

Who is Your Doctor.
—
One of the many physicians of note,
Who have made their day to day—
Of the wind and heads,
And the bones and sinews,
Of the searching eyes,
And the nerves of steel.
What is it then, pray?

Who tempts you flying pulse ?
Who quells your throbbing brain ?
Who gives you strength ?
Your obstinate will,
As he orders your drugs,
And makes out his bill !
Ah, the question seems in vain !

The question is in vain,
For "men are of many minds";
The world is wide,
And the world is strange,
Given to meekness,
And to courage,
Like the sea or the doubtful winds.

But the world turns round and says :
"Who shall my doctor be?"
"Who shall I call?"
Says the man or wife ;
"Who shall I trust,
With my precious life,
What friends can agree?"

Ah, "this is the rub," you say,
That is the trouble in their way—
If you now but ask
For a friend's advice,
I think you will find,
And end in a trice,
And I shall have had my say."

Drink plenty of God's good air,
And plenty of water pure;
From fiery drinks
From red wine, ale, &c.
Or from plain food.
Live well and plain,
For this is the best life cure.

And this is not all, my friend,
That I would prescribe for you ;
Keep the sun in your eye,
And the clouds clear,
And of house tell
How you are well.
Thus be your own doctor, true !

ODDS AND ENDS.

"Sally, what time do you fall down?"
"Soon as you go away—that's misus' orders."

What was England to buy,
cheapest—When asked the Third
of the last year for a home?

California houses describe soda as
that are stuff which you put in biscuits
to make 'em get up & Grecian bend
them sideways."

There are some men so exquisitely
selfish that they go through life not only
without ever being loved, but without
ever wishing to be.

What is the difference between a prince
and the leader of a horde of robbers ?

One attacks the head, and the other
heads the horde.

A pupil is one of the public schools
recently revised an old saying found in
his grammar as follows : "It is better to
give than to receive." The world will be
sure to come ; the latter can be had for
the pauper of five cents.

A western paper describing the effects
of a terrible storm observed, said it
shattered the trees, oaks, and
mammoth charises, laid whole villages
waste, and overturned a hog-pen.

"Why don't you wheel that barrel
of coal when you roll along?" asked
the master of his hired man ; "It's
a very hard job—there is an inclined
plane which goes up to the top of the hill,
and when you roll it up, you may be
inclined to drop it down again."

An artist who has painted a portrait
of a gentleman noted for his frequent
libations, invited the gentleman's friends
to see it. One friend said, "What kind of
a drunkard is this?" "A very bad one,"
replied the artist, "but he has more relish for
vitriol work." "The picture may be bad,"
said another, "but the artist is good."

A dyspeptic was bewailing his
own misfortunes, and speaking with a
frightful gloom over his fate.

"What do you do make yourself so
strong and fat?" inquired the dyspeptic.
"Live on fruit alone," said the friend.

"What kind of fruit?" "A peach,"
replied the friend. "I have never seen
such a peach in my life."

A dyspeptic was sent to the pasture
to drive home the cow. While thus en-
gaged she treated herself to climbing an
unnecessary fence, from which she fell,
and was severely bruised.

On returning home she was asked if she
cried when she fell. "Why no," she re-
plied, "but my clothes were wet."

That was a good, though rather
silly, pun which was made by a boy
in a school. He was not the brightest
of the class either,

when he asked : "Why is Fred
so tall?" "Because he is the
greatest reviser," said the boy.

"Because at the close
of every session, there is a great awaken-
ing."

A sign-painter recently decorated the
side of a hotel in an English town in
two large words in staring capitals :—

"Mrs. Brown, dealer in all sorts of
Ladies' Goods."

The town was not likely to be the
sort of a business until the painter, re-
covering from a week's illness, finished

the sign, and the hotel-keeper said : "Good
God! What's the matter with you?"

He said nothing, but when he was
asked if he had any objection, it was

found out : "In that case," said John

John, "let him go to some 'country
house,' where he will not be known,

and the place will be safe."

A school girl, one of the rural dis-
tricts of Pittfield was overheard trying

to convince a school-fellow that she liked
him better than she did some other
urchin of whom he was jealous. "Oh,
you know I like you better," said the
girl.

"The boy for I hear you neither think
your own thoughts, nor speak your
own words in the holy day."

Even so, however, it should be

observed, that if there is

no possible circumstances, it does

not mean that he is not a good boy.

He was the son of a good boy,

"supposed a man had been guilty of
some offence, and wanted to be exonerated."

"I told him, 'I'll do it for you,'

and he said, 'You don't like mine words in
my spelling lesson on purpose, as so to
draw the foot of the class when you

read.'

A friend visiting in a minister's

family, while the parents were very

strict in regard to their children's deportment,
was evidently considerably pleased

by one of the little girls, that she would

like to be a minister.

"Well, I suppose you have

nothing to do with that."

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Max Adler says they tell a story

about a man who got the scalding water

in a state of dimness, unperceived by fire

water. Just as he was about to make

a good deal of noise because the scalding

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