

"If we're tae dee, we're tae dee; an' if we're tae live, we're tae live," concluded Elspeth, with sound Calvinistic logic; "but a'll say this for the doctor, that whether yir tae live or dee, he can aye keep up a shairp moisture on the skin."

"But he's no very ceevil gla ye bring him when there's naethin' wrang," and Mrs. Macfadyen's face reflected another of Mrs. Hopps' misadventures of which Hillocks held the copyright.

"Hopps' laddie ate grosarts (gooseberries) till they hed to sit up a' nicht wi' him and naethin' wud do but they maun hae the doctor, an' he writes 'immediately' on a slip o' paper."

"Weel, MacLure had been away a' nicht wi' a shepherd's wife Dunleith wy, and he comes here without drawin' bridle, mud up tae the een."

"What's a dae here, Hillocks?" he cries; "it's no an accident, is't?" and when he got off his horse he cud hardly stand wi' stiffness and tire."

"It's name o' us, doctor; it's Hopps' laddie; he's been eatin' ower many berries."

"If he didna turn on me like a tiger."

"Div ye mean tae say—"

"Weesht, weesht, an' I tried tae quiet him, for Hopps was comin' oot."

"Well, doctor," begins he as brisk as a magpie, "you're here at last; there's no hurry with you Scotchmen. My boy has been sick all night, and I've never had one wink of sleep. You might have come a little quicker, that's all I've got to say."

"We've mair tae dae in Drumtochty than attend tae every bairn that hes a sair stomach," and a' saw MacLure was roosed.

"I'm astonished to hear you speak. Our doctor at home always says to Mrs. 'Opps, 'Look on me as a family friend, Mrs. 'Opps, and send for me though it be only a headache.'"

"It a be mair sparin' o' his offers if he hed four an' twenty mile to look aifter. There's naething wrang wi' yir laddie but greed. Gie him a gude dose o' castor oil and stop his meat for a day, an' he'll be a' richt the morn."

"He'll not take castor oil, doctor. We have given up those barbarous medicines."

"Whatna kind o' medicines hae ye noo in the Sooth?"

"Well, you see, Dr. MacLure, we're homoeopaths, and I've my little chest here," and oot Hopps comes wi' his boxy.

"Let's see't, an' MacLure sits doon and taks oot the bit bottles, and he reads the names wi' a lauch every time."

"Belladonna; did ye ever hear the like? Aconite; it coves a'. Nux Vomica. What next? Weel, ma mannie," he says tae Hopps, "it's a fine ploy, and ye'll better gang on wi' the Nux till it's done, and gie him ony ither o' the sweeties he fancies."

"Noo, Hillocks, a' maun be aff tae see Drumsheugh's griave (steward), for he's doon wi' the fever, an' it's tae be a teach fecht (hard fight). A' binna time tae wait for dinner; gie me some cheese an' cake in ma hand and Jess'll take a pail o' meal an' water."

"Fee; a'm no wantin' yir fees," man; wi' a' that boxy ye dinna need a doctor; na, gie yir siller tae some pair body, Maister Hopps, an' he was doon the road as hard as he could lick."

His fees were pretty much what the folk chose to give him, and he collected them once a year at Kildrummie fair.

"Weel, doctor, what am a' awin' ye for the wife and bairn? Ye'll need three notes for that nicht ye stayed in the hoose an' a' the vesits."

"Havers," MacLure would answers, "prices are low, a'm hearing; gie's thirty shillings."

"No, a'll no, or the wife ill tak ma ears," and it was settled for two pounds.

Lord Kilspindie gave him a free house and felds, and one way or other, Drumsheugh told me, the doctor might get in aboot one hundred and fifty pounds a year, oot of which he had to pay his old house-

keeper's wages and a boy's, and keep two horses, besides the cost of instruments and books, which he bought through a friend in Edinburgh with much judgment.

There was only one man who ever complained of the doctor's charges, and that as the new farmer of Milton, who was so good that he was above both churches, and held a meetin' in his barn. (It was Milton the Glen supposed at first to be a Mormon, but I can't go into that now.) He offered MacLure a pound less than he asked, and two tracts, whereupon MacLure expressed his opinion of Milton, both from a theological and social standpoint, with such vigor and frankness that an attentive audience of Drumtochty men could hardly contain themselves.

Jamie Soutar was selling his pig at the time, and missed the meeting, but he hastened to condole with Milton, who was complaining everywhere of the doctor's language.

"Ye did richt tae resist him; it'll may-be roose the Glen tae make a stand; he fair hauds them in bondage."

"Thirty shillings for twal vesits, and him no mair than seven miles away, an' a'm telt there werena more than four at nicht."

