in his exterior that indicated his genius; on the contrary, his conversation was so insipid that it never failed of wearying. Nature, who had lavished on him the gifts of genius, had forgotten to blend with them her more ordinary ones. He did not even speak correctly that language of which he was such a master. When his friends represented to him how much more he might please by not disdaining to correct these trivial errors, he would smile, and say; "I am not the less Peter Corneille!"

Descartes, whose habits were formed in solitude and meditation, was silent in mixed company, and Thomas describes his mind by saying that he had received his intellectual wealth from nature in solid bars, but not in current coin; or as Addison expressed the same idea, by comparing himself to a banker who possessed the wealth of his friends at home, though he carried none of it in his pocket; or as that judicious moralist Nicolle, one of the Port-Royal Society, said of a scintillant wit: "He conquers me in the drawing-room, but he surrenders to me at discretion on the staircase." Such may say with Themistocles, when asked to play on a lute: "I cannot fiddle, but I can make a little village a great city."

The deficiencies of Addison in conversation are well known. He preserved a rigid silence amongst strangers; but if he were silent it was the silence of meditation. How often, at that moment, he labored at some future *Spectator*! Mediocrity can talk, but it is for genius to observe.

The cynical Mandeville compared Addison, after having passed an evening in his company, to "a silent parson in a wig." It is no shame for an Addison to receive the censures of a Mandeville; he has only to blush when he calls down those of a Pope.

Virgil was heavy in conversation, and resembled more an ordinary man than an enchanting poet.

La Fontaine, says La Bruyère, appeared coarse, heavy, and stupid. He could not speak or describe what he had just seen, but when he wrote he was the model of poetry.

It is very easy, said a humorous observer on La Fontaine, to be a man of wit or a fool; but to be both, and that too in the extreme degree, is indeed admirable, and only to be found in him. This observation applies to that fine natural genius, Goldsmith. Chaucer was more facetious in his tales than in his conversation, and the Countess of Pembroke used to rally him by saying that his silence was more agreeable to her than his conversation.

Isocrates, celebrated for his beautiful oratorical compositions, was so timid of disposition that he never ventured to speak in public. He compared himself to the whetstone, which will not cut, but enables other things to do this; for his productions served as models to other orators. Vancauson was said to be as much a machine as any he had made. Dryden says of himself: "My conversation is slow and dull, my humor saturnine and reserved. In short, I am none of those who endeavor to break jests in company or make repartees."

DOMESTIC.

TOMATO AND LETTUCE SALAD.—Select firm, ripe round tomatoes of equal size. Peel them with a thin sharp knife (do not scald them to peel them), and handle them as delicately as possible. Cut each tomato in o thick slices, but do not separate the slices, so that the appearance of whole tomatoes may be preserved. Place them upon ice to become thoroughly chilled. Just before the salad is to be served arrange them upon a bed of crisp lettuce leaves, and put a spoonful or more of thick mayonnaise sauce upon each. There is no more inviting and delicious salad than this.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—Beat 1lb. of sugar and 1lb. butter to a cream; and one nutmeg, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, and half a glass of brandy, also half pint milk and half teaspoonful carbonate of soda dissolved in a little hot water; beat four eggs and add them with flour to make a batter as thick as pound cake. Fill round, straight-sided tins, such as are used for Vienna cake, and bake. Boil cup of milk with half a cake of sweet chocolate, add three beaten eggs, stir one minute and set it to cool; spread the mixture on one cake, ice another with chocolate, lay it on the first, and serve cold. *Eclairs au Chocolat*; 4 oz. flour, one teaspoonful sugar, two gills of water, four egg, 2oz. butter, quarter teaspoonful soda. Put the water, cold, and butter, on the fire; when it boils stir in very rapidly the flour and sugar, take from the fire when well mixed, and stir for twenty minutes; then add the eggs well beaten, and the soda dissolved in a tablespoonful of water. Force the paste through a forcer, or paper funnel, upon buttered paper into cakes 4in. long and 1in. wide, and bake in an oven of 370°. When cold, ice them with chocolate or coffee icing, and fill with the following cream: Put three tablespoonfuls of sugar, two of flour, and four yolks of eggs into a saucepan, add gradually one pint milk, and stir over the fire till rather thick; when a little cool add 1oz. chocolate, melted with a little milk, mix well, and use. For *Eclairs au Café* mix three tablespoonfuls of strong coffee with the cream instead of the chocolate.

HUMOROUS.

A NEW HAVEN man has been arrested for breaking a silk umbrella over his wife's head. The extravagant brute!

AN Irish lover remarks, "It's a very great pleasure to be alone, especially when yer sweetheart is wild ye!"

"WELL, what do you complain of?" "Sleeplessness, doctor." "At what time do you go to bed?" "Oh, I don't mean at night, but during office hours!"

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

WILL S. RISING, the American tenor, is making a success abroad.

CAMBRIDGE University has opened its music degree examinations to women.

THE rumor that Theodore Thomas was to take his orchestra to London is denied.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE's article on opera in New York is severely criticized by the musical papers.

THE Conly-Reitzel benefit at the Academy of Music in New York has been a great success.

"Music and the Drama" is now recognized as the leading musical paper in the States.

WAGNER himself has pronounced in favor of *Parafal* as against the Nibelungen Ring.

MR. FREDERIC ARCHER has returned to New York after playing in Quebec on Monday and Tuesday of this week.

JOSEFFY will give orchestral concerts next season. We have given up all hope of him in Montreal.

THERE is no accounting for tastes. The *Musical American* finds Oaryl Horio's "Ukule Tom" both melodious and musician-like.

THE Editor of the *World* says that Patti is to be married, but is provokingly silent as to the husband that is to be.