"Ye'll hae the sympathy o' the Glen, for a' body kens yir as free wi' yir siller as yir tracts."

"Wes't 'Beware o' gude warks' ye offered him! Man, ye chose it weel, for he's been colleckin' sae money thae forty years, a'm feared for him."

"A've often thoct cor doctor's little better than the Gude Samaritan, an' the Pharisees didna think muckle o' his chance aither in this world or that which is tae come."

#### THE BUSY WOMAN'S GARDEN.

The busy woman wants for her summer garden such flowers as will give the largest amount of bloom throughout the season with the least possible amount of care.

One of the best annuals is the phlox. It is of the very easiest culture. It begins to bloom early in the season. If prevented from developing seed, it blooms all summer. It comes in a great variety of colors and shades, from pure white to deep crimson. The two finest varieties are the white and the bright rose. Grow these colors in a bed by themselves, and you will be more pleased with the result than you will if you have half a dozen other colors in it.

The petunia is another easily grown plant. It blooms with wonderful freedom, and keeps at it until frost comes. If you go over the bed once a month and cut off the ends of the old branches, the supply of flowers will be greatly increased, as new branches will be sent out, on which a great many flowers will be produced. The colors range through all shades of rose and violet to pure white. Many varieties are blotched and marked in peculiar and striking ways. Some of the newer sorts are beautifully fringed and very large.

The calliopsis is a charming flower. It gives a great profusion of most showy, brilliant blossoms, some of a rich golden-yellow with a maroon blotch at the base of each petal, others all maroon. It is excellent for cutting, because of its long stems.

Every garden should have a bed of nasturtiums. If you want many flowers from this plant, do not give it very rich soil. If you do, there will be a luxuriant growth of branches and foliage, but few blossoms. The dwarf varieties are best. This is an excellent plant to cut from. Its colors range from palest yellow to dark crimson and maroon.

Balsams are beautiful plants. Their flowers are like miniature roses in form, and they are produced in great numbers all along the branches. The foliage is also profuse, and a great deal of it must be cut away in order to give the flowers a chance to display their beauty.

Of course sweet-pease should be included in this list. So should the old morning-glory, which I consider our best flowering vine for general cultivation. It is of rapid growth, of the easiest culture, and what can be more beautiful than a great mass of it covered with its pink, white, crimson, and blue "glories"? It is a plant whose popular name is a most appropriate one.—*Harper's Bazar.*

## Our Young Folks.

### MAMMA'S HELP.

"Yes, Bridget has gone to the city. And papa is sick as you see, and mamma has no one to help her but two-year-old Laurence and me."

"You'd like to know what I am good for, 'Cept to make work and tumble things down? I guess there ain't no little girlies at your house at home, Dr. Brown."

"I've brushed all the crumbs from the table. And dusted the sofa and chairs, I've polished the hearthstone and fender, and swept off the area stairs."

"I've wiped all the silver and china, and just dropped one piece on the floor. Yes, doctor, it broke in the middle. But I 'spect it was cracked before."

"And the steps that I saved precious mamma! You'd be surprised, Dr. Brown, if you knew; She says if it wasn't for Bessie She couldn't exist the day through!"

"It's 'Bessie, bring papa some water!' And, 'Bessie, dear, run to the door!' And 'Bessie, love, pick up the playthings The baby has dropped on the floor!'"

"Yes, doctor, I'm 'siderably tired, I've been on my feet all the day; Good-by! well, perhaps I will help you When your old Bridget 'goes off to stay!'"

### THE DAY THAT WASN'T LONESOME.

Joanna and Jim sat on the front doorstep, their round chins resting in their fat little palms, their dimpled elbows on their knees.

They looked with squinted-up eyes at that big traveler the sun; he was only a few hours high, and they thought mournfully of the long, long time it would take for him to get round to his go-to-bed place, the ridge of Jump Mountain.

"Hello, Tom and Dick! what's happened at your house?" Old Dr. Thornton stopped his bay mare and his dusty rockaway in front of the children. He knew well enough their names were not Tom and Dick, but he was always pretending not to know.

"My name ain't Tom, insisted the little girl; 'my name is Joanna, and—"

"Oho!" said the merry old doctor, "little gals have long curls,—they do; you can't fool me, because I've vaccinated too many of 'em; but where's your mother, Joanna?"

"Mother's gone away to spring-clean for Mrs. Hazall," said Joanna, dolefully; "she's got to, 'cause it's 'most time to buy another bag of flour."

"And some more 'lasses," prompted Jim; "and she won't be back till sundown."

"Poor babies!" said the good old doctor to himself, "that is hard on you, but it's a good deal harder on her. Here, you little colts, have you got any dinner?"

"Oh, yes indeed!" cried Joanna, looking more cheerful at the thought; "there's two big pieces of bread and 'lasses in the cupboard; but mother said we mustn't eat it till the sun shined in the kitchen window."

"Well, here's a little picnic for you to eat right now," said the doctor; "and mind you have every crumb of it eaten up, and the napkin shaken out clean, before I come back, do you hear?" He drew out a little covered basket from under his seat, and handed it down to the little people on the doorstep.

It was the doctors own dinner, which his wife had put up for him; a good dinner, I can tell you,—chicken-pie, and tongue, and battered rolls, and hard-boiled eggs. She often made him promise not to give his dinner away; but fortunately for Joanna and Jim, he hadn't promised this day.

"I'll be near Mr. Thomas Martin's about dinner-time," said this good country doctor, as he touched up the bay mare, and left the children speechless with surprise, "and I'll just stop and get a bite there. Poor lonesome little chicks! life's mighty hard on some folks."

Often and often during the day the doctor sighed to think of the two unprotected

children on the lonesome country roadside, sometimes there would be something in the corners of his eyes like teardrops, and the only thing that kept them from falling was the thought of how good Mother Thornton's chicken-pie would taste to them.

When he asked for some dinner at Mr. Martin's and opened up where his had gone to, Mrs. Martin's motherly eyes could not hide her teardrops; and when the doctor went to step in his buggy, there was a half-bushel basket on the seat beside him, for Joanna and Jim.

"Oh, look here now!" he cried, pretending to grumble, but looking as pleased as anything, "do you take me for a market-wagon?"

"You seem mighty fond of givin' away your own dinner, doctor," chuckled Mrs. Martin, "I want you to try how it feels to give away some of other folk's."

The bay mare must have wondered what put her master in such a hurry to get back over the road that day: she could not know how his kind old heart ached at the remembrance of Joanna and Jim, and the lonesome look in their eyes.

Up hill and down, at a good stiff trot, went the bay mare, until the doctor whoa-ed to her in front of the cottage door; there were no children in sight, but merry sounds came from the back yard, and there Dr. Thornton found the little forlornities he had been thinking about all day.

Sad? Lonely? Not a bit of it. For as soon as they had received such a fortune as the doctor's dinner-basket, they began at once to think of sharing it with somebody.

Now their only neighbors were Dan Tinsley's children, poorer than themselves—oh, much poorer!—in that they had no mother, only a cross old woman who kept house for their drunken father.

They were not good children; poor things, how could they be? And Joanna's and Jim's mother was not anxious to have them about much.

"But mother would let us give them some of our goodies," argued Joanna, "cause mother is always wishing she had something to give 'em."

So the three dirty, ragged Tinsleys were invited to the feast; and when the doctor came for his basket, he thought he had never seen two happier little people than Joanna and Jim. They had not missed mother a bit, nor been lonesome nor down-hearted; they had divided out even all round the bread and 'lasses too (when the sun got round to the kitchen window), and their little faces were fairly shining with the joy of hospitality.

"Well, well, well," said the old doctor; "the next time I see anybody having the blues, Tom and Dick, I'll send 'em to you for a prescription; one ounce of dividing what you've got with people who have less, dissolved in a whole day of spring sunshine, well shaken with romping,—that's about it, hey?"

They had not the least idea what this queer old doctor meant, but they fell upon Mother Martin's big basket as if they knew mighty well what that meant, and the tired sun got to the ridge of Jump Mountain before Joanna or Jim had spent a lonesome hour.

### AN ATHEIST'S PREDICAMENT.

It is told how that on one occasion David Hume, the well-known philosopher, stumbled on a pathway at the back of Edinburgh Castle and fell into what was then a swamp, where he stuck fast and was in danger of sinking. He called loudly for assistance, and a woman who was passing took a look at him and went on. Repeating his call very earnestly, she halted, and, looking earnestly at him again, thus addressed him. "I'm thinking, ma man, that ye're may be David Hume, the atheist." "Well, well, never mind," said Hume: "Christian charity bids you help a fellow creature that's sinking in the mire." "Christian charity here or Christian charity there," was the woman's reply, "but I can tell you this, I'll dae nothing for ye, till sic time as ye turn a Christian yoursel'; sae noo, ye maun jist say after me the Lord's prayer and the Creed, or faith, I'll just leave ye as I fand ye, and ye can fetch your way oot as ye like." Hume, fearful of drowning had to do the rehearsal, and only then would the woman help to extricate him